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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

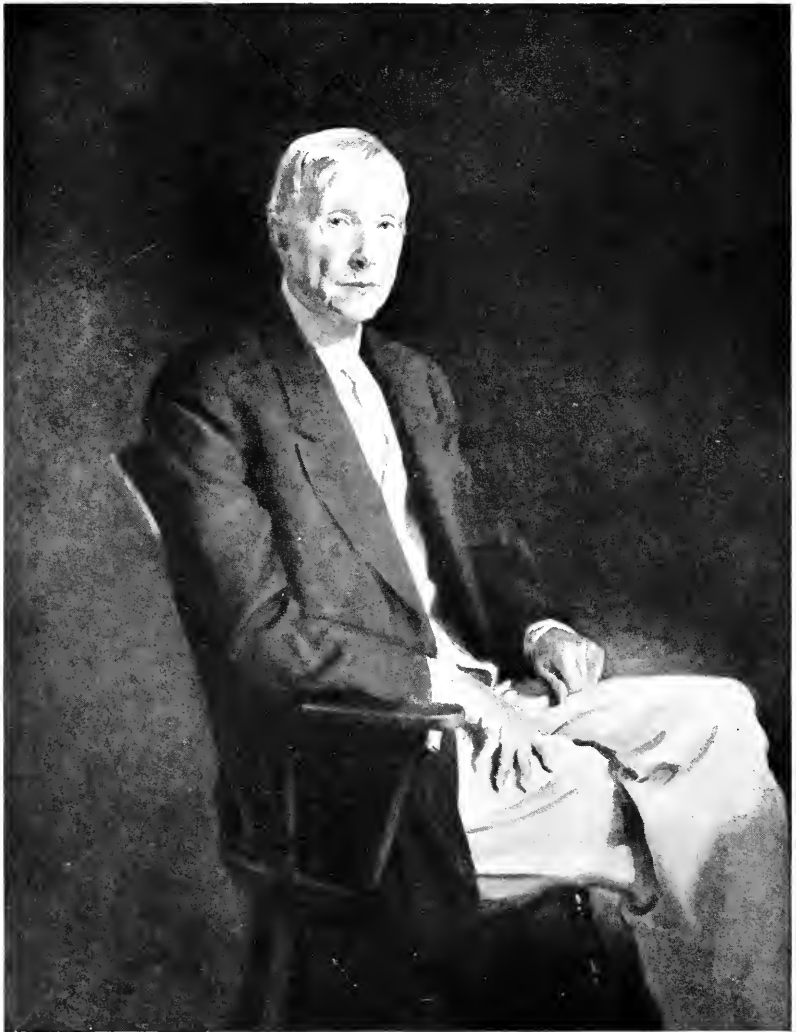
THE BAKER & TAYLOR COMPANY
NEW YORK

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON

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From a painting by John S. Sargent

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

THE UNIVERSITY OF
CHICAGO
BIOGRAPHICAL
SKETCHES

VOLUME I

By

THOMAS WAKEFIELD GOODSPEED



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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Published April 1922

Composed and Printed By
The University of Chicago Press
Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.

TO
PRESIDENT HARRY PRATT JUDSON
TO WHOM
THE PREPARATION AND PUBLICATION
OF THESE SKETCHES ARE DUE

137. J. P. Judson, 1837.

PREFACE

During the first thirty years of its history the University of Chicago has had many generous friends. As their numbers grew President Judson began to feel that they might, with the passing of the generation, become only names, and that the University owed it to itself and to them to preserve some record of their lives. As I had known many of them personally he suggested that I should prepare "short sketches of the donors of the various funds, endowments, scholarships, etc., of the University and secure if possible, a photograph of each one." In communicating this wish to me, Mr. J. Spencer Dickerson, the Secretary of the Board of Trustees, said: "The facts which you will doubtless be able to secure, with any special information which your wide knowledge of many of these funds provides, will secure for the University a large amount of historical data which will be useful."

This was the genesis of the sketches appearing in this volume. At the outset I expected to prepare a series of brief formal statements of the outstanding facts in each life which might be deposited in the University archives and furnish material for the future historian. No sooner, however, had I begun my work than I found the story of each life so full of interest, that, without intention on my part, it assumed the proportions the reader finds in these pages. The editor of the *University Record*, Professor David A. Robertson, learning what I was doing, sought the first sketch, which happened to be that of William B. Ogden, for publication. President Judson encouraged me to go on as I had begun. As each sketch was prepared it appeared in the *Record*, and the President and editor came to count on one or more of the sketches for each number. As they multiplied President Judson expressed his wish that they should be brought together in a volume. It is due to myself to say that the publication of this book is not owing to any suggestion or even wish of my own. The President's wish has been repeated, quite independently of him, by many too partial friends, and the foolish vanity of an author has made it difficult for me to offer objection.

There are two or three things that make me glad to see these sketches in a volume. I feel that the University has done something toward discharging the debt of remembrance it owes the generous friends of its

earlier years. Some sort of story of their lives is put into an enduring record. The remembrance of them will not entirely perish.

It is gratifying to feel that I have provided a few pages of material for the future historian of the University. They will make his work easier and his history more authentic.

Then, too, the lover of Chicago will find in this book much about the early history of his city. The subjects of these sketches were Chicago men vitally related to the beginnings of things in Chicago as well as to its marvelous development. As I have spared no pains to tell the true story of their lives something of the true story of Chicago also appears.

I have been surprised to find that fifteen of the eighteen men of whom these sketches treat were of New England ancestry. They represent many callings. There are among them merchants, manufacturers, dealers in real estate, bankers, heads of great corporations, presidents of railroads, inventors, lawyers, judges, and clergymen. They are arranged roughly in the order in which gifts were made.

This volume does not include all the sketches I have prepared, but all that one book ought to include. As the University wishes to preserve through future generations the remembrance of the generous men and women who have been its benefactors, this book is called Volume I of what will be a continuing series.

It may well be that one name will be particularly missed from these pages—that of John D. Rockefeller, the Founder of the University. There are three reasons for this. Mr. Rockefeller is still living. I have already told the story of his munificence to the University in my history of the first quarter-century of the institution. His beneficences have become world-wide and the great story of his life will some day be worthily told in an adequate biography.

My thanks are due to my sons, Charles T. B. Goodspeed and Professor Edgar J. Goodspeed, for invaluable assistance in many ways.

THOMAS WAKEFIELD GOODSPEED

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MARSHALL FIELD

MARSHALL FIELD

Marshall Field lived in Chicago nearly fifty years. For the last thirty years of that period the name of no other citizen was more widely known. In the same way, during a quarter of a century in which Mr. Field was comparatively unknown, one of the greatest names in Chicago was that of William B. Ogden, the subject of the second of these sketches. The ancestors of Mr. Field came to America about 1630, settling temporarily in Dorchester, Massachusetts. Joining in the migration to the valley of the Connecticut, they left Dorchester to the company with whom the forbears of E. Nelson Blake, the subject of the third of these sketches, came over. With them, in this migration into the wilderness, were the forefathers of Sidney A. Kent of whom another of these sketches treats. Zechariah Field, who came to the new world in 1630, was one of the company that made that leap into the dark among the savages of the western wilderness. After settling in Hartford, he later made his way northward, first to Northampton and finally before his death in 1666, yet farther north, but still in the Connecticut valley, to Hatfield. From Hatfield, during the following century, the family spread into the surrounding region, one branch reaching what became, about 1762, the township of Conway and there united with their neighbors in subduing the wilderness and building a Christian community. Here lived John and his wife Fidelia Nash Field and reared a family of four sons and two daughters—Chandler A., Joseph Nash, Marshall, Helen Eliza, Henry, and Laura Nash. Three other children did not live to maturity. It was a family of farmers, and the oldest son, true to the traditions of his race, lived his life out on the farm, dying at forty-six in 1875. Joseph Nash and Henry, one three years older and the other more than six years younger than Marshall, were taken into business with him first as clerks and then as partners. His sister Helen married Hon. Lyman D. James of Williamsburgh, about twelve miles from Conway and is still living in that place. Laura married Henry Dibblee. They made their home in Chicago and Mr. Dibblee looked after Mr. Field's real estate interests for many years.

Marshall Field was the third child and the third son in the family. He is usually represented to have been born in 1835. But the family

Bible and the public records of the town of Conway show that he was born August 18, 1834. His surviving sister, Mrs. Helen Field James, assures me that he was two years and a half older than herself and that she was born in February, 1837. I think, therefore, it cannot be doubted that the true date of Mr. Field's birth was August 18, 1834. The place was his father's farm on what is still known as Field's Hill, about a mile south of the village of Conway. Field's Hill is one of the easternmost of the Berkshire Hills. It is distinguished by two peaks rising 1,100 and 1,140 feet. The view from its summits is so extensive, varied, picturesque, and even sublime that there is "not a month in the year in which enterprising pedestrians do not climb it" to behold the beautiful and wonderful prospect presented in every direction. It is said that "the hills and woods near at hand, the valleys with their attractive villages, and the more distant purple mountains form a view that seems to many as beautiful as any in the state." On this slightly hill named for the family which had long possessed it, Marshall passed his boyhood. He was not blind to the variety and beauty ever before him and used to declare that one would have to go far to find anything to surpass the wonderful scenery he looked upon every day of his youth.

The Fields of Conway were hard-working, upright, God-fearing farmers who dug out of the stony soil no more than a comfortable living. Their activities were confined to their farms. Their names are almost absent from the recorded history of the town for more than a hundred years. Then Marshall Field and his brothers were born and the name became the most famous in the town's history. How shall we account for this sudden and extraordinary flowering of a humble family into the peculiar genius which Marshall Field developed? There have been, indeed, other illustrious Fields in other branches of the family. One wonders how much of their genius these distinguished men owed to their mothers. It is certain that to his mother Marshall always recognized that he was peculiarly indebted. This mother, Fidelia Nash, was also of Puritan ancestry. Her mother was one of the most capable and useful women of the community whose abilities and virtues were extolled in the town histories. She herself was a woman of refinement and strength of character. It was said of her that "she reared her sons to avoid the appearance of evil and to regard a fixed bad habit as one of the greatest dangers to success." She, with her husband, was a member of the Second Congregational Church of Conway and in the house of worship her daughters have placed a tablet in her memory. Mrs. James writes that a much loved and admired uncle of the Field children said of their parents, "the father's wonderful judgment of men and affairs and his

common sense combined with the mother's love of study and refinement made a good cross in their sons." Mrs. James speaks of her brother Marshall as being "a very bright, happy, and most attractive boy." Anyone who knew him in mature life can easily believe that as a boy he must have been "most attractive."

From his early boyhood Marshall grew gradually into all the work of the farm. He milked the cows, plowed the hillside fields, made hay, planted and hoed, cut and husked corn, and did the thousand and one other things that all farmers' boys did. He enjoyed the sports of fishing, hunting, coasting, and skating that the wonderful boys' country he lived in invited; a country abounding in lovely streams, covered with enchanting forests, diversified with hills and valleys, rivers and mountains, farms and villages.

On one side of Field's Hill was Pumpkin Hollow, into which, if they became separated from the vines, the pumpkins of the hillside farm would roll. Here was the district school the Field children attended. It has been repeatedly recorded that Marshall finished his education in the Conway Academy. There was no Conway Academy till long after his school days were over. There was a private school which later became the village academy and has now developed into the high school. This private school, with its limited curriculum, but an unusually gifted teacher, Deacon Cary, he also attended.

Though very diffident and reserved, he seems to have entered into the sports of the other boys. One story that seems to be well authenticated has come down from those days. The boys were accustomed to play "fox and hounds." One day, being the fox, he led the hounds a chase to South Deerfield and back. In the flight from the hounds devious ways were followed, the hills, valleys, and woods making this easy. It was afterward calculated that he led the hounds a chase of nearly twenty miles in two hours and a half and returned untouched and unwinded. The strenuous life of the farm had given him speed and endurance.

His school life ended in 1851 when he was about seventeen years old. Shortly before this time the Field's Hill farm had been cut off from access to the highway by the laying out of a new road and the abandonment of the old one. It had consequently been sold and a new farm had been bought. Thus it happens that the birthplace of Marshall Field is now marked only by the cellar of the old homestead.

Marshall never liked the farm. When about sixteen he confided to his parents his wish to follow a business career and secured their consent to leave home and seek a clerkship at the end of the school year. This

he found in the autumn of 1851 in the store of Deacon Davis of Pittsfield. Conway was a village of a few hundred people. Pittsfield was a small city of some thousands of people. It was about twenty-five miles west of Conway in Berkshire, the westernmost county of Massachusetts. It was, in 1852, beginning to grow into the thriving city it has since become. Here the slender, quiet country boy started in to learn to become a merchant. During much of the time he was in Pittsfield his older brother Joseph was with him; though not in the same store the two brothers lived together. Just off from the farm, socially backward, and naturally reserved, they did not seek acquaintances. They worked long hours and when the day's work was over had little time or inclination for anything but the quiet and rest of their boarding-house room. Marshall opened and closed the store, put up the shutters at night and took them down in the morning, and prepared the store for business. He did not at the outset show much promise to Deacon Davis. He was very quiet and unassuming, timid and ill at ease in his strange surroundings, and the oft-repeated story is true that his employer concluded and did not hesitate to say that he would never make a merchant. But soon it was noticed that the women customers liked him. His unpretentious, courteous demeanor and his attention to their wants pleased them and he could sell goods to them.

One interesting incident is told of those years in Pittsfield. It is related that the father of J. Pierpont Morgan, having some business with Deacon Davis, visited Pittsfield and brought with him his son. To Marshall was given the task of entertaining J. Pierpont while the father transacted his business; and an acquaintance was thus begun by the two boys which was renewed many years later when both had become leaders in the financial world.

What took Marshall Field to Chicago? The year he became a clerk in Pittsfield—1851—was the year before Chicago's first connection with the East by rail. The entrance into that city in the spring of 1852 of the Michigan Central and Michigan Southern roads gave such an extraordinary impulse to the city's growth that in the succeeding four years its population increased from 38,000 to 86,000. It became the greatest primary grain market in the world, and all kinds of business increased enormously. The story of Chicago's development became the common talk of the older states. Customers spoke of it across the counters with the clerks in every village store. Ambitious young men dreamed of it as the city where their business talents might find scope. The name "Chicago" became synonymous with opportunity. It

spelled opportunity to Marshall Field, and at the end of five years in the Pittsfield store he informed Deacon Davis that he was leaving him to go West.

Many ridiculous stories are told as to the impression he made on his employer. An absurd conversation between the two is recorded in which the employer is represented as laughing at the clerk's proposal to go West and telling him he would never make a success in the West, but would starve to death out there. The facts are exactly contrary to all this. Deacon Davis quickly revised his first impression of the country boy clerk. He was not slow in discovering the unique personality concealed under that quiet and unpretentious exterior. He saw the quite unusual promise of the boy. I have this direct assurance from Mrs. James, "Deacon Davis offered my brother a partnership in the store, something he had never offered anyone before. My brother refused, saying he wished to see the West." A curious story has been told, with so much interesting detail as to make it seem convincing, that Joseph N. Field, the next older brother, and Henry, the younger brother, had preceded Marshall to the West and that he joined them and spent several months with them in Jackson, Michigan. One of these interesting details relates the introduction of Marshall to George M. Pullman by Henry who was engaged with the inventor in promoting the Pullman Sleeping car enterprise. As a matter of fact, Henry Field, in 1855-56, was a boy of fourteen or fifteen, having been born in 1841, was still at home in school and did not go West till five or six years later, when he joined Marshall in Chicago. The older brother Joseph did not leave Massachusetts till 1857, when he went to Sioux City, Iowa, serving as court clerk till 1864, and then for one year as cashier of the Omaha National Bank. He then went to Chicago and joined Marshall, who seems to have gone straight from Pittsfield to that city in 1856.

Chicago, as a city, was then only eighteen years old. Its business district had not yet been lifted up out of the mud. The pavements were poor. The sidewalks were of wood for the most part and at various levels. It was a city of wooden buildings with a few brick and stone structures in the business district.

In the same year in which Marshall Field made Chicago his home, Charles L. Hutchinson, twenty years younger, became a Chicagoan. So also did Andrew MacLeish, a dry-goods merchant like Mr. Field. The two leading dry-goods houses were those of Potter Palmer, 137-139 Lake Street, and Cooley, Wadsworth & Company, 205 South Water Street. These stores antedated Carson, Pirie, Scott & Company and

Mandel Brothers, since grown into great houses. Potter Palmer, in 1856, was a retail store reaching out into the wholesale field; Cooley, Wadsworth & Company was a wholesale house doing no retail business.

Three stories are told as to the capital which Marshall Field took with him to Chicago. The first is that he arrived in that city with something approaching a thousand dollars. The second says that he borrowed one hundred dollars from his father with which to go West, giving his note and paying it in full before a year had passed. The third, and this is the common tradition, relates that when he secured his first position in Chicago he had less than a dollar in his pocket. The stories all agree that he was no capitalist and began his Chicago career at, or very near, the bottom of the ladder. The Chicago city directory of 1856-57, published in June, 1857, contained this record, "Marshall Field, clerk, 205 South Water Street, Mass. 6m." indicating that he was a new arrival from Massachusetts and in June, 1857, had been in the city about six months. The directory does not indicate where he lived till the following year and then enters his place of residence as the Metropolitan Hotel, corner of Randolph and Wells streets. His first employers were Cooley, Wadsworth & Company. The firm, immediately after he entered its employment, began the erection of a fine new store at 42, 44, and 46 Wabash Avenue and became Cooley, Farwell & Company. Thus emerged into the business life of Chicago that great Christian citizen and merchant, John V. Farwell. Marshall Field was twenty-two years old when he became a clerk in this house. His sister writes me, "His salary the first year was \$400. He slept in the store, bought no new clothes except a pair of overalls, and saved \$200." He served in the double capacity of clerk in the store and of traveling salesman, and the overalls suggest that there were manual-labor jobs also. In his trips for the house he was struck by the extraordinary rapidity with which the country was filling up, new villages, each with new stores, springing up everywhere. He began to realize what an ever-increasing demand for goods would be made on Chicago by this extraordinary growth of population. Young Field's experience in Pittsfield had wrought a great change in him. He was no longer a bashful, timid, unsocial boy. He had acquired such confidence in himself that when he applied, perhaps to Mr. Farwell himself, who was a junior partner in 1856, for a position he is said to have assured him that he was a good clerk and could sell goods. If he really said this of himself we may be sure that he did it with an air of such quiet confidence that he was believed. One who knew him prior to 1860 tells me that he had lost the reserve and social backwardness of his boy-

hood, and was cordial, friendly, social. Always good looking and dressing with taste, being very courteous and intent on selling goods, he made a most favorable impression on the customers who thronged the store and gradually built up as a clerk in the store and as a traveling salesman a large following who wished to do their trading with him.

In 1856 the firm did a business of \$600,000. It weathered the financial storm of 1857 and thereafter its business rapidly increased. Large demands were made on the employes and young Field was found ready to take on any amount of work. A fellow-clerk tells me that he did not succeed by working eight hours a day, but often put in eighteen hours. This was, perhaps, a rhetorical flourish, but Mr. Farwell himself says that he always knew what was in stock, that he was a good caretaker of stock, knew how to show it off to the best advantage and was always on hand and ready to do anything in his power in carrying out the policy of the house. Mr. Farwell is quoted as saying that while in his first months, "he was not particularly impressive, in a very short time it was discovered that he was an extraordinary salesman. He gave undivided time to our affairs and it came about in the most natural way that having some capital saved and having a particular line of trade of his own in the community he should be able to buy in with us and start the career which was to make him the first merchant in the world. He had the merchant instinct. He lived for it and for it alone. He never lost it."

Mr. Field became general manager and a junior partner in the firm of Cooley, Farwell & Company, at the beginning of 1861. Two or three years later the bookkeeper, Levi Z. Leiter, was admitted to the firm. The business had greatly increased, getting into the millions annually. After retiring from active business Mr. Farwell wrote out reminiscences of his life which later his son, John V., Jr., prepared for publication by the Lakeside Press, under the title, *Some Recollections of John V. Farwell*. In this book I find this sentence: "We had taken in as partners Marshall Field and Levi Z. Leiter, who had been our clerks for several years, lending them \$100,000 each."

Mr. Field had now got his feet on the first rungs of the ladder and he began to climb rapidly. His position in the firm became daily more important. With new responsibility he developed new talents and at the beginning of 1864 the firm became Farwell, Field & Company, the company being Mr. Leiter. Henry Field, Marshall's younger brother, had meantime followed him to Chicago and became a clerk in the store. The business had become so large and the business of buying in New

York so important that one of the partners was needed there and for a time Mr. Field's residence was transferred to that city.

In January, 1863, he had married Miss Nannie Scott, the daughter of Robert Scott of Ironton, Ohio, and in 1864 their residence was in New York. Mr. and Mrs. Field had three children. Lewis, born in 1866 and dying the same year; Marshall, Jr., born April 21, 1867; and Ethel Newcomb, born August 28, 1873. Their son, Marshall, Jr., married Miss Albertine D. Huck, daughter of Louis C. Huck of Chicago. The daughter, in 1901, married Sir David Beatty, who became, after the Great War, Admiral of the British Fleet, and in 1919, First Sea Lord.

The three years beginning in 1864 were among the most interesting in the history of the Chicago dry-goods business. In that year, as I have said, Farwell, Field & Company came into being. Later in the same year Carson & Pirie started their wholesale house, followed three years later by the organization of their retail department under Andrew MacLeish, the firm name being Carson, Pirie & Company. In 1865 the three brothers, Leon, Simon, and Emmanuel Mandel organized the firm of Mandel Brothers. One wonders what the history of the dry-goods business of Chicago would have been had the firm of Farwell, Field & Company been continued. But it was not continued; it lasted but a single year. A partial breakdown in health, with, perhaps, other reasons, led Potter Palmer to decide to relieve himself of the burden of his store and he offered the business to Marshall Field and L. Z. Leiter. Their partnership with Mr. Farwell—four years in the case of Mr. Field, a shorter time in the case of Mr. Leiter—had been very profitable to them. But Mr. Palmer offered his business to them on what Mr. Farwell called "very handsome terms." Evidently they were so handsome that they recognized the opening as a great opportunity. With what they had made in the Farwell partnership they were able to buy into the Palmer establishment. The name of the new firm was Field, Palmer & Leiter. The Palmer was not, as might be supposed, Potter Palmer, but his brother, Milton J. Palmer, who, no doubt, represented him in the firm. The capital was \$890,000 and the interests of the partners were as follows: Mr. Palmer \$450,000; Mr. Field \$260,000; Mr. Leiter \$130,000; leaving \$50,000 for minor interests. Curiously enough, Potter Palmer was a "special partner" in the firm of Allen and McKey, which, just across the street, dealt in "Carpets, curtain goods, bedding, etc." The store of Field, Palmer & Leiter was a fine, large building at 110-112-114-116 Lake Street, which at that time was, as, indeed, it had been from the beginning, the great retail street of Chicago.

In this store they entered upon the conduct of what was the largest and most profitable retail business in the city and of a wholesale trade that was beginning to assume large proportions.

Thus, at thirty years of age, Mr. Field was at the head of a great business which he continued to expand and to dominate for the rest of his life, a period of forty-one years. Beginning in Chicago at twenty-two as a \$400 clerk, in three years he had made his way into a partnership in a large and prosperous concern, and in five years more was at the head of a great business. It was the romance of success of a business genius who had toiled as incessantly to win his way as though toil alone would do it.

Some of Mr. Field's methods of conducting business were well known to all his customers. The store was a one-price store, the price being plainly marked on the goods. The goods were what they were represented to be. Sales were for cash, or, in the case of well-accredited customers, on thirty or sixty days' time. If credit was given, payment was expected to be prompt. Goods could be bought on approval and returned or exchanged. Mr. Field made it a rule not to advertise in the Sunday papers. Mr. John G. Shedd, the present head of Marshall Field & Company, recently said, "We regard Sunday advertising as an infraction of this very wholesome, many-centuries-old, religious dictum, and are glad to follow it," viz., that six days for labor and the seventh for rest is best for employer and employe. Mr. Field felt that this with the practice of lowering the curtains of their display windows from Saturday night to Monday morning, made for better citizenship. He specialized on Monday advertising. His conservatism was revealed in his insistence that the firm should have a large daily cash balance in the bank.

On becoming the head of the new firm he at once made it his business to become acquainted with every employe in the store. He made a study of them until he knew their habits, associations, abilities, and special gifts, if they had such gifts. Thus he was able to put each one where he was best fitted to go and to advance those who showed ability and zeal. One very human thing is related of him—that whenever he was leaving Chicago to be long absent he would go through departments, shake hands with employes, and leave with them "a kind word of interest and farewell."

In 1866 Mr. Field's older brother, Joseph, entered the store as a clerk. In 1867 the Palmer connection came to an end and the firm was reconstructed by taking into it as partners L. G. Woodhouse, Henry J. Willing,

and Henry Field, the younger brother. Two years later, Joseph, the older brother, was made a partner. On the final buying out of Mr. Palmer the firm had become Field, Leiter & Company and so remained for the next fourteen years. Mr. Field and Mr. Leiter were each one-third owners, the other third being divided among the other partners. I have before me as I write, the original articles of copartnership written out in long hand, dated January 1, 1869, when Joseph N. Field came into the firm, "for and during the term of three years, ending on the first day of January, A.D. 1872, . . . Capital Stock to be Twelve Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$1,200,000.00) and to be furnished as follows: Marshall Field to furnish \$400,000.00, Levi Z. Leiter to furnish \$400,000.00," and the other four partners \$100,000.00 each.

It was a fine illustration of the solidarity of the New England Puritan family that Mr. Field brought his brothers into connection with himself at a very early date, shared with them his prosperity, and kept them with him as long as they would stay, Joseph remaining in the firm to the end of his own life in 1914, eight years after his brother Marshall's death. Other partners came in and all of them with the exception of Mr. Shedd went out. Henry Field went out, but returned, and Joseph was never let out.

It must not be supposed that the firm of Field, Leiter & Company always had plain sailing and enjoyed uninterrupted prosperity. This was very far from being true. The new firm had hardly been organized when the financial storm of 1867 burst upon the business world. It was a very severe strain on a concern consisting of young men doing a large business on what, in the nature of the case, must have been a comparatively limited capital. Three things, probably, saved them—the very profitable business they had been doing for more than two years; Mr. Field's custom of keeping a large balance in the bank; and the firm's practice of both buying and selling for cash, or on very short-time credit. There has been a vast deal of foolish talk about Mr. Field's never borrowing and never giving a note. In the early years the firm often borrowed large amounts. They bought for cash or on such short time as to save the cash discount, but they borrowed to keep their bank balances good. And so they weathered the financial storm of 1867 and then for four years went prosperously on. Mr. Field, meantime, began house-keeping at 306 Michigan Avenue, near Harrison or Congress Street.

In the autumn of 1868 the firm left Lake Street and moved to a handsome stone block on the northeast corner of State and Washington streets. The building was 160 feet square and six stories high with

basement. It was a new structure which had just been built by Mr. Palmer, who owned the corner on which it stood. As everybody knows, that corner is still a part—a small part—of the site of the retail store. In it the wholesale and retail departments were then carried on together. The retail occupied the first floor and basement, and the wholesale the four stories above, the upper one being the packing and shipping floor. Here for two and one-half years they did a great business, the sales reaching \$12,000,000 a year. It was during that time that the store attained the comparative standing and the high reputation it has maintained for more than fifty years. Mr. Field began to be considered a rich man and was on the way to the largest mercantile success. With his prosperity, his mind and heart enlarged. He had become a member of the First Presbyterian Church, and took an active part in its services and work. For some years he acted as an usher, showing the congregation to their seats. Later he became a trustee of the church and continued in that office for thirty years. He became a director of the Chicago Relief and Aid Society, which has developed into the United Charities of Chicago. He was a prominent member of the Young Men's Association, known also as the Chicago Library Association. This organization had done a useful work in Chicago, gathering a library and bringing distinguished men to the city for lecture courses. It had, however, by 1871, declined somewhat from its highest prosperity and a movement arose for merging it with the Young Men's Christian Association which was increasing in numbers and usefulness, even then promising to be what it has since become, one of the most beneficent movements in the history of the city. Mr. Field favored the merger. Others opposed it. At the annual election in the spring of 1871 Mr. Field was the candidate for president of those who favored the union. There was a hot contest, but he was elected by a large majority. Someone then discovered that at all elections, ballots, according to the by-laws, must be printed on white paper. The ballots by which Mr. Field had been elected were printed on paper of another color. Thereupon a new election was ordered. Disgusted by these tactics those members who favored the union allowed the election to go by default and a few months later the Great Fire of 1871 came and the Young Men's Association ceased to exist. Mr. Field was for a time associated with the Chicago Historical Society. He, with others, was interested in founding the Art Institute and the Citizens' League. While still a young man Mr. Field had thus personally identified himself with the life of the city and it looked as though he might enter more and more widely into active connection with those institutions which

have since that day done so much for the public welfare. Perhaps he was diverted from this high privilege by the exigencies of business.

The autumn of 1871 saw the beginning of seven or eight troublous years for Field, Leiter & Company. On October 8 and 9 the business district and the North Side of Chicago were destroyed by the Great Fire. For some hours on Monday, October 9, it seemed as though the conflagration had passed by the Field store and that, with the whole district east of Dearborn Street, it would be saved. Sometime in the forenoon Horace White, editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, went home, confident that the Tribune building was safe. He gives us this view of what he saw on the way east across State Street and what he thought. He says, "The immense store of Field, Leiter & Company I observed to be under a shower of water from their own apparatus and since the First National Bank, a fire-proof building, protected it on one corner, I concluded that the progress of the flames in that direction was stopped." So, also, thought Mr. Field and Mr. Leiter. Both of them were at the store with many of the employes long before daylight on Monday morning. They might have saved a great part of their stock, but believing that the fire had passed them by, they delayed for many hours the beginning of the removal of their goods. While the store fire apparatus flooded the outside walls on every side from roof to basement, Mr. Field, inside the building, superintended the soaking of heavy blankets and hanging them over the windows. It would have been wiser had they employed every one of their wagons from the early hours of the morning in emptying the great store of its goods. The fire finally came upon them suddenly and unexpectedly and then there was hot haste. Goods were loaded into wagons and taken to Mr. Leiter's barn on Calumet Avenue near Twentieth Street and to the barns of his neighbors. There were but two or three hours for the work and only a small part of the great stock could be removed. The insurance policies were taken from the vaults and carried in a bag to Mr. Leiter's house and Mr. Higinbotham and a book-keeper spent two days and two nights in going through and listing them. The clerk slept on the floor in the room with the policies. The house of Mr. Field was too near the line of fire to be used. Goods were in transit from the East at the time of the fire as they were every day. An abandoned railroad roundhouse and a paintshop were hastily secured at Laporte, Indiana, and in them all consignments of goods from the East were temporarily stored until they were crammed full.

The Wednesday, October 11, issue of the *Tribune* said: "Field, Leiter & Company and John V. Farwell & Company will recommence

business today." Other business men were equally prompt in making new beginnings. The courage of Chicago rose to the greatness of the challenge and "business as usual" almost immediately became the rule. The plan was to "carry on," and in order to do this business men had to take what they could get to operate in.

Field, Leiter & Company, in their extremity, bought outright the car barns of the Chicago City Railway Company and the land on which they stood, and within a little over a fortnight the business was again in operation in these barns. They paid \$91,785 for this property. A few weeks after the fire William A. Croffut, managing editor of the *Chicago Evening Post*, writing of the business resurrection, said: "Down State Street to Twentieth, and here is the largest dry-goods store in the city or the West—Field, Leiter & Company. Here are hundreds of clerks and thousands of patrons a day busy along the spacious aisles and the vast vistas of ribbons and laces and cloaks and dress-goods. This tells no story of a fire. The ladies jostle each other as impatiently as of old and the boys run merrily to the incessant cry of 'cash.' Yet this immense bazaar was, six weeks ago, the horsebarn of the South Side Railway. After the fire the hay was pitched out, the oats and harness and equine gear were hustled into another building, both floors were varnished, and the beams were painted or whitewashed for their new service. Here, where ready-made dresses hang, then hung sets of double harness. Yonder, where a richly robed body leans languidly across the counter and fingers point laces, a manger stood and offered hospitality to a disconsolate horse. A strange metamorphosis—yet it is but an extreme illustration of the sudden changes the city has undergone."

So many widely differing reports have been made as to the financial condition in which the Great Fire left Field, Leiter & Company that it is gratifying to be able to state the exact facts. Mr. Stanley Field has put into my hands a letter sent to his father, Joseph N. Field, in England by Mr. Leiter, in December, 1871—two and one-half months after the fire. The balance sheet showing the condition of the firm in detail accompanied the letter. This balance sheet showed that the merchandise saved amounted to \$583,409.09, and that the firm had \$2,200,932.29 insurance, of which they counted \$339,951.15 uncollectible. The total assets were \$4,564,802.57 and the total liabilities \$1,936,922.44, and the net assets \$2,627,880.13. The accompanying letter to the partner in England dated December 28, 1871, says:

You will see that we have left a very handsome capital to continue our business. Our sales have been very handsome since the fire, and I think will yield us a net profit

of at least \$125,000, making a surplus of \$2,750,000. This does not include the personal property of either of the partners outside of the business. Marshall you know has considerable. Our indebtedness may seem large to you at the time of the fire, but you must remember that it occurred in the midst of our largest fall sales, the sales of September being larger than our entire indebtedness. I do not think our present indebtedness will exceed \$500,000, perhaps not more than \$450,000. We have U. S. Bonds, cash, and good insurance sufficient to cancel this entire amount.

The prospects for our jobbing trade in the spring are very good. The store we are building for the wholesale, corner Madison and Market, will give us very good quarters, much better for jobbing purposes than before. For our retail we have no plan, except to remain in the present quarters for at least a year

Palmer sold the corner on which our old store stood, some days ago, for \$350,000. There were 160 feet, making the price about \$2100 per foot. Where we shall finally locate the retail department it is impossible now to tell. It is not at all probable that we shall again get the two together.

This interesting letter was written in longhand (as it was before the days of the typewriter), and was signed "Levy Leiter."

As suggested in this letter, soon after the fire the firm leased the northeast corner of Madison and Market streets from L. C. P. Freer and erected a large, very plain brick building which the wholesale business entered early in 1872 and continued to occupy for fifteen years. Here also was established a second retail store. It took longer for the retail business to get back to its old location at State and Washington streets. Mr. Palmer had sold the corner to the Singer Company and that company put up a handsome five-story building and rented it to the firm which occupied it in 1873, taking, apparently, a five-year lease.

The astonishing recovery of Chicago from its apparent ruin by the Great Fire is illustrated by the following facts: The dry-goods business of the city in 1870 amounted, it is said, to \$35,000,000. In 1872, the year after the fire, the total had risen to \$40,000,000.

With the separation of the wholesale and retail and the occupation by each department of its own building, there seemed for Field, Leiter & Company an assurance of greater prosperity than they had ever enjoyed. They were recovering from the effects of the Great Fire and doing a larger and more profitable business than before when the panic of 1873 swept over the country spreading financial ruin on every side. This financial storm was no temporary squall. That student of economics, Professor Harold G. Moulton, says, "The great crisis of 1873 affected practically every operation of commerce and finance, and shook the credit structure to its very foundations. The succeeding depression was unprecedented in severity and duration, continuing in most branches

of industry until the end of 1878, and in some lines until 1879. The largest number of failures occurred in 1878."

Before the business revival came, still another calamity befell Field, Leiter & Company. In 1877 their retail store burned, entailing a loss of nearly three-quarters of a million dollars and again interrupting business. They survived, however, both the business depression and the losses of the fire. The store was rebuilt but not yet occupied by them, when, in 1879, a new blow fell upon them. Owing to some misunderstanding with the owner over the terms of the lease, due, it is said, to the brusque and dictatorial manner of Mr. Leiter, a delay occurred and the property was leased to a rival firm. Thereupon Mr. Field took the matter into his own hands. He had to have that corner and, acting with the promptness and vigor which characterized him when thoroughly roused, within nine days after the execution of the lease he bought the property from the owner and on the same day secured from the rival house a release of their lease of the store. It was, naturally, a costly transaction, though he was not held up by the firm having the lease with unreasonable terms. But from that day he began to buy, as he was able, the block on which the store stood. He never succeeded, indeed, in persuading all the owners to part with their holdings, but he continued his purchases until he owned perhaps seven-eighths of the block and the great store, twelve stories high, now covers the entire square. The new building on the old site which the retail store occupied in 1879 had six stories, one more than the structure destroyed by the second fire, and thus, the business re-began on the former site with enlarged facilities. Meantime, in 1878, Harlow N. Higinbotham, who had been with the firm from the beginning and had developed into one of the most competent credit men in the dry-goods business, had been admitted to a partnership.

Mr. Leiter, who had, with Mr. Field, bought the Palmer business in 1865, was a bookkeeper and in the new firm had charge of that part of the business. He was also credit man until Mr. Higinbotham was trained for that post. He looked after the finances while Mr. Field managed the merchandising. Mr. Field was the merchant; Mr. Leiter was the office man. He was regarded as a very able financier. But anyone who knew them even slightly could not fail to wonder how two men so radically different in temperament and disposition could work together in business permanently and happily. It was no surprise, therefore, to find that they could not. They separated at the beginning

of 1881, having been in business together for sixteen years, or, counting the period when both were partners of John V. Farwell, seventeen or eighteen years. It is probable that the trouble over the temporary loss of the lease of the retail store two years before had something to do with the final separation. Shortly after this change Henry J. Willing and Henry Field retired and John G. McWilliams entered the firm as a partner. The name of the firm had become, what it still remains, Marshall Field & Company, Mr. Field owning the majority interest and in the public mind representing the firm.

Before the reorganization as Marshall Field & Company the stress and strain of overcoming the series of disasters and weathering the financial storms that successively threatened the existence of the firm through a period of eleven years, from 1867 to 1878, had come to an end and the great business had been solidly established. From that time it went on far more prosperously than ever. The transactions before the fire had reached \$12,000,000 annually. In 1881 they had increased to \$25,000,000; in 1890 they aggregated \$35,000,000; in 1900 \$47,000,000; and before Mr. Field's death amounted to \$68,000,000. However small the percentage of profit might be on such an enormous business its annual aggregate could not be otherwise than very large, enriching the head of the house and all his partners.

In 1871 Mr. Field had sent his brother Joseph to England to superintend the buying in that country. In 1881 the Paris office was established that "the house might be in constant touch with the world's center of fashion." One by one other purchasing offices abroad were added until Field agencies were found all over the civilized world. Mr. Field also adopted the policy of buying or building manufacturing establishments of his own as well as that of arranging with factories and mills for taking their entire product. He was a little timid in taking great new steps in advance. When Mr. Shedd urged the policy of doing a great part of their own manufacturing, after much hesitation he said, "Very well, but you must take the responsibility." This Mr. Shedd did and the factories and mills of Marshall Field & Company now represent an investment of nearly or quite \$20,000,000. They are located in many states and manufacture a large part of the merchandise sold by the great stores.

In the management of this rapidly developing business Mr. Field surrounded himself with a succession of capable lieutenants. He seems to have been always on the lookout for such men among his employes. When ability and efficiency were discovered they were

rewarded by promotion. The men who became partners all rose from the ranks. Money could not buy a partnership. Hard work, ability, efficiency, and devotion to the business opened the way to the boy who began on five dollars a week to one better position after another until he became head of a department or a partner in the firm. I spoke above of a succession of partners. In addition to those already mentioned, in 1890 Robert M. Fair, Thomas Templeton, Lafayette McWilliams, and Harry G. Selfridge had come in. In 1893 John G. Shedd entered the firm. As the partners grew older and accumulated wealth it was Mr. Field's custom to purchase their interest that he might give younger men of outstanding ability and promise a place in the firm. The only exception he made to this rule, outside the Field family, was Mr. Shedd, who entered the store in 1872 as stock boy and clerk in the linen department at ten dollars a week, became a partner twenty-one years later in 1893 and has been head of Marshall Field & Company since 1906.

In 1885 Mr. Field, having bought the ground bounded by Adams, Quincy, Wells, and Franklin streets, began the erection of a building covering the entire block to house the wholesale store. Richardson of Boston, one of the foremost of American architects, designed the building which has been called "a noble example of Romanesque architecture." It is seven stories in height, constructed of rough-faced brown granite. It was completed in 1887 and for the first time gave adequate facilities to the wholesale store which had outgrown its old quarters on Madison and Market streets. The West had been settling up so rapidly that there were years when five hundred new villages were started and the wholesale business grew accordingly. Chicago itself kept pace with the growth of the country. In a published interview in 1893 Mr. Field was quoted as saying, "I had no conception thirty years ago that the proportions of Chicago would be what they are today." The city had grown in that period from a population of 150,000 to 1,500,000, and the business of the retail store had increased correspondingly.

Meantime, while Mr. Field was working out this tremendous mercantile success what had he been doing as a citizen? He took little interest in politics. He was called a Democrat, but voted for Republican more frequently than for Democratic candidates for the presidency. He might, perhaps, not improperly be called a neutral in politics. He was, indeed, on the side of good government. Being the high minded, personally upright and honorable man he was, he could not be otherwise. But he did not, as his character and position in Chicago suggested that he should,

enter in any active way into the public movements of his time for better political, industrial, and social conditions. His expanding business made great demands on him and he allowed himself to be absorbed in it.

He was not noted for his interest in institutions devoted to charity, education, and the general welfare. It is an ancient saying, emanating from very high authority, that "to whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required." Mr. Field's great intelligence, his high social and business standing, his enlarging prosperity, making him Chicago's richest citizen, pointed him out as the man who should have been foremost in all these causes. He had begun well, as I have already indicated, and if he had gone on as he began he would have developed into Chicago's foremost citizen in all these directions. Unhappily that early vision of high service faded. It may be conceded that, fighting his way through a sea of difficulties, he was too busy to devote time to the service of the public. But when he came to have more money than anyone else, he held back both money and service. He listened coldly to appeals for approved causes of charity, education, and the public welfare when regard for the general good dictated the largest liberality. He gave, of course, to many causes, but he did not give as many other men gave, spontaneously, liberally, as though it was a privilege he welcomed. He did not identify himself with great causes in personal service. It must be conceded that in these things Mr. Field fell below the mark. In them he did not measure up to his opportunities or his obligations. Sometime in 1889 one of his most intimate friends suggested to him that he ought to found in Chicago a great university, that it was the best kind of monument he could leave behind him and that he owed it to himself and to the city and section where he was being so phenomenally prospered to perform some such conspicuous and enduring public service. Mr. Field was annoyed by this suggestion and replied that other men might build monuments if they wished and that it was very easy to give away other people's money. This incident illustrates the point I am making that through a series of years in which he was rapidly accumulating wealth he manifested no great interest in institutions devoted to charity, education, and the general welfare.

These statements, however, require some qualification. Happily much may be said on the other side. Mr. Field was one of the organizers of the Commercial Club in 1877 and, when in 1882 the club undertook the establishment of the Chicago Manual Training School, now a part of the University of Chicago system, he contributed \$20,000 toward the \$100,000 subscribed, and for a time acted as treasurer of its board.

It is probably known to all who read this sketch that in 1889 John D. Rockefeller made a subscription of \$600,000 for the founding of the University of Chicago, conditioned on the raising of \$400,000 more before June 1, 1890. It fell to me in connection with Mr. F. T. Gates to raise the \$400,000 which proved to be a work of extraordinary difficulty. Learning from Mr. D. L. Shorey that Mr. Field owned a considerable tract of land on the north side of the Midway Plaisance between Washington and Jackson parks, in November, 1889, we went to look at it as a possible site for the proposed institution. Fronting on the Plaisance and between the two great parks it seemed to us an ideal site. Mr. Field had bought here a tract of about eighty acres in 1879 for \$79,166. It had, of course, advanced greatly in value. We decided to ask Mr. Field to give us ten acres as a site for the new institution. On December 4, 1889, we went to see him. We went with much trepidation, for we felt that everything depended on our success, and we knew that he was not known as a great giver. His standing in the business community, however, was such that other men would follow his lead. We found him in his office in the wholesale building on Adams Street. He received us at once and listened courteously while we laid the whole case before him and asked him to give us a site of ten acres on the Midway Plaisance. He received the request with hospitality, but said the firm was about to make the annual inventory to learn whether they had made any money and asked us to come to see him again at the end of six weeks. In the meantime I wrote him a letter that he might have our proposition before him in written form. Promptly at the end of six weeks we called again. We found his secretary, Arthur B. Jones, warmly in sympathy with us and this gave us much encouragement. When we entered Mr. Field's office the first thing he said was this: "I have not yet made up my mind about giving you that ten acres. But I have decided one thing. If I give it to you I shall wish you to make up the \$400,000 independently of this donation." This we assured him we could and would do. He then had his maps brought and indicated the tract he had in mind to give. We thought we saw that he had really decided in his own mind to give us the land and therefore felt that we might safely press the matter. Mr. Gates, my associate, therefore asked if we might not wire Mr. Rockefeller, for whom Mr. Field had great respect, that he had decided to give us the site. He repeated that he was not quite ready to go so far. We then took our courage in our hands and said, "Mr. Field, our work is really waiting for your decision. We are anxious to push it rapidly; indeed, we must do so; and if we can say that you have given us the site, it will

help us immensely with every man we approach." After a moment's reflection (a most anxious moment for us), he answered, "Well, I suppose I might as well decide it now as at any time. If the conditions are satisfactory you may say that I will give a site of ten acres." He pronounced the points made in the letter sent to him satisfactory and we, on our part, agreed that the donation of the site should be an addition to the sum of \$400,000 we were to secure. A week later Mr. Gates secured from him an option to purchase an additional ten acres for \$132,500. This purchase was later consummated, giving the new institution three blocks, to which a fourth block was soon added by purchase from Mr. Field, making with the vacated streets a site of twenty-five acres fronting south on the Midway Plaisance, between Ellis and University avenues. This has since increased to a hundred acres, covering both sides of the Plaisance for three quarters of a mile east from Washington Park.

There can be no doubt that this large gift from Mr. Field was the determining factor in our success in securing the \$400,000 fund and thus assuring the founding of the University of Chicago. The impulse we assured him would be given to our work by his donation became immediately apparent and continued to the end. We can never forget the courteous and hospitable manner in which he received us and our appeal and the cordial and generous interest he manifested from the beginning to the end. On accepting the subscriptions secured as good and sufficient, he wrote to Mr. Gates, "I congratulate the people of this city and the entire West on the success achieved, and with all friends of culture I rejoice that another noble institution of higher learning is to be founded and founded in the heart of the continent."

In the same year, 1890, he was one of the six signers of the articles of incorporation, commonly called the charter of the University.

The second monumental service of Mr. Field to the University was done in the spring of 1892. The institution had been planned on a scale so much greater than had been originally contemplated that a million dollars was imperatively needed for buildings and other purposes. President Harper took the case to Mr. Field and secured from him a promise to give \$100,000 on condition that the sum be made up to \$1,000,000 in sixty days. The trustees felt that the mere physical labor of securing so great a sum could not be performed in so short a time. I, therefore, prepared a letter of subscription extending the time to a hundred days and took it to Mr. Field for his signature. He considered my appeal with perfect good nature and immediately had a new

letter prepared which he signed extending the time from sixty to ninety days. I suppose it was the mercantile instinct that recognized ninety but not a hundred days as a proper alternative to sixty. But it proved to be just enough. We barely accomplished the incredible achievement of securing subscriptions amounting to \$1,000,000 in the ninety days, but we did accomplish it. The condition that it should be done in ninety days proved to be a wise one and again Mr. Field had done the University an unforgettable service. The suggestion of his friend about founding a university was not altogether without result.

I do not think I am mistaken in believing that in securing these contributions from him the University did an equally great service for Mr. Field. For the first time he had made large gifts to a great public enterprise. He had begun to learn how to give and had found so much pleasure in it and in the public appreciation it evoked that it opened a new chapter in his life, a chapter that will do more to exalt and perpetuate his fame than all the marvelous achievements of his business career. He gave \$50,000 worth of land, nearly half a block, to the Chicago Home for Incurables, doubling the extent of the grounds. In 1893 he gave \$1,000,000 for the establishment of the Columbian Museum of Chicago, and having made this noble beginning continued to the end of his life to carry on the work of the museum.

In 1898 Mr. Field made his final gift to the University. In that year he united with Mr. Rockefeller in adding to the site the two blocks north of the central quadrangles to be used for athletic purposes. No name being officially given to these grounds, they were, for many years, called by the students and public Marshall Field. The amount contributed by Mr. Field in this large addition to the campus was reckoned at \$136,000. It made his total contributions to the University \$361,000 and placed his name in the list of the twelve larger benefactors of the institution. Too much cannot be said in praise of the cheerful and gracious spirit in which he made these donations.

Mr. Field had always felt an interest in the place of his birth, Conway, Massachusetts, where his parents had lived and died and his boyhood had been spent. He had occasionally made small contributions for worthy enterprises of the village. In the new spirit of giving that had been born within him he conceived the purpose of giving to his native place a free public library. The suggestion was welcomed by the town which had been trying to sustain some sort of a library for nearly eighty years. In 1899 Mr. Field visited Conway with a landscape architect and chose the site for the building. Shepley, Rutan, and Coolidge were

selected as architects. The cornerstone of the building was laid July 4, 1900, and the library was dedicated July 13, 1901. Mr. Field, with his two sisters and other personal friends, was present, as well as a great concourse of people. He made a brief address of presentation which he declared was the first public address he had ever made. "The library, which is of purpose distinctly monumental in character, is built in the classic style of architecture in Greek detail." The stackroom will accommodate more than 25,000 volumes. The building is not large, being suited to the needs of the community, and expense was not spared in its construction. For the library and its endowment Mr. Field contributed \$200,000. This generous gift to his native place was made in memory of his father and mother. The library is called the Field Memorial Library.

In the eleven years from 1890 to 1901 Mr. Field's contributions to various causes must have aggregated nearly or quite \$2,500,000.

I now go back thirty years to speak of some things which have hitherto escaped attention. After the Great Fire Mr. and Mrs. Field transferred their residence from 306 Michigan Avenue to 4 Park Row and in 1873 to 923 Prairie Avenue. After 1879 the family residence was and continued to be at 1905 Prairie Avenue. The health of Mrs. Field having failed she went abroad in hope of regaining it, but died in France in 1896. In 1890 Mr. Field had lost his younger brother Henry, who was a gifted and admirable man. It was said of him that he was "a lover of good books, devotedly attached to art, having one of the finest art collections in Chicago. He was identified with all the moral, intellectual and artistic life of Chicago." After his death his widow presented his entire collection of paintings to the Art Institute, where they may be seen in the Henry Field Memorial Room.

The scientific organization and the development of the Field stores from year to year is too large a subject for this brief sketch and the story of the progress and extraordinary success of the great business is a familiar one. But Mr. Field's activities in the world of business were by no means confined to his wholesale and retail stores. He had to find investments for his rapidly increasing wealth and he did this for the most part in two directions. In the late seventies he began to buy Chicago real estate, first for the two great stores. Later he became a very large buyer of real estate as an investment. In the late nineties, when Mr. Leiter found himself in need of funds, though the relations of the two former partners were somewhat strained, he asked Mr. Field to buy from him the southeast corner of Madison and State streets.

This Mr. Field did though it required a payment of \$2,000,000 or more. He made large investments in the downtown business district, but did not limit them to that area. At the time of his death he was one of the largest owners, if not the largest holder of such property in Chicago.

He also became a very large investor in the securities of great corporations. He came to be the dominant influence in the Pullman Company. He was a director in the company and also in the United States Steel Corporation, in the Chicago & North Western Railway Company; in the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway Company; in the Merchants Loan and Trust Company of Chicago, and in other industrial, railroad, and banking institutions. It is said that eventually he was connected as an official, stockholder, or bondholder with thirty-three such companies. He said in his will, "It has been my intention to keep at least half of my property in real estate and the rest in personal property."

Mr. Field was not noted as a club man. He was, indeed, a member of many clubs, including the Jekyl Island and Pelee Fishing Clubs, the Union and Metropolitan clubs of New York, the Union League, Commercial, Chicago Athletic and many others of Chicago and other places. The club he frequented was the "Chicago" where he lunched almost daily at what came to be known as the "Millionaires' Table." There he met the leading men of the city's business world, among them George M. Pullman, N. K. Fairbank, John Crerar, and T. B. Blackstone. Other men more or less familiar with him were P. D. Armour, N. B. Ream, Robert T. Lincoln, and the three Keith brothers. Perhaps closest of all were the Cyrus H. McCormicks, father and son, unless John G. Shedd, his partner, be excepted, of whom he said before a Congressional Committee, "I regard Mr. Shedd as the greatest merchant in the world." He was not the familiar comrade of these men or of anyone else. He was naturally quiet, reserved, self-contained, and perhaps increasingly so as his years and wealth increased.

Golf, indeed, so exhilarated him that under its genial influence he sometimes almost became a boy again. He belonged to the Midlothian and Chicago golf clubs. Three times a week, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, during his later years he played a game of golf. Winter and summer found him on these days playing eighteen holes or more. He came to be what is known as a fair player, his average for eighteen holes being about one hundred strokes. He played much with Robert T. Lincoln and S. M. Felton.

Mr. Field never displayed any ambition for the social leadership of Chicago. Any position in society was open to him. His wealth, his

intelligence, his taste, his bearing, which has often been described as princely, all fitted him to shine socially, but his natural reticence and reserve held him back from any very active part in social affairs. He did however like to see guests in his own house. Two or three times a week, in the season for such functions, he would entertain guests at dinners.

Prosperity never made him vain. Wealth did not make him proud. He avoided ostentation. He was fond of good horses and a handsome carriage, but he would never permit his coachman to drive him to business. He would, when he used his carriage, leave it and return to it at some distance from the store, to avoid the appearance of ostentation. One never detected in him the slightest appearance of the arrogance of wealth. In his quiet dignity there was no assumption of superiority. With his employes he was always friendly. He showed them a pleasant face and their relations with him were agreeable and their feelings toward him most friendly. I am assured that all the employes liked him. They entertained for him great respect—a testimony to his high character, extraordinary success, and rare abilities. He had great self-control. An employe who knew him well through five years of service covering the Great Fire and the panic of 1873, the most trying period of his life, assures me that he never saw him angry. His natural reserve and reticence prevented him from giving praise even for exceptional abilities and services, but he made up for this by many acts of kindness which are gratefully remembered. One employe tells me that he was once sick for two months but that his pay check came to him regularly every two weeks. And this was only one of a thousand instances of similar acts of consideration for employes.

One of the men in the retail store told me this story: Many years ago after having been a clerk with Field, Leiter & Co., for some time, he and a fellow-employe put their savings together and opened a store in a country village. The time came when the community demanded that they should add dry goods to their stock. He therefore went to Chicago and laid the case before Mr. Field, who, after hearing his story, asked him how much credit he would need. Learning that it would be \$5,000, he took the customer to the credit man and directed that a credit of \$5,000 should be given him and added, "I will hold myself personally responsible." He then said to the customer, "Keep your credit good with all your other creditors and when you have anything to spare send it to us." Some years later this man sold his interest in the business and returned to Chicago. He went one day into the store to have a word with some of his old fellow-employes and while he was there, Mr. Field

came along and saw him. After greeting him, he said: "What are you doing in Chicago?" Being told that he was looking for a situation, Mr. Field said: "Why didn't you come at once to me? There's a place for you in your old department. Report there for duty." I like this story. It shows there was a warm, human side to Mr. Field and that it was shown particularly to his employes.

Mr. Field made many trips abroad for business or recreation. When in Chicago his ordinary daily routine was as follows: He left home at about nine o'clock in the morning to walk down town, with his coachman driving the carriage behind him. Walking a block or two north Mr. Pullman joined him and they walked down to the Pullman Building together. Here he stopped for a few minutes and then went on to the retail store. While there he walked through the establishment, having a word here and there with partners and heads of departments, observing everything narrowly, rebuking in his quiet way anything lacking in the deportment of a clerk toward a customer, noting any want of the perfect order and neatness he required in every part of the store, and directing instant correction. He would never allow a clerk to get into a dispute with a customer. If he ever saw anything of this sort the clerk would feel a gentle pull on his coat tail and turning, would hear Mr. Field saying to him, "Settle it as the lady wishes."

From the retail he would go on to the wholesale where his office was in the northwest corner of the first floor. Here he spent the rest of the day till four o'clock. He had a regular hour for lunch and when it arrived he closed his rolltop desk and that was the signal for the close of any interview. He left promptly at four o'clock and the closing of the desk again signified to visitors that his business day in his office was over.

On September 5, 1905, Mr. Field married his second wife, Mrs. Delia Spencer Caton of Chicago, whom he had long known. In less than two and a half months after the wedding he lost his only son by a sudden death. The son was thirty-eight years old. He left three children—Marshall Field III, about twelve years old, Henry, about ten, and Gwendolyn, four years old. Mr. Field's hopes and plans, as will appear later, centered about the two grandsons.

On New Year's day, 1906, James Simpson, then in Mr. Field's office, now vice-president of the corporation, and Stanley Field went out to Wheaton to play golf at the Chicago Golf Club. The snow was nearly or quite knee-deep and they played with red balls. Soon Mr. Field and Robert T. Lincoln appeared and played round the course. The party

went back to the city on the train together. The very vigorous exercise in the deep snow had greatly exhilarated Mr. Field and all the way back he seemed in an unusually cheerful frame of mind. He was inclined to be facetious and, to the surprise of all of them, chaffed his companions all the way in. It was a side of his character he rarely showed. But it soon became apparent that he had taken cold. He had arranged to go to New York the first week in January. Mr. Simpson, seeing the hold the cold had taken, making him quite hoarse, told him he ought not to go. "Pshaw," he replied, "I am as young as you are," and made light of it. But it grew upon him and when he reached New York and went to the Holland House, he was already a sick man. He rapidly grew worse, and although the most eminent physicians did everything they could do to save his life he died of pneumonia on January 16. The week following his death the *Independent* said in an editorial: "Several former residents of Chicago, all of them unknown to him, assembled at a place not far from the room where he was lying, in order that they might express to each other their appreciation of his character. At the suggestion of one who had not seen the inside of a church in thirty years, another of these men prayed that Mr. Field's life might be spared. All were on their knees. Then it was agreed that each one should every day at noon, in a church or elsewhere, repeat this prayer for the recovery of the world's richest merchant, who, beginning with nothing but his brains and his integrity, had accumulated a fortune of \$150,000,000 in a clean and honest way." This is a strange story and I would not reproduce it had it not appeared as an editorial in so reputable a journal. The editorial writer seems to speak from personal knowledge. It was an extraordinary illustration of how widespread was the reputation of Mr. Field for nearly fifty years of business integrity and honor. As Franklin MacVeagh, another of Chicago's great merchants and Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, said, "All of Mr. Field's money was fairly made, and he was conspicuous among the immensely rich for the fairness of his competition and the cleanness of his methods. He made no money through oppression and monopoly. He built himself up on no man's ruin, and his business methods, from the beginning to the end, were so instructive and influential that his fellow-citizens were constantly helped by his example. These methods, by their conspicuously high standards, became contributions to the citizenship of Chicago."

Mr. Field was buried in Graceland Cemetery, Chicago, and his grave is marked by a small granite slab bearing simply his name and the years of his birth and death.

According to the best estimate I have been able to secure, his estate at the time of his death amounted to about \$120,000,000. He was the most successful dry-goods merchant in the world. He was one of the half-dozen richest men in the world.

How had he attained this extraordinary business success? He had begun with nothing. He had no influential friends and backers. He had not been lucky. In the early years of his experience as a merchant he had passed through the financial stringency of 1867 and the disastrous panic of 1873, and his store and stock had twice been destroyed by fire. But he triumphed over all obstacles and in fifty years wrought out this amazing success. Other men, eminent in business, have found it difficult to analyze the elements that entered into and explain it. Much of the credit must be given to the very able men who from time to time became his partners. Some of these were, perhaps, able only in their own departments, but in these they were exceptional. Others were great all-round merchants like Henry J. Willing, Harry G. Selfridge, and John G. Shedd. Mr. Shedd was with Mr. Field thirty-four years. Some of the great and most profitable business policies came from him. Mr. Field was fortunate in having such men associated with him. They were among the chief factors in his success. It was, perhaps, half the battle that he was keen enough to discover men of this quality, and knew enough so to advance and place them as to call out their great abilities and make them the agents of his own success. And this choice and advancement of helpers showed the greatness of the man.

He had, also, in an eminent degree, the New England virtues of perseverance and thrift. He was by nature timid, and the disasters of the early years sometimes greatly discouraged him. But the quality of perseverance was ingrained. The retail store was not for many years a profitable enterprise. Mr. Leiter wished to give it up and put all the energy and capital of the firm into the wholesale. To this Mr. Field would never listen. He believed he could develop a great and highly profitable retail store. The phenomenal growth of Chicago made this to his mind a certainty. And he persisted in this devotion to the retail store until he accomplished his ambition and made it the greatest in the world.

He had an organizing mind which enabled him with growing experience to conceive a highly developed system and, with the aid of other able men, to develop his conception into a well-nigh perfect organization which functioned simply, efficiently, economically, and profitably.

Those who knew him best declare that this organizing mind developed into a great financial mind. J. Pierpont Morgan said to Mr. Shedd that

“of all the men he had ever known Mr. Field possessed the keenest financial mind.” And it is perfectly obvious that in the conduct of his stores, in his purchases of real estate, and in his investment in stocks and bonds he rarely went wrong.

Perhaps the most notable of Mr. Field's innovations was that he made a store in which it was a joy to buy. The display in each of the forty great show-windows was the work of an artist and invited the passerby to enter. Inside she found herself in fairyland. The scene was one of splendor and of beauty. Everything was invitingly displayed but no one was asked to purchase. The visitor might wander for hours through an exhibition of objects of beauty and value in endless variety and from every land. She walked among them as freely as though they were her own. They were her own to look at and enjoy and gave her a certain sense of personal affluence. A hundred things appealed to her and when she wished to see them more closely a clerk, courteous, accommodating, and well attired, showed her every attention. The clerks were held to a rigid code of etiquette. One who has been with the house forty-six years tells me this story: “We formerly had regular spring and fall openings when special efforts were made to make the store more than usually attractive. On one of these occasions I was on the top of a stepladder, in my shirt sleeves, arranging our display, when a lady called up to me and asked the price of a piece of goods. I climbed down the ladder, looked at the tag, and told her the price and she passed on. I turned to remount the ladder and confronted Mr. Field. He looked at me severely and said, ‘Brown, don't you know better than to wait on a customer in your shirt sleeves? I began to explain the exigency, but he broke in, ‘I want no explanation. No excuse will justify a clerk in Marshall Field & Company waiting on a customer in his shirt sleeves. Don't let it ever occur again.’ And of course it did not.” And Mr. Brown went on to tell me incidents illustrating Mr. Field's insistence that everything about the store should be clean, neat, and attractive. This policy of making the retail store irresistibly attractive to customers was one of the great elements of Mr. Field's success.

He was a man of the highest integrity. The reputation of his house was founded on the confidence the public came to repose in Mr. Field's veracity and business integrity. There are many authentic stories of the summary discharge of clerks for misrepresenting goods or attempting to deceive customers. Mr. Field would not permit any department to charge what he thought an inordinate profit. One of the nearest approaches to violence related of him was his rebuke to the head of a

subdepartment who gave him the price he was charging for a class of goods which Mr. Field thought too high. "Mark them down," he said, "Can't I hammer it into your head that this store exists, after we make a fair profit, for the benefit of the public, not to exploit it?" Buyers went to Marshall Field's for many reasons, but one of the chief reasons was because they could depend on the quality of the goods being what it was represented to be. Mr. Field's personal reputation for integrity guaranteed the purchases. It was the crowning asset in his business success.

And it was more than this. It was a contribution to the mercantile morale of the West, appreciably raising the standard of business integrity and honor. The following story, told to me by an unimpeachable witness, illustrates the essential integrity of his nature. A business associate was once making representations to him which he knew to be untrue. With the withering severity he was quite capable of assuming he looked the man in the eye and said, "I hate a liar!"

He was capable of being severe but he was ordinarily very courteous. He had a peculiar charm of manner which, had there been more warmth in it, would have been most attractive. Probably in social intercourse with his more intimate friends he revealed a geniality which did not elsewhere appear. In his business conferences he was "steely cold," but there was a clarity in his views and statements that always won his contention.

His reticence and reserve were outstanding characteristics. He would draw out all that he wanted to know from another and communicate nothing. He was never effusive, but always quiet and self-contained. His mind was active, alert, penetrating, but receptive and not forthcoming. He was not aggressive, was more timid than bold, but, a course of action once deliberately adopted, his perseverance and patient persistence could be counted on until his objective was achieved.

When A. T. Stewart, the merchant prince of New York, died, the great business he had built up soon went to pieces. It reflects honor on Mr. Field that exactly the opposite of this followed his death in the business he had created and developed. He had not only built it up into the largest dry-goods business in the world, but had so organized it, established its policies and trained able men to succeed him that it has gone on with amazingly increasing success. In 1901 the partnership of Marshall Field & Company became the corporation of Marshall Field & Company, its capital being represented by common and preferred stock. In 1905, the year preceding the death of Mr. Field, the business had

increased from \$12,000,000 in 1870 to \$68,000,000. In 1906 Mr. Shedd succeeded Mr. Field in the presidency of the corporation and as head of the business, and instead of any interruption of prosperity occurring, it has so continued and increased that in 1920 the business, including the sales from the manufacturing and mill properties, aggregated a trifle less than \$200,000,000. Able men, like Mr. Shedd and Mr. Simpson, have managed the business, but they would be the first to acknowledge their indebtedness to the organizing genius which laid broad and deep and enduring the foundations on which they have built.

This story of the life of Mr. Field would be totally inadequate if it did not give some account of his will, that extraordinary document by which he disposed of his great wealth. As it is one of the longest wills on record, twice the length of this sketch, I shall speak only of those things which concern the public.

While he conceived the purpose of founding a family and perpetuating in it a great estate, he also came to see and was given grace to act on the conception that he owed something to the public and to his own name. His will is the revelation of both these things. The principal provisions of the will were two. The first of these was a bequest to the Field Columbian Museum. As has been already said, in 1893 Mr. Field had given \$1,000,000 for the founding of the museum. During the ten years that followed he had contributed to its growing work nearly \$1,000,000 more. The will was made in 1904, less than two years before his death. Providing that any additional contributions he might make between the signing of the will and his death (and there were several of these) should be deducted from the bequest, he left to the museum \$8,000,000 as a building and endowment fund. It was provided that half of this great sum should be preserved as a permanent endowment. The other half and the accumulations, so far as necessary, were to constitute the building fund. It was required that a site for the museum must be furnished without cost to the trustees and that in case such site was not furnished within six years after his death the bequest should be null and void and should revert to the residuary estate.

The second of the two principal provisions of the will was the bequeathing to trustees of all "the rest, residue and remainder" of the estate for the benefit of his two grandsons, Marshall Field III, and Henry Field, and their children. While the most ample provision was made for the grandsons meantime, the principal part of the estate was to accumulate by compound interest until the older of the two grandsons reached the age of fifty years, when the entire estate was to be turned

over to them, three-fifths to the older and two-fifths to the younger. Every possible contingency was provided for to perpetuate the estate in the family to the third generation at least. This attempt to extend the accumulations of a bequest through so long a period was judged to be inconsistent with the spirit of American institutions and against public policy and at the first session of the Illinois General Assembly after Mr. Field's death an act was passed and became the law of the state, prohibiting such accumulations beyond the time when the heirs living at the time of the death of the testator should come of age, providing that these accumulations shall go to the heirs on their attaining their majority and making any directions contrary to these provisions null and void. The Supreme Court later declared: "It is not the purpose of the statute to defeat the intention of the testator as to who should be entitled to property under a will, but only to prevent indefinite accumulations of wealth. It only limits the period of accumulation and the produce beyond that limit goes to the same person that would have been entitled to it if the accumulation had not been directed."

Henry, the younger of the two legatees of the trust estate, died in 1917. The surviving legatee is Marshall Field III, who was born in 1893 and, because of his service in the Great War, is better known as Captain Field. He becomes the heir of the entire residuary estate with the accumulations, and everything will be turned over to him on his reaching fifty years of age. He will not lack ample resources meantime.

Some offerings to friendship were made in the will. But family ties were especially sacred with Mr. Field and liberal bequests were made to a large number of relatives. His immediate family naturally came first, but after them came nearly or quite forty relatives. Some millions of dollars went to these relatives outside of his descendants, of whom there were only five at the time of his own death. This was altogether admirable and reflects high honor on Mr. Field. It was of a piece with that family loyalty and affection which had made his brothers and some of his nephews sharers of his prosperity during his life.

The Field Columbian Museum is now, and will continue to be known as, The Field Museum of Natural History. The story of its origin is part of the story of Marshall Field. When it was arranged that the World's Columbian Exposition was to be held in Chicago in 1893 it soon became evident to the collectors of museum material that an invaluable mass of such material would be found in the great fair. They began to inquire among themselves, "How can this material be

retained in Chicago as the foundation of a museum of natural history?" It is well known that chief among these collectors was Mr. Ed. E. Ayer, who has given his life and spent a fortune in collecting. He and others began to talk museum to Mr. Field. He listened without interest. They continued, however, and J. W. Ellsworth, Mr. Ayer and some others frequently, as they met at the Chicago Club, or went on a fishing trip to the headquarters of the Pelee Club, Pelee Island, Lake Erie, urged upon him the giving of a large sum to found a museum. He persistently declined to consider it. As the world's fair progressed a committee was formed to take the matter in hand. Some generous subscriptions were made, but as the close of the fair drew near, it became apparent that without a great contribution from Mr. Field the whole project must come to naught. The committee finally said to Mr. Ayer, "You must go to Mr. Field in a final effort." "Very well," was the answer, "he has said No! to me one hundred times, but I will see him once more." He went and asked for fifteen minutes in which to present the matter. Mr. Field listened impassively and when Mr. Ayer finished he said, "Well, you have taken forty-five minutes," but his interest was awakened and he consented to visit the fair and inspect the collections. They went the next day. All the curators were on hand to explain their material and Mr. Field gave close attention to all he saw and heard for three hours, from ten o'clock till one. A day or two later he gave his subscription of a million dollars for founding the museum. It was not till the following year that he was persuaded to allow his name to be attached to it. After that was done he began, apparently, to feel personally responsible for it. As is well known the collections secured from the wealth of material in the world's fair were housed for eighteen years in the Fine Arts building of the fair. There they were classified and arranged. Mr. Field's interest increased and he continued to make large contributions until at the time of his death they aggregated considerably more than \$2,000,000. In 1911, only a few months before the bequest of \$8,000,000 would have reverted to the estate by the terms of the will, the South Park Commissioners provided a site for the museum in Jackson Park, which was later transferred to the Lake Front Park at the beginning of Roosevelt Road. The site was then the open water of Lake Michigan but has since been filled in and become solid ground. The museum building, as originally designed, was to be more than 1,100 feet long, and at the comparatively cheap building costs of that day called for an expenditure approaching \$8,000,000. Although the building fund was well invested and steadily increased

from year to year, building costs, after the Great War came on, increased still more rapidly. The fund was found quite insufficient. The size of the building was cut down by nearly or quite one-half, but even then, when it was finished in 1921, it was found to have cost above \$6,000,000. It is a wonderfully beautiful structure, 730 feet long and 450 feet wide, of the Ionic type. But the treasures within are even more wonderful. It is these which will attract increasing throngs of serious students and casual sightseers through succeeding generations. And every visitor will go away with his horizon enlarged, his knowledge increased, and his mind enriched. It is a great educational institution. It will be a gratification to the public to learn that one of the final purposes of Mr. Field's life was to make it far greater.

I am authorized to say what follows by Mr. Field's nephew, Stanley Field, who had first-hand knowledge and will be implicitly believed.

As soon as he began to recover a little from the shock of his son's death, Mr. Field took up the making of a new will. A day or two before starting on the journey to New York, from which he never returned, he called his nephew to his house for an interview. He said he was engaged in making a new will which would differ in important particulars from the one made in 1904. Among other changes he had fully decided on were two which particularly interest me in writing this sketch. In the first place he proposed to increase very largely the bequests to the charitable and public-welfare institutions of Chicago. In his will only four had been named. He now went over a much longer list which he had prepared and indicated that munificent sums would be left to them.

He then spoke of the museum, saying that the great building, the plans of which were being made, was likely to cost \$8,000,000, and that the conduct of a museum in so great a structure would cost much more than he had contemplated. He went on to say that he had decided, in making the new will, to increase the bequest for the museum to \$16,000,000, one-half of which was to be the building fund and one-half the endowment fund.

It must be remembered that these declarations of intention were not made in prospect of the near approach of death. No man in Chicago of Mr. Field's age had a better prospect of years of healthful activity. Moreover, he was not withholding money from the museum till death should take it from him, but was annually supplying large sums to provide for its expanding work.

The vision of the duty and the glory of greatly enlarged service and beneficence came to Mr. Field and he was not disobedient to the heavenly vision. He was engaged in carrying it out. Had he lived only a few weeks longer he would have executed these beneficent purposes. But death intervened. In less than a week after the interview with his nephew pneumonia had stricken him into unconsciousness and brought all his activities to an end. He did not have time after his son's death, only five weeks before his own illness began, to put into black and white his new plans of public service. Let it be entered to Mr. Field's credit that even during those few weeks of grief he had not merely dreamed of returning a much greater share of his wealth to the public, but was actively engaged in putting the matured plans into effect. His purposes for the museum have found a warm response in the hearts of his nephew, Stanley, and his grandson, Captain Field. They, with Mrs. Stanley Field, have given to the Museum more than half a million dollars, and as I write they are, between them, enriching the museum by additional gifts of more than half a million dollars. And thus the larger plans and purposes of the founder are being carried out by those who loved him and who revere his memory.

It has fallen to few men to leave behind them a monument at once so splendid and so useful as the Field Museum of Natural History. Because of it the name and the fame of the founder will endure.

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From a painting by G. P. A. Healy

WILLIAM BUTLER OGDEN

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WILLIAM BUTLER OGDEN

William B. Ogden, in whose memory and from whose estate the Ogden Graduate School of Science of the University of Chicago was founded, was born June 15, 1805, in the village of Walton, on the Delaware River, in Delaware County, New York. Walton was about sixty miles west of the Hudson River and only a few miles north of the Pennsylvania line, and before the days of railroads in more direct communication with Philadelphia than with New York City. Delaware County was a wild and mountainous region, the abundant pine forests of which, together with the ease with which the logs could be floated down the river to Philadelphia, attracted the families of many veterans of the Revolution. Among these settlers were the families of Mr. Ogden's father and mother. His father was from New Jersey and his mother from Connecticut. They met in this new wild land and married some time in the closing decade of the eighteenth century.

It was a wonderful country of mountain, forest, and stream, with unsurpassed opportunities for the country sports loved by a boy. Every season of the year abounded in these opportunities for a healthy, fun-loving boy, such as young Ogden was, and never did a boy avail himself of them more fully. The rivers were full of fish and the forests of game, and the boy so loved the open and gave himself with such assiduity to the outdoor sports of the favored region that his father was compelled, in the end, to restrict his hunting and fishing to two days in the week. He became extraordinarily expert with the rifle. On one occasion a colored man put up his turkeys as a mark, at one hundred yards, at a quarter of a dollar a shot. If the turkey was hit in the head it belonged to the marksman, but if hit anywhere else it remained the property of the negro. So certain was Ogden's aim that the owner of the bird insisted on his paying half a dollar for a shot. As Ogden was about to shoot he ran up close to the turkey shouting, "Gib a nigger fair play. Dodge, dodge, old gobbler, Ogden is going to shoot. Shake yo head, darn ye, don't ye see dat rifle pointin' at ye?"

There seems to have developed in Delaware County a rather superior group of hunting men, with blooded horses and pedigreed hounds, and Mr. Ogden in later years delighted in recalling the exciting experiences of his early life, and relating them to his friends.

Little is known of the educational advantages of Delaware County in 1820 and thereabouts, but while Ogden was still a boy he decided to prepare himself for the law, and at about the age of fifteen he went to New York City to begin his studies. In 1820, however, his father suffered a stroke of paralysis, and the boy was called home and at the age of sixteen found himself in partial charge of his father's business. In his twentieth year his father's death left the entire business responsibility upon him, as well as the headship of the family. The ten years following his father's death, covering the period from his twentieth to his thirtieth year, were filled with a variety of activities, curiously prophetic of his subsequent development. In addition to carrying on his father's business he entered into a partnership and became a merchant, and in a small way prospered. He entered into the political life of the county and state. He was a Democrat, and Andrew Jackson made him postmaster of Walton. He became greatly interested in the project of the building of the Erie Railroad, and advocated this with such zeal and power that he was elected in 1834 to the New York Senate on that issue. In the legislative session following he made, on the twentieth, twenty-first, and twenty-second days of March, 1835, an exhaustive argument before the Senate in favor of the project. This speech was regarded as so important that it was reported in full in the *Albany Argus*. In view of the fact that the railroad system was hardly begun at that early date, the prevision shown by a young man of twenty-nine as to the future is altogether marvelous. He said: "Continuous railways from New York to Lake Erie, and south of Lake Erie, through Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois to the waters of the Mississippi, and connecting with railroads running to Cincinnati and Louisville in Kentucky, and Nashville in Tennessee, and to New Orleans will present the most splendid system of internal communication ever yet devised by man." He said: "To look forward to the completion of such a system in my day may be considered visionary," but declared that he hoped to live to see it realized. Mr. Ogden was then a young man who had spent his life in a country district handling comparatively small business interests. It may be doubted, however, whether there was another man in the country with a broader and clearer vision of the railroad expansion of the succeeding forty years. It might have been confidently predicted of such a man that he was likely to go far. This might have been predicted also from young Ogden's military experience. At the age of eighteen he had entered the New York militia. On the first day of his service he was made a commissioned officer. On the second day the brigadier general

in command made Ogden a member of his staff. A little later he was promoted to the rank of brigade inspector.

But the turning-point in Mr. Ogden's career was his removal to Chicago. That important event, important for him, for Chicago, for the West, and therefore for the whole country, came about in the following manner: It so happened that a sister of Mr. Ogden had become the wife of Mr. Charles Butler, of New York City, Mr. Butler being a brother of the well-known general, Benjamin F. Butler. Charles Butler, in connection with others, had purchased from the Kinzies and other owners a tract of 182 acres, all, or most of it, on the North Side, running from the river northward. Mr. Ogden had some means of his own, but to what extent he was a partner in this transaction does not appear. However, in the spring of 1835 he was chosen to go to Chicago and look after the disposition of the property. Although the place was a miserable little hamlet of 1,200 or 1,500 people set down in the mud about the forks of the Chicago River, it was already attracting almost nation-wide attention as a town of future importance. In the thirties a considerable body of young, ambitious, and unusually able men made homes in the little village, and almost at once became leaders, a leadership which they maintained when the hamlet had become a great city. The following list of such men might be multiplied several times over: Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, Philo Carpenter, Judge John Dean Caton, Judge George Manierre, Judge Grant Goodrich, Thomas Hoyne, Gurdon S. Hubbard, Tuthill King, William B. Ogden, Captain Redmond Prindle, J. Young Scammon, Judge Mark Skinner, and ("Long") John Wentworth. In 1834 land values were rising rapidly and the report spread far and wide. In the spring of 1835 the United States government announced the opening of a land office in Chicago and a sale of public lands in the adjacent region. There followed a great gathering of land seekers. The land office was on the second floor of the store of Thomas Church on Lake Street. The buyers stood out in the street in front of the store and the constant tramping of the great crowd made the street very muddy. Mr. Church therefore brought a supply of dry sand every morning from the lake shore and covered the ground, making the mud, for a few hours at least, dry land. So great was the eagerness to buy land that the receipts of the land office during the first half of June exceeded half a million dollars, 400,000 acres being sold.

It was during this government land sale that Mr. Ogden arrived in Chicago. It is related that he was somewhat depressed by his first inspection of the tract of land he had in charge. He found it to be an

unbroken field covered with a wild growth of oak and underbrush, marshy and muddy from recent rains. There was nothing attractive about it, save perhaps that it lay along the main river and the north branch. In its wild and unkempt state he could not see in it anything to justify the great price, \$100,000, that had been paid for it. He determined, however, to take advantage of the land hunger indicated by the government sales, and advertised a public auction at which these desirable (!) lots could be bought. His surprise and gratification may be imagined when his auction resulted in the sale of about one-third of the lots for more than the entire tract had cost.

Aside from this gratifying stroke of business there was little in the small, unkempt, muddy village Chicago then was to attract a man who loved, as Mr. Ogden did, the mountains and streams and forests of his native place. He felt little disposition to make the small western town his home. He returned to New York to report to his business associates the success he had achieved. Meanwhile the real-estate boom in Chicago was now fairly on. The opportunities for an able and ambitious man multiplied in the far-western town, and inevitably drew Mr. Ogden back. He returned to make the village his home and at once laid his plans for permanent business activity. Naturally enough he turned his attention at the outset to buying and selling real estate. Dealing in real estate was the business of Chicago in 1835-36. Mr. Ogden opened a real-estate office and established a Land and Trust Agency which he carried on in his own name from 1836 to 1843. By the latter date the business had so increased and his other interests had so widened that a partner was secured. A very great and profitable business developed, and partners came and went. From time to time the firm name changed. Perhaps the best known of its various names was that of Ogden, Sheldon & Company, under which title it still continues after more than eighty years. For some years after founding the business Mr. Ogden gave himself with tireless energy to building it up. He became a firm believer in Chicago real estate. The well-known Captain Prindeville is reported to have told the following story: Mr. Ogden offered him a five-acre lot on the West Side for \$1,000, on what was known in that day as "canal time," that is, one quarter down and the balance in one, two, and three years. Prindeville hadn't the money. Mr. Ogden offered to trust him for a year for the first payment. Still he declined to buy. Then Ogden proposed to take the land back at the end of the year if Prindeville didn't like the bargain. But the Captain, seeing no way of making the payments, refused even this generous offer. Whereupon Ogden broke out:

“Why, Redmond, that’s not the way to get along. When you are dealing with Chicago property the proper way is to go in for all you can get and then go on with your business and forget all about it. It will take care of itself.” Another man bought the property and made \$4,000 on it in six months.

It goes without saying that a man of Mr. Ogden’s unusual ability was, from the start, one of the leading citizens of the rapidly growing town. At the first election for town trustees after his arrival he was made a member of that board. Eli B. Williams was president. The years 1835-36 formed a period of extraordinary growth in population. The number of inhabitants more than doubled and the people began to catch a vision of the future city. It was decided, therefore, to apply to the legislature for a city charter. In the fall of 1836 the president of the town board, Mr. Williams, appointed a committee of five men to draw up a city charter for submission to the legislature. Of this committee Mr. Ogden was a member, as was J. D. Caton, afterward chief justice of the state. The committee reported the proposed charter in December. On March 4, 1837, the legislature passed the bill approving the charter, and Chicago became a city. From north to south the new city extended from North Avenue to Twenty-second Street, and the western boundary was Wood Street.

The first business of the new municipality was the election of a mayor, and a spirited contest was at once begun. William B. Ogden was nominated by the Democrats, and John H. Kinzie by the Whigs. The former was a newcomer, the latter Chicago’s oldest resident, having come with his father, John Kinzie, in 1804, while in his first year. The Kinzie family stood deservedly high in the young community. Mr. Ogden and Mr. Kinzie were fellow-attendants of St. James’s Episcopal Church. Both were young men, Mr. Ogden being thirty-two years old, and Mr. Kinzie a year older. A little over seven hundred votes were cast. Mr. Ogden was elected Chicago’s first mayor by a vote of 469 against 237 for his opponent. One interesting fact connected with this first election in the new city was that the South Side cast more votes than the North and West sides together. The following was the distribution of votes: South 408, North 204, West, 97; a total of 709.

It was in this year, 1837, that the Hon. I. N. Arnold, thereafter Mr. Ogden’s legal adviser in Chicago, first met the young mayor. In describing his personal appearance Mr. Arnold says:

You might look the country through and not find a man of more manly and imposing presence, or a finer-looking gentleman. His forehead was broad and square; his

mouth firm and determined; his eyes large and dark gray; his nose large; hair brown; his complexion ruddy; his voice clear, musical and sympathetic; his figure a little above the medium height; and he united great muscular power with almost perfect symmetry of form. He was a natural leader, and if he had been one of a thousand picked men cast upon a desolate island he would, by common, universal, and instinctive selection, have been made their leader.

It is little wonder that Chicago chose him for its first mayor.

The real-estate boom of 1835-36 had made a good many men apparently rich, and some of them had built, or were preparing to build, comfortable homes. Mr. Ogden was one of those who had prospered. In these two years he had acquired a substantial fortune. His operations had been so extensive and successful that he felt justified in building what long remained probably the finest private residence in the city. He brought to Chicago the rising young architect, J. M. Van Osdel, to draw the plans for this house and build it in the spring of 1837. It was the first house in Chicago built by an architect. It is described as "attractive, homelike, beautiful." It stood on the North Side in the center of the block bounded on the east by Rush Street, on the south by Ontario, on the west by Cass, and on the north by Erie. The block was covered with a fine growth of native trees. The house was built of wood, a broad porch extending across the south front. It stood in the center of the block. Here he brought his mother and sister. Mr. E. H. Sheldon, who married one of his sisters, says:

I lived under the same roof with Mr. Ogden for a quarter of a century, and for nearly all that time we carried on our house jointly, thus enforcing a very close and long-continued intimacy. These years brought to each of us, as they do to all, days of trial, of suffering, and of sorrow, and yet, in all that time, looking back in careful scrutiny, I cannot recall one harsh or unkind word received from him. His patience and forbearance were great, his friendship steadfast, and his good-will unbounded.

This is a noble testimony. Mr. Arnold says of the social life of this home, presided over by Mr. Ogden's mother and his sister:

In this home of generous and liberal hospitality was found no lavish or vulgar exhibition of wealth, no ostentatious or pretentious display. . . . On the contrary, here were refinement, broad intelligence, kind courtesy, and real hospitality. Here gathered from far and near the most worthy, the most distinguished representatives of the best American social life. Here all prominent and distinguished strangers were welcomed and entertained, and here, too, the most humble and poor, if distinguished for merit, culture, or ability, were always most cordially received. Here he entertained Van Buren, Webster, Poinsett, Marcy, Flag, Butler, Gilpin, Corning, Crosswell, Tilden, Bryant, Emerson, Miss Martineau, Fredrika Bremer, Margaret Fuller, the artist Healy, Anna C. Lynch, and many others, comprising some of the best representative men and women of our country and the most distinguished visitors from

abroad. The guest always found good books, good pictures, good music, and the most kind and genial reception. Mr. Ogden himself, however, was always the chief attraction. He was, in his way, without an equal as a conversationalist. His powers of narration and description were unrivaled.

The testimony to Mr. Ogden's conversational gifts is very abundant. G. P. A. Healy, the artist, who painted three portraits of Mr. Ogden, says: "I found him in conversation a worthy rival of the three best I ever met, viz., Louis Phillippe, John Quincy Adams, and Dr. O. A. Bronson." Mr. J. Y. Scammon, who knew him intimately for forty years, declares that as a traveling companion he had never seen his equal. Mr. Arnold, after saying that he was never more attractive than in his library reciting the poetry of Bryant and others, or at his piano playing accompaniments to his own singing of old songs, continues: "Perhaps I ought to make an exception, when he was driving his own carriage, filled with guests, over the prairies of the Northwest, for then he would make the longest day short by his inimitable narration of incidents and anecdotes, his graphic descriptions, and his sanguine anticipations of the future."

When Mr. Ogden became mayor of the new city of Chicago, with its 4,000 people, in 1837, it was a poor excuse for a city. The buildings were for the most part wooden shanties. There were few sidewalks. For much of the year the streets were little better than mudholes. The stores were mostly on South Water Street, with one here and there on Lake Street. The Fort Dearborn reservation was still in existence, cutting off the South Side from the lake. One bridge, on Dearborn Street, connected the North and South sides, but was soon destroyed or removed. A floating bridge at Randolph connected the South and West sides, and a foot bridge the North and West sides. There were nearly forty places where liquor was sold, five churches, and seven small private schools. "The waterworks consisted of a hogshead on wheels, with a faucet, under which the consumer's bucket received a supply for a price paid to the proprietor and driver." The imports of the city amounted to \$373,677, and the exports to \$11,665. The citizens were growing rich by selling to one another for the most part city and suburban lots.

The government was spending some money in improving the river, and on July 4, 1836, work had been started on the Illinois and Michigan Canal, and labor was in demand. The city began its career under Mr. Ogden without either money or credit. Improvements of every sort were needed and had the flush times kept on and men continued to grow rich on real estate, the new mayor, being a man of great intelligence, enterprise, and energy, would doubtless have made his administration

memorable for public improvements. But he was hardly seated in the mayor's chair when the panic of 1837 fell on the country and the city like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. It was in the early part of this year that the Illinois legislature had adopted that ambitious bill appropriating some \$10,000,000 for internal improvements which, when the crash came, bankrupted the state.

The panic fell on Chicago with most disastrous effect. Its sole stock in trade became worthless. Men went to bed rich and awoke to find themselves worth less than nothing. Real estate was transformed from an asset into a liability, and well-nigh universal bankruptcy followed. All plans for public improvements had to be abandoned. During his term of office, however, Mr. Ogden appointed the first permanent board of health; the first census was taken showing the population on July 1, 1837, to be 4,170; and the council elected the first board of school inspectors. Mr. Ogden was able to do one notable service for the city. Mr. Scammon, than whom there could be no better authority, says:

There is no brighter page in Mr. Ogden's history than that which records his devotion to the preservation of the public credit. The first time that we recollect to have heard him address a public meeting was in the autumn of 1837, while he held the office of mayor. Some frightened debtors, assisted by a few demagogues, had called a meeting to take measures to have the courts suspended, or some way devised by which the compulsory fulfilment of their engagements might be deferred beyond that period, so tedious to creditors, known as the "law's delay." They sought legislative action or "relief laws," virtually to suspend for a season the collection of debts. An inflammatory . . . speech had been made. The meeting, which was composed chiefly of debtors, seemed quite excited, and many were rendered almost desperate by the recital, by designing men, of their sufferings and pecuniary danger. During the excitement the mayor was called for. He stepped forward and exhorted his fellow-citizens not to commit the folly of proclaiming their own dishonor. He besought those of them who were embarrassed to bear up against adverse circumstances with the courage of men, remembering that no misfortune was so great as one's personal dishonor. It were better for them to conceal their misfortunes than to proclaim them; reminding them that many a fortress had saved itself by the courage of its inmates and their determination to conceal its weakened condition, when if its real state had been made known its destruction would have been inevitable and immediate. "Above all things," he said, "do not tarnish the honor of our infant city!"

This eloquent appeal carried all before it and the honor of the city was not tarnished.

In this disastrous panic Mr. Ogden suffered with his fellow business men. He was so seriously crippled that he himself came near shipwreck. He weathered the storm indeed, being a man of indomitable will and energy and extraordinary business ability, but it took five years to extricate himself from his difficulties and get fairly on his feet again.

For two or three years his private affairs required his individual attention. In 1840, however, he was a member of the board of aldermen, and performed a unique public service. For some reason the South Side or an influential party on that side opposed any bridge across the main river. It had secured the destruction of the Dearborn Street bridge or it had been carried away by a flood, and when it was proposed to span the river on Clark Street the movement encountered bitter opposition. The aldermen were evenly divided, and it required the vote of Mayor Raymond to pass the ordinance. It was necessary to make a bridge that would not obstruct navigation, and Mr. Ogden made plans for what was known as a swing bridge. It was built according to these plans and proved so serviceable that during the succeeding five years others like it were constructed at Wells, Randolph, and Kinzie streets.

When a boy Mr. Ogden intended to follow the law as a profession. His father's illness and death, and later on business openings, had interfered with his plans, but they did not bring his studies to an end. He was essentially a business man, but he carried out his purpose to become a lawyer so far, at least, as to be admitted to the bar in Chicago in 1841. His brother, Mahlon D. Ogden, who followed him to Chicago, became not only a successful lawyer, but a judge. It was the house of Mahlon D. Ogden, standing in the center of a block of ground far north in the Chicago of 1871, that had the distinction of being the only important building on the North Side to survive the great fire. It was later displaced by the Newberry Library.

In 1841 William B. Ogden became one of the founders of the Young Men's Association of Chicago, an organization which for thirty years maintained a reading-room and conducted lecture courses in the growing city.

Work on the Illinois and Michigan Canal, which was to open navigation between the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico and work wonders for the prosperity of Chicago, had been begun in 1836. This waterway was an enterprise of supreme interest in Chicago. The panic of 1837 had interrupted more or less the progress of the work. The state became embarrassed, the state bank failed, and in 1841 work on the canal came to an end. Mr. Ogden felt a profound interest in the completing of this great public enterprise. In the autumn of 1842 he was one of a self-constituted committee of four men, the others being Arthur Bronson, of New York, J. Butterfield, and Mr. Ogden's attorney, I. N. Arnold, who devised a plan for carrying the work on. More than \$5,000,000 had already been expended, and it was estimated that it

would cost \$1,600,000 more to complete the undertaking. The plan was approved. The legislature enacted the necessary measures to carry it out, and this was done with such success that the canal was finished in 1848, and continued for many years to be one of the great assets of the city.

One of the early institutions of Chicago was Rush Medical College. Chartered in 1837, it did not get fairly under way till Mr. Ogden gave it, in 1843, a site for a building on the North Side, at the corner of Dearborn and Indiana streets. He assisted in the erection of the first modest building of the college, and was for many years president of the board of trustees. This was the beginning of the connection of Mr. Ogden's name with the University of Chicago, Rush Medical College being now in organic connection with that institution. Like many another man he builded better than he knew!

A quotation from Mr. Arnold has indicated that Mr. Ogden was a man of marked literary tastes. He not only loved good poetry and filled his house with books, but more than once ventured into literature. In 1844 a new paper was started in Chicago, the *Chicago Democratic Advocate and Commercial Advertiser*. The paper had no editor, and its editorials were largely written by William B. Ogden, N. B. Judd (who nominated Mr. Lincoln for the presidency in the famous Wigwam in 1860), I. N. Arnold, and Ebenezer Peck. A paper with no responsible editor, however, could not long survive in a city like Chicago, and this lasted only a few years.

After the panic of 1837 Mr. Ogden continued his real-estate business, but for a number of years under very difficult conditions. It is said that between the spring of 1837 and the fall of 1838 values had diminished 80 per cent. Indeed lots could hardly be sold at any price. In a few years, of course, prices began again to advance. In 1844 and 1845 that increase in values had begun which marked the founding of many great Chicago fortunes. In Mr. Ogden's notebook he wrote: "In 1844 I purchased for \$8,000 what eight years thereafter sold for \$3,000,000." "I purchased in 1845 property for \$15,000 which twenty years thereafter, in 1865, was worth ten millions of dollars." He did not hold these properties and realize their profits, for he was a dealer in real estate and was continually buying and selling. The vast amount of real estate he owned from time to time merely passed through his hands, keeping business moving and building up the city. He opened up in the course of these transactions more than a hundred miles of streets, and made the multifarious improvements necessary in putting new subdivisions

on the market. He prospered greatly, but his real-estate business did not furnish the opportunities his extraordinary talents and energies required. He found them in the great public enterprises which occupied much of his time during the last thirty years of his life.

In 1846 a popular movement began for the improvement of the waterways of the West and the harbors of the Great Lakes. This was a matter of great moment for Chicago, and Mr. Ogden took a leading part in preparing the way for the extraordinary River and Harbor Convention held in that city in 1847. He united with two other men in calling the preliminary meeting in Chicago in 1846, and was a member of the Committee of Arrangements for the convention. When the convention assembled in Chicago on July 5, 1847, he nominated the temporary chairman. The number of delegates is variously given at from three to ten thousand. Abraham Lincoln was present as one of them and spoke. Thurlow Weed, who attended, described the convention as "the largest deliberative body ever assembled." It was said that twenty thousand strangers visited Chicago to attend the convention. It was held in the courthouse square under an immense tent covering about two-thirds of the block, the courthouse then standing on the northeast corner of the square and the jail on the northwest corner.

In the same year Mr. Ogden was once more a member of the city council. He also found time to act on the Committee of Arrangements of the Western Educational Convention held in Chicago, and accepted the presidency of the Northwestern Educational Society organized by the convention. This society was instituted to further the better training of Illinois teachers, and out of it grew the state's admirable system of normal schools and colleges.

But the great event of the year 1847 in Mr. Ogden's life was his entrance into the career of an organizer and builder of railroads. The first Chicago railroad was known as the Galena & Chicago Union. This company had been chartered in 1836 when Galena was a more important place than Chicago and was naturally placed first in the name of the proposed road. After eleven years had passed without any real beginning having been made, Mr. Ogden and a few other men bought the charter and the few assets and began an effort to secure the building of the road. Mr. Ogden and Mr. Scammon went to Boston and laid the situation before William F. Weld, then known as the "railroad king." Mr. Scammon, in relating the interview, says: "Mr. Weld said to us, 'Gentlemen, I do not remember any enterprise of this kind

we Boston people have taken hold of upon statistics. You must go home, raise what money you can, expend it upon your road, and when it breaks down, as it surely or in all probability will, come and give it to us, and we will take hold of it and complete it, as we are completing the Michigan Central.” William B. Ogden and J. Y. Scammon were not the kind of men to be talked to in this way. Mr. Scammon continues: “A resolution was then formed . . . that the Galena should not break down. We came home, sought and obtained subscriptions to the stock of the road upon the pledge that the stock should never be endangered until it rose to par. . . . This pledge was kept.” An interesting light is thrown on the wealth of the leading business men of Chicago in 1847-48 by the following statement of Mr. Scammon: “There was no man in Chicago who could conveniently, or was disposed to, subscribe for more than \$5,000 in the stock of the railroad company, and the enterprise not only required faith and energy, but the soliciting of subscriptions from every person who could take even one share of stock.” The work was prosecuted with infinite difficulty. Mr. Ogden himself visited the farmers along the proposed line from Chicago to Galena and solicited their subscriptions. He was president of the road and held that office till 1851, when troubles in the directorate, regarding which information is lacking, led him to retire from that office. As a result of his retirement the road was never extended to Galena, but Freeport remained its terminal, to the intense indignation of Galena, which had invested generously in the stock. As a business enterprise, however, the Galena & Chicago Union was eminently successful.

In the midst of his labors to inaugurate the building of railroads west of Chicago Mr. Ogden also interested himself in securing railroad connections with the East. The Michigan Central, having reached Lake Michigan in 1846, had stopped at New Buffalo, sixty-six miles east of Chicago. Mr. Ogden felt it to be imperative that the road should be extended to the rising young city. He therefore, in connection with J. Y. Scammon, set himself to work to bring this about, and after long effort they revived an abandoned Indiana charter which gave the exclusive right to construct a railroad from Michigan City to Chicago. The Michigan Central, being put in possession of this charter, extended its line and entered Chicago in May, 1852, giving the city two eastern connections, the Michigan Southern having anticipated its rival by three months.

The Chicago Board of Trade was founded in 1848 with Mr. Ogden as one of its organizers and a member of the board of directors. In this

year also he was a partner of Cyrus H. McCormick, the inventor of the reaper and mowing machines which have revolutionized the agriculture of the world, who had recently determined to make Chicago the center of the new industry. In its beginnings Mr. Ogden assisted in financing the enterprise which has now become world-wide in its operations.

Meantime he was reflecting deeply and corresponding widely on the railroad problems of the country. Already his early vision of a railroad system reaching the Mississippi had so enlarged that he now saw that system covering the continent and extending to the Pacific Ocean. He had become so well known for his large and intelligent views on the railroad policy of the country that when, in 1850, the National Pacific Railway Convention was held in Philadelphia, Mr. Ogden was made its presiding officer. He seems thus early to have begun the foundation of those plans which led to the building of the first road to the Pacific. It was probably in pursuit of those plans that a little later he was actively engaged in Iowa in furthering the extension of the Rock Island west of Davenport to the Missouri River, where the Union Pacific later began.

But Mr. Ogden's mind was not entirely absorbed with railroads running toward the Pacific. He was equally interested in securing rail connections for Chicago with the East. On the organization of the Chicago & Fort Wayne Company in 1853 he became one of its directors. The road, after making various combinations, extended its lines to Pittsburgh.

By 1853-54 Mr. Ogden had become a man of considerable wealth. It may have been about this time that he instructed his financial manager to ascertain and report to him how much he was worth. After full investigation the report was submitted showing him to be worth about a million dollars, on which he is reported by the agent to have said to him, "My God, Quigg, but that's a lot of money."

It was at this time, 1853-54, that Mr. Ogden went abroad, spending about eighteen months in England and on the Continent. During this trip he gave another illustration of his inclination toward literary production by a series of letters to the *Chicago Democratic Press*. He examined the waterways of Europe, and in these letters strongly advocated a ship canal connecting Chicago with the Mississippi and the Gulf.

In 1855, soon after his return from Europe, he was made a member of the Sewerage Commission, which brought to Chicago for his many years of service that eminent engineer E. S. Chesbrough, who devised

and carried into execution the city's sewerage and water-supply systems. He became in the same year one of the organizers of the Illinois Savings Institution, of which he was for many years a director.

In politics Mr. Ogden was for most of his life a Democrat. He was, however, opposed to slavery, and in 1848-49 lined up with the Free-soilers. It was therefore only natural that he became one of the founders of the Republican party. In 1856 he was on the Committee of Arrangements for the first Republican State Convention, which was held at Bloomington. In the same year, with many other of the old settlers, he assisted in organizing the Chicago Historical Society and became its vice-president, holding that office for many years. In this year also he made one of the important investments of his life. This was the establishment on the Peshtigo River, Green Bay, northern Wisconsin, of a great lumber business. Within a few years the firm owned about two hundred thousand acres of pine lands, built extensive mills with a flourishing village about them, constructed a fine harbor, and manufactured for the Chicago market forty or fifty million feet of lumber annually.

These years formed a period of extraordinary business activity in Mr. Ogden's life. He was a little over fifty years old and had reached the full maturity of his powers. His means were ample, allowing him to branch out in many directions, and his interests and investments were widely distributed. He had begun the construction of the Chicago, St. Paul & Fond du Lac Railroad, and in 1857 was pushing it forward with all his energy. He was president also of the Illinois & Wisconsin, as well as of the Wisconsin & Superior Land Grant Railway. These roads, with the Beloit & Madison, the Rock River Valley, and other small lines he absorbed into the Chicago, St. Paul & Fond du Lac, and thus laid the foundation for the great Chicago & North Western System. Meantime he had found time to organize a company to tunnel the Chicago River, and in 1857 he united with the ablest men in the city in founding the first of the present great banks of Chicago, the Merchants Loan and Trust Company.

The widespread and disastrous panic of 1857 found Mr. Ogden's operations thus widely extended. He was under an immense load of obligations. On the paper of the Fond du Lac Railroad alone he was endorser to the amount of nearly a million and a half dollars. His failure seemed to his friends and the public almost inevitable. This general impression was the occasion of practical expressions of friendship and personal devotion almost without parallel, and which constitute an unspeakably eloquent testimonial to the character of Mr. Ogden, his

integrity, his loveliness, his greatness. The most extraordinary offers of assistance began to come to him from many friends. Robert Eaton, of Wales, at once sent to him \$80,000 to use at his discretion. Matthew Laffin, of Chicago, tendered for himself and friends \$100,000. Colonel E. D. Taylor, of Chicago, repeatedly pressed upon him a like amount. Samuel Russell, of Middletown, Connecticut, whose agent in Chicago Mr. Ogden had been for many years, wrote to the latter's partner in that city, placing his entire fortune of half a million dollars in Mr. Ogden's hands. Perhaps the most touching of all these proffers came from a Scotch nobleman whose friendship he had acquired while abroad five years before. It was contained in the following letter:

MY DEAR MR. OGDEN:

I hear you are in trouble. I have placed to your credit in New York £100,000. If you get through I know you will return it. If you don't, Jeanie and I will never miss it.

Mr. Ogden was not asking his friends for help. These proffers and others like them were spontaneous expressions of affection and devotion. He declined them all. He was confident that he could weather the storm, and making a full exhibit of his affairs to the creditors of the Fond du Lac road he was allowed to continue in control and pay the obligations as he was able. In these transactions Samuel J. Tilden was his New York adviser.

There was indeed another side to these troubles of the Wisconsin railroads Mr. Ogden was then building. It also illustrated the greatness of the man. The people in one section of Wisconsin, fearing the loss of all they had invested, became exasperated against him. They thought that he had deceived and swindled them, and threatened to shoot him if he ever again ventured into their country. He immediately sent handbills into the community, calling a public meeting which he would address. A large and threatening crowd assembled. In vain Mr. Ogden's friends urged him not to go to the meeting. He was received with a most menacing uproar. He was unarmed, and appealed to their sense of fair play, and told them that after they had heard him they might shoot him if they pleased. With perfect candor and clearness he laid before them all the facts, and revealed his own losses and embarrassments and the disastrous results of the panic. He then pictured with enthusiastic eloquence the certainty of ultimate success, assured them it would double the value of every farm, and when he concluded, instead of mobbing him and shooting him, they appointed a committee

to wait upon him, which said, "Mr. Ogden, we are authorized by the farmers and other stockholders along the road to say, if you wish it, we will double our subscriptions." He was as honest and courageous as he was able and efficient. It is not to be wondered at that he was brought forward in 1855 as a candidate for the United States Senate. This was in the great contest at Springfield in which Abraham Lincoln, the leading candidate, finally withdrew in favor of Lyman Trumbull and secured his first election as Senator.

In 1858, while business was still prostrate from the panic of the preceding year, Mr. Ogden became one of the organizers of the North Chicago City Railway. Meantime the Chicago & Fort Wayne, of which he became a director in 1853, after forming a combination with two other roads and making a through line from Chicago to Pittsburgh, fell into difficulties during the prostration of the country's business, and in 1859 sequestrators and receivers were appointed in the states through which its lines ran. The difficulties of the road brought into full play the extraordinary business genius of Mr. Ogden. A general meeting of the stockholders, bondholders, and creditors was held in Pittsburgh. There was much confusion and conflict of opinion. Mr. Ogden brought about unity by proposing a plan which created a new company composed of bondholders and other creditors and stockholders, which conserved the interests of all and assured the success of the road. It required the appointment of a single receiver for the entire line, and this office was at once urged upon him at a salary of \$25,000 by all parties. He was already overburdened with other great enterprises, his health was impaired, and he felt compelled to decline. No other man, however, could be found, and, after refusing again and again, he was in the end fairly forced by necessity to undertake the work of putting the reorganized road on its feet. This he finally did with the understanding that his compensation should be less than half the amount pressed upon him. His administration was most successful, and the Chicago, Pittsburgh & Fort Wayne finally became a most important part of the great Pennsylvania System.

It was said a moment ago that when the Fort Wayne receivership was urged upon him Mr. Ogden pleaded that he was already overburdened. He was then engaged in one of the great organizing and constructive undertakings of his life. For it was in 1859 that he was organizing out of his various roads in Wisconsin and northern Illinois the vast system of the Chicago & North Western. From the beginning he was the president of the road, and within five years had absorbed into the

new system his earliest railroad venture, the Galena & Chicago Union, with several of its connecting and dependent lines. The organization of the Chicago & North Western System was one of the most brilliant achievements of his life. He continued in the presidency till 1868, when, having removed to New York City, he retired. As his connection with the Galena & Chicago Union, a part of the North Western, had existed since 1847, the stockholders, on the occasion of his retirement, adopted the following:

Resolved, That his [W. B. Ogden's] connection with this company dating back for a period of twenty-one years, his disinterested labors in its behalf *without fee or reward* during the whole time, the benefit he has conferred upon it and the country, demand our grateful acknowledgments.

The writer of this sketch recalls vividly the visit of the Prince of Wales, afterward Edward VII, to Chicago in 1860, and his progress, in an open carriage, down Michigan Avenue. Mr. Ogden was a member of the committee of three citizens for the reception and entertainment of the prince. In this year, with the avowed purpose of encouraging the railroad development of the state, he sought and secured election to the state senate on the Republican ticket. It might be supposed that his multiplied business interests, real estate, lumber, railroads, etc., with his new political duties, would have absorbed all his energies. But he was a great executive, of extraordinary administrative ability to employ the brains and direct the activities of other men. There was, therefore, nothing but the extent of his resources to limit the enlargement of his business interests. In 1860 he purchased at Brady's Bend, in the iron and coal region of Pennsylvania, five thousand acres of land, and organized the Brady's Bend Iron Company, with a capital of \$2,000,000, which within a few years was employing six hundred men and making two hundred tons of rails daily.

In 1861 he was appointed, by act of the legislature, one of a committee to organize the Chicago & Alton Railroad, which was in line with his purpose in seeking election to the state senate. When, in the same year, the Civil War broke out, and a great passion of patriotism flamed through Chicago, Mr. Ogden was a member of the committee organized to raise funds for arming and equipping the city regiments. It was in this year also that he was elected president of the Board of Trustees of the first University of Chicago. The University had begun its educational work in 1858. Senator Stephen A. Douglas, who had contributed its site on Cottage Grove Avenue, north of Thirty-fifth Street, had served as

president of the Board till his death in the spring of 1861. Mr. Ogden succeeded him and continued in the office as long as he lived. He felt a lively interest in the institution, and was understood to be pledged to erect the north wing of the great university building as soon as the institution should free itself from debt. This it never did, and the troubles which broke out among the trustees and for many years paralyzed their efforts so discouraged Mr. Ogden that any benevolent intentions he had cherished toward the institution were never carried out.

In 1862, the second year of the Civil War, the national congress passed an act authorizing the building of the first railroad to the Pacific. Under this act the Union Pacific was built with William B. Ogden as its first president. This was a fitting conclusion of his progressive railroad building. He had expressed the hope in the New York senate in 1835 that he might live to see the railroad system of the country extend to the Mississippi, and before reaching sixty years of age he had himself become an influential and even dominant figure in systems extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, being president of roads extending the greater part of the distance.

We find him during these years making frequent contributions to the educational and charitable work of Chicago. With three other men he gave a site of twenty acres to the McCormick Theological Seminary. He was one of the earliest considerable contributors to the Erring Women's Refuge. There were naturally repeated gifts to the first University of Chicago, as well as to the Academy of Sciences.

At sixty years of age he began to think of withdrawing from active business. He resigned from the presidency of the Union Pacific, and in 1866 purchased a handsome villa at Fordham Heights, adjoining High Bridge, on the Harlem River near New York. There were more than a hundred acres of land, with a front of nearly half a mile on the river. The place was given the name of "Boscobel." For a number of years Mr. Ogden resided alternately in Chicago and New York, gradually spending more and more of his time at Boscobel. Here he was living in quiet when he was rudely drawn from his seclusion by the Chicago fire of 1871. He had definitely retired and placed the care of his great enterprises for the most part in other hands. And it was not a single disaster that now fell upon him, but a double one. It was not Chicago alone that was burning, but his great lumber mills and the homes of his workmen at Peshtigo. The telegraphic wires disturbed his dreams of a quiet and peaceful old age with these messages: "Chicago is burning." "All Chicago is on fire." "Chicago is burned up." "A

whirlwind of fire is sweeping over Peshtigo." He boarded a train for Chicago at once, reaching that city Tuesday evening, October 10, passed through the still smoking ruins, and sought his own home, which, he had been told on the train, was the only one left standing on the North Side. He could not find it. He could hardly find the spot where it had stood. It was his brother Mahlon's house farther north which alone survived the conflagration on the North Side, and thither, through still smoldering fires, he made his way. The following day he received final intelligence of the utter destruction of Peshtigo, aggravated by a terrible loss of life among his workmen. "His individual loss in the two fires exceeded two million dollars." This is the declaration of Mr. Arnold, who had every means of knowing. Mr. Arnold adds: "He met all—I will not say like a hero, but like a Christian hero." He remained in Chicago only four days, seeking to encourage the people to rise to those heroic efforts which transformed what seemed an irreparable disaster into a real and enduring advantage in a better and greater city. He then went on to Peshtigo, where his presence was indispensable to the despairing people. Here he threw off at once thirty years of his age, becoming a young man of exhaustless energy, untiring industry, and contagious enthusiasm. He said to the people, "We will rebuild this village—the mills, the shops—and do a larger winter's logging than ever before." He remained two months or more, superintending and directing the work. Mr. Arnold writes:

At daylight in the morning he was up, and worked with the men till dark, constantly exposed to the rain and sleet and snow. When night came, he would go on an open car, drawn by mules, eight miles to the harbor. All the evening, until late in the night, he was engaged with his clerks and assistants, in drawing plans, writing letters, and sending telegrams to his agents, and the next morning break of day would find him again at the head of his men at Peshtigo. During all this period he was cheerful and pleasant, and inspired everybody with courage and faith in the future. This terrible strain upon him, and overwork for a man of his years, probably shortened his life.

A business associate, General Henry Strong, who was with Mr. Ogden during these herculean labors, closes his account of them with this estimate of the man:

Thus far in life, I have been associated with no one equal to him in business capacity, in energy, in perseverance. He possessed many of the qualities of a great and successful general, viz., unflinching courage, coolness in times of danger, rare presence of mind in emergencies, decision, a constitution of iron, great physical strength, executive power of a high order, ability to master the details of anything he had on hand, firmness of purpose, faith in his own judgment and plans, and an unbending

will to carry through to completion, and against all opposition, *anything* he undertook. In the planning and management of large enterprises, while in the prime of life, he had no superior and I believe few equals.

Mr. Ogden contemplated marriage in early manhood, but his hopes were disappointed by the death of his intended wife. He evidently cherished for her a very tender attachment, and the remembrance of her deterred him from marriage till very late in life. On February 9, 1875, he married Miss Marianna Arnot, daughter of Judge Arnot, of Elmira, New York. He had long been on the most friendly relations with the family and with the daughter, and Mr. Arnold remarks that the only mistake about the marriage was that it did not take place twenty or thirty years earlier. At the time of his marriage Mr. Ogden was in his seventieth year, and his health was beginning to break. With the failure of his strength he put his affairs into the hands of Andrew H. Green, one of the ablest men in New York, who continued in permanent charge of his estate until its distribution after Mr. Ogden's death. His health continued to fail, and he died August 3, 1877, in his seventy-third year. He was buried in Woodlawn Cemetery, New York, on August 6. Bishop Clarkson, of the Episcopal church, traveled halfway across the continent to speak at the funeral, telling of Mr. Ogden's open profession of his Christian faith somewhat late in life, of his talent for friendship, of his noble character, and of his commanding abilities. It was at once everywhere recognized by the press that one of the great men of the country had passed away.

Not long after Mr. Ogden's death the Chicago Historical Society suggested to Mrs. Ogden the propriety of placing a portrait of her husband on its walls, and the artist, G. P. A. Healy, was commissioned to paint it. This was done from a picture that had been made by the same artist in 1856, when Mr. Ogden was fifty-one years old. On its formal presentation to the Society on December 20, 1881, the Hon. Isaac N. Arnold delivered a biographical address from which some quotations have been made in this sketch. In moving the adoption of resolutions of thanks to Mrs. Ogden, at the conclusion of Mr. Arnold's address, the Hon. Elihu B. Washburne, minister to France during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, among other things said:

Mr. Ogden was a man of education, intelligence, and refinement. As a business man he had broad and enlightened views, a bold spirit, and unerring sagacity. Of courtly and polished manners, there is no society in the world he would not have adorned. As a conversationalist, I have hardly ever known his superior, or even his equal. If a public speaker is to be measured by results accomplished, there were few

men ever more happy or more successful. I have never known a man who could better address himself to the intelligence, the understanding, the judgment, and the sympathy of men. . . . I never heard so effective speeches as those made by him.

Mr. Arnold, in his address, had brought out another and a very attractive side of his character, saying:

His was one of those sympathetic natures that brought gladness into every circle he entered. His smile was like the sunshine to the landscape. He developed and brought into action whatever was good in those with whom he associated. . . . His nature was an inspiration and a stimulant. . . . He brightened the path of everyone with whom he walked. No one entered his presence who was not made happier, and made to think better of themselves and of others, of life and humanity.

The story was told by Mr. Arnold that a lady born to affluence, but reduced to poverty, asked Mr. Ogden how her sons could hope to earn a living. His reply was:

Madam, don't have the least concern. If your sons are healthy and willing to work, they will find enough to do, and if they cannot begin at the top, let them begin at the bottom, and very likely they will be all the better for it. I was born close by a sawmill, was early left an orphan, was cradled in a sugar trough, christened in a mill-pond, graduated at a log school house, and at fourteen fancied I could do anything I turned my hand to, and that nothing was impossible, and ever since, madam, I have been trying to prove it, and with some success.

In view of the long-continued relation of Mr. Ogden to Rush Medical College and the first University of Chicago as president of their boards of trustees for many years, the permanent and prominent connection of his name with the new University of Chicago is as gratifying as it is appropriate. That connection came about in the following manner: Mr. Ogden left $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of his estate for distribution by his executors and trustees for such benevolent causes as they might select. In 1891 these executors and trustees were Andrew H. Green and Mrs. Ogden. In January, 1891, Dr. William R. Harper, President-elect of the new University, was invited to meet Mr. Green in New York to confer with him with reference to an endowment for scientific studies in the new University. Only six months had passed since the institution had secured its earliest fund. A board of trustees had only just been organized and a president elected who had not yet accepted. It would seem as though Mrs. Ogden and Mr. Green had been waiting for just this opportunity and recognized at once the singular appropriateness of devoting a part of Mr. Ogden's estate to the purpose which he had himself cherished while living—the upbuilding of a university for Chicago.

Within six months after first proposing the matter they executed a formal designation to the University of "70 per cent of the moneys to be devoted to charities under the terms of Mr. Ogden's will." On July 9, 1891, the trustees of the University accepted the proposed gift, and in consideration of it undertook to organize and maintain the Ogden Graduate School of Science. This school was fully organized and began its work of research and instruction on October 1, 1892, the day on which the University opened its doors to students. The amount received from the estate for the Ogden Fund was paid to the University at intervals through twenty-one years, and, in the end, totaled in round numbers \$566,000. This entire sum was invested as a permanent endowment fund, none of it being employed for buildings or equipment.

The Ogden Graduate School of Science has been exceedingly successful and useful, now registering a thousand students a year pursuing graduate studies, and being a recognized center of scientific investigation. The School is housed in a dozen buildings built by the liberal gifts of George C. Walker, Sidney A. Kent, Martin A. Ryerson, Miss Helen Culver, Charles T. Yerkes, Julius Rosenwald, and by the University itself. These buildings alone, without their equipment, cost \$1,700,000. The value of the grounds, buildings, apparatus, and endowments exceeds \$3,000,000.

Thus there has been built by gifts from his own estate and from others, in the city where his active life was passed, a splendid and enduring monument to one of its greatest and best citizens, William B. Ogden. Nothing could be more appropriate than that such a monument should exist in memory of the city's first mayor, of the first president of the trustees of Rush Medical College, and the man who for sixteen years, more than half of its history, was president of the board of the first University of Chicago.

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E. NELSON BLAKE

E. NELSON BLAKE

The first settlers of New England no sooner set their feet on the shores of our continent than they began, not only to make, but also to write, history. There may have been other pioneers in other lands who did this before their day, but I do not recall any. The fathers of Plymouth, even before they landed, began the record of their daily experiences and continued it through the eventful years that followed. The Puritan successors of the Pilgrims, in apparently every early settlement in New England, seem to have shared this desire to preserve the annals of their times. Sometimes this was done in the records of the boards of selectmen and sometimes by chroniclers who were moved by their own historical impulse.

What made our early progenitors historians? Were they impelled by some instinctive consciousness that they were engaged in no ordinary enterprise, but were, rather, laying the foundations of a mighty empire and opening a new historic era?

They had this advantage, that they wrote of things that were going on about them and of men of whose lives they had, for the most part, personal knowledge. And therefore these old stories are in such detail that we can make out some sort of biography of almost every man in every town. It is this that makes them such invaluable historical sources and enables every man of New England ancestry, not only to trace his genealogy, but to learn what manner of men his forebears were.

The ancestors of E. Nelson Blake came to America from Somersetshire, England, and settled in the town of Dorchester, which, lying south of Boston, after being a separate municipality for two hundred and forty years, is now a part of that city. William Blake, the first of the family to come to the new world, was born in 1594. His great-grandfather, Humphrey, was also the great-grandfather of the famous Admiral Blake who, during the protectorate of Cromwell, drove all of England's enemies from the sea and established that British supremacy on the water that has never been lost.

William Blake migrated to New England in 1635. In that year the Rev. Richard Mather, father of a famous son, Increase, and grandfather of the still more famous Cotton Mather, came over with one

hundred other immigrants and became pastor of the church in Dorchester, remaining its minister till his death in 1669. These newcomers, happier than those who preceded them, arrived just in time to take the places made vacant in Dorchester by that historic migration of the earlier settlers to the Connecticut Valley. They thus found houses already built which they purchased. The *History of Dorchester* records that William Blake and his wife came over "probably in the same ship" with Mr. Mather. Mr. Blake was a man of such character, ability, and education that he was not only an officer of the church, but was three times chosen selectman and was also town recorder. In 1656 he was made clerk of the writs for the county of Suffolk and was continued in that office till his death in 1663. His son, James, born in 1623, coming over with his father when twelve years old and inheriting his father's abilities, became very prominent in the church and the town. After serving the church as deacon for fourteen years, he was promoted against his protest and served a like period as ruling elder till his death in 1700. He was selectman for thirteen years, assessor, deputy to the General Court, clerk of the writs, recorder, and, indeed, spent his life in the service of the church and the community.

There is this curious entry in the town records. A new house was ordered built for the minister, to be "such a house as James Blake's." This house, considered a model for the residence of the minister, who was the most important man in the community, was built previous to 1650. It remained in possession of the family till 1829. It is still standing and is now owned by the Dorchester Historical Society and has been fitted for its uses. Pictures of the "Blake House" show that what was thought a fit residence for the minister was a building of seven rooms, two stories high, and after the style of two hundred and fifty years ago, with walls as well as roof shingled.

The great name among the Blakes of the eighteenth century was that of James Blake, of whom the *History of Dorchester*, speaking of the year 1750, says:

On the 4th of December of this year died James Blake, author of the *Annals of Dorchester*. He was the . . . great-grandson of William Blake. . . . It is truly wonderful . . . to see how much writing and work this man accomplished. . . . He had the principal charge of the affairs of the Proprietors of the Undivided Lands for many years and drafted with great ingenuity the tables for collecting the Province and town taxes, many of which are now in existence.

Mr. Blake was clerk of the town for twenty-four years and one of the most accurate surveyors of his time. Through many years and up to

the very end of his life he labored on the history of his native town, making as complete as possible the record of every year, and this is the work that has come down to us as the *Annals of Dorchester*. As suggested at the beginning of this sketch, he was one of those men who wrote history under an inner urge he had to obey.

Such was the line to which E. Nelson Blake belonged. He is in the eighth generation in direct descent from the pioneer—William, James, James, Increase, Benjamin, Nathaniel, Ellis, and E. Nelson Blake. Ellis Gray Blake, his father, was a printer of Boston. Physically he was a man of extraordinary activity, a very rapid walker, a member of two Boston military companies and the Boston Fire Department of which he was clerk. He had enjoyed few early educational advantages, but he had a most alert, inquiring, and acquisitive mind. He was for many years marine reporter for the *Boston Journal*, and Nathan Robbins, president of the Faneuil Hall National Bank, declared Mr. Blake to be "the best informed man on all topics he had ever met." He was a devout man, a member of the Baptist church, exerted a strong religious influence, "was singularly unselfish and was greatly beloved." His habit of working to the limit of his endurance brought on an illness which resulted in his death at the early age of forty-five. Most of his married life was spent in Arlington. There, in 1808, was built the house in which E. Nelson Blake was born. Known as the Blake House, it is still standing on Massachusetts Avenue, which is the principal street of Arlington. It was along this historic street, then a country road, that Paul Revere rode to warn the people of the coming of the British forces on that April day in 1775 which saw the opening of the Revolution. It was through this street the enemy marched on Lexington and along it that they later retreated, defeated and decimated by the American militia and the farmers of the countryside. The Blake house of Arlington was built a hundred and sixty years later than the Blake house of Dorchester, but it looks like a replica of it. The pictures of these two ancient houses may be seen in the published histories of the two towns.

The second wife of Ellis Gray Blake was Ann Elizabeth Wyman, who was descended from John Wyman, one of the founders of the town of Woburn in 1640. Woburn is only a few miles north of Arlington and Wymans early found their way to the latter place, known successively as Cambridge, West Cambridge, and Arlington. The brothers, Abner P. and John P. Wyman, owned the farm on which the Blake house stood and which had been bought by their father Samuel F. Wyman in 1804.

Their sister, Ann Elizabeth, was the mother of E. Nelson Blake. There were seven children of this marriage, a brother and two sisters older and three sisters younger than E. Nelson. He was born in the Blake house February 9, 1831. His mother was a devout woman, and, having as her pastor one of the leading Baptist ministers of that day in Massachusetts, Rev. Ebenezer Nelson, she called her son by his name.

The father, dying while yet a young man, did not leave such accumulations as would properly care for the seven children of his second marriage, only one of whom was old enough to make his own way. This was Stephen P., who, except for six years spent in California, followed the sea from 1838 to 1871, rising from cabin-boy to captain.

At the time of his father's death E. Nelson was only ten years old, and, young as he was, it soon became necessary for him to assist his mother in the care of her large family. At the age of twelve, therefore, he went to work for a neighboring farmer. His wages were four dollars a month, about fifteen cents a day. He worked six months, and, returning home at the end of that time, he handed over to his mother \$24, the entire proceeds of the season's work. For six years thereafter, from his twelfth to his eighteenth year, he spent his summers working on the farm of his uncles, Abner and John Wyman, on which the Blake house stood. His uncles were themselves hard-working men and their employes were expected to keep up with them. Such a thing as the eight-hour day was then not only unknown, but undreamed of, and would have been scouted had it even been mentioned. The hours were from sunrise to sunset. In the longest days of the summer one of the uncles used to say to the boy: "Nelson, the days are short and the nights are mere nothing." With such men enough work could not be crowded into the hours of the day. They were among the best men of the community and naturally prospered. But the boy who worked with and for them throughout his boyhood had little time to spare for play and the sports of youth. His own phrase aptly tells the whole story of the recreations of his boyhood: "little or none." There was some fun in winter when he went to school and met the other boys at recess and before and after school. But his youth was spent in six months of hard work each year and six months of hard study. He was endowed by nature with scholarly instincts and earnest study was as natural to him as any other kind of industry and thus he was busy summer and winter.

The boy was fortunate in having a discerning teacher, Daniel C. Brown, who soon recognized his unusual abilities and serious application

to his studies, gave him every encouragement, and became his life-long friend. The school was a district school, but the teacher discovered in the boy such gifts of acquisition and of imparting instruction that he urged Nelson to take up teaching as a profession. It was from this teacher that Mr. Blake acquired the finished penmanship that distinguished him at ninety years of age. He developed a gift for mathematics and commended himself to his teacher by the facility with which he acquired mental arithmetic, doing the most difficult figuring in his head. When the boy reached eighteen, Mr. Brown secured a school for him, and during the winter of 1849-50 he taught the Wyman district school in the northern part of the town. It was a difficult school. The teacher that preceded him had sent an unruly boy out to cut a switch with which to be flogged. He cut two and managed to pass one of them to his older brother without being detected. When the teacher began to flog the boy, the brother attacked and overpowered him, and the younger boy used on him the extra whip. Naturally, young Blake undertook the school with some misgivings, but he was by nature both a teacher and an administrator, and he never had the slightest trouble.

Mr. Blake was born and brought up almost under the shadow of Harvard College. Only two generations before, one of the Dorchester Blakes had graduated from that ancient seat of learning at eighteen, "an eminent pattern of studiousness and proficiency in learning." E. Nelson Blake had all the instincts and native endowments of a scholar. Had the circumstances of the family permitted, he would naturally have gone on from the lower to the higher schools, at sixteen would have entered college and with his scholarly gifts and habits of application would have been a brilliant student. It is vain to speculate where this would have led him. I am quite sure, however, that it would not have led him into a more widely useful career than he has had. But such burdens fell upon the shoulders of the boy, in the support of the family, that not even preparation for college was practicable and the teaching of district schools was not profitable enough to assist particularly in carrying these burdens.

The year 1850 was a most important one in Mr. Blake's life. In the second month of that year he became nineteen years old. Whatever may have been his previous spiritual experiences, he had not entered the church. Now, however, he made a public profession of religion and united with the First Baptist Church of Arlington. This meant very much more to him than it means to most men. For him it came to mean everything. Whatever other interest in his life has been second,

religion, with all the meaning that word holds, came to be first. He became one of those who believe in evangelical Christianity, not only with the mind, but also with the heart, and he has devoted his life to Christian service. This whole-hearted devotion to the Christian cause has made him a leader in that cause wherever he has been. It is a privilege for me, who knew him long and well and through many trying years, to testify that I have known almost no man who, always so naturally and inevitably, because it was the supreme law of his life, responded to the Christian motive.

There was another thing that made 1850 a memorable year in Mr. Blake's life. Two years before, the great California gold discoveries had been made. The interest and excitement aroused throughout the country was unparalleled. Reports of riches lying ready for all comers in that land of gold started vast numbers westward. In my youth the members of this great migration were known as "the forty-niners." In 1850 nearly or quite 100,000 of these immigrants arrived in California. Many thousands took the long and perilous journey across the plains and over the mountains. Other thousands took ship for the Isthmus of Panama and, crossing, sailed up the Coast to San Francisco. Young Blake, feeling, perhaps, that here was an opportunity to make quick provision for his mother and her family as well as himself, joined the migration among those who took the Panama route. The money for the great adventure he borrowed from his Grandmother Wyman. She loaned him \$200, which he brought back to her two and a half years later. He started in September, 1850, sailing from New York on the steamer "Cherokee," which was crowded with a thousand other gold-seekers. The young Argonaut found \$200 a small allowance for the long journey of 7,000 miles and was compelled to take passage in the steerage. He proved a very poor sailor and was sick for most of the voyage. The steerage passengers were a rough crowd, and when he was able to eat he was too weak to join the scramble for provisions, but satisfied such appetite as he had on a diet of peaches. Landing at Chagres on the Isthmus, the passengers were carried in dugouts up the river of that name to Gorgona, nearly halfway across, where the trail began over the hills and through the tropical forests. Mr. Blake rode a pony which, stepping in the tracks of countless other ponies and mules which had traveled this ancient trail and made deep holes, allowed his feet frequently to touch the ground. Arriving at the city of Panama, he found that the San Francisco boat had just left and he was delayed a week in that city. He was so sick again on the voyage up the coast as to

be quite helpless, and a missionary became good Samaritan to him and ministered to his necessities. He passed through the Golden Gate in October on the steamer "Oregon," which carried to California the news of the admission of the state into the Union.

Mr. Blake's older brother Stephen had preceded him to the land of gold. He had naturally taken the all-sea route and had sailed round Cape Horn. He was now cultivating a farm near Nicolaus which was on the Feather River about fifty miles north of Sacramento. After spending four miserable days in a vermin-infested so-called hotel in San Francisco, Nelson took a boat up the Sacramento to its junction with the Feather and up that river to Nicolaus and found his brother, who had not yet got round to building a cabin, living in a tent and trying to start his farm. Though worn out and sick, Nelson sought and found employment with Mr. Nicolaus at \$30 a month, living for six weeks with his brother in the tent. He grew weaker and more miserable and conferred with Stephen as to how he might regain his health. His brother, who had sailed all over the world, recommended the genial climate of the Sandwich Islands. He thought of trying the mountains, but perhaps most of all he thought of home. He had reached the lowest ebb of the tide in his fortunes. He was sick and poor and discouraged.

But he found the old saying, "It is darkest just before dawn," a true one in his case. In this darkest hour of his fortunes a man appeared who turned his darkness into day. This was Major, later General, John Bidwell, a well-known figure in the history of California. Bidwell migrated to the coast in 1841 with the first overland party, when he was twenty-two years old. He became associated with Captain J. A. Sutter and, through this connection, with the first discovery of gold. The Mexican War found him in charge of Sutter's fort. Serving through that war he returned to Sutter's settlement and later, locating a rich gold deposit on the Feather River, which came to be known as "Bidwell's Bar," he acquired wealth. With the proceeds of the mine he bought the Rancho Chico, an estate of perhaps 40,000 acres, extending east from the Sacramento River fourteen miles. He became a brigadier general in the Civil War, was elected to Congress, and in 1892 was Prohibition candidate for president. He was so sincere a Prohibitionist that in 1867 he uprooted all his wine-producing grapevines. His ranch, Chico, was about fifty miles north of Nicolaus where young Blake sick, discouraged, and uncertain which way to turn, was trying to work on the ranch of Mr. Nicolaus. Early in December, 1850, General Bidwell,

calling on his friend, Mr. Nicolaus, found Mr. Blake. They had met once before at Gorgona on the Isthmus, both happening to be crossing at the same time. There would seem to have been a mutual attraction. The General invited the young man to return with him to his ranch and the invitation was gladly accepted. A warm friendship grew up between the two which continued for fifty years, till the death of the older man in 1900. General Bidwell was not slow to recognize the high character and rare abilities of his young friend and sought in every way to attach Mr. Blake to his fortunes. Shortly after their association began, they went together to the San Jose Mission, two hundred miles south of Rancho Chico. Here Mr. Blake's training as a farmer and gardener asserted itself. From an old fig tree in the garden of the Mission he cut five canes, took them back to the ranch, stuck them into the ground of the garden, and by his care gave them such a start that they grew into great trees of from fifteen to twenty feet in circumference, some of them with a spread of branches of over a hundred feet. "One of these trees still stands [1920] in front of the late General's home and is used by Sunday-school parties from Chico as a picnic ground. Some of the branches have reached to the ground and have taken root like a banyan tree."

Five months after his younger brother had gone to the Rancho Chico, Captain Stephen Blake went to visit him, and such a transformation had been wrought in his health and appearance that his brother walked straight past him without recognizing him. He had gained many pounds in weight and the pallor of sickness had been succeeded by the bloom of health. A friendly climate, nourishing food, and congenial employment in the open had made another man of him. The winter of his discontent had passed. The world again looked good to him and he continued on the great ranch through the year 1851.

He had gone to California, however, to look for gold, and in the early part of 1852 he adventured into the mining region. With two partners he went forty miles northeastward from Chico to the head waters of Chico Creek and undertook placer mining. Many days would be spent in laboriously clearing away the surface filling before getting to the bed of black sand where the placer gold was to be looked for. So much, however, depended on chance that it seemed to him too much like gambling. While the partners had fair success, young Blake, after six weeks, concluded to return to sure and steady employment of a sort he liked much better. He returned, therefore, and was warmly welcomed back to the ranch by General Bidwell.

Perhaps one of the things that influenced him in giving up mining and returning to the ranch was the interest he felt in an experiment in gardening, the preliminary steps in which he had already taken. General Bidwell treated him as a younger brother rather than as an employe and gave him free scope for the exercise of his gifts. All garden stuff was very rare and very costly. The farm of the uncles in Arlington had been gradually changing with the growth of Boston into a great market garden. To supply the lack of vegetables in California it had occurred to Nelson to send to them for seeds of their own raising and these, hermetically sealed, reached him in February, 1852, the express charges being a dollar a pound.

The planting of these fresh, high grade seeds produced such a garden in the summer of 1852 that miners would go miles to see it. In the same box were seed of a natural strain of peaches, not requiring grafting or budding—a most excellent quality of fruit. These were planted, carefully tended and grew into trees from four to six feet in height the first summer. In the fall the first peach orchard in Sacramento Valley was set out, bearing fruit the following summer. The sandy loam washed from the mountain sides was the natural home of the peach and the yield of luscious fruit was abundant.

While in California, the boy became a man, reaching his majority in February, 1852. But distance and long absence did not weaken the ties that bound him to his home. He sent money, as he was able, to his mother, \$500 in a single draft. The attachment of General Bidwell to him increased. He was highly intelligent, a fine reader, an interesting conversationalist, with great business talents, and had proved himself so useful and congenial that his employer had become his friend and companion. General Bidwell had found him so alert and capable, so high-minded and trust-compelling that he greatly desired to keep him in association with himself. The young man had promised his mother that he would return to her. The time came when he had to decide between keeping this promise to her or making California his permanent residence. As a final inducement General Bidwell offered to deed to him a thousand acres on Chico Creek, "a never failing stream fed by the melting snows of the Sierra Nevadas, if he would remain with him on his 40,000 acre ranch." It was a great offer and a great opportunity for a young man of twenty-one, well-nigh incredible except to those who knew the qualities of the mature man. General Bidwell had sufficient insight to know that he himself would be making a good bargain if his young friend accepted his offer. He knew also that he was offering the chance of a fortune.

When Mr. Blake declined the offer that he might fulfil his promise to his mother it was not the only time, as will appear later in this story,

that he turned his back on brilliant prospects for the acquisition of large wealth. On his trips to California in later years he was accustomed to visit the General at Rancho Chico. In their last interview in 1900, the General, who, "generous, unsuspecting, easy and hospitable to strangers" had become, in his old age, the victim of designing men, said to him, "Had you remained with me in 1853 it would have meant millions of dollars to us both."

Starting on his return journey in February, 1853, he met in San Francisco, Cyrus Wood, of Arlington, who later married his sister Harriet. They talked over their prospects, and, as they sat on Telegraph Hill overlooking the bay and the city, Mr. Wood suggested that they should go into what was then the profitable business of raising vegetables for the San Francisco market. This business Mr. Blake knew perfectly, but he had set his face for home, and home he went. Not this time was he a steerage, but a cabin, passenger. As before, the passage was broken by the journey across the Isthmus, but it brought him weakened by the sea voyage into the harsh climate of Massachusetts in March, the worst month of the year. The shock to his health was well-nigh fatal, and he was long in regaining his physical vigor. One wonders, not only that he returned in the winter from the mild climate of California to the severe one of New England, but still more that he returned at all, for he left the prospects of certain affluence for no prospects at all. No opening awaited his return to health, which was very slow, save that of driving the market wagon of his uncles Wyman to Boston and selling the produce. This he did for the next three years, gaining some valuable business experience in disposing of his merchandise on the Boston market.

His real entrance into business took place in 1856, when he was twenty-five years old. The door by which he entered was humble, indeed, but it was a door of opportunity and it led him directly to his business career. In June, 1856, he saw an advertisement of Harvey Scudder and Company, flour and grain commission merchants, for a clerk and a porter. Upon applying he found that the position of clerk had been filled. The member of the firm he interviewed saw at a glance that he did not look like a porter and was evidently surprised when he asked for that position. He took the place at \$35 a month, which was later increased to \$50. He soon made it apparent that he was much more than a porter. He studied the stock. He learned the different qualities of flour. He coopered broken barrels. He applied himself to learning the basic principles underlying the buying and selling of flour. He never watched the clock, being engaged in studying the

business as though it were his own. He unobtrusively transformed the business office of the firm, making it clean and attractive with flowers brought from home. He was indeed a new kind of porter. He was the kind of employe that cannot help becoming an employer. He had found the open sesame to business advancement. He did not regard his employers as his natural enemies, but as friends. He and they were engaged together in a co-operative enterprise. They were partners. Their interests were common. He had discovered the secret of success in all business—co-operation between employer and employe. When Harvey Scudder and Company's interests demanded extra time and labor it was freely given without stint and without reward. When he saw a thing that needed to be done, whether in the office or the basement, he never waited to be told to do it. He simply did it. As a result the firm came to trust him implicitly and to rely upon him for many things outside the duties of his position. And thus it came to pass that the year was one of the most important in Mr. Blake's life, and that the outcome of his portership was somewhat extraordinary. But possibly it did not surprise his employers, for they had come to know what manner of man he was.

The firm occupied a five-story building, leasing the first floor to a flour-jobber for \$900 a year. Toward the end of the year of Mr. Blake's services as porter, this tenant failed, and Mr. Blake immediately proposed to Scudder and Company that he be permitted to rent the floor and carry on the flour-jobbing business. They asked him how much money he had. "I have about \$1,500 saved up," he replied. Their answer to this was perfectly true: "Not much capital on which to do a flour business." But they had learned to appreciate the character and abilities of the new aspirant for an independent business career and had come to have unbounded confidence in him, and they finally said to him: "Well, Nelson, we will back you in this enterprise, and we will be your silent partners and will give you access to all our surplus stocks of flour, to be drawn from as sold." They assisted him by giving him the use of their name as reference, by recommending him to customers, by standing back of him with their great credit, and in every way in their power, all of which was of inestimable service to him. And this was the new firm's card.

E. N. Blake & Co.,
Commercial Wharf,
Boston.

References

Harvey Scudder & Co., Faneuil Hall Bank

In January, 1858, Mr. Kilby Page entered the firm and some years later the firm name became Blake and Page. This partnership continued for twenty-one years. The business was successful and the partners prospered.

In the same year in which this partnership was formed, 1858, Mr. Blake married Miss Annie E. Whitten, of Arlington, daughter of a Boston merchant. For five years they made their home in Arlington. In 1863 they moved to East Boston. Here Mr. Blake passed six years of great religious activity. All his gifts and acquirements he placed at the disposal of the church and in the conduct of its business affairs, in the prayer meetings, in the Sunday school and in the teaching of Bible classes gave himself unstintedly to Christian service. This was so true that it was a current saying that he was busier on Sundays than in his business on week days.

The business, however, prospered, and the time came when the partners had such accumulations that they began to look for an opportunity to extend their operations. Such an opportunity came in 1869 through Chicago firms from whom Blake and Page bought flour and they purchased a half-interest in the Dake Bakery, the largest cracker manufacturing concern in the western metropolis. Mr. Blake went to Chicago to care for the interests of the firm in that city and Mr. Page remained in Boston. Ten years later, in 1879, their twenty-one year partnership was dissolved, Mr. Blake taking over the exclusive ownership of the firm's interest in the Chicago business. From 1869 to 1890, another period of twenty-one years, he was the head and general manager of the Dake Bakery, the firm names being successively, Blake, Herdman and Company, Blake, Walker and Company, and Blake, Shaw and Company. As the head of the concern was a man of uncommon business ability the Dake Bakery was a prosperous enterprise.

When he entered on the Chicago business, Mr. Blake, with his family, his wife and little daughter Mabel, who had been born in Arlington, moved to that city. After an auspicious beginning in the new business came the disaster of the great fire of 1871, in the sweep of which through Chicago the Dake Bakery, with all its contents, was completely destroyed. This gave the business a very serious setback, causing a loss to the firm of \$100,000. Within ten days after the fire, however, a new building was under way, and in three months the business was once more in good running order. From that time it continued with uninterrupted and increasing success.

When Mr. Blake became a large employer of labor he did not forget that he had once been an employe and he desired to cultivate among

his workmen the spirit that had inspired him when he was working for wages. His attitude toward them was considerate, sympathetic, and democratic. Fifty years ago he proposed to his partners a plan of dividing profits in proportion to ability and service, making employes partners, thus developing among them a personal interest in the business, an assurance that they were getting all that was due them, as well as promoting good feeling and securing the best service. The following incident will illustrate his consideration for the feelings of his employes. Being in his office one day when the hour for closing arrived, I was asked to ride home with him. There was no carriage before the door and he led me some distance down the street. Here we found his carriage waiting and as we entered it he explained that he never had it driven to the factory for him as he shrank from having his employes see him riding from his office while they walked. He was one of them and wanted them to feel that he was. I was calling on him for a subscription and he treated me as though I were doing him a favor.

The large dealings in flour, incident to the business, naturally led the head of the firm into the Chicago Board of Trade. Wherever he was, his abilities could not fail to be recognized. In 1880 he was elected a member of the Board of Directors and served three years. The Board of Trade then occupied the Chamber of Commerce building on the corner of Washington and La Salle Streets. With the growth of business and the great increase in the membership of the Board, larger quarters became necessary, and toward the close of 1882 the new building, now occupied by the Board of Trade, at La Salle Street and Jackson Boulevard was begun. While this great enterprise was under way, in January, 1884, Mr. Blake was elected president of the Board of Trade. A year later the unusual compliment of a re-election was given him. The new building was completed during his presidency. It was constructed of granite, 174×213 feet, with a tower rising to a height of 310 feet. The cost, in that day of low building prices, was about \$2,000,000. The building was dedicated on April 29, 1885, Mr. Blake presiding, and the exercises were held in the great main trading hall. The Board of Trade, incorporated in 1850 by a handful of men, the early sessions often attended by one man only, had grown in thirty-five years to be the greatest organization of its kind in the world, with a membership of more than two thousand. The dedication of the new building was a great occasion. Delegates were present from a score of cities, including Toronto, Canada, and Liverpool, England. Four thousand people attended the dedicatory exercises in the great hall. Mr. Blake received the keys of the new building from the chairman of the Board of Real

Estate Managers, paid a high tribute to the members of the Board of Trade, welcomed the delegates and, surveying the great hall, gave expression to the enthusiastic feelings of his fellow-members in this closing apostrophe, "Magnificent hall! Splendid temple! Beautiful home! May peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy gates!" At the banquet which concluded the celebration, Mr. Blake again presided and introduced the speakers. On retiring from the presidency in 1886 he received from the directors a handsome gold medal.

For several years Mr. Blake served as president of the Western Cracker Bakers' Association which covered more than half the country. He was its first president and continued to be re-elected as long as he would serve. And he was not permitted to retire without receiving as a token of the Association's appreciation of him and of his services a very valuable watch which he carried to the end of his life.

Mr. Blake was frequently urged to enter politics. There was very great need of a man of character and brains to represent his district in Congress and he was asked to accept the nomination as the one man who could unite the Republican factions of the district. He made a serious mistake for his constituents when he insisted that another man deserved the nomination.

During the long Democratic dominance in Chicago, when the elder Carter H. Harrison regularly succeeded himself as mayor, some of the great dailies named Mr. Blake as the one Republican in the city who could be elected. Mr. Harrison himself, who was Mr. Blake's neighbor, was reported to have said; "There would be some glory in beating Mr. Blake, but none in winning over the others named." But Mr. Blake could not be tempted to give up the care of business and the other activities in which he was increasingly influential and useful.

On making Chicago his home Mr. Blake naturally and, being what he was, inevitably connected himself at once with the Christian forces of the city. He and Mrs. Blake became members of the Second Baptist Church, on the west side, which, under the pastoral care of my brother, Dr. Edgar J. Goodspeed, was having a quite phenomenal development, growing in ten years from a membership of 300 to above 1,600, and being very active in sustaining missions and founding new churches. Into all departments of the life of this great church Mr. Blake entered with all his spiritual interest and his unusual gifts. He soon became and continued a trustee of the church. His presence added interest to the great prayer meetings. He engaged in the work of the church missions. He became the teacher of a young women's Bible class, which was a part of the morning Sunday school, and had a membership of more than

sixty. For twelve years he conducted a great afternoon class of more than a hundred and fifty which attracted men and women of all denominations. He was prominent in the social and literary life of the congregation. Both he and the pastor were exceptionally fine Shakespearean readers and sometimes read together to the great delight of the people. He had belonged, while in Arlington, to a Shakespeare Club and had developed exceptional gifts as a reader. At the close of a reading in Chicago my brother would grasp his hand, enthusiastic approval lighting up his face, and applaud and thank him.

During all the years of his residence in Chicago he was the right-hand man of his pastors. No one knows this better than I, since I was one of them for more than four years, from 1871 to 1876. It goes without saying to anyone who knew Mr. Blake that his purse was always open to any need of the church and of other good causes. He was one of the few men who literally held his possessions as a trust from God to be used for the spread of his kingdom and the good of the community. He was the most generous giver I have ever known.

It was, of course, impossible for such a man to confine his religious and philanthropic interest and activities to his church. And this brings me to those extraordinary services to education in Chicago—college, university, and theological education—which were continued through many trying years and which, in their results, made his life vastly and enduringly significant.

There were two educational institutions in Chicago under Baptist auspices, the first University of Chicago and the Baptist Union Theological Seminary. In 1872 he was made a trustee of the Old University and in 1880 vice-president of the Board of Trustees, and he served in these positions till 1885. Had not that institution become hopelessly involved in financial difficulties before his connection with it began, his liberality would have saved it. He gave to it continuously and liberally through many years. But the time never came when even his liberality (for he was not a rich man) was equal to the task of extricating it from its difficulties, and its existence ended in 1886.

Of the other institution, the Theological Seminary, he became a trustee in 1875 and two years later he was made president of the Baptist Theological Union, the corporation which owned and controlled the institution. These positions he continued to occupy till 1893, three years after his removal from Chicago. Until the final breakdown of the University the Baptists of Chicago and the West had entertained high hopes that through these two institutions they would be able to

do a great service to education and religion. After that time Mr. Blake was one of the men who recognized that even a partial realization of these hopes depended on the preservation and permanent establishment of the Theological Seminary. The outlook, indeed, of that institution was desperate, but it was not hopeless. It was within the power of one exceptionally liberal giver to lead the movement which would save and establish it. Mr. Blake proved to be that giver. There were other Baptists in Chicago and the West of much larger means, but, unhappily, they were not endowed with either his insight, his public spirit, or his liberality. All these things he had in the highest degree. He was comparatively a newcomer in Chicago, but he was almost the only Baptist layman of any considerable resources who sensed the situation and was ready to respond to it. When an opportunity came to the Seminary to secure a valuable collection of books, the Hengstenberg library, he provided the money to pay for it. In every crisis, and crises were frequent, he stepped into the breach.

In 1876 what was known as the Centennial Movement was started to raise an endowment for the Seminary. I was called upon, and, being profoundly interested, left the pastorate to lead the movement. It was inaugurated by a banquet at the old Grand Pacific Hotel. There was a large attendance and a subscription was made aggregating \$40,000, Mr. Blake leading the way with a cash contribution of \$10,000. One of the by-products of this gathering was the organization, proposed by Mr. Blake and approved by the meeting, of the Chicago Baptist Social Union, which has continued and flourished and proved to be the great unifying and inspiring influence among the churches from that day to this. A total of \$80,000 was secured as the result of this financial campaign, of which \$50,000 went into the permanent endowment fund of the Seminary. The monetary stringency following the Centennial year defeated the large hopes with which it was inaugurated, and four years passed before the way opened for a new movement. Meantime Mr. Blake, by large annual contributions, continued to lead all others in keeping the Seminary on its feet.

In 1881 the urgency of the situation compelled us to undertake a new effort for an endowment and we planned to raise \$100,000 in Chicago and a second \$100,000 in the rest of the country. As a matter of course our first appeal was to Mr. Blake. I recall that I said to him:

In starting this effort we are asking you to subscribe far more than your fair share of the first \$100,000. We know this is unjust to you. But it is the only possible way. You are the only man from whom we can hope to get the sum we must have to

start with. The success of the movement, the life of the Seminary, the continuance of our educational work in Chicago all depend on whether you feel able to subscribe such a sum.

Mr. Blake knew the situation as well as we did. He knew this was all true. And he gave us a subscription of \$30,000 on condition that the amount was increased to \$75,000 within three months in Chicago. We worked very hard, through the heat of summer, to fulfil these conditions, and the fact that we failed indicates how very few men of light and leading and liberality there were among the Baptists of Chicago of that day. There were some like Charles N. Holden, Andrew MacLeish, and John A. Reichelt, and they aided us liberally. We came so near success that Mr. Blake immediately renewed his pledge with the condition that the total amount secured should be increased to \$100,000, in the region west of Ohio within the succeeding nine months. This was successfully accomplished and was followed by the raising of another \$100,000, Mr. John D. Rockefeller having followed Mr. Blake's example by a similar conditional subscription. Counting the results of the Centennial Movement, the Theological Seminary emerged from these campaigns with a clear endowment of \$250,000 in addition to its other assets. The institution was saved, not at all adequately endowed, but permanently established as a going institution. And it was universally understood that the man to whom this great result was primarily due was Mr. Blake.

In my report of the success of the campaign, a report entered in the minutes of the Board of Trustees, I said, "To the action of Mr. Blake we owe the grand success achieved." This judgment is not one arrived at for recording in this sketch, but was the judgment at that day of myself, of the trustees, and of the public.

In 1877 the Seminary had changed its location from the city to the suburb of Morgan Park, and in recognition of the great services rendered to the institution and to the cause of education the chapel and classroom building erected there was named Blake Hall. When the Seminary returned to the city in 1892 as the Divinity School of the new University of Chicago, this building, which still retains the name of Blake Hall, became the chapel and recitation building of the Morgan Park Academy for Boys.

Mr. Blake sought no position of leadership in his denomination. But leadership was thrust upon him. In many denominational activities he took no part. But in any great emergency all his religious associates in Chicago looked to him as their natural leader.

It was so when, through the enlightened liberality of Mr. Rockefeller, the opportunity came to them to more than re-establish their educational work in the founding of the new University of Chicago. In 1887 the American Baptist Education Society was organized and Mr. Blake was made the first chairman of its Executive Board. The secretary of the Society, Dr. F. T. Gates, soon reached the conclusion that its first work should be the founding of an institution of higher learning in Chicago. In December, 1888, a meeting of the Executive Board was held in the city of Washington to consider this subject. Mr. Blake, as chairman of the Board, and Dr. William R. Harper, then a professor at Yale University, attended the meeting and the Board instructed its secretary "to use every means in his power" to secure the founding of a "well-equipped institution in Chicago." In writing me an account of this important meeting, Dr. Harper said: "Mr. E. Nelson Blake made a most excellent speech in behalf of Chicago."

It will be recalled that the great opportunity for the founding of the University came through the subscription in May, 1889, of \$600,000 made by Mr. Rockefeller on condition that the additional sum of \$400,000 should be subscribed by others within one year from June 1, 1889. To me, who had learned by hard experience the difficulty of raising money for education, this seemed an almost impossible sum to secure in a single year. Being asked, in connection with F. T. Gates, the secretary, to undertake this well-nigh impossible task, it was only on Mr. Blake's encouragement that I consented. A conference was called and seventy men assembled in the Grand Pacific Hotel, June 5, 1889. Mr. Blake was called by acclamation to the chair. A College Committee of Thirty-six was selected to co-operate with the active agents, Dr. Gates and myself. One very significant thing occurred in the appointment of these thirty-six men. Their selection was left to a nominating committee, but before this committee retired for consultation the meeting itself directed that Mr. Blake should be the chairman of the Committee of Thirty-six. And it was characteristic of the man that he did not wait to be solicited for a subscription, but began his services as chairman of the College Committee by voluntarily subscribing \$25,000. This was one-sixteenth of the entire amount to be raised, and two and one-half times as much as was given by any other Baptist except Mr. Rockefeller. Mr. Blake was one of the six men who signed the Articles of Incorporation of the University, his name following that of Mr. Rockefeller, the founder. He was the first man decided on as a member of the first Board of Trustees. The

first meeting of the trustees was held July 9, 1890, and Mr. Blake was elected the first president of the Board. He was then about to leave Chicago to make his home in Arlington, Massachusetts, but his fellow-trustees felt that not only his character, standing, and ability, but his relation to the founding of the new institution and to the general rehabilitation of the educational work of his denomination in Chicago demanded that the presidency of the Board should be conferred upon him. At his own expense he made frequent trips from Boston to Chicago to be present at the Board meetings, often prolonging his stay to attend to pressing matters of University business. The subscriptions to the million-dollar fund for founding the new institution had all been made to the American Baptist Education Society, and that Society had taken title to the site. In August, 1891, the institution being regarded as "solidly founded," the Society, through Mr. Blake as chairman of its Executive Board, conveyed the title to the real estate and assigned all the unpaid subscriptions to the University and left it to the sole care of its own trustees. Over his protest Mr. Blake was re-elected president of the Board in 1891, so unwilling were the trustees to lose him and so anxious were they to signalize their appreciation of his invaluable services in the founding of the University.

No one can be so sensible as I am of the inadequacy of this account of those services and of Mr. Blake's relation to the entire Chicago educational situation during twenty critical years. One could hardly be excused for doubting that he was sent to Chicago by the good providence of God for the purpose of rendering these great services. In no particular did he fail in fulfilling the trust committed to him.

The Divinity School which he saved forty years ago has grown to be one of the leading schools of theology of our country, enrolling 400 students annually, and being the favorite resort for study of foreign missionaries returning home for their well-earned furloughs.

The University, to the founding of which he was so intimately related, has increased the 742 students of its first year to an annual enrolment of more than 11,000 and its assets from \$1,000,000 thirty years ago to \$50,000,000 in 1922, and is recognized as one of the great universities of the world.

Inadequate as this statement as to Mr. Blake's relations to these interests is, it is I trust, sufficiently adequate to show that the distinguished services he rendered must be held in perpetual remembrance.

I must now turn back from this notable history of public service to 1880. In that year Mr. Blake's daughter Mabel E. was married to

Mr. Herman H. Kohlsaas, a young man who later became well known in Chicago and throughout the country as owner and editor of the *Chicago Times-Herald*, the *Record-Herald*, the *Chicago Evening Post*, and the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*. In 1880 Mr. Kohlsaas was a junior partner in Blake, Shaw and Company and became manager of a bakery lunch which the firm established. They later sold this part of the business to Mr. Kohlsaas, who made his bakery lunchrooms famous under the firm name of H. H. Kohlsaas and Company.

Though I never knew Mr. Blake to seek recognition or position, these were often thrust upon him. In addition to the positions of which this story has already told, the Baptist Social Union of Chicago, which owed its existence to his suggestion, made him its first president and re-elected him annually as long as he would serve. His great services to his own denomination in Chicago attracted the attention of the churches throughout the country and he was made vice-president of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and later was elected president of that organization.

Mr. Blake was not a club man. He had too many other absorbing interests. But he did become one of the charter members of the LaSalle Club on the West Side of Chicago and was elected its first president.

After having made his home in Chicago for twenty-one years, Mr. Blake in 1890 sold his interest in the Dake Bakery to his partner W. W. Shaw and returned with his wife and son to the place of his birth, Arlington, Massachusetts. In making this great change he was not self-moved; but yielded to the earnest wishes of Mrs. Blake. They were entirely able to make the sacrifices required and she had a strong desire to spend the remainder of her life in the old home. The sacrifices Mr. Blake made were unspeakably great, but he felt that he could make them if he could thus insure the happiness of Mrs. Blake. All his activities and relations were more than satisfactory to him. He was highly useful and successful, universally trusted and honored, not yet sixty years of age, in the full maturity of his powers, the chosen leader of his religious associates, and the president of the Board of Trustees of the new University with its splendid future of prosperity and power. He understood perfectly well that he was making a great business sacrifice, and, had his heart been fixed on accumulating a great fortune, the way was wide open before him for doing this. The cracker concerns of the country were just beginning that series of combinations which resulted in the organization of the National Biscuit Company and there were great business possibilities just before him. But while not ambitious

for great wealth, it is quite certain that in giving up the intense business and public life he had been leading for thirty-five years he had failed to take into account his extraordinarily active temperament, the craving of his intense nature for expression in energetic action. It has been my privilege to receive occasional letters from him. These letters tell the story of how he himself came to the same opinion that was held by all who were acquainted with his superabounding energy, namely, that in leaving Chicago and his active business career he thwarted the requirements of his own nature and did himself a grave injustice. In a letter of last year he wrote me what he had in substance said to me before: "In Chicago were spent the best twenty years of my life." In 1918 a letter from me recalling his busy and useful Chicago life led him to write to me from Florida as follows:

My busiest business life in Chicago was my busiest religious period. A large adult Bible class (100 to 150) on Sunday afternoon, a large class of young women in the morning (over 60), president of Board of Trade, president of American Baptist Home Mission Society at the same time, president of Western Cracker Bakers' Association at the same time, reaching from New Orleans to Minneapolis, from Pittsburgh to Omaha, I enjoyed it. I wish I could live it over again. [This when he was eighty-seven years old!] I would try to do my work better. I well remember the time when, as president of your board of trustees, I met, almost daily, you and Dr. Harper in that office in the Chamber of Commerce Building, corner Washington and La Salle Streets. Busy was I, here and there. Mrs. Blake's love for old Boston compelled me to leave it all. Perhaps it was all for the best.

It is certain he had done his full share of the world's work. He had worked as few men work for nearly fifty years, since his eleventh year. His twenty-one years in Chicago, busy, happy, prosperous for himself, had been of immense significance to the denomination to which he belonged. He had saved the educational situation for that denomination and in doing this had helped to open the way for the splendid development which followed in the history of the new University. During this period his contributions to religious and educational causes had exceeded \$100,000.

It is probable that most men would have thought themselves happy to be in Mr. Blake's position. After fifty years of labor he now had leisure. He was released from heavy responsibilities and, having acquired a competence, was free to employ himself in any way he pleased. The world was before him and he could go where he liked. He engaged in affairs that were more of a recreation than a labor. He traveled, passing many winters in Florida and California. His orange groves gave him physical exercise and mental occupation. He had leisure

for reading and knew how to enjoy it. He spent happy hours in his garden and made it blossom and bear fruit. He was in an ideal situation for a man who loved a quiet life. The only trouble was he did not crave a quiet life.

On returning to Arlington, the home of their youth, Mr. and Mrs. Blake found themselves among relatives. Mr. Blake's next older sister had married Mr. William T. Wood and it is to her son, William E. Wood, a life-long resident of Arlington, that I am indebted for much of the material of this sketch. Mr. Blake made his home in Arlington, at 808 Massachusetts Avenue, the street on which he was born. It being impossible for him to live without employment, he soon interested himself in the organization of the First National Bank of Arlington, of which he was made president, serving for twenty-one years until 1912, when the bank became merged in the Menotomy Trust Company. He continued on the Board of Directors of the latter bank until his death.

His religious activities were naturally interrupted by the removal to a wholly new environment. He was, however, made a deacon of the old church into which he had been first received forty years before. This was an office he could never be persuaded to accept in Chicago. His voice was heard in the midweek meetings of the church. After a time he again became a Bible-class teacher and finally returned to much of his old-time religious activity. The time came when he was occasionally called upon to occupy the pulpit on Sunday. He had an exalted conception of the work of the Christian minister. He once wrote me as follows: "I view the calling of a minister as the highest on earth, the noblest, the grandest, the most sacred, the most holy. No other can compare with it. An ambassador for Christ! Breaking the bread of life to starving, dying men! What a calling!" When in 1900 the wooden church building was destroyed by fire, Mr. Blake was made chairman of the building committee, and set about the task of rebuilding in stone with characteristic energy. As Mr. Wood says: "The people were inspired and educated by the example he set to make heavy contributions for the entire undertaking in order to fulfil his insistent requirement that the building, including its fine organ, should be dedicated free of debt." There was much liberal giving, but his aggregate contributions exceeding \$17,000, including the gift of a bell in his daughter Mabel's name, "greatly overtopped any other single contribution, being nearly three times the size of any other, and his efforts during the two years' period of rebuilding were untiring."

In 1893 Mr. and Mrs. Blake met with an overwhelming bereavement in the death of their only son, E. Nelson Blake, Jr. This son was born in Chicago in 1875 and was eighteen years old at the time of his death. The father signified his affectionate remembrance of his son in acts of beneficence for others. The year after this sorrow fell upon him

He bought a suitable site in Lake Helen, Florida, [where he spent many winters], and built a beautiful church and chapel, fitted with stained glass windows and all appointments, dedicated in memory of his son, which he presented to the Baptist fellowship. He also created the E. Nelson Blake, Jr., Memorial Fund of \$3,000, the income of which is used for the purchase of prizes—books—given to graduates of Arlington High School for meritorious work and deportment during their course. He was also very largely instrumental in having a home built for the Grand Army of the Republic, and the purchase of the lot and the erection of the building at No. 370 Massachusetts Avenue as a memorial to his son was made possible by his conception of the project and by his generous donation.

And thus the son, though dead, continues to live and speak. On the walls of the Grand Army Hall a portrait of Mr. Blake has been hung.

Entering into the business, educational, and religious life of Arlington he served for many years as a member of the Board of Trustees of the Robbins Library. His religious services and standing were recognized soon after his return to his native state by his election and re-election to the presidency of the Massachusetts Baptist State Missionary Society.

For some years before leaving Chicago, Mr. Blake had been spending some months of each winter in Florida. He had become interested in and attached to Lake Helen, which is near the east coast, a few miles south of De Land. His brother, Captain Stephen P. Blake, had entered his employment in 1871, after leaving the sea. In the late eighties he was approaching seventy and, with his son Ellis, was not entirely well. Feeling that the soft air of the Florida climate would benefit them both, Mr. Blake bought orange groves in and near Lake Helen, to which his brother and nephew, with their families, moved in 1888 and found the new life in every way beneficial and profitable. Stephen spent the remainder of his life there, living till 1910, his eighty-eighth year, and the son continues to follow fruit culture with success. Captain Blake had one other son, John Bidwell Blake, now a Chicago architect and engineer. Mr. Blake made considerable investments in orange groves in and about Lake Helen, and for many years they gave him enjoyable employment during his vacations, and the study of methods of fruit-growing and experimentation in fruit-culture gave him delightful mental activity.

In addition to building the memorial church, his interest in Lake Helen led him to present to that little city a large public park—known as Blake Park. And this also was only an expression of his nature. He could not long be identified with any place without enriching it with his benefactions. No man could know him long and understandingly without having his life enriched by that affluent nature.

In 1903, after forty-five years of married life, Mr. Blake lost the wife of his youth. Mrs. Blake had survived her son, E. Nelson, Jr., ten years. She is herself survived by her daughter, Mrs. H. H. Kohlsaas, and by her granddaughters, Mrs. Potter Palmer, Jr., of Chicago, and Mrs. Roger Shepard, of St. Paul. The children of Mrs. Palmer and Mrs. Shepard gave Mr. Blake seven great-grandchildren.

On February 9, 1905, Mr. Blake married Miss Lucie A. Tucker, a woman, as Mr. Wood says,

of charming personality and many accomplishments. During the sixteen years of their married life . . . she has been a most devoted and inspiring helper. Her father was a G. A. R. veteran and her sympathy with Mr. Blake's interest in the local Post and in his annual entertainment of the marchers on Memorial Day at "The Maples"—their Massachusetts Avenue residence—has made it congenial to her to continue the same co-operation with her husband which was so earnestly given by the former Mrs. Blake.

Mrs. Blake is an accomplished musician and is gifted with an unusual voice for singing, which has been finely cultivated. Mr. Blake being an exceptionally good reader, the gifts of one supplemented those of the other, and the two together furnished many delightful evenings of entertainment for their friends and others. Mrs. Blake had been an oratorio singer and had sung in Boston, Baltimore, Providence, and other cities. Since 1903 she has given the Arlington church the benefit of her musical gifts.

I have already referred to the whole-hearted devotion of Mr. Blake's religious life. Perhaps I cannot justly bring this sketch to a close without speaking of one aspect of this faith and devotion to which I have not yet referred. With his zeal in and for practical Christian living he combined an equal zeal for the purity of Christian doctrine. It may seem strange that a layman should take any deep interest in doctrinal discussions and tendencies. But it must be remembered that he was for sixty years or more a teacher of Bible classes, some of them very large discussion classes, so that he necessarily became a student of the Christian doctrines. He naturally came to have definite and well-settled doctrinal views which he taught through so many years

that they came to be an essential part of his thinking. He was not looking for a new theology. The old satisfied him. He did not like the new terms that came into use to describe methods of Bible study. He feared that the young and unlearned would feel, perhaps instinctively, that "critical" study of the Bible must be inspired by a spirit of hostile criticism. While he had no fears as to the ultimate triumph of the truth, he did fear that what was called the "historical" study of the Bible would lead many of the present generation astray. He may be said to have been a man of one book, the Bible; and few men, in or out of the schools, knew it so well. He had indeed read much and was familiar with good literature, but the Bible he had studied, and the more he studied it, the more he trusted and loved it. It was to him the very word of God, revealing to men the way of salvation and the path of duty. He did not, indeed, believe that intellectual assent to scriptural truth, without a corresponding renewal of the heart and life, constitute religion or make anyone a Christian. True religion is a matter of the heart and daily Christian living, the real dominance in the soul and life of the spirit of Jesus, but he who would grow up into the stature of the fulness of Christ must know and feed upon the truth which is revealed in the Bible. The word of God is the word of life.

"The days of our years are three-score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four-score years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off and we fly away." True as these words are for most of those who live beyond seventy, Mr. Blake was the exception to the rule. With bodily strength almost unimpaired he passed seventy and then eighty. And then he went on strong toward ninety with his mental powers undimmed and his physical strength only slowly giving way.

On Wednesday, February 9, 1921, his relatives and other friends celebrated at "The Maples," his residence, his ninetieth birthday. "A large number of relatives in the Wyman, the Crosby, the Wood, the Richardson, the Hurst, and the Hart families united in their joy that 'Uncle Nelson' had been privileged to span these ninety years of such a useful and active life with his mental forces bright and keen." The day was pleasantly passed "amid a shower of congratulations by telegraph, telephone, letters, and personal messages." Greetings and offerings of flowers were sent by the officers and employees of the Menotomy Trust Company, the First Baptist Church, the Sunday school, and many friends. About a hundred and fifty greetings, congratulations, and good wishes were received through the mail. Many friends

called, among them three members of his East Boston Sunday School class which he taught fifty-five years before. Mr. H. H. Kohlsaas, his son-in-law, went from New York to spend the day with him. And so amid affectionate greetings and good wishes he passed the ninetieth milestone in the journey of life, and started toward the hundredth.

But as the year wore on Mr. Blake's strength gradually failed. He was, indeed, able to spend much of the summer in his garden, under the trees. But, as the winter drew on, he felt more and more the weight of years. He continued, however, to write in the same clear, firm hand as thirty years before. I have before me a letter written December 9, which shows no indication that he was near his end. But just one week later, the sixteenth, he passed away. The day before his death his daughter asked him where he thought he was going. He replied, "I do not know. I only know my Lord has said, 'In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you that where I am, there you may be also,' and I can trust Him." So passed the strong, heroic soul away.

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SIDNEY ALBERT KENT

SIDNEY ALBERT KENT

These sketches are written to perpetuate the remembrance of the benefactors of the University of Chicago. Their lives have been built into and become a part of its history, and in it they continue to live. Through its activities they serve the world. The remembrance of the servants of mankind should not perish. Future generations should know, not their names only, but who they were and what they did.

One of the earliest of the large benefactors of the University was Sidney A. Kent, who for nearly fifty years was a Chicago business man and for much of that time a very prominent one. He was of New England extraction and was born in Suffield, Connecticut. The Kents migrated from England to Massachusetts about 1630 and were among those who soon after that date secured permission to proceed to the valley of the Connecticut and hew out a home for themselves in what was then the remote western wilderness. Springfield, Massachusetts, was founded, and the settlers soon began to spread out into the surrounding country. One company went ten miles down the river and organized a town on the western bank which they called Southfield and later contracted into Suffield. The shores of the new town, unlike those to the north and south, rose abruptly from the bed of the Connecticut and continued westward in a succession of heavily wooded ridges along which the north and south roads or streets ran, the chief of these perhaps being appropriately called High Street. The township was covered with an almost unbroken forest, so that the settlers were compelled literally to hew their homes out of the wilderness. Among the first of these settlers was Samuel Kent, to whom a farm of sixty acres was allotted in 1669. The town of Suffield was on the border-line between Massachusetts and Connecticut. Having been settled from Springfield it fell naturally under the government of Massachusetts, although it lay entirely within the natural and, indeed, legal boundaries of Connecticut. The people early instituted efforts to have their allegiance transferred, but did not succeed in doing so for many years. In 1723-24 the electors made John Kent their agent in the matter and in the end succeeded in becoming a part of Connecticut.

Though the first Kents of Suffield were, like all the other settlers, farmers, younger sons soon began to leave the soil and seek their for-

tunes in other fields of effort. Not a few rose to eminence, one of the most distinguished of these being Chancellor Kent, author of the well-known Kent's *Commentaries*, the most famous of early American law books.

The family did not lack prominence in Suffield itself. Samuel Kent was three times a member of the board of selectmen. John was a representative of the town in the general court. When, a hundred years after the founding of the town, the struggle for American independence came, the men of Suffield were among the first to respond to the call to arms. Within forty-eight hours after the news of the battle of Lexington reached the town, a company of one hundred and eleven men were on their way to Boston to fight for their liberties. Their captain was Elihu Kent, the first of the many of that name who entered the patriot army.

In 1870 the town celebrated its bicentennial anniversary and published an account of the event in a small volume. A few portraits of representative citizens were included and among them appears the face of Henry P. Kent. One of the streets of the village bears the family name Kent Avenue.

Sidney A. Kent, the subject of this sketch, was a direct descendant, in the sixth generation, of that Samuel Kent who was one of the earliest settlers of Suffield. His great-grandfather, Deacon Amos Kent, was the great-grandson of Samuel, the early settler. Like his father and his grandfather the deacon, Amos was a farmer, and his son and grandson followed him on the ancestral farm.

It goes without saying that the first settlers of Suffield were religious, and that a Congregational church was the first organization attempted. In the course of time the Baptists organized and some of the Kents were among the constituent members of the Baptist church. The Baptists became strong, well-to-do, and lovers of learning, and in 1833 established the Connecticut Literary Institution, which has been one of the chief glories of the town. The churches, the schoolhouse, and the Literary Institution naturally formed a center about which gathered the industrial and business life of the township and became the village of Suffield.

The farm of Deacon Amos was about one mile west of the village. On this farm, on July 16, 1834, Sidney A. Kent was born, son of Albert and Lucinda Gillett Kent. There were two other sons and two daughters, all except one brother being older than Sidney. The family occupied a good position in the community. They were in comfortable circum-

stances. The farmhouse was so good that when the boy born in it in 1834 retired from business sixty years later, a man of large wealth, he made it, with some additions and improvements, his principal place of residence. He was fortunate in having two older sisters and a brother four years older than himself who had much to do in molding his character. The brother, Albert E. Kent, was of exceptional ability and high character and exercised a strong and beneficent influence over his younger brother. It is to be regretted that nothing has been left on record of the boyhood of Mr. Kent. We know, however, that his youth was spent in one of the most attractive countrysides in America. One writer, telling the story of the bicentennial celebration, says of Suffield, "It is one of the very loveliest of the many beautiful towns in the splendid valley in which it is situated. Its fertile and carefully cultivated farms, its broad and neatly kept streets, its fine roads, its magnificent residences, its superb churches, its commodious educational structures, all evince a high degree of culture and prosperity." One of the speakers at the celebration, referring to High, now Main Street, on and near which the Kents had their homes, characterized it as "magnificent beyond comparison with any other street east or west," and the speaker was a resident of St. Louis. From this street, which was literally the "high street," young Kent had under his eye the lovely valley of the Connecticut from Springfield, nine miles north, to Hartford, seventeen miles south. Looking westward he saw only three or four miles away one of the peaks of the Mount Tom Range, with the almost perpendicular bluffs of Manateck Mountain to the south, and a few miles to the northwest were the far-famed Berkshire Hills. And everywhere were brooks making their way through the ridges to the river. It was a delightful spot in which to be born and spend one's boyhood and to which to return in the evening of life.

Young Kent grew up on his father's farm, but his experience as a farmer's son was so exceptionally happy that it seems to have been the dream of his life to spend his last years amid the scenes of his boyhood and on the ancestral acres. There were no remembrances of grinding toil and youthful hardship, but rather of beautiful landscapes, of happy days in the forests and along the streams, of an attractive home life, and of pleasant years at school. The village of Suffield was small, but it was an educational center, and the enthusiasm for culture attained its height during the youth of Sidney Kent. It was during those years that the Connecticut Literary Institution was established and every wide-awake boy in the township conceived an ambition for an education. No

boy was more wide awake than young Kent and at sixteen he was a student in the Institution. Entering in 1850 he pursued his studies for two or three years until he was fitted to become a teacher. Whether he graduated may be doubted.

In the spring of 1853 he lost his father, who died at the age of fifty-two, when Sidney was eighteen. How far this bereavement changed the current of his life, the writer of this sketch does not know. But the year marked one of the most important milestones in his career. The discovery of gold in California and of the fertility of the prairies of Illinois and Iowa, followed by the extraordinary migration westward, attracted the attention and awakened the interest of well-nigh every young man in the older states. It was while young Kent was a student in the Institution that the lure of the West laid hold of him also with its resistless attraction and in 1853 drew him to Illinois. Whether Chicago was his objective from the start is uncertain, but an opportunity to teach a school led him at the outset to Kane County, about forty miles southwest of that city. There he remained for the greater part of a year, fulfilling his engagement as a teacher. His true vocation, however, was not teaching but business. He had innate gifts for success in commercial life. The fabulous opportunities in business presented by the rising young city so near at hand came to him with such a power of appeal that after a single year of teaching he made his permanent home in Chicago. He was without means, apparently, and, accepting the first thing that offered, he became a clerk in the dry goods house of Savage, Case & Company, where he remained for two years.

Mr. Kent's older brother, Albert E. Kent, who had the same inborn capacity for business, had also made his home in Chicago. Both were ambitious as well as capable, and in 1856 when Sidney was twenty-two years old they formed a partnership and struck out on their own account in the commission business. They dealt chiefly in furs, hides, and grain. Probably something had come to them from the settlement of their father's estate, for they are said to have engaged extensively in the fur trade, and Sidney made repeated journeys through the near and far West buying furs for the eastern market. There were few railroads at that time beyond the Mississippi and none at all beyond the Missouri, and these long journeys were difficult, wearisome, and not infrequently dangerous.

The Chicago of that day was a city of young men. Its business men were often, as in this case, hardly more than boys. Here was a youth of twenty-two, one of the principal partners in a business that took him

all over the West, as far as the Pacific, buying goods to be sold on the Atlantic. The courage and enterprise of the young business men of the Chicago of that day compel our wonder and admiration. Sidney A. Kent had both courage and enterprise in an extraordinary degree. He was ready to make great ventures when proportionate rewards were promised. Since entering business the two partners had studied the packing industry and, becoming assured that it might be made very profitable and gave promise of extraordinary development, they entered that business in a small way in 1854, packing and shipping as a first venture a thousand hogs. They formed the packing firm of A. E. Kent & Company and prospered greatly. Sidney was a natural speculator but by no means a reckless one. He had a keen speculative insight and a love for large operations. In the sixties he made a deal in pork which attracted much attention. Believing the country overstocked he sold a large amount of pork short. Other dealers believed he had made a mistake and would not be able to deliver what he had sold without heavy loss. But he persisted and carried the deal through to the end with entire success. The final outcome was that "he did not sell a barrel of pork on which he did not make a profit."

About 1872 the firm became incorporated as the Chicago Packing and Provision Company with Sidney A. Kent as president. He remained president of the corporation sixteen years. He was still a young man, being only thirty-eight at the beginning of this period.

His activities during these years were by no means restricted to the packing business. He was a member of the Board of Trade and dealt extensively in grain. One of the most notable transactions in which he was engaged was the great wheat deal which extended from January, 1880, to May, 1881. A number of men were interested, but Mr. Kent more largely than anyone else. From time to time very large sums of money were required. Mr. Kent's resources were sometimes strained almost to the limit. It was no doubt during these strenuous months that he is said to have had his only falling-out with his trusted office man who made out and signed all his personal checks, even the checks for his daily private expenses. It is related that he entered his office one day and said to Mr. French, "Make me a check for \$200,000," whereupon Mr. French began to remonstrate, saying, "Mr. Kent, I can't do it, it is impossible. You have only \$100,000 in the bank." On this, Mr. Kent, usually quiet and gentle, turned upon him in a sudden fury and said, "What's that got to do with it? You can sign a check, can't you? You make the check and I will attend to the rest of it." Few deals of

this sort have been entirely successful on the Board of Trade. This one, however, proved a very great success. The profits are said to have approximated a million dollars, the largest share going to Mr. Kent.

Meantime his business connections had become very widely extended. He had been one of the incorporators in 1864-65 of the Chicago Union Stock Yards. Six times he was made a director of the Board of Trade, the first time in 1865, the last in 1883. Immediately after its organization he became associated with the Corn Exchange Bank. In 1871 he was made vice-president and later became president of the bank. For many years he was director of the Merchant's Loan Trust and Savings Bank. He was a director in the Kirby Carpenter Company with extensive interests in lumber, lands, and mills on the Menominee River, Michigan. He became a large holder of stock in the Chicago Traction Company. He was connected with the American Trust and Savings Bank. He was a director in the Sante Fe Railroad Company, in the West Chicago Street Railway, in the Union Iron Company, and in the Illinois Steel Company. One of the larger later enterprises in which he engaged was the consolidation of the various smaller gas companies of Chicago into the Peoples Gas Light and Coke Company. He was a director in the Northern Trust Company and in the Metropolitan Bank.

Mr. Kent remained at the head of the Chicago Packing and Provision Company until 1888. Finding his time and attention taken up with his many other interests, he then gave up the presidency and became vice-president of the company. His life had been one of extraordinary activity for the entire period since he entered business for himself, a period of thirty-two years. He was fifty-four years old, had accumulated a fortune, and began to think of retiring from active business.

While Mr. Kent was still president of the Chicago Packing and Provision Company there occurred one of the most interesting episodes in his life which reveals the man in a light so attractive and illuminating that this sketch would be quite incomplete without it. The story reveals his attitude toward his employes and toward the question of the eight-hour day which has been agitating the country ever since the incident occurred. It is told by George A. Schilling, a prominent labor leader of that day, who wrote as follows:

In 1885 the Federal Trades of the United States convened in Chicago and resolved "that on and after May 1, 1886, eight hours shall constitute a day's work." Agitation for the inauguration of the eight-hour day began in the city in the early part of February, 1886. The movement gathered strength day by day and as the time for its introduction approached Chicago was ablaze for this demand.

In the latter part of April, 1886, I, in company with another delegate of the Chicago Trades Assembly, called upon Mr. Kent at his office and asked his aid in the introduction of the eight-hour day at the Union Stock Yards. . . . He simply asked whether his men demanded it. I told him that I had every reason to believe that they wanted it. "Well," said he, in a modest way, "I will go down there tomorrow and inquire and send you word later." Next morning he appeared at the packing house and told his superintendent to call in the foreman of every department. When they came he said, "I am informed that our men desire an eight-hour day," and he asked that each foreman return to his department and have the men vote on the question. "Tell them," he said, "that I have the following proposition to make: I will either give them the present ten hours' pay for nine hours' work, or give them nine hours' pay for eight hours' work. Say to them that they need not fear to express themselves fully on the subject, as I have thought the matter over and have concluded to give the eight-hour day a trial."

The foremen returned and apprised the men of Mr. Kent's message, and, after due deliberation, they concluded to accept nine hours' pay for eight hours' work, but requested that the common laboring men, who were then receiving \$1.75 per day, should not be reduced at all. This Mr. Kent gladly conceded and complimented his skilled workmen on the interest they felt in their poorer-paid fellows.

May 1, 1886, came on Saturday, and "Hutch House," as it was then called, blew its whistle at 8 o'clock in the morning. The men were so elated at this victory that they rechristened the building, and thereafter called it the "Kent House."

The action of Mr. Kent in conceding the eight-hour day had such remarkable influence that by Monday, May 3, the whole Union Stock Yards was out for its adoption, and every packer was compelled to grant it. But, instead of consenting to nine hours' pay for eight hours' work, the workmen of other houses demanded ten hours' pay for eight hours' work, and when Mr. Kent's attention was called to this he willingly followed suit. The eight-hour system was thereafter established throughout the Union Stock Yards for some 30,000 employes and remained intact until November of the same year.

Mr. Schilling goes on to say that Mr. Kent then went abroad for a prolonged absence, and that while he was away was waged "one of the most extraordinary contests in the annals of the labor movement of Chicago for the retention of the eight-hour day."

The workmen lost the battle for the time being. Mr. Kent retired from the presidency of the Chicago Packing and Provision Company. But he had won the lasting gratitude of the laboring men. They elected, in 1888, R. M. Burke to the state senate, and Mr. Schilling goes on with his story as follows:

In the year 1889 Senator Burke seized the opportunity to nominate Sidney A. Kent for the exalted office of United States Senator, and no one in Chicago was as much surprised as Mr. Kent himself on reading the papers the next morning. The following is the substance of the speech made by Senator Burke: "Mr. President and members of the Senate: I would place in nomination for the position of Senator of the grand state of Illinois one of the nation's true noblemen, a plain, practical man. He, as an employer of labor, does not think that the honest demands of labor should be

met with a policeman's club. Notwithstanding the fact that he is among Chicago's most wealthy citizens, he rises above his environment, and in summing up the whole industrial question, suggests a solution in the establishment of the eight-hour day law. It is not simply a theory with him, but two years ago he made a strenuous effort to inaugurate the same in the Union Stock Yards and did so for a time. When interviewed on the subject he said: 'The fact is that there are thousands of men continually out of work, who want a job and ought to have it, not only for their own well-being but for the safety of society, and if the reduction of the hours of labor to eight per day will give them an opportunity to earn an honest living, as I believe it will, no employer should oppose it. And if the men will only devote their spare time to education and improvement we will all be gainers in the end. The only thing to be feared is ignorance.'

"Mr. President and members of the Senate, I wish to say that you may think it strange that I, a representative of the laboring people, should nominate one of Chicago's millionaires. Let me say, however, in justification of my act, I do so, not because of his millions, but because his noble mind and heart shine through his wealth: because notwithstanding a successful business career such as few men can boast of, he manifests none of that ostentation, arrogance and tyranny that are characteristic of the dollar kind: a man of few words, plain and modest as a schoolgirl, with all the simplicity of a true American who never held or sought office. None will be more surprised at my action than he, and he may possibly call me to task for the liberty I have taken with his name, but as a representative of the laboring people, I would nominate the great eight-hour advocate, Sidney A. Kent of Cook County."

The late governor, R. J. Oglesby, in complimenting Senator Burke on his nominating speech, said it was the highest tribute he had ever heard paid to a rich man.

The members of the Board of Trade tried to have some amusement for a few days thereafter because he, a millionaire, was the candidate of the Labor Party for the United States Senatorship. To all these good-natured jests he replied that he was proud of the honor, especially as he had received the full party vote (that of Mr. Burke) without having sought it.

Mr. Kent always regretted the loss of the eight-hour day in the Union Stock Yards. He believed that employers generally should have been more friendly toward it. He said that the question whether the eight-hour work day would be a benefit to the workman and to the public at large would be solely determined by the use made of the leisure time. If it resulted in a broader intelligence, society at large would be the gainer: the workman's powers of consumption would be enlarged and the condition of our home market improved.

If all the work people felt as I do, we would collect a limited sum, erect a modest stone over his grave and inscribe thereon:

Here lies Sidney A. Kent, the millionaire packer of Chicago, who, in 1886, championed and conceded the eight-hour day to his employes. He believed its universal adoption would result in a broader intelligence and a higher standard of life for the masses and insure the more general progress of society.

I have quoted thus freely from Mr. Schilling because such tributes from workingmen to men of large wealth are well-nigh unknown. It was written after Mr. Kent's death and more than twelve years after the first great battle for the eight-hour day. The writer of it spoke out of a grateful heart and voiced the feelings of the workingmen. It is, there-

fore, a tribute most eloquent and significant. It throws a wholly new light on the character of this modest millionaire, whose heart was wide open to the demands of his employes, who entered into the completest sympathy with them, who believed in and sought co-operation instead of conflict with them, and who, a full generation in advance of the great mass of employers, recognized the propriety, necessity, and justice of a shorter working day. The reduction of the ten-hour day to eight hours with undiminished pay was felt by employers to be revolutionary. They fought against it, for the most part, with great bitterness. When the issue was presented to Mr. Kent, however, he only asked whether his employes demanded it, and on being assured that they desired it said that he would confer with them. This he immediately did, encouraging them to express themselves freely. He submitted to them his proposals, and when they came back with an amendment in favor of unskilled labor he promptly accepted it. In other words, he treated them as though he recognized them as partners in a great co-operative business in which, so far as hours, wages, and general working conditions were concerned, they had a clear right to be heard. This was a very long step to be taken a full generation ago in the democratization of industry, of which in this later day we hear so much.

This intelligent and sympathetic attitude toward men who worked with their hands presents Mr. Kent in a very attractive light. He had himself started life as a poor man and he never lost his understanding of, and sense of comradeship with, men who worked for a living. Mr. Schilling says, "The humblest workman in his employ could approach him with ease and unconcern." He was not only without any of the arrogance of wealth, but he felt and manifested a living sympathy with workingmen. He thus commanded their confidence and good-will. Employer and employes met each other halfway. And thus simply they discovered the basis of all industrial peace and prosperity—co-operation inspired by mutual understanding and sympathy and a purpose on both sides to deal fairly and justly.

Mr. Kent remained unmarried until he was thirty years old. At that age he was already a successful business man. It was on September 25, 1864, that he married Stella A. Lincoln, of Newark Valley, New York. Mrs. Kent was the daughter of Congressman W. S. Lincoln. For a number of years they lived on Park Avenue. Later they made their home on Michigan Avenue, and after 1884 at 2944 Michigan Avenue.

It is said that in one of his large speculative deals, when he was extending himself to the limit and putting up every available dollar, Mr. Kent sold one Michigan Avenue residence at a great sacrifice for

\$90,000, being confident that the final outcome would make up his loss many times over.

The children of Mr. and Mrs. Kent were two daughters, Helen L. and Stella A. Kent. The former married Andre Massenat, and the latter A. K. Legare. Mr. and Mrs. Massenat later made their home on Pequest Farm, Bridgeville, New Jersey, and Mr. and Mrs. Legare in Washington, D.C. Sidney Kent Legare conducts the ancestral farm in Suffield, which has been developed into a splendid country estate with multiplied attractions.

Mr. Kent was a good deal of a traveler. He made three trips abroad; but most of his journeys were made in this country, and these carried him all over the Union. He used to say, with much satisfaction, that he had visited every state and every territory in his own country, not excepting Alaska. Many of his earlier journeys were made in the prosecution of his business, but later he traveled for pleasure, evidently making it an object to visit every section of his own country.

Mr. Kent continued in business until 1892 or 1893, retiring, before he was sixty, with an ample fortune. Forty years had passed since he had left the place where he was born and bred; but his love for it continued. Suffield had been the home of the Kents for two hundred years or more. Mr. Kent loved it. He had never lost touch with it. His remembrances of his boyhood and youth must have been delightful, for they drew him back to Suffield to spend the evening of life where its morning had been so happily passed. His father's farm, which had been in the family a hundred and fifty years or more, had come into his hands. From time to time he added to it till it contained two hundred and six acres. He seems to have had a reverent regard and love for the house of his fathers in which he was born. This ancient "house he built over, retaining all possible of the original," in the words of an old Suffield friend. And another adds that it is "a spacious, attractive, and completely furnished house." Here he spent much of his time during the last seven or eight years of his life. In 1899 he made his last trip abroad. His health was failing and for it he visited Carlsbad. Returning home the following spring, he was prostrated by an attack of influenza. This was followed by other complications and he died April 1, 1900, at his Suffield home. Mrs. Kent survived him and continued to make her home in Suffield during the rest of her life. She died in 1913, and the old home of the family descended to Mrs. Legare, her daughter.

For nearly forty years, the period covering his business activity, Mr. Kent had lived a busy life, always full of interest and often of great

and prolonged nervous strain. He had conducted large business enterprises with conspicuous success. After his death Murry Nelson, a well-known business man of Chicago, said that P. D. Armour once declared that "he considered Mr. Kent the shrewdest man in the packing fraternity." It was said of him that "he enjoyed throughout his business career in Chicago a unique reputation—that of a man who made fortunes by his brains, by shrewd speculation for the most part, his deals being marked by almost invariable success." It was this element in his career, the speculative, that filled it, first of all, with interest, then with a variety of sensations, hope, fear, anxiety, confidence, panic, assurance, disappointment, exultation, and that, with these alternating sensations, brought mental and physical strain. Mr. Kent always acted on his own judgment, quite independently of the opinions of others. The weight of opinion on the Board of Trade was often opposed to his view, "but generally he was right and the majority wrong." And "always," it was said, "he was reserved, silent regarding contemplated transactions, unostentatious in the conduct of his business and modest in his successes."

Mr. Kent was a member of various Chicago clubs. Of these the Washington Park Club, which maintained a racing course south of Washington Park, and the Calumet Club, which was the club of the old settlers, have ceased to exist. The Union League remains the great club of the city.

Mr. Kent was a quiet man. He talked little. There was nothing self-assertive in his manner. He was essentially modest and his bearing was the farthest removed from the arrogance of wealth. It has been said of him that his four chief characteristics were "his love of home, reticence, great persistency, and indomitable energy." But this description of him is most imperfect and incomplete. It cannot be doubted that he possessed business abilities of a very high order. And his business capacities were of two differing, almost contradictory, kinds. He organized and conducted great, conservative enterprises in the line of ordinary business—what might be termed legitimate business, such as his commission house, packing companies, banks—with prudence, skill, and success.

But he was equally at home in the field of speculation. He was not a reckless plunger. But, having looked over the situation and decided what the probabilities were, he was not afraid to take chances, sometimes risking great sums when the prize to be won was big enough. Once convinced that a venture would succeed and deciding to enter on it, no amount of adverse opinion could dissuade him from making it. He did

not invariably succeed. But he so generally succeeded, and particularly in his greatest speculative deals, as to give him his reputation as the shrewdest trader of his day and to add largely to his wealth.

It is said of Mr. Kent that he had determined, early in his career, to become rich. It was, perhaps, this purpose that led him into those great ventures that made him known, not only as an ordinary business man, but as an extraordinary speculator. The interesting and rather remarkable fact is that he was equally successful in both these lines of activity.

Mr. Kent's purpose to accumulate large wealth, as wealth was reckoned before our day of enormous fortunes, did not prevent him from being a man of unusual liberality. It has been said of him: "The list of Mr. Kent's public benefactions would be too long to recount. There was hardly a charity in Chicago to which he did not subscribe and no one can ever know the approximate of what he modestly gave to relieve private want." He was particularly interested in the needs of his native town. To its Literary Institution, now known as Suffield School, he made contributions, as did Mrs. Kent after his death. His great contribution to Suffield, however, was the Kent Memorial Library. For the erection of the building, the purchase of books, and the endowment of the library he provided nearly or quite \$100,000.

But the greatest of his contributions was made to the University of Chicago. The University was being founded while Mr. Kent was preparing to retire from active business and make Suffield his place of residence. This makes it the more surprising that he should have conceived so liberal an interest in this new Chicago enterprise. The writer of this sketch well recalls the day in the spring of 1890 when Mr. Kent made his first subscription to the University of Chicago. In connection with Mr. F. T. Gates I was soliciting funds for the founding of the University. We were trying to complete a million-dollar conditional subscription. We had reached the last hundred thousand dollars, but subscriptions were coming very slowly and we were in a state of great discouragement. It was at just this time that we called on Mr. Kent in his LaSalle Street office. He knew neither of us, but received us cordially, listened to our plea, and immediately said: "I am interested in what you are doing and will give you two thousand five hundred dollars." We had received larger subscriptions than this, but it was given so quickly and freely, and at a time when we so much needed encouragement that my associate was quite overcome and was more extravagant in his expressions of appreciation than in receiving any other promise of help during that strenuous year. When Mr. Kent, instead of putting us

off and asking us to come in again later, said at once, "I will help you." Mr. Gates's surprise and relief were so great that he exclaimed impulsively: "Mr. Kent, for this encouragement I could almost fall down and worship you." Perhaps it was the very extravagance of our gratitude that contributed, a little later, to the interest he began to manifest in the development of the University.

More than six months before the new institution opened its doors to students Mr. Kent informed the trustees that he had "decided to erect and furnish a building to be located on the University grounds and to be known as the Kent Chemical Hall." He wished to give the University not a sum of money, but a building. His purpose was to build a laboratory and present it completed, fully furnished, and perfectly equipped. This he did. The plans were laid before him for approval. The details connected with the work of construction were submitted to him. He paid the bills as they came in, authorizing and approving all expenditures. The laboratory was dedicated in connection with the Fifth Convocation, January 1, 1894, the service being held in the Kent Theater, the auditorium of the building. A letter was read from Mr. Kent in which he said: "I hereby give this building, fully furnished and completely equipped, to the University of Chicago as a chemical laboratory, for the use of this and succeeding generations." In receiving the building President Harper said of the growth and development of Mr. Kent's idea:

At first \$100,000 had been considered a sum sufficient for the purpose. Before a definite conclusion had been reached the sum was fixed at \$150,000. When the contracts were made for the erection of the building the sum designated was \$182,000. When the bills came to be paid, including furnishings, the sum was \$215,000, and to this Mr. Kent generously added \$20,000 for equipment, making in all \$235,000.

At the Convocation proper the President again spoke of the new laboratory, and of the indebtedness of the University and of chemical science to its builder. Mr. Kent was present and at the close of the President's quarterly statement sent to Dr. Harper the following note which was read to the audience:

If in any small measure the work of my life can contribute to the advancement of knowledge and the greater happiness of men; if this can be done in the city where my busy days have been spent and where my heart is; and if, as I believe, we, who have aided in the work of erecting this great University, have helped to lay the foundations of what can never be destroyed, I feel in this work a pride and happiness that have never equalled in my life.

It is interesting to recall that Mr. Kent's older brother and former associate in business, Albert E. Kent, had before this date presented a

chemical laboratory to Yale, and that his example may have moved the younger brother in making a like contribution to the new University of Chicago and even inspired him to outdo the other's generosity.

On the wall of the entrance to the Kent Chemical Laboratory is a bronze tablet in the center of which is a bust of Mr. Kent in bas-relief with the following inscription below:

THIS BUILDING IS DEDICATED TO A FUNDAMENTAL
SCIENCE, IN THE HOPE THAT IT WILL BE A FOUN-
DATION STONE LAID BROAD AND DEEP FOR THE
TEMPLE OF KNOWLEDGE IN WHICH AS WE LIVE
WE HAVE LIFE.

SIDNEY A. KENT

The Laboratory is a three-story and basement building about one hundred and eighty feet in length, with an addition in the rear, known as the Kent Theater. It fronts south on the central quadrangle of the original University group. It is a commodious and attractive structure of blue Bedford stone, like the other buildings of the University of English Gothic architecture, and built to endure for centuries.

The buildings of the University have been much admired. Their attractiveness is, without doubt, very largely due to the munificence of Mr. Kent in the construction of the Chemical Laboratory. He set the example which later contributors of buildings have followed. President Harper in the address accepting the building said:

Everything was planned, and it was necessary to plan it upon a large scale. Mr. Kent would not in any case consent to the use of material that was not of the best. . . . In all this the standard was fixed for the other laboratories of the University. Had the Chemical Laboratory cost \$100,000, the Physical Laboratory likewise would have cost \$100,000. The Chemical Laboratory, however, cost \$235,000, and so the Physical Laboratory when finished will cost its donor \$230,000. With such provision for the Departments of Physics and Chemistry, it followed naturally that Astronomy, when the matter was taken up, should be treated in a manner equally magnificent.

Kent and Ryerson were the first of the University's laboratories and they set a standard which could not be lowered.

It must be remembered that this was at the very beginning of things. The only buildings under way were the divinity dormitories and the classroom building which came to be called Cobb Lecture Hall. There was no money for any others. The University was absolutely dependent for the character of its future buildings, whether, indeed, it was to have other buildings of any sort, on the generosity of donors. Had it

been impossible to find givers who would put more than \$50,000 into a building for an institution whose future was then quite uncertain, buildings costing that amount only must have been constructed. The standard established by these first builders would have been for many years the accepted standard. When, therefore, Mr. Kent put nearly a quarter of a million dollars into the first scientific laboratory he redeemed the architectural future of the University from meanness and insignificance and gave it permanently that commodiousness, richness, impressiveness, and beauty which have given it distinction throughout the educational world. It may be said with truth that the universities of the whole country are indebted to Mr. Kent. It has been said that Kent was the first of the great laboratories of our country devoted entirely to chemistry. Like the Ryerson Physical Laboratory, built at almost the same time, it was the envy and despair of other universities. But with these fine buildings to stimulate them to effort, they, too, found generous friends, and the era of great scientific laboratories began. That era may fairly be said to have been introduced by Sidney A. Kent and Martin A. Ryerson.

The Fifth Convocation of the University, held January 2, 1894, fifteen months after the opening of the institution, centered about the dedication of Kent Laboratory. Professor, later President, Remsen had a year before been brought from Johns Hopkins to assist the architect in planning an ideal laboratory. He now returned to Chicago as Convocation orator to dedicate the building into which he had put his best thought, taking for his theme "The Chemical Laboratory." The occasion was made memorable by a conference of the teachers of chemistry representing forty-one institutions, which resulted in the organization of an annual conference for the discussion of methods of chemical instruction.

When the Laboratory was built it was more than ample for the students of the new institution. As has been indicated, it was a large building, but twenty-five years have passed since its erection, the annual attendance of students in the University has increased more than ten-fold, from less than 1,000 to more than 10,000, and the Laboratory no longer accommodates the great and growing multitude. It was built to provide for 300 students, but by subsequent changes its capacity has been increased so as to give adequate facilities for the care of 500 students. The registration during the last five years has much exceeded that number, resulting in most serious overcrowding. It became necessary in the Autumn Quarter of 1919 to restrict the number of

registrations to 750, which is 250 more than the building can adequately accommodate.

Professor Julius Stieglitz, Chairman of the Department of Chemistry and Director of Laboratories, writes me:

In the course of years this beautiful laboratory has become quite inadequate in size, both for the housing of vital branches of instruction in chemistry and for the care of the vast number of students attracted to chemistry by the recognition of its extraordinary importance in so many varied branches of science and to the life of the nation. . . . Since the planning and building of the Kent Chemical Laboratory, two great new fields of chemistry, physical chemistry and the chemistry of radioactive substances, have been developed and have taken a place in chemistry as fundamental as the three branches, inorganic, organic, and analytical chemistry, for work in which the Laboratory was planned and constructed. . . . The most serious feature of the overcrowded conditions in Kent is that the development of its *research* facilities has been very seriously impaired and its usefulness . . . jeopardized. There are not enough private research laboratories even for all the members of the enlarged staff [which is five times as great as it was at the beginning], and the 30 to 35 students engaged in research for the Ph.D. degree are crowded either into an already overcrowded large laboratory, or into rough basement rooms which were never designed for research work and which are poorly lighted and poorly ventilated.

The department is pleading therefore for largely increased facilities for its important and growing work, either in an enlargement of Kent, or "a new laboratory which will give adequate space and facilities for the crowded research workers, for the proper housing of physical chemistry and of radio-activity work—and, if it is large enough, possibly for graduate work in industrial chemistry"—but that is another story.

All this is said to emphasize the importance of the great contribution Mr. Kent made to the University at the very beginning of its history. Well did he say in the inscription on the tablet of dedication in the entrance of the Laboratory, "This Building is Dedicated to a Fundamental Science." So fundamental is it that the saying is current that chemistry won the Great War. Mr. Kent builded even better than he knew. Since his day, though that day closed so recently, chemistry has made for itself a new and vastly greater place in the world's life. He helped to introduce the new era. In doing this he made a great contribution, not only and not chiefly to the University of Chicago, but to mankind. He believed he was making adequate provision for the study and teaching of chemistry in the University for generations to come. If he were still living, no one would rejoice more than he that the greatness of his contribution aided in that extraordinary development in the scope of chemistry and its value to the world which, before a single

generation passed, overcrowded Kent Laboratory with eager students and made its extension or duplication imperative.

Mr. Kent's interest in the University and in the great building he had given it continued unchanged. The writer of this sketch recalls a day in 1897 when he and President Harper, entering the Corn Exchange Bank, met Mr. Kent coming out. He stopped us and said: "I am glad to meet you, for I have something to tell you which will interest you both. I am just making my will and am leaving the University \$100,000 for the care of the Laboratory." He died three years later, leaving a very large estate. It turned out that before finally executing his will the bequest to the University was made \$50,000. A similar amount was left to the Art Institute of Chicago. The bulk of the estate was left to Mrs. Kent and his two daughters. The will provided that, in the event of certain contingencies, a very large sum should go to the University as an endowment for scholarships. But the Kent stock maintains its virility, and his fortune goes, as he intended it should, to his children's children. This contingent provision is mentioned here to show the continuance of his interest in the institution for which he had done so much, and his benevolent thought of the coming generations of the young people of our country.

In concluding this sketch I cannot refrain from quoting two very pregnant sentences from the pen of the Honorable William Kent, late member of Congress from California, the son of Mr. Kent's older brother, Albert E. Kent.

Sidney A. Kent was a man of remarkable business judgment and ability, and was characterized by a great gift of human kindness. He showed quickness and aptitude in every one of the many lines of business he took up, and had the warm affection of many people in all walks of life.

What has impressed me in these two sentences is this—neither of them could close without referring to Mr. Kent's human kindness and power to inspire affection in people "in all the walks of life." He was a very able business man, but, after all, the things that gave the greatest value and significance to his life were the human interest he felt and manifested in his fellow-men who worked with their hands, his thought for the welfare of the young in his eastern and western homes, and his munificent gifts for their education and advancement.

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GEORGE CLARKE WALKER

GEORGE CLARKE WALKER

Like most of the men of whom these sketches treat, George C. Walker was of Puritan or Pilgrim ancestry. His more remote forefathers belonged to that hardy race who, in the county of Northumberland along the Tweed and the Tyne, defended the English border, and under the discipline of trying conditions became men of endurance, courage, and power. That the Walkers built their name into the history of the country is made evident by the fact that one of the populous cities of the coal region bears their name, and several of the lesser towns, as Heaton Walker, Low Walker, and Walker Quay, repeat it.

Members of the family were in Massachusetts within a few years after the landing of the Pilgrims. One of them made his way to New Hampshire, and a son of his, later known as Colonel W. W. Walker, enamored of the wilderness, found his way in the closing years of the eighteenth century to central New York and made his home in Plainfield, Otsego County, living to a great age and bringing up on his farm, not only his own, but in part his son's sons as well.

Colonel Walker was but twenty-one when he sought a home in that wilderness. There he found a wife, and being only a few miles from Cooperstown, we may well suppose he bought his farm from Judge Cooper, the father of James Fenimore Cooper, who owned this country, or at least some eighteen thousand acres of it.

On the Plainfield farm was born, in 1802, Charles Walker, who became one of the big men of early Chicago. He was a member of that memorable group including William B. Ogden, Judge Drummond, Tuthill King, George Armour, Julian S. Rumsey, and J. Young Scammon, who first saw Chicago in 1835 and had much to do with its early development. Charles Walker was the peer of any of these men. It was he who made the first shipment of wheat from Chicago to the East, sending in 1838 seventy-eight bushels to his own mill in Otsego County, New York, and the time came when he was the largest shipper of grain in the United States. In 1848 he was one of the organizers of the Chicago Board of Trade, of which he was made vice-president and was later twice elected president. He was one of the builders and owners of Chicago's first railroad, the Galena and Chicago Union, in 1848, and in 1856 acting president of the Chicago, Iowa, and Nebraska Railroad, which was

intended to be a continuation of the Galena line. At the opening of the Illinois and Michigan Canal, which was the great event for Chicago in 1848, he was chosen to deliver the address which was the chief feature of the celebration. Chicago was then a little town of about twenty thousand people, and he made the astonishing forecast that, if permitted to live to a good old age, he expected to see its population increase to a million. Twenty-five years later, although the city then numbered four hundred thousand, a Mr. A. H. Walker made a forecast of its probable growth and ventured the prediction that the million mark would be passed by the end of the century. As a matter of fact that mark was passed in 1889. If Charles Walker had lived to the good old age of eighty-seven he would have seen the city of a million people whose future growth he had so accurately foretold.

Charles Walker was one of the founders of the old University of Chicago. It is related of him that, being present at a dinner when Senator Stephen A. Douglas expressed the purpose of offering a site for a university to any denomination that would establish such an institution, Mr. Walker rose from his seat and after walking up and down the room for a few minutes stopped and said, "Judge Douglas, I will accept your offer on behalf of the Baptists of Chicago." Whether the story is true or not, he became one of the leaders of his denomination in receiving from Mr. Douglas the gift of the site of the University in 1856 and remained one of the leaders of the University movement and vice-president of the Board of Trustees as long as he lived.

The unfortunate failure of his health compelled his retirement from the active control of his largest business enterprises in the early fifties, though he lived active and influential many years longer, till 1869. These things were said of Charles Walker: "He was the foremost grain merchant of America." There was "no man whose commercial standing was higher." "No other man living or dead ever did more toward building up and beautifying our city, or for the moral and social prosperity of this community, than he did." So said the *Evening Journal*. The *Republican*, another Chicago paper of that day, said: "Mr. Walker was a citizen of noble type. Believing in Chicago as the future home of a million people and the fact destined to be realized within the period of his own lifetime, or its possible span, all his devisings were for that future city which he saw beyond the straggling and temporary buildings about him." Able, public-spirited, far-sighted, successful, devout, embodying the virility, the uprightness, the religious zeal of his ancestry—such was the father of George C. Walker.

He was twice married and had five children. His first wife was Mary Clarke of a neighboring township in Otsego County, New York, whom he married in 1827, and her children were Charles H., Mary C., and George C. Walker. After the death of his first wife he married in 1841 Nancy Bentley, of Lebanon Springs, Columbia County, the sister of Cyrus Bentley, well known to all early Chicagoans, and her children were William B. and Cornelia Walker. These children all came to be well known in the business and society world of Chicago. In the middle of this group of five children was George C., having an older brother and sister and a younger brother and sister, he forming the link binding the two groups together. He was born at Burlington Flats, Otsego County, New York, November 5, 1835, the same year in which his father first went to Chicago and began business in that city. Being already engaged in several business enterprises extending from Otsego County to New York City, Charles Walker did not transfer his home to Chicago till much later. In 1839 he was a member of the New York legislature.

No state or country has more attractive places in which to be born and live than New York. George C. Walker had the good fortune to be born and spend his boyhood in one of these favored regions. No reader of Cooper's Leather Stocking stories can doubt the natural attractiveness of the Otsego country. So enthralled was the youthful Deerslayer by its attractions that they are said to have drawn him back to it after half a century. It is no longer the wilderness he loved, but when George C. Walker was a boy it was still not only the same land of brooks and rivers and lakes, hills and mountains and valleys, but extensive forests still covered the hills and it remained the paradise of the hunter and the fisherman, a land of enchantment for boys who feel the lure of the wild.

Fortunate in the place of his birth, he was unfortunate enough to lose his mother when a child of only three years. The grandparents, Colonel W. W. Walker and his wife, took the child, little more than an infant, to the old farm in Plainfield, a few miles north of Burlington, and were father and mother to him till after his father's second marriage. These were strenuous years for the father. He was a legislator for his native state. He was doing business in Chicago and the East. At first Albany, and later New York City, Otsego County, and Chicago claimed part of his time each year. He was laying the foundations of his fortune, branching out in new directions, forming new connections, and finally in 1845 establishing a new home in Chicago. It is said that on the removal of the family to the West, George was left for a year or two with his grandparents. He was a great lover of the forests and streams of the Otsego

country. It was during these years of his early boyhood that he conceived the passion for hunting and fishing that remained with him through life. The hearts of his grandparents were bound up in him and they were reluctant to give him up.

The father had bought three lots of the old Fort Dearborn Reservation at the corner of Michigan Avenue and Water Street, paying \$85 for the three. On one of these he built a house and made his home, and in the autumn of 1847 brought George, then twelve years old, to Chicago.

There were no railroads from the East to Chicago in 1847, none indeed for five years thereafter, and at Buffalo they took a steamboat for the boy's new home. The trip through the lakes took seven days, but its monotony was broken by one interesting incident. The mind of the boy was very alert, keenly susceptible to external impressions. When the boat arrived at Mackinaw the annual distribution of blankets, ammunition, etc., to the Indians was taking place. The red men had gathered from far and near and the spectacle was one of great interest to the boy. The captain delayed the voyage for several hours that the passengers might enjoy an incident to most of them so new and strange. No one was more interested than the twelve-year-old boy, who never forgot the events of the day.

On arriving at his new home and investigating his surroundings he found that the garden behind the house ran down to the shore of Lake Michigan, so near was the lake in that day to Michigan Avenue. On the north the river was just as near. All this led to a joyous adventure in which he had a part that was naturally unforgettable. The winter after he reached home, a deer, swimming in the lake, landed exhausted at the foot of the Walker garden, and to the great delight of the boy was captured alive.

Chicago in 1848 was still a part of the Western wilderness. Fort Dearborn was still standing just north of the Walker residence and was a place of great interest and frequent resort to George and his brothers. The population of Chicago was then less than 17,000. There were no railroads east or west, though Charles Walker, with William B. Ogden, J. Y. Scammon, and others was making plans for the Galena and Chicago Union. It was in 1847 that the *Chicago Tribune* was established. There was no high school in the young city.

The first home of the Walkers on Michigan Avenue was number 42, on the east side of the avenue and immediately south of South Water Street. One is interested to learn that the first school George Walker attended was the private "academy" of a young man named Benjamin F. Taylor. The school was a temporary expedient of the brilliant young

teacher who later became an editorial writer and literary critic and war correspondent on the *Chicago Evening Journal* and acquired a national reputation as a poet and the author of many volumes of poetry and prose. During the school year 1847-48 the boy George profited by the instruction of this teacher who was to become a light in the literary world.

The First Presbyterian Church of that day was located on the southwest corner of Washington and Clark streets and in its basement a school was conducted called Temple's Academy. I have not been able to learn whether or not this school was one of the many enterprises of Dr. John T. Temple, who was a most notable man of early Chicago, the chief founder of the First Baptist Church and one of the organizers of Rush Medical College. Nor do I know how long it continued in existence, but George Walker enjoyed its advantages during his second school year in Chicago. To keep him from idleness through the summer his father employed him about his lumber yard, this being one branch of his varied business interests.

Perhaps the father introduced the boy thus early to business because he recognized his natural aptitude for a business life. One suspects that he had developed unusual abilities in business affairs while still with his grandfather, who in the forties was beginning to be an old man and may have well depended on his small grandson for help in his affairs. It certainly is evident that the boy developed at a very early age a sense of responsibility, self-reliance, independence, and powers of initiative very rarely found in one so young. And yet, granting this, circumstantial accounts are related of his early achievements in business that are almost unbelievable.

It is said, for example, that in the spring of 1849, or possibly 1850, when he was thirteen or fourteen years old, his father provided him with \$3,000 in currency and sent him to Kenosha, Wisconsin (then known as Southport), instructing him to purchase wheat and ship it to Buffalo on one of the company's vessels which would meet him at Kenosha. Everybody in those days wore boots, and he stuffed the money into the high tops which came nearly to his knees and drove along the lake shore to Kenosha, a journey of about sixty miles. Within four days he bought eight thousand bushels of wheat, a full cargo for the schooner "Charles Walker." The wheat had cost him thirty-three cents a bushel and was sent on for sale to Buffalo and the eastern market.

The next story belongs to the summer of the following year, 1850 or 1851, when he was fourteen or fifteen years old. His father furnished him with a canal boat and a cargo of hard coal and dressed flooring, and he started for St. Louis by way of the newly completed Illinois and

Michigan Canal, and the Illinois and Mississippi rivers. The journey was made in safety through the canal and the Illinois River, but just above St. Louis a Mississippi steamboat ran into the canal boat and almost wrecked it, carrying away the cabin. The cargo was saved, however, and sold in St. Louis for nearly or quite twice as much as it had cost in Chicago. The boat was repaired, doubtless at the cost of the steamboat company, and the fifteen-year-old merchant invested the proceeds of the sale of the coal and lumber in a full cargo of sugar and New Orleans molasses, luxuries which sold readily in Chicago for twice what they had cost him in St. Louis.

It seems strange that a boy with such a pronounced gift for business, who was sure to be needed and to find the largest scope for his powers in his father's widely extended affairs should have looked forward to anything but a business career. But for some reason his life began to be shaped for a college education and a legal career. Opportunities for a liberal education were few in the West, but in 1847 Beloit College had been organized and to its preparatory department young Walker was sent in the autumn of 1849. His people, however, were Baptists, and after one year's work at Beloit he was sent to New England to continue his academy work preparatory to entering Brown University, then the leading institution of the country under Baptist auspices. His studies were brought to an end by illness in the family. In 1851 his father's health was so shattered that the responsibilities of his great business fell upon his oldest son Charles, then twenty-three or -four years old, and the father soon after retired from the firm.

In 1853 George's sister Mary, who was four years older than himself and who had become the wife of S. C. Griggs, the well-known bookseller of that day, was seized with what proved to be a fatal illness. She was taken to Mackinaw and George and his mother went with her in the hope of nursing her back to health. The hope was vain and she died in the spring of 1854.

When Charles Walker retired from the great business he had founded and developed, he was little more than fifty years old, at the height of his business ability, and head of widely extended and successful enterprises. But though he recovered his health he did not return to the grain and forwarding business, finding in his other interests ample scope for his activities.

Charles H. Walker inherited the business abilities of his father. He had been connected with the business for some years, growing more and more into active control as his father's health gave way. He was already

prominent in the mercantile life of the city. His standing was indicated by his election in 1856 to the presidency of the Board of Trade.

Knowing the business abilities of his younger brother, Charles H., on the retirement of the father, called on George to come to his assistance, give up his college course, and take his natural place in the business. The father adding his persuasions, the young student surrendered his scholarly ambitions and his purpose to follow the law and in 1855 entered the firm when he was not yet twenty-one years old. Charles Walker and Son now became Charles Walker and Sons, Forwarding and Commission Merchants, 472 South Water Street. It is said that the firm did the largest grain and provision purchasing and forwarding business in the United States. They were also very extensive dealers in lumber, having lumber yards not only in Chicago but also at Peoria, La Salle, Morris, and other places. The firm built one of the early large grain elevators, continuing the elevator business for about ten years.

George C. Walker was the embodiment of energy and enterprise. He had an alert, eager mind. It was not long after his entrance into the firm that the partners established the first through freight line from the seaboard to the Mississippi. They had barges on the Hudson River and Erie Canal, propellers on the Great Lakes, boats on the Illinois and Michigan Canal, and steamboats on the Illinois and Mississippi rivers, all under the ownership or control of Charles Walker and Sons, and partners located at the principal points on the line. They were thus able to give bills of lading and through prices on freight which they transported on their own boats from New York to St. Louis and intermediate points.

It was a year or two after Mr. Walker's entrance into business that an event occurred that had far-reaching consequences in his future life. Of a very social nature, he entered with zest into the life of the young people of the little city. He was at the same time a member of the First Baptist Church of Chicago, the house of worship then standing on the southeast corner of Washington and La Salle streets, where the Chamber of Commerce Building now stands. There the first church wedding in Chicago was solemnized September 24, 1856, when Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Meeker were married, and young Walker, cousin of the bride, Miss Griggs, was one of the ushers. A craze for dancing, unusually intense, seems to have seized upon the young people of the town and so alarmed the churches that severe measures were adopted to moderate the frenzy. One dance in particular was made the occasion for bringing young Walker and others up for discipline. The demand that they must give up dancing

or surrender their church membership was acceded to by some, but George Walker refused to submit to compulsion and was excluded. We shall see before we end that gentler and wiser treatment would have saved to his church a man of tremendous capacities for good. I mention the incident for the sake of the sequel appearing on a later page.

It was only two years after Mr. Walker entered the partnership that the panic of 1857 prostrated the business of the country. The firm weathered the storm successfully, as its founder had weathered preceding financial tempests but it led to important changes in George C. Walker's life. It happened that a firm in Buffalo to which a large consignment of grain was in transit became involved in the failure of a trust company. This took him to Buffalo, as he supposed for a few days or a few weeks at most. In the end, however, to protect the interests of the company and care for their great shipments of grain through that city he found himself compelled to open an office and settle in Buffalo till he could find someone to whom he could safely commit so important a trust. This took more than two years. But at the end of one year he found what he had not gone to Buffalo to seek—a wife. This was Miss Ada Chapman, whom he married December 8, 1858. Not many months later the health of Mrs. Walker began to fail. On their return to Chicago they made their home with the rest of the family at the new home of the father, Charles Walker, at 201 Michigan Avenue. The unity of the family was well illustrated by the fact that all of its members continued to live under the same roof. But in 1861 the health of Mrs. George C. Walker became so precarious that her husband was advised to take her abroad. She continued however to fail and died in France in October, 1861. He had married Miss Chapman when he was twenty-three and lost her just before his twenty-sixth birthday.

For about twelve years, from 1858 to 1870, the Walker family lived at 201 Michigan Avenue in what was known to all Chicago as Terrace Row, a very handsome stone block of residences, four stories in height, extending from Van Buren Street south, covering the space now occupied by the Chicago Club, the Fine Arts Building, and the northern part of the Auditorium Hotel. It was the most famous block of houses existing in Chicago before the fire of 1871 and was sometimes called the Marble Terrace. In the biographies of the men who made their homes in Terrace Row, could they be fully written, would be found the history of early Chicago. Here is the list, beginning at No. 199 and running south to No. 209: Denton Gurnee, P. L. Yoe, Charles Walker, William Bross, P. F. W. Peck, S. C. Griggs, Tuthill King, Hugh T. Dickey, General Cook,

John L. Clark, and J. Y. Scammon. This famous block was destroyed in the great fire, marking the southernmost limits of the conflagration on Michigan Avenue. It was in the Terrace Row home that Charles Walker, the father, died in 1869 at the age of sixty-seven.

In 1866 the oldest brother, Charles H., had withdrawn from the business and become a sugar planter in Louisiana, seventy or eighty miles west of New Orleans. The firm which had been C. H. and G. C. Walker became George C. Walker and Company, the place of the oldest son of the family being taken for a time by the youngest, William B. Walker.

Though George C. Walker had surrendered his college career because duty called him into business he manifested throughout the whole course of his life a quite unusual interest in higher education and in the progress of science. This will appear constantly as this story goes on. The first public exhibition of this interest appeared in his twenty-second year when he served on the committee of arrangements for laying the cornerstone of the building of the first University of Chicago, which took place July 4, 1857. His interest in that institution thus early manifested never ceased. His father was first vice-president of the Board of Trustees from its organization to his own death in 1869. Immediately after his death his son George was elected to fill his place as a trustee, and continued in that position as long as the old University lived and its Board of Trustees maintained an existence, a period of more than twenty years.

Mr. Walker was one of the founders and the earliest promoters of the Chicago Academy of Sciences. He was the warm personal friend of Robert Kennicott, the first director of the Academy. In 1864 he was the chief factor in raising \$62,500 for the purchase of collections, and for thirty-four years he was a trustee. He was secretary and treasurer for more than twenty years and president for three years. When the new University of Chicago was founded he made strenuous efforts to bring about a union between the Academy, which was then practically defunct, though possessing valuable collections, and the new University. The terms of union were agreed upon by the representatives of both institutions when opposition developed. For the first time in many years a popular interest in the Academy of Sciences was aroused. The plan of union fell through, but the efforts of Mr. Walker resulted in recalling the Academy to new life, securing for it a building in Lincoln Park and launching it on a new career of enlarged and enduring usefulness. Dr. Edmund Andrews, president of the Academy, said of him:

Mr. Walker has been the moving spirit of the Chicago Academy of Sciences from the beginning. He was the man who by his personal activity first raised the

money to put the Academy on a sound financial basis, giving liberally himself and inducing others to do likewise. He has been the active guiding spirit in the board of trustees and in the Academy itself, not as a scientist, but in the administration of its business affairs, and he has been from first to last a mainstay of that institution.

In 1869 he was one of the incorporators of the Illinois Humane Society, in the work of which he took an enduring interest. Originally known as the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, it extended its work to the protection of children and in 1882 became the Illinois Humane Society. Mr. Walker was a very tender-hearted man, sympathizing with suffering, and ready in its relief. He was a many-sided man with interests reaching out in many directions. In 1867-69 he was one of a committee of twelve men who originated the South Park system of Chicago. It was in his home in Terrace Row that the final plans for the park system were adopted. Through the efforts of Mr. Walker and his associates in 1869 acts of incorporation were secured from the legislature, and during the next few years the lands constituting Washington and Jackson parks and the Midway Plaisance were purchased. I do not intend to suggest that Mr. Walker was the leading spirit or the principal actor in this great public movement, but simply that he was one of the group of far-sighted men who led the way in an improvement, then bitterly opposed by many, but now universally recognized as an inestimable benefit to the people.

One of the interesting things in the life of Mr. Walker was his connection with Graceland Cemetery. The Cemetery Company was incorporated in 1861. One of its officers proposed to Mr. Walker that he should buy a lot. He replied that if the company would set aside 10 per cent of the price of each lot to establish a fund for the perpetual care and maintenance of the cemetery he would not only buy a lot but would pay the additional 10 per cent or 100 per cent for the assurance of the perpetuity of its dedication to burial purposes and the care of the lots. The thought and plan grew and were followed up with his accustomed eagerness and determination and with most interesting results. In the first place, a new corporation was organized, charged with the perpetual improvement and adornment of the cemetery, and in the second place, in 1865 the act of incorporation of the cemetery was amended, requiring it "out of the proceeds of all lots sold . . . to set apart 10 per cent thereof as a reserve fund." The same act incorporated the "Trustees of the Graceland Cemetery Improvement Fund," and provided that these trustees should receive the above-named 10 per cent and any other funds contributed to them to be used under the direction of the trustees "in the improvement, ornamentation, preservation, and maintenance of

the grounds, walks, shrubberies, inclosures, structures, monuments and memorials" of the cemetery, "so that the same may be properly kept, adorned, and preserved, and said grounds be and continue as cemetery grounds forever." Mr. Walker was one of the charter members of this corporation. For many years he was its treasurer and for more than thirty years its secretary. He was deeply interested in the objects it had in view; he had seen graves desecrated in the removal and destruction of cemeteries and hoped that in this organization he had provided for the perpetual preservation of Graceland. He labored for the increase of the Improvement Fund which now amounts to a million dollars. The trustees have always been and continue to be leading citizens of Chicago. Among the first trustees were William Blair, E. W. Blatchford, James H. Bowen, Erastus S. Williams, Van H. Higgins, and George C. Walker, and among its latest are Martin A. Ryerson, Charles H. Walker, Henry A. Blair, Charles L. Hutchinson, Chauncey Keep, and Ernest A. Hamill. I imagine that few things in Mr. Walker's life gave him greater satisfaction than connection with this movement in the inception and progress of which he was so important a factor.

In 1869 the Chicago Club was organized. It was the beginning of the era of clubs. This one came into being in a peculiar way. At a meeting of a few gentlemen a committee was appointed "to select a hundred men to form a club to be known as the Chicago Club." The Committee carefully picked out one hundred of the leading men in the business and social life of the city. Among those selected were the three brothers, Charles H., George C., and William B. Walker.

Two notable clubs came into existence in Chicago in 1878. The Calumet was a purely social organization and rendered a real service to the city in gathering up and preserving much of the early history of Chicago through a series of old settlers' receptions. Mr. Walker was one of its early members. In the same way he was almost from the beginning a member of the Commercial Club which has always been made up of the leaders in the business life of Chicago. He was not a great politician, but his connection with the Iroquois Club would indicate that his political affiliations were democratic.

It is said of Otsego County, New York, where Mr. Walker was born and spent his boyhood, that it "was a superb hunting ground in early days, the home of the deer, elk, moose and bear, the otter, martin, wolf, fox and squirrel and of many waterfowl, while salmon, trout and many other fish abounded in the rivers and lakes." In that sportsman's paradise he learned while a boy to love the woods and water, and this love for

the open and the sports of the open he never lost. He was one of the founders of the Tolleston Club which hunted ducks on the Calumet and Kankakee marshes. It is said that he was also one of the constituent members of the Nee-pee-nauk Club on Puckaway Lake, in Wisconsin. Throughout his life he delighted in field sports. He was a devotee of golf. His summer home was at Lake Geneva where he had a fine yacht, was largely instrumental in organizing the Golf and Country Club, and found exercise and enjoyment on the golf links. It was always a joy to him to get away from business to the marshes, lakes, or streams for recreation with rod or gun. At Lake Geneva Mrs. Walker interested herself in the Fresh Air Association which gave to five hundred poor boys and girls and young working women from Chicago an annual fortnight's outing. During these weeks the yachts of Mr. Walker and other summer residents about the lakes were very busy.

During the sixties he was active on the Board of Trade. He played the leading rôle in at least one of the great wheat deals which were so common during the later half of the last century. A business associate, going over Mr. Walker's old papers many years later tells me that he came on a canceled check of that deal for a million dollars. A pool of dealers got together \$1,250,000 for the purpose of forcing him to the wall, and themselves reaping the profits of the deal. They went to a bank to borrow \$250,000 more so as to make assurance doubly sure. The banker told them that Mr. Walker had \$2,000,000 on deposit in his bank and they wisely concluded to abandon their purpose. He was at that time one of the rich men of Chicago. He was not always so fortunate and probably in the long run lost on the Board of Trade more than he made and finally he gave up speculation and retired from the grain business.

In 1861 Mr. Walker entered on one of the great business undertakings of his life, one indeed which took much of his time and attention throughout the rest of his life, a period of thirty-seven years. As he engaged in this enterprise only twelve or thirteen years after his entrance into business, and when he was not yet thirty-three years old, it will be seen that it occupied nearly half his life. This enterprise was the Blue Island Land and Building Company, a corporation which, with a few associates, he organized into one of the greatest of Chicago's real-estate undertakings. The company purchased, twelve miles south of the city, fifteen hundred acres of land, paying for it \$150,000 or \$100 per acre.

This great tract they subdivided, laid out streets along which they planted thousands of trees, built sidewalks, and sought in every way to make it attractive to people who preferred a suburban life. The main

lines of the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railroad ran through the eastern part of the subdivision. Half a mile west the land rose in what was known as the Blue Island Ridge, which is perhaps eighty feet above the level of Lake Michigan. This ridge running south from about ninetyth Street to Blue Island, a distance of five miles, was beautified by natural groves of oak. Alongside this ridge the land company by arrangement with the railroad built what was called a "dummy line" which left the main line near Ninetieth Street and rejoined it at Blue Island. This line served the people above and below the ridge along its entire length. In the western part of the tract the village of Morgan Park was built. For the first four years Mr. Walker was secretary and treasurer of the company. In 1872 he became president and so remained till the expiration of the company's charter, when he became trustee of that part of the tract still unsold.

It was his ambition to make Morgan Park an educational center. He encouraged and assisted the founding of the Morgan Park Military Academy. He put up a building in which the Chicago Female College was conducted. He assisted the Baptist Union Theological Seminary to secure lands and buildings which led to the transfer of the Seminary from the city to Morgan Park. It was in connection with this removal that I became acquainted with Mr. Walker. This was in 1876-77, and from that time I came to know him better every year to the end of his life, a period of nearly thirty years. He was a masterful man, quick in his decisions, strong in his convictions, sometimes abrupt in manner, and at the outset, being seven years his junior and an obscure individual, I was a little afraid of him. But as I came to know him well I found him to be so warm-hearted, cordial, gentle, generous, and considerate that I conceived for him a strong affection. I did not come into close touch with him, however, until ten years after our acquaintance began.

The old University of Chicago closed its doors in 1886. What then seemed an irremediable disaster led me with others to begin to lay plans and institute efforts to establish a new institution to take the place of the old one. It was this that brought me into more intimate relations with Mr. Walker. He took an immediate and, as time went on, a more and more liberal interest in establishing a new University in Morgan Park. The offers of help from Mr. Walker and the Company finally aggregated more than \$100,000, and in the year 1888 there seemed to be every probability that the new University of Chicago would be established at Morgan Park. As soon, however, as it came to be known that John D. Rockefeller was proposing to give a large initial subscription toward the found-

ing of the University, not in a suburb, but in the city itself, the Morgan Park project was laid aside and all joined in the larger undertaking.

Mr. Walker had the project of establishing the University at Morgan Park very much at heart. It would not have been strange if his interest had ceased when his liberal proffers were set aside and new and larger plans adopted. But he was a big man, sincerely interested in the re-establishment of the University work with which he had been connected for twenty years as a trustee, and he entered whole-heartedly into the greater undertaking. I cannot show this more convincingly than by quoting a letter I wrote to him in June, 1889. I happened to be the secretary of a meeting held in the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, which inaugurated the movement to increase the \$600,000 subscribed for the new institution by Mr. Rockefeller to \$1,000,000. This meeting appointed a committee which nominated a college committee of thirty-six men to take the work in charge. As secretary I wrote to Mr. Walker as follows: “. . . . After the committee of nomination was appointed and before it had retired to prepare its report, the Conference excused it from naming two men and itself elected them by acclamation. These two were yourself and [Mr. E. Nelson] Blake, so earnest and unanimous was the desire that you should serve on the committee.”

Mr. Walker sent us a subscription of \$5,000, manifested deep interest in our success, and on the completion of the \$1,000,000 subscription that founded the University was made a member of the first Board of Trustees and continued a Trustee to the end of his life. I think it may be truly said of Mr. Walker that during all of his later years the University of Chicago was, outside his home, the chief interest of his life.

I have before me as I write a large morocco-bound, gilt-lettered book of three hundred pages, prepared with the utmost care by Mr. Walker—“The University of Chicago Scrap Book.” In this book he placed everything that concerned the University project and his relation to it, everything in his correspondence, and everything that he could find in print relating to the institution that seemed to him of value. This volume with its original documents is a source book for the University Historian, but it also speaks eloquently of his profound interest in the institution to which during the last fifteen years of his life he devoted thought and time and money.

During the twenty years following the beginning of the Blue Island Land and Building Company Mr. Walker was active in many directions. The operations of the company were remarkably successful. Their lands had cost only \$100 per acre. Large sums were spent in improving them.

A liberal policy was pursued toward those making their homes in Morgan Park in the earlier years. When, for example, I followed the Theological Seminary there in 1877 Mr. Walker gave me half an acre of ground, a large lot 100 feet front by 200 feet deep on which to establish my home. This was my first experience in owning any real property and was the foundation of any savings I have since made. Somewhat slowly, but none the less surely, did the subdivision fill up. The lands were sold at a large advance. The city steadily extended southward and finally what I knew as a countryside or a small village became part of the great metropolis.

During all these years, but particularly the earlier of them, Mr. Walker was influential in the Board of Trade and in the Chamber of Commerce, an organization formed for the purpose of erecting the Board of Trade Building on the southeast corner of Washington and LaSalle streets. This building was consumed in the great fire of 1871. Mr. Walker was made a member of a building committee of three to erect a new building. It was needed in a hurry. Chicago was so impoverished that the temptation was great to rebuild, not only hastily, but cheaply. Mr. Walker strongly urged that in putting up the new building for the Board of Trade they should set a pattern for finer, more enduring construction. This view prevailed and there followed an extraordinary achievement. The old building was burned October 9, 1871. On October 14, "while the stone and brick were yet warm," the clearing away of the débris began. "The first stone in the foundation was laid November 6, the first brick in the wall December 6, and the first cut stone December 12." On October 9, 1872, the anniversary of the Great Fire, the new building was dedicated. Accepting it for the Board of Trade, the vice-president declared it to be "a structure which for the use intended is not surpassed in size, beauty, and convenience by any other on this or on the eastern continent." It had its influence in causing a vastly improved new Chicago to rise from the ashes of the old.

In 1880, more than eighteen years after the death of the wife of his youth, Mr. Walker again married. On February 10 of that year, in New York City, Mrs. Mary M. Keen became his wife. He had no children of his own and welcomed those Mrs. Keen brought to him, both sons and daughters, treating them as his own and loved by them as a father. Their home was and continued to be at 228 Michigan Avenue, where the Congress Hotel now stands.

By this time Mr. Walker's business interests had been both curtailed and extended. The multiplication of railroads had greatly modified the

transportation business and other changes in his affairs followed. In 1880 he became a member of the New York Stock Exchange, of the New York Cotton Exchange, and later of the Chicago Stock Exchange. Among many other pieces of city real estate, he owned a number of lots on the shore of the lake contiguous to Twenty-fifth Street. Noting the large population in the neighborhood it seemed to him that it would be a boon to the people to have free access to the water and he gave the use of his water front to the city for a bathing beach. Never content to do things by halves he assisted in providing bath houses that the people might have every facility for the use of the beach.

His benevolence was almost unbounded. I am assured by one who had immediate knowledge of these things that for years he took upon himself the partial or entire support of a dozen families in which he became interested. Every month regularly checks of \$100, \$150, \$200, and in one or more cases \$250 were made out and sent to them. And this was done not only when he was abundantly able, but also during years when he could ill afford it.

In 1886 Charles H. Walker, the older brother who had retired from the business in 1866, died at his sugar plantation in Louisiana. Charles was barely past middle age and his death was unexpected. It took Mr. Walker to Louisiana as administrator of the estate and compelled him to spend much of his time there for several years. His friends were often reminded that he was in the south by receiving from him southern fruits or nuts. My own family cherishes grateful memories of such friendly remembrances. Mr. Walker was a friendly man. He loved to express his friendliness and to address his friends in endearing forms of expression, not common among men. There were within him deep wells of feeling. He loved his friends and they could not fail to give him a tender affection in return.

One of the most graceful acts of Mr. Walker was his provision of a village library for Morgan Park. In 1889-90, on a lot above the ridge in the center of the village, he built a small but very attractive stone library building and filled it with books. A library association was formed, a librarian appointed, and the Walker Library has been a feature of the community life for the past thirty years.

The story of the gift of the chemical laboratory to the University of Chicago in 1892 by Sidney A. Kent has already been told in these sketches. But in telling it no reference was made to Mr. Walker's part in it. How much he had to do in leading Mr. Kent to make his great professor I do not know. The two were warm friends. They began their active

careers in Chicago at about the same time and a business acquaintance of nearly forty years had grown into intimacy and friendship. When Mr. Kent was ready to make his proposition to build the laboratory he chose Mr. Walker to communicate it to the trustees. The relations between the two men were so intimate indeed that the proffer of the laboratory was made in Mr. Kent's behalf over Mr. Walker's signature. Mr. Walker submitted this letter to the Board of Trustees March 7, 1892. Himself a Trustee, he had been from the beginning a member of the Committee on Buildings and Grounds, and had been deeply engaged in enlarging and rendering more compact the University site, in securing the plans for the earlier University structures, and considering the location of the first and future buildings on the site then consisting of twenty-four acres. All these things had been matters of importance. Considering the smallness of its funds, the temptation of the University was to content itself with a small site and small and cheap buildings. There can be no doubt that Mr. Walker often talked these matters over with Mr. Kent. The Committee and the Trustees adopted the larger view, and Mr. Kent indicated his approval of their decision by authorizing Mr. Walker to communicate to them his offer to build the Kent Chemical Laboratory, which eventually cost him \$235,000.

The way was thus opened for that audacious attempt of the University which soon followed to raise a million dollars in ninety days. In this effort Mr. Walker was profoundly interested. He first put into it the Female College Building and two acres of land at Morgan Park as an addition to the University's Academy plant in that place. The gift was estimated at \$30,000.

He had for many years cherished a purpose to erect a building for the Academy of Sciences. This purpose had been in his mind when he sought to bring the Academy into connection with the University. He now began to feel his way toward carrying out this long-cherished plan in connection with the University itself. He informally broached it to the Trustees. They encouraged his purpose. Although it would require a large contribution, his purpose rapidly matured and on July 7, 1892, he wrote to the Trustees: "As heretofore informally suggested, I will furnish the means to erect the Museum Building in accordance with plans to be approved by your Board and myself, said building to be of fireproof construction, and to cost one hundred thousand dollars."

This great proffer came in the closing week of the campaign for the million dollars in ninety days. It closely followed a subscription of \$150,000 from S. B. Cobb, the father-in-law of William B. Walker, the

younger brother. Three days later President Harper wrote the following letter:

Sunday, July 10, 1892

Mr. George C. Walker

DEAR SIR: Will you permit me to express to you just a little of the overwhelming sense of gratitude which I feel toward you and the other noble (you will allow me to use that word) men who have done the great work finished yesterday. Nothing like it was ever known in the history of education. And when I think of the important part which you have performed, no words seem strong enough to describe my feelings.

Your contribution to the Academy at Morgan Park, your generous gift for the Museum, one of the most needed buildings, your help in securing Mr. Kent's gift without which it would not have come, your aid, also, in connection with your brother to whom we are indebted for Mr. Cobb's gift—all this, and besides your many encouraging words in the Board and out of the Board, have contributed, need I say how largely, toward making this year's work of the University the great success it has become.

Personally and officially I am very, very grateful to you, and I think that my sense of gratitude will grow deeper and deeper as the years go by, and as we begin to see what it all means.

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM R. HARPER

Walker Museum was completed in 1893, and was dedicated in connection with the fourth University Convocation on October 2 of that year. In presenting the building to the Trustees Mr. Walker made the following quotation from the address of his father at the opening of the Illinois and Michigan Canal in 1848, to which I have referred in the early part of this sketch: "That portion of the earth's surface which can support the most human life, will, in the end, have the most human life, and nowhere on the earth's surface is there so much good land and so little waste land as in the territory known as the Mississippi Valley of the Northwest." He went on to say: "This made a deep impression on my young mind, and I have lived to see our city grow from a little over fifteen thousand then to over fifteen hundred thousand now, and today the evidences are stronger than ever of the final and full realization of my father's confident predictions." After speaking of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, and his profound interest in it through many years he continued: "During all these years I never could relinquish the idea that here in our city was the best location west of the Alleghany Mountains for a great museum of natural history," and he had come to believe "that it would be of the most value in connection with some great institution of learning." He said there was one reason why the University should have the building without delay. The great Columbian Fair was going to be held here, and of necessity there would be a large amount of scientific material which could

be retained here if there was a suitable fireproof home provided and the proper effort made to secure it. At the conclusion of the World's Fair much valuable material for the Museum was received and the collections have constantly grown.

With the donor's consent the museum building was, for many years, used also as the recitation and lecture hall of the Departments of Geology, Geography, and Anthropology, owing to the imperative demand for rooms for classes. Mr. Walker fully appreciated this need, but he desired earnestly to see the building devoted to museum purposes only. In the best spirit he kept this before the Trustees. Collections were being accumulated and stored in the basement. This chafed Mr. Walker's ardent spirit and at the close of 1902, nine years after the completion of the museum, he addressed his fellow-trustees on the subject in a formal statement. He said, among other things:

The housing of no other department has crowded out the original intention of a building. The use that has been made of the Museum Building has been a great help to the growth of the University and I am very glad indeed that this has been the case and realize most fully that in no other way could it have been so useful—in fact I do not see how the University could have otherwise made provision for the classes that have been located there up to this date.

I urgently suggest that suitable appropriations be made in the present budget so that now the work can go forward as originally planned, and so that I can see more of the good results in my own lifetime.

Four months later the Board of Trustees, though carrying at that time overwhelming burdens, made the following response to Mr. Walker's appeal, resolving, among other things,

That the Trustees will provide as soon as possible other quarters for the classes now being held in Walker.

That the Committee on Buildings and Grounds be requested to form plans for the extension of the Museum and the erection in connection with such extension of a building for Geology and Geography.

The Trustees at the same time expressed their warm appreciation of Mr. Walker's generous consent for the use of the building for classes through so many years and their earnest wish that arrangements could soon be made to carry out the original plan.

For the years immediately following 1903, however, their hands were tied. The health of President Harper was failing, and he died January 10, 1906. Another year passed before the election of President Judson. Meantime Mr. Walker himself had most unexpectedly passed away in 1905. If he could have lived seven and a half years longer he would have known of the splendid contribution of Mr. Julius Rosenwald which pro-

vided \$250,000 for the erection of Rosenwald Hall, the great classroom building for Geology and Geography. Built in immediate connection with the Museum it exactly met the wishes and fulfilled the hopes Mr. Walker had expressed in his appeal for a building "to accommodate permanently the departments of Geology, Geography, and kindred sciences, so that they may continue to use portions of the building of the General Museum for their own specimens and collections."

Mr. Walker's later years were not so strenuous as those of his early and middle business life. He gradually contracted his activities, devoting himself largely to conducting toward a conclusion the business of the Land and Building Company whose affairs had occupied him for more than thirty years.

His interest in and labors for the University, however, suffered no diminution. In 1894 he gave \$2,500 for new cases for the Museum collections. Soon after he was requested by the President to ask Silas B. Cobb in a special exigency for \$15,000 and immediately reported that Mr. Cobb would give the money. He frequently added to the Museum collections and library. Mrs. Walker gave lots at Morgan Park valued at \$3,000. He was busy on the plans for the house of the President of the University. He spent much time in securing the vacation of streets on the observatory site at Lake Geneva, in building houses for the astronomers, and in locating and erecting the Observatory. He particularly concerned himself with the University's system of accounting, with its investments, and with the management of its funds.

Mr. Walker's death occurred on April 12, 1905. He had spent the preceding months in the south and at Atlantic City. Reaching home he presented himself the same day at his office. He was in good spirits and in apparently good health, telling Mr. J. F. Connery that they would undertake no serious work that day, but that he would return the next day ready for business. On reaching the office the next morning, Mr. Connery was called to the telephone and told that Mr. Walker had passed away. He had died suddenly, but quietly, of heart failure. I have spoken on a previous page of Mr. Walker's early connection with the church and of his exclusion for refusing to agree to give up dancing parties. He regarded himself as having been treated foolishly and unjustly, became alienated from the church and for many years may, perhaps, be said to have led a worldly life. But during the last twenty years of his life we find him again closely connected with the church of his youth. He never ceased to feel that he had been hardly dealt with and could not bring himself to ask for or accept restoration. He was the

warm friend and generous helper of Dr. George C. Lorimer. He had a pew in the Immanuel Baptist Church and was a regular attendant on the morning service, though he lived nearly two miles away. When Dr. Johnston Myers came to the pastorate, Mr. Walker told him that whenever he needed anything for the work of the church to come to him and sometimes rebuked him for not coming oftener. For fifteen years the pastor felt fortified and safe in his large work by the knowledge that Mr. Walker was behind him. The sermons that interested and pleased him were the most spiritual gospel messages the pastor could preach. On hearing one of them he would seek the minister out and say, "That was most helpful." His pastor tells me that it was his custom to read a chapter of Scripture with his wife every night and pray before retiring. I well recall a statement he made to me which was this: "I never lay my head on my pillow at night without earnestly praying for God's blessing on President Harper and the University." His last act was this of prayer. On the last night of his life he read a chapter and prayed with his wife, as his custom was, and retired to his own room to sleep. As he did not appear in the morning, they went to his room and found him apparently sleeping quietly with his hand under his head. An hour later they found him in the same easy position. It was difficult to believe that he was dead. Thus quietly, in the hours of sleep following his last prayer, he passed away. This is the sequel to the story of his early profession of religion, and demonstrates how certainly wise treatment then would have given Mr. Walker's whole life to the church and the Kingdom of God.

On hearing of his death the Administrative Board of the Museum of the University held a meeting and adopted a warm tribute of admiration and affection, saying, among other things:

Mr. Walker became, in a special sense, the founder and patron saint of the University's museums.

We desire to record our admiration of the many other noble sympathies and generous endeavors that characterized the life of our patron. We rejoice that three score years and ten were allotted to him for active participation in the world's higher work and that these were crowned by so many enduring tokens of his broad interest in the welfare of his fellow-beings.

While we profoundly mourn his loss, we are gratified that generous health and unrestrained activity were granted him to the last, and that the end came as a peaceful sleep.

It will ever be a source of grateful remembrance that we have been permitted to be, in some sense, associates and participants in the noble endeavors of a noble life.

A special meeting of the Board of Trustees of the University was held on the day following Mr. Walker's death, April 13, 1905. Perhaps this

sketch may appropriately close with the statement which I then wrote and which was adopted and entered on the record and sent to Mr. Walker's family.

The Trustees record with profound sorrow the death of Mr. George C. Walker, a member of the Board for nearly fifteen years. From the very beginning of the effort to establish the University in 1889, Mr. Walker manifested a warm and generous interest in the undertaking. The very first \$5,000 contribution was made by him. He was one of the men with whom those charged with seeking subscriptions counselled, and from whom they received helpful suggestions.

When the time arrived for choosing a Board of Trustees for the University, his name was one of the first agreed upon. His standing in the business community, his liberal spirit and profound interest in the work of higher education all pointed him out as one of the men to whom the care of the new University should be intrusted.

As a Trustee, his devotion to this great public enterprise has been sincere, generous, and ever increasing. He gave to it the library property and Walker Hall at Morgan Park, and afterward the Walker Museum on the University Quadrangles, and many minor contributions. The total of his gifts to the University exceeds \$150,000. But large as have been Mr. Walker's gifts of money and property, his contributions of time, thought, attention, counsel, and effort have been of still greater value.

He has given to the accounts and finances the long-continued and most useful attention of an expert.

For several years he was chairman of the Committee on Buildings and Grounds.

In every effort to secure funds he has given the President most valuable advice and active assistance, securing gifts from his friends by personal solicitation or adding his own contributions.

He carried the University constantly in his heart. It would be difficult to overstate his interest in its welfare. It was his own declaration that he never laid his head on his pillow at night without earnestly invoking the blessing of God on the University of Chicago.

In Mr. Walker's death the University has lost an invaluable friend and benefactor. The Board of Trustees has lost one of its most zealous, faithful, and useful members. His memory will long be cherished by his fellow-trustees as a genial and faithful fellow-worker, and by all the friends of the University as one who gave the institution most liberal benefactions and most unselfish and useful service.

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From an engraving by Geo. E. Perine, New York

CHARLES JEROLD HULL

CHARLES JEROLD HULL

This is a strange story of an unusual sort of man. It will seem a fiction of the writer's imagination, but it is, in fact, an authentic record of the life of Charles J. Hull, for whom Hull-House is named. The story is told because, as will appear, the name of Mr. Hull is written large in the history of the University of Chicago.

He traced his ancestry back to Rev. Joseph Hull, graduate of Oxford, rector in the Church of England, whose leanings toward dissent brought him with "a considerable flock of his people" to the New World in 1635. This body of immigrants, known as "Hull's Colony," received a grant of land on the south shore of Boston Bay. The town, in memory of the old home from which they had come, soon exchanged its Indian name of Wessaguscus for that of Weymouth. A century and a quarter later descendants of Joseph Hull were people of substance living on the large island of Conanicut in Narragansett Bay, and it is said that a house still stands on this island, burned by the British in the Revolutionary War, but later rebuilt, and known as the "Old Hull Place." A small neighboring island known as Prudence was owned by the Slocums, but this was so devastated by the English that the family never returned to it. A son of the Hulls, Robert, and a daughter of the Slocums, Sarah, married, and these were Charles J. Hull's grandparents. His father, Benjamin, married Sarah Morley, and Charles was born March 18, 1820, "in a little, rough house once a cooper shop" on the corner of his grandfather Morley's farm in Manchester, Connecticut, twelve miles east of Hartford. The mother died a few weeks after his birth, and the father migrated to Ohio, which was then a far west and pioneer country. The family, on both sides, seems to have fallen on evil times. The grandfather, Robert Hull, with his wife, had settled on a farm near Castile, Wyoming County, New York, about fifty miles southeast of Buffalo. To them, it does not appear just when or how, the young Charles was committed, perhaps by the father on his migration westward. The son saw him but once thereafter, in 1839, and then had to seek him out in his Ohio home, where he died in 1853.

The orphaned boy was welcomed into the home of his grandparents, who lavished upon him the tenderest affection and the most devoted

care. This love and devotion he returned in full measure. The grandmother was evidently the forceful member of the family. They were all curiously illiterate, but Mr. Hull always spoke of his grandmother in terms of extraordinary appreciation, as beautiful, physically, mentally, and morally, a noble woman.

At seventy-five her movements were graceful, her voice clear and musical, her hair glossy and soft, her eyes large, dark, and bright, and her skin as white, soft, and beautiful as a child's. . . . She scarcely learned to read, yet she had strong sense, was a faithful wife and good mother; she was strong-willed, courageous, and lion-hearted, and yet she was always tender and motherly. . . . Her influence is always with me and blessed be her name forever. I owe her for my very life.

The grandfather was an honest, kind, hard-working farmer, who, to add to the insufficient income from the farm, made his house a country tavern in which, as was the universal custom, whiskey was sold. The boy was brought up on the farm and behind the bar.

When he was fifty-six years old Mr. Hull wrote an account of his early experiences in school:

Fifty years ago this summer, I think, I was sent to school to learn the Alphabet. I was a wild, rough, barefooted, bare-headed, restless, human animal. Being placed on a slab bench, without back . . . I soon forgot the dignity of the place and whistled. The crime was charged upon me and a cloud of small witnesses stood ready to testify. . . . I indignantly denied the accusation. But the proof was conclusive . . . and I was flogged. I went home, reported, and was told that I need not go to school any more. I had a rest then for about three or four years, when it was decided that I must be taught to write. A sheet of foolscap paper was purchased, folded and pinned together so as to make four leaves, and I was sent to school with instructions to write two pages a day. At the end of four days I returned the paper for inspection and it was nearly a solid ink blot. The ruling member of the family then decided that it was wholly useless to send me to school; that I never could learn anything, and I was put into the tavern to tend bar. But fate seemed determined that I should not be let off in that easy manner, and when I was about fourteen another spasm to educate me took possession of my dear old grandmother, and my grandfather's Bible, the only book I ever knew him to own, was put into my hand, and I was sent back to the log schoolhouse to get an education.

As he had a Bible he was called up with the Testament class. The boy was naturally ashamed to confess that he could not read and when called upon was silent. The teacher, who was a "fiery Irishman," gave him two or three chances and, knowing nothing of his utter illiteracy, supposed him simply obstinate and defiant and, after threatening to whip him within an inch of his life if he did not obey and read his verse, gave him still another chance, going so far as to read the

verse and ask him to repeat it. He could not remember it even then and received the worst kind of a licking. He went home and showed his arms and back. He says, "That was the last day I was sent to school. Two years later I pushed out on my own account in pursuit of knowledge."

Meantime, however, he had developed a remarkable aptitude for business. The bar of the tavern had been turned over to him two or three years before this time, and he had conducted the business of selling whiskey with so much success that when he reached the age of fourteen the sign of the tavern was changed to his name. The farm had unfortunately been mortgaged, "and it was only by the aid of his tireless zeal that the old people were able to redeem it." He was the business manager of farm and tavern. This continued for three years, until he was seventeen.

Then came a change of which he wrote:

The old "Hull Tavern" in Castile, near Perry, was the resort of horse-traders, horse-racers, drunkards, and gamblers on a small scale. In 1837, while it was conducted without a license, in my name, a horse trade and a row occurred one night in the bar-room. One of the parties feeling aggrieved, the next day had me arrested for selling liquor without license. I paid his claim for damages, his attorney's fees, court costs, etc., and was released. From that day until this (1875), I have been a teetotaler, including tea and coffee.

All this so disgusted him that, despite the protests of his grandparents, he tore down the sign which bore his name. Not only did he become a teetotaler, but he entered on a life-long temperance crusade. Nearly forty years later he wrote, "I immediately began to think and work in a feeble way for the rescue of others. I do not remember a single week since that time in which I have not done some work in that direction."

That was, however, not the only or the principal change wrought in him in that momentous year. His mind seemed to have a new birth. He was illiterate, and all at once his intellectual needs became revealed to him and drove him into a passion of mental application. It was the transforming crisis of his life and almost overnight changed the boy into a man and awoke in him an unquenchable ambition for an education. Having unusual natural endowments, he quickly taught himself reading, writing, and spelling, and then applied himself to mathematics. The arithmetic of that day he mastered in fourteen weeks, carrying a copy of the multiplication table—while following the plow—in his hat, for easy reference. He then entered the district school and applied himself with such diligence that at the end of three months he was engaged

to teach a nearby country school. The attainments of some of his pupils were in advance of his own, and he worked early and late to meet their needs. He engaged a private instructor to hear his recitations in new studies and assist him in advanced work. During several years of teaching, his private studies included algebra, surveying, Latin, and law. His grandfather was now, in 1840, seventy-five years old, and much of the heavy work of the farm fell on the twenty-year-old grandson. He was accustomed to rise very early, do the chores, go to the house of his tutor and recite to him, often before he was out of bed, and hasten to the schoolhouse, where he made the fire and swept out before the pupils arrived. "Having taught the lessons, mended the quill pens, and kept order with an ingenuity and gentleness of discipline unusual in those days, he hurried home, took the horses which his grandfather had hitched to the plow for him, and worked till dark." Or, if plowing was not needed, other work kept him busy as long as he could see. This was followed by study or by speaking in the country debating societies, in which he was a conspicuous figure for ten miles round.

In 1841, at the age of twenty-one, he began a contract as teacher of the village school in Perry, "to teach the school summer and winter for three years consecutively." Perry was ten or twelve miles from his grandfather's home. He began with fourteen pupils and ended the first term with sixty-five.

At the close of this period of teaching he entered the academy at Lima in the adjoining county of Livingston, where he continued his studies for a year and a half. His experience at Lima gave conclusive evidence of the extraordinary progress he had made in the six years since he first awoke to the value of an education. After a few months he was teaching some studies in the academy while still being taught in others. Part of his support while at the academy was earned by doing odd jobs about the village.

In the summer of 1839, when nineteen years old, Mr. Hull had made a curious journey. What moved him to make it is uncertain. Did he wish to meet his father, whom he had not seen since his infancy? Did he desire simply to see something of the world beyond his home county? Or was the lure of the New West beginning to exercise its fascination over him? However strongly he was moved by any or all of these things, the journey was undoubtedly the result of that intellectual and spiritual awakening which had begun the year before and was still the controlling force in his life. Providing himself with a

horse, doubtless from the farm, he rode south into Pennsylvania and west through Ohio, where he saw his father, through Indiana and Illinois, finally reaching Chicago. Although at that time Chicago was only a village of about 4,000 people and had not yet recovered from the disastrous panic of 1837, young Hull, with the unerring business instinct he possessed, at once decided that it should be his future home.

It was while he was in the academy at Lima that he met the young woman who was to become his wife, Melicent A. C. Loomis, of whom it was said: "She seems to have had all her life that nameless charm which takes captive all hearts." Long after her death friends spoke of her as "the loveliest of women." The young man himself was a personable, gifted, and ambitious youth. They were mutually attracted, became engaged, and were married in 1846.

Carrying out the purpose formed seven years before, Mr. Hull took his wife to Chicago and there made his home for the rest of his life. He was twenty-six years old. Though Chicago as a real town was younger than he was, it had been incorporated as a city. Its population, however, was only 14,000. It was still only an overgrown village with few public improvements. No railroad from the east had yet reached it. The western terminus of the Michigan Central was sixty-six miles east, at New Buffalo, and the road was not extended to Chicago until six years later. Fort Dearborn with its reservation still occupied what is now the most valuable business part of the city. The public schools employed only thirteen teachers. No real estate boom had yet followed the disastrous panic of 1837. The city was in the stage of arrested development, waiting for the coming of the railroads.

It will be sufficiently evident from the story as already told that when Mr. Hull reached Chicago he was without means. It does not appear how he raised the funds to marry a wife and transport her and himself to their new home, nor by what route they came, whether by boat from Buffalo or by rail to New Buffalo and thence by stage. One cannot but admire the courage of a man who, without means, could take his wife seven hundred miles to a new and strange city, where no business opening awaited him, but where he must immediately find employment in order to live. Quite illiterate up to eighteen, a farmer boy and a bartender, with the slenderest preparation a country-school teacher for a few years, a student in a village academy for a year and a half, the prospects could hardly be called bright for him in a small western city whose future was still uncertain. While he felt absolute

confidence in himself he does not appear to have had any definite plan of procedure. At this period of his life he was an opportunist and proposed to avail himself of whatever offered. He accepted the first opening that presented itself and became clerk in a hardware store while looking for something better.

Mr. Hull had an extraordinary aptitude for business. His employer quickly discovered this and at the end of the first month proposed to double his salary; but Mr. Hull's alert intelligence had already discerned a business opening, and he began merchandising in a small way. It must have been a very small way at the outset, as he was quite without means, and he must very soon have begun to take large chances and have branched out in more than one direction. He conducted a store for general merchandise on Lake Street, but he also bought grain and shipped it east. In the course of three or four years he had accumulated a small fortune, amounting, it is said, to \$40,000, and seemed to have every prospect of large success. In 1849, however, disaster overtook him. Fire destroyed his store and his entire stock of goods. He had a cargo of grain in Buffalo and, compelled to sell by the Chicago disaster, a sudden fall in the price of wheat made the wreck of his business complete. Turning his assets into cash and collecting what was owing him, he paid his obligations and was ready to begin again, though once more without means.

He then made a surprising but entirely characteristic change.

Children had come to him, three of them, two boys and a girl. During these years he had given such time as he could find for it to the study of law, and after his business reverses he opened an office and began the practice of law, acquiring sufficient business for the support of his family. At the same time, feeling that a knowledge of medicine would be useful to him in legal practice, and being moved also by the fact that the members of his family were of delicate constitutions, he attended lectures in Rush Medical College, went through the course of study and in 1851 received the degree of M.D. from that institution. It is evident that the five years that had passed since his arrival in Chicago, devoted to business, to the study and practice of law, and to compassing a complete course in medicine, had been a period of extraordinary toil. And then came the surprising change. Having paid his debts and got his medical degree, instead of going on with his law practice he took his wife and three children, went to Cambridge, and entered the Harvard Law School. There he remained two years, working with his characteristic zeal and energy and enjoying the large

opportunities of self-improvement which that center of learning offered. As he had saved almost nothing from the wreck of his Chicago business the most rigid economy was necessary, and one wonders how he managed to support his family of five during the two years the law course required. He afterward referred to the Harvard experience as "a scuffle with poverty." But Mr. Hull was an unusual man and without doubt found methods of adding to his income of which other men would not have thought. He graduated from the Law School in 1853 at the age of thirty-three. He then did another surprising and characteristic thing. He proceeded to Washington and applied for admission to the bar of the United States Supreme Court and was admitted on motion of the Hon. Reverdy Johnson. Returning to Chicago he resumed the practice of law with such immediate success that within a few months, by March, 1854, in addition to supporting his family and paying a small debt incurred at Harvard, he had saved a thousand dollars. This thousand dollars has a peculiar significance in the story of his life from the fact that the use he made of it eventually diverted him from the law to real estate and to the career of buying and improving and selling land. He had purchased a piece of land in the west division of Chicago for \$10,000 and, with his savings making the first payment on it, he subdivided and sold it almost immediately. He then bought a second tract, which within three days after its purchase was also subdivided and on record and offered for sale. Real estate was still a side issue, however, and the law was his real business, with an evidently increasing practice. With all these irons in the fire he must have been a busy man. He had an extraordinary faculty for turning off business without seeming absorbed by it. During the period in which all these things were occupying his time and attention, a lady was visiting at his house and relates that "there was no talk of business, but that she was entertained, taken to drive," and received every attention.

Mr. Hull much enjoyed the practice of law, and, though he gave it up as a calling, his real estate business sometimes gave him important cases of his own, which he himself conducted. In 1872 he wrote: "I have spent the entire week in court watching the R. R. Co. in its efforts to appropriate by condemnation. . . . They have not reached our Block 34 and if our cases are not disposed of soon I don't know but I shall resume the practice of the law, for the old love returns and breaks out all over me." From all the evidence that can be obtained it seems clear that Mr. Hull had gifts that would have made him very

successful in the legal profession; but he had equal or greater gifts for business, and he finally devoted himself to the latter.

The writer of these pages saw Mr. Hull only once or twice and does not recall any acquaintance with him, but his remembrance of him corresponds, in some degree, to the following description of him by one who knew him well:

Mr. Hull was five feet eleven inches in height and seemed taller; of fine proportions, erect and broad shouldered; of most elastic step and motion, with massive head, very fair skin, perfect white teeth, brown hair, beaming, brown eyes, and a mouth where tenderness and mirth softened the expression of unconquerable firmness. Some years later than this he was—as he continued through all the changes wrought by years—the grandest-looking man the writer has seen. There was, moreover, a largeness of nature, a buoyancy, an unspoiled simplicity of heart, an air of being invulnerable to petty annoyances or fears, and of indifference to low aims which made his presence strongly tonic.

It is not impossible that this is the description of a friend prejudiced in his favor, and that one who saw him once or twice without really knowing him would receive a slightly different impression of him; but he certainly was of a striking and imposing appearance. He would have attracted attention in any company. There was about him an air of distinction, and it is not too much to say of him that his abilities were as pronounced as his appearance suggested they would be.

I have called Mr. Hull an unusual man. He was more than that. He was uniquely unusual. He cannot be classified. He was *sui generis*. There was no one like him.

The first Sunday after he arrived in Chicago in 1846, without means and without employment, he found his way to the old log jail in the courthouse square that he might meet, instruct, and encourage any prisoners he might find there. The authorities refused him admission. Not being the sort of man to be daunted by difficulties he spoke to the imprisoned men through a hole in the door, gave them a message of encouragement, and promised to return the following Sunday. How soon the doors were opened to him does not appear, but his Sunday visits continued. Then and ever afterward he took a deep interest in criminals. He became known as their friend. While men were confined he visited, taught, sympathized with, and encouraged them, and when they were released, advised them, helped them, and found employment for them. After the Bridewell was built he made his way to it every Sunday morning for many years and gave systematic moral and religious instruction to the inmates. These visits continued until the destruction of the Bridewell by fire in 1871, soon after which his

business took him to Baltimore for some years and later to other places, where the same work was done by him for many years thereafter. Dr. Collyer, the well-known pastor of the Unitarian Church on the North Side, Chicago, wrote of Mr. Hull:

I've got a collegiate pastor, if that is the right name. He preaches for nothing and "finds" himself; also, to some extent finds his congregation, and altogether, for a poor church in want of cheap but most capital preaching, is as desirable a man as can be found. He called and settled himself and this is the way he did it. Two or three years ago I began to notice him in church. He always came late, always appeared as if he had been running, got in generally as sermon time came, and so—as I knew no facts to account for this peculiarity—I naturally got up a theory—that he was one of your modern philosophers, who had got beyond such trifles as prayer and singing—not to mention the Bible lesson—intended to get in just when what the Scotch sexton called the "preleemoneeries" were over, but being in addition to his other excellencies a superb sleeper, especially of a Sunday morning, rather overdid it every time, and so had to run for it. It is no matter how I found out my mistake and that I had a colleague. What I have to repeat is a sketch of one of his sermons. In laying out work for the Liberal Christian League, started in Unity Church a short while ago, one committee was to see after the cause and cure of intemperance, and my friend was put on it. When they met it was found this man's little finger was thicker than all their loins upon that question. It was determined therefore to ask him to speak to the church. He spoke on Sunday night and the first sentence in his address cleared up the mystery of his being late at meeting. He said: "I came to this city twenty-one years ago. The day after I arrived I went to visit the public schools and the prison. On the Sunday I went to the Bridewell and spoke to the inmates—a custom I've kept up steadily down to eleven o'clock this morning." For the last eight years he has been absent from his post only a dozen times. Every Sunday morning he goes to the Bridewell bright and early, has his meeting, gets through about eleven, and then has to run to reach church in time for the sermon.

For a time about twenty teachers labored with him in the Bridewell, but gradually all dropped off till John V. Farwell and Mr. Hull alone were left to divide the work between them.

Mr. Hull did not preach to the prisoners. He spoke to them on such subjects as,

"Fate and Luck," on "Self-Reliance," on "Compensation," on "Law," on "Poverty," on "Secrets," as wisely and well as if judges and savants sat before him, not as if they were branded men. If he referred to their past it was to say, for instance, "My mission among you is not to pry into your antecedents, not to talk of what has taken place heretofore. For, we are dead as to yesterday and not born as to tomorrow. I am here to talk to you of today. We must take advantage of today to learn lessons which will benefit us when tomorrow comes." He implored them to "be men all over—head, heart, will, and conscience."

In the Baltimore prison, where for years he continued the same sort of work, he said to audiences: "Not a man in Maryland is poorer than

I was twenty years ago. I had not so much as would buy a cracker for my wife and child. Will you change your condition when you emerge from here?" He told them to come and see him on their release, and he would do what he could for them. They were fed, lodged, helped. Mr. Hull became known as "The Prisoners' Friend." He was sometimes imposed upon, once robbed by men he had befriended in prison, yet many times he had the joy of knowing he had encouraged and helped men to a new start and a better and happier life.

He began this self-denying and heroic service and continued it through the years when fortune smiled upon him and he was a man of large wealth, because he felt that it was a work to which God had called him.

His interest was not confined to inmates of prisons. He was just as deeply and sincerely interested in the victims of intemperance. He was sometimes called the "Father" of the Washingtonian Home. This refuge for the intemperate was founded in Chicago in 1863. Its aim was to reclaim and save. Mr. Hull is said to have been the first contributor to its funds. When it was organized, with some of the leading men of the city among its trustees, he was made chairman of the Board. Lots were purchased and a building erected on Madison Street looking north on Union Park. At the end of five years, in 1868, Mr. Hull wrote:

When I stated at the opening of the last anniversary exercises at the Washingtonian Home that at the Anniversary of this year the association should be free from debt, I was told by several directors that the promise was too great, that it would be impossible to pay the debts in one year. . . . I have been censured for reducing the number of inmates and for enforcing such rigid and ceaseless economy, but I now offer in defense of my program \$20,000 worth of unencumbered real estate, \$4,000 worth of furniture, and a state endowment, which, together with the regular income of the institution . . . will maintain an average of seventy-five patients. I have labored fully five years to get the home into this condition. It has done good work and will be a great blessing in the future. May I not at the end of this year cease to be its father and turn my attention to some other enterprise? I desire to do something for the colored people . . . of the South.

Prisoners, drunkards, emancipated slaves—these three classes seem to have offered a rather large field for the philanthropic labors of a man of business; but they were far from exhausting the sympathies of this quite extraordinary man. I find him nowhere so attractive as in the interest he manifested in newsboys and bootblacks. He not only conducted a very large real estate business but grew rich in doing it. The glimpses we get of the circumstances under which he carried it on make us wonder

how he did it at all; for it was in his office that he gathered the boot-blacks and newsboys and there became their friend, instructor, and financial adviser and helper. "For many years the apple barrel, crackerbox, and store of gingerbread stood open to the fraternity, as well as to the ex-convict and other unfortunates, and they were emptied fast, as the personal entries show. One item I have noted of \$13, on one day for gingerbread alone." Many a hungry newsboy who had heard the rumor thrust his face inside the door and asked, "Be this Hull's Hash House?" Mr. Hull brought in benches to accommodate his visitors. In the evening, with the help of the ladies of his family, he taught the boys arithmetic, singing, and the like. The list of these pupils and wards showed so often the residence "nowheres" that he was moved to help them to their first lodging-house. This was one of the beginnings of the Chicago Newsboys' Home.

Their liability to "get broke" at times led to his establishment of a loan fund. Not only in Chicago, but in Baltimore, where he spent several years, his office was the headquarters of these waifs of the street. Incidents like the following happened, without doubt hundreds of times:

Three newsboys are playing marbles under the table, and a little Italian match-seller is drying her clothes at the heater. She has lost ten cents and dare not go home. I will make her cash account right. How much children do suffer! Is there no remedy? One of the boys under the table is extremely cross-eyed, ill shaped, chews tobacco, cheats, lies, swears, and is generally devilish. I hardly know how to manage the little fellow, but I believe I am gaining on him. He is sharp in business and hardly ever gets broke. When he does fail I give him money enough to buy a new stock. Today one of my smallest boys came in entirely "strapped." I gave him four cents and induced "cross-eyes" to loan him one. He bought ten penny papers, paid off the loan and has nine cents for the evening trade. My ill-fated boy has no confidence in anybody, and he would not let the money go out of his hand until I promised to repay it if Jack did not. Maybe I can reach him in this way, induce him to make loans to the other boys until he has *faith*.

And this was a man involved in vast transactions, conducting a great business in half a dozen cities, and accumulating a fortune! The story of this man's life is well-nigh incredible, and I have not exhausted the record of his philanthropic interest.

His heart went out toward the emancipated colored men. The Civil War was hardly over before he began to make his plans to help them. The scene of his most prolonged and ambitious effort was Savannah, Georgia. Shanties not worth \$50.00 were rented to negro families for \$10.00 a month. "No one would sell a lot to them." Mr. Hull bought tracts of land in the outskirts of the city and began to

encourage colored men to buy and build and own their own homes. It is said that he gained the respect and good-will of prominent business men and citizens of the city and state. An assistant in his office writes:

He began with the very poorest and most ignorant. Scarcely a man to whom he sold a lot this first winter (1869-70) had a dollar when he made his purchase. But with the loan of courage and money from Mr. Hull many got up comfortable cottages. . . . Mr. Robt. C.— when Mr. Hull met him on the street and took him to his office, had not a dollar; his old coat and pants hung in strips and were skewered together with wooden pins. . . . Mr. Hull helped him with his own hands to build the little house. . . . Shortly after R. C. was earning \$60 per month, his daughter was in school, his wife well dressed, and the house enlarged. . . . Mr. Hull went one morning, a mile from the office, paint pot in hand, to R. C.'s house and painted the front door and casing before R. C. was up. Paints, a brush, and lime were offered to all who would paint or whitewash their houses and fences. They were advised how to purchase and repair their shoes and clothes, and when he showed them how to use the trowel, the hammer, and the paint brush his energy showed them how to put three days' work into one. No payments were required till the lumber and workmen's bills were paid, then weekly or monthly installments, often less than the man's previous house rent, were expected. . . . Before spring he had the pleasure of seeing about thirty families in their own homes. A long college vacation enabled his daughter to spend the winter, as she did once again, zealously helping him. At other times the cousin, Miss Helen Culver, did the same. Indeed these ladies . . . whether there or elsewhere, were his main dependence, working in the same spirit with him. In 1871 two night schools were established, one at the office with 365 names on the roll, five nights a week, taught three nights by Mr. Hull and Miss Culver alone; the other two, with the assistance of Mr. Hull's local agent, who the first three nights conducted another school in the suburbs. The schools were free and all necessary implements were furnished.

This most philanthropic missionary work resulted in "the first free colored school ever established in the state." Mr. Hull in telling of the meeting which established this school wrote: "Mr. Robt. C.— in his black broad-cloth suit, as Chairman of the meeting and President of the Board of Education, has greatly changed in appearance since you first saw him. . . . Miss Culver reports 91 houses on these places." In January, 1872, he wrote:

Our schools are prosperous. . . . The office is closely seated with short benches that we stow away during the day, but we are not able to accommodate all that come. There are more than three hundred names on the roll and a clamor for new admissions. The schools increase the labor of the enterprise very much, but it is all most cheerfully borne. Miss Culver and Mr. T. work at the business during the day and five nights each week in the school. The school is one of the best thoughts in our work here.

He also worked five nights in the school each week. I call attention again to this man of large wealth and this cultivated woman, Miss Culver, toiling all day in the business of helping these poor and ignorant

black men to acquire a piece of ground and a home of their own and then giving their evenings to teaching them and their children.

This work for colored people became a permanent part of Mr. Hull's business in Savannah and other southern cities. As a result of it many hundreds of families in Savannah alone owned their homes. The time came when one of the city papers stated that a larger proportion of blacks than of whites own their homes in Savannah, and a larger proportion than anywhere else in the South.

Mr. Hull wrote in 1878: "I have always had faith in a division of property. I have tried to bring a slice of the earth within the reach of the poorest family. This I have done as far as possible." And again in 1880 he wrote:

Can paupers be good citizens? Can a landless people be patriotic? Is it safe for a nation to allow the masses of the people to remain non-landholders? Is not land the natural heritage of the tiller of the soil? If he cannot own a homestead, will he not become a restless, troublesome citizen? . . . Land is the natural wealth of a nation and when it is not distributed discontent and revolution will come.

It was these convictions that determined and directed the life-business of Mr. Hull. In the choice of the business he would follow and in the conduct of it he was moved by philanthropy and patriotism, both alike sincere and enlightened. I find no other explanation of his extraordinary career. He did not fall into that business by accident. He had a profession for which he had prepared himself at great cost, and for success in which his prospects were unusually bright. He loved it and deliberately left it, left it for a business to which he felt called by convictions he did not wish to resist. That business was in its nature the same which we have seen him conducting in Savannah. The Savannah enterprise was only an illustration on a small scale of the work to which he gave his life for thirty-five years.

That work was to encourage and assist poor men, laboring-men, to become property owners, to secure homes of their own. For their own sake and for the sake of their country he wanted to help them to become landholders and householders. After living for a time in a house on the corner of State and Adams streets, Chicago, and later on the site of the old Chamber of Commerce, corner of Washington and La Salle streets, in 1855-56 he built a handsome house on the block at the corner of Polk and Halsted streets, the old Hull homestead, which later became a part of that famous Chicago institution, Hull-House.

In *Twenty Years at Hull-House* Miss Jane Addams writes:

Sunday afternoon in the early spring (1889) on the way to a Bohemian Mission in the carriage of one of its founders, we passed a fine old house standing well back from the street, surrounded on three sides by a broad piazza which was supported by wooden pillars of exceptionally fine Corinthian design and proportion. I was so attracted by the house that I set forth to visit it the very next day.

This was the old Hull homestead which, by the death of his wife and children, had ceased to be a home and had passed to business uses. Miss Addams found that the lower part of it was being used for offices and storerooms in connection with a factory back of it. "Before it had been occupied by the factory it had sheltered a second-hand furniture store, and at one time the Little Sisters of the Poor had used it for a home for the aged."

The tract of land on which Mr. Hull built his home, acquired in 1854, was one of the first purchases he made in beginning the great enterprise of his life. It was followed in the course of years by many others in various parts of the city. These subdivisions, about twenty in all, he divided up into small lots and sold to poor men who wished to build homes, or he built the houses and sold them the houses and lots on easy terms. He conducted active campaigns among them to persuade them to make the great venture of becoming owners of their homes. He achieved immediate and large success and was encouraged to extend his operations. In 1856 he was thirty-six years old. He had little capital and slight business experience. Young, of a sanguine disposition, urged on by high hopes of accomplishing a great mission, and encouraged by large temporary success, he apparently went to the limit of his credit in purchasing lands and making new subdivisions in Chicago. In the midst of these very large operations he was overtaken and overwhelmed by the disastrous panic of 1857. Mr. Colbert, in *Chicago and the Great Conflagration*, says:

The effects on the real estate market were fearful, and the building business suffered correspondingly. The depreciation of prices in corner lots was great in the winter of 1857, but it was much greater in 1858 and 1859, as payments matured which could not be met. A large proportion of the real estate in the city had been bought on "canal time," one-quarter down and the balance in one, two, and three years. The purchasers had depended on a continual advance in values to meet those payments and found that they could not even sell at a ruinous sacrifice. Great numbers of workers left the city for want of employment, and those who remained were obliged to go into narrowed quarters to reduce expenses. This caused a great many residences and stores to be vacated and brought about a reduction in rents on those still occupied, which impoverished even those who were able to hold on to their property.

Many hundreds of lots and houses were abandoned by those who had made only partial payments, and the holders of mortgages needed no snap-judgment to enable them to take possession. A stop was at once put to the erection of buildings. Several blocks were left unfinished for years and some were never finished by the original owners.

This panic brought down on Mr. Hull an avalanche of debt. A business associate of after years writes: "He held a large amount of unencumbered property, but his outstanding notes for later purchases amounted, I think he has said, to \$1,500,000—more than the whole would bring at the current valuation." He was urged by his creditors and lawyers to go into bankruptcy, but he abhorred repudiation of debts in all its forms and refused to get rid of his obligations in any other way than their payment in full. He struggled on under crushing burdens, selling at almost any sacrifice, getting his notes extended, and at the end of five years was able to write:

I have now my business matters in shape so that I can see my way clear through them. Within the last twelve months I have paid nearly \$400,000 of my indebtedness. I sold rather more than \$1,000,000 worth of real estate in order to pay that sum. I owe about \$150,000 still, which I am endeavoring to pay.

This struggle lasted nearly or quite ten years before he freed himself from debt and once more got fairly on his feet. He often said that those ten years took the hair off his head.

They may well have done this, for in addition to these business disasters they brought him the most grievous domestic afflictions. The youngest of his three children, Louis Kossouth, born in 1852, died in childhood. In 1860, in the darkest days of his struggle against bankruptcy, he lost his wife. The oldest child was a son, Charles Morley. He entered the first University of Chicago in 1862 and graduated in 1866, just as he was entering manhood. He was a fine, capable, promising youth from whom his father hoped great things. In the fall of 1866 Chicago was visited with an epidemic of cholera, and the bright young life was ended in the course of a single day. A daughter remained, Fredrika Bremer, amiable, devout, talented. She was in full sympathy with her father's work and aided him in it; she was a student, traveled abroad, was given every advantage, and was most dear to her father's heart. She was his comfort and strength during the dark decade from 1857 to 1867 and lived until 1874.

During the dark years of combined bereavement and commercial disaster one great piece of good fortune came to Mr. Hull. His cousin Miss Helen Culver became a member of his family and eventually an associate in his business. Her childhood had been spent in Cat-

taragus County, New York, only a few miles from the village where Mr. Hull passed his early years.

After graduating from Randolph, New York, Academy she had migrated to Sycamore, Illinois, where for a year she conducted a private school. In 1854 she became principal of one of the primary schools of Chicago and continued to teach, advancing to the grammar and high school, until 1861. Forming a close friendship with Mrs. Hull she was constrained by that lady, who saw her own death drawing near in 1860, to promise to give up her teaching and assume the care of the children so soon to be left without a mother. This promise she faithfully kept, abandoned a profession in which she was most successful, and took charge of Mr. Hull's household. The call of patriotism took her in 1863 to Murfreesboro, Tennessee, where for some time she represented the United States Sanitary Commission in the military hospitals. Her genius for business soon revealed itself to Mr. Hull, and she became his business adviser and associate. Few men ever had a more competent one, a fact which he lost no opportunity to recognize. In reviewing the past in a letter to her dated December 20, 1874, he wrote:

Our work closes its minority today. It is twenty-one years since we bought block six, corner Polk Street and Center Avenue. The old organization is still working on the same principle as at its birth. . . . It has done a large work, and is capable of increase almost without limit. As far as I know, and to the best of my knowledge and belief, this is the only effort ever made to benefit and permanently elevate the poor generally, without contribution or taxation. It has behind it an idea or principle, which, if put in general operation, would entirely abolish pauperism and nearly uproot crime.

The intention of the enterprise is simply to distribute the unoccupied and now waste lands among the poor, and aid in their improvement. Upon the carrying out of this idea depends the general welfare of the whole people, and the stability of our government. The popular religion of the times, aided by our charitable institutions and benevolent associations, cannot counterbalance the mischievous results of concentrating the wealth of the country in a comparatively few families. If this process of concentration goes on extensively the poor will join in riot (their revolution) and level down from the top, by destroying the property of the rich. Our idea is to *level up from the bottom*, by giving the poor a fair chance to rise.

The great success of the undertaking is largely due to your energy, your steady, persistent labor, and your never-failing faith. You have stood hard at the helm, when I was almost tempted to go in out of the storm. Your keen womanly instinct and long-range spiritual vision caught the glimmer of the lighthouse, in the mist beyond my sight, at the end of the pier. Without your faith the work must have failed. I bless you; God will and the poor ought to.

Their joint work was conducted in many parts of the country. Miss Culver was with him in Savannah, where, as has been already

told, she toiled for the success of the enterprise literally day and night. Shortly after 1871 Mr. Hull established the business in Baltimore, where he spent much of his time for the next ten or twelve years, Miss Culver managing the manifold operations in Chicago. The business was extended to other parts of the country and was remarkably successful. Many thousands of poor men secured homes of their own, and Mr. Hull became more and more prosperous. The great object he had in mind was accomplished. The home owners, having a stake in the country, became more patriotic, desirable citizens. They added appreciably to the strength and solidarity of the Republic.

Inevitably, however, this question suggests itself: How did it happen that a business the objects of which were altruistic, philanthropic, patriotic, made its projector rich? There are two or three answers to this question. It was conducted on business principles. Mr. Hull did not believe that the way to help the poor was to give them something for nothing, to dispense charity to them. He wrote in 1877: "Gifts and loans demoralize and weaken the poor; they need tonics; their salvation is in providing for themselves. Work and economy are the needs of the poor." He believed that every man should pay par value for every dollar he got. His aim in life was to help the poor to help themselves. He expected them to pay full value for what he sold them. He did everything he could to enable them to do this. He encouraged them in industry and economy, gave them ample time to make payments, took no snap judgments on them, but insisted, for their sake as well as his own, that they should faithfully observe their covenants with him.

This does not account, however, for his own ultimate success in full. There was another element in the explanation. It was this. He had an extraordinary perception of real estate values. He knew when and where to buy and make an investment profitable. In 1868 he wrote from Nebraska:

I worked five days at Lincoln, "among the real estate," and one day for the benefit of the Church and Sabbath-school. I purchased forty acres adjoining the city on the south, ten acres extending within twelve hundred feet of the Capitol grounds on the east, and twenty acres near the University square adjoining the city on the north and eleven lots at the state sale.

The next year he visited Lincoln again and wrote:

I have been here at the state sale of lots and lands; the property has sold readily and at good prices. . . . The prices are a large advance over those of the fall sale, in some localities *several hundred per cent more*.

Such things as this explain his prosperity. In 1882, writing from Baltimore, he gave, without intending to do so, a luminous explanation of his business success:

How differently men see. . . . Two neighbors on Sunday afternoon wander into the suburbs of the city for an airing, and come upon an open block of ground. The one says he would like to have it as a pasture for his horse. The other calculates carefully its distance from the center of the city, and sees that the main avenue, when extended, will run through this ground. On Monday he buys it. Soon he gets the avenue extended, puts up a block of brown-stone fronts and makes a fortune, while his neighbor is still hunting a pasture for his horse.

It was this sort of prevision that led Mr. Hull to make purchases in Chicago of prairie lands through which such business streets as Halsted later ran. It was this sort of prevision as to land values that, while he was pursuing aims of noble altruism, led Mr. Hull to fortune.

The closing years of his life were shadowed by an insidious disease that did not incapacitate him for business but gave him assurance that he had not long to live. He busied himself in his affairs in various parts of the country. "He disregarded physicians' warnings that he must rest, met suffering, when it came, with heightened cheer and attentiveness to others, and so forbore all notice of it that near friends half doubted the marks of sickness which they saw." To one of these friends he wrote in December, 1886:

For your sake I wish your commission to me to be healed could be executed. But I think it cannot be done. I made up my mind some time ago that the thorn in my side is permanent, that it cannot be removed, and the less said about it the better. It ought to make me more patient and make me do better work.

He continued in the business harness, as he had desired to do, to the last. A sudden and, to his friends, quite unexpected change in his malady resulted in his death in Houston, Texas, February 12, 1889, just before his sixty-ninth birthday.

Mr. Hull left an estate of some millions of dollars. It had been accumulated during the period of Miss Culver's association with him in business. She had shared, perhaps equally with him, in the success that had been achieved. She had a perfect understanding of his purposes and plans. She sympathized with his ideals. There was no one else to whom he could bequeath the business with any hope of its continuing. He had unbounded confidence in her loyalty and ability. He was perfectly assured that she would make such use of the estate as he would approve, and he recognized the fact that she had had so large a part in acquiring it that it belonged to her as much as to him.

It fell therefore quite naturally to her, and the business, after his death, went on as before.

Mr. Hull regarded Chicago as his home, but his widely extended business kept him in other cities most of the time during the last twenty-two years of his life. The writer of this sketch is not able, from any personal acquaintance, to speak of his characteristics. He said of himself in 1868: "Want of education, unfavorable associations in early life, a resolute struggle with poverty, and an unconquerable will have brought me to this age with unpleasant characteristics."

Those who knew him best, however, said:

No notice of Mr. Hull would be complete which did not mention the radiant breakfast-table face, the regal courtesy of home, where an unkind or indifferent word or look was unknown. . . . His character was positive. His faults were virtues carried to excess. . . . His characteristics were all strongly marked. He had indomitable will, dauntless courage, absolute self-mastery, tireless persistence, patience, unqualified truthfulness and integrity, and the utmost openness and frankness in all relations, together with constantly bubbling humor and tenderness. He neither felt nor affected reserve regarding his emotions, laughing and weeping as readily as a child. . . . He passed through a strenuous business career entirely free from rancor. . . . Unusual as were his intellect and his energy—his benignity and all-embracing benevolence were his most marked traits—not the less so that his views and methods sometimes differed from those of other benevolent persons.

In line with the last clause of this quotation it may be said that Mr. Hull was deeply and sincerely religious, but in his religion also he differed from others. His whole life seems to show that he possessed the spirit of Jesus which is the essence of true religion, but he was far from holding the views he supposed the "orthodox" cherished.

One most interesting incident in Mr. Hull's life, not yet mentioned, belongs just here. Toward its end he published a book which he called *Reflections from a Busy Life*. I regret that it was not *Reminiscences of a Busy Life*, but it was what the title indicates—reflections. The reminiscences are valuable, but they are few and far between in the 320 pages of the book. The reflections seem to be excerpts from his letters—letters written for the most part to members of his family. They touch upon a thousand topics, are often very acute, and make an interesting book. He was an abolitionist who acted for the most part with the Republican party, being at one time mentioned for nomination as lieutenant governor of Illinois. He was a prohibitionist, advocating as early as 1867 what our country now has, national prohibition. He believed in woman suffrage when few others had thought of it.

He had pronounced opinions on the best way to help the poor, saying:

All charities, public and private, for the support of the poor, increase pauperism. They are nurseries of poverty and crime. If they were all blotted out of existence at once, our vast, idle, worthless population would soon become self supporting. Men cannot be helped by donations. It cripples a man to make him a receiver of favors. Make him work or starve.

Yet he invited his prison audiences to come to him when they were discharged, and they were fed, lodged, helped. At the same time he told them plainly: "If I give a strong, healthy man a dollar before he has earned it I do an injury to his very soul. I have done this hundreds of times, but I now know it was a wrong. I have no right to take away a man's incentive to work and help himself." Mr. Hull thoroughly tested both ways of helping the poor. His office was for years the recognized feeding-place of the hungry, with constant wholesale provision for them. His cellar was filled with coal which the needy were invited to take. The scale of his steady outlays, at one period of his life, is illustrated by the payment of \$95 at a time for hauling coal for the poor. He came through long experience to feel strongly that the only way really to help a man in need was to help him to help himself.

Mr. Hull had very pronounced views on theology. He attended Dr. Robert Collyer's Unitarian Church, was an admirer of Professor David Swing, and sympathized strongly with Dr. H. W. Thomas in his separation from the Methodist church. He had no use for what he understood to be orthodox views. In the *Reflections* he gave frequent expression to his views on questions of theology. In 1876 he wrote:

Teach men everywhere that the Universe is governed by law, and that the doctrine of substitution is a fable, and that there is no such thing as the forgiveness of sins; that our highest good demands that wrong doers should suffer, and thereby be made wiser and better; that we are now building day by day for the future, and that neither angels nor God can lift us out of ourselves, that grace and growth are elements of the soul, and never can be external.

In particular he combated the doctrines of substitution and the forgiveness of sins; and yet he writes: "Our Father in heaven is fast becoming to me a substantial, unseen, unchanging, quiet reality, beyond whose influence and parental care no child can wander. All are His, and none can ultimately be lost." Again he writes on faith: "There is promised to those who believe that their names shall be written in the Book of Life; blessed believers. Those who believe nothing, have no faith, hope for no future, must travel a dreary, dusty road."

In the later years of his life Mr. Hull became a trustee of the first University of Chicago and a vice-president of the Board of Trustees. It will be recalled that his son was a graduate of that institution. Mr. Hull became so much interested in the University that he arranged for a considerable bequest to it, and it was not until the institution had closed its doors finally in 1886 that these benevolent provisions were changed. Almost immediately after Mr. Hull's death Miss Culver began to form benevolent plans for the use of the estate which she knew would be approved by him. The first of these plans resulted in the organization of that world-famous institution, Hull-House. Miss Jane Addams began her settlement work in 1889, the year of Mr. Hull's death. Miss Culver recognized the value and promise of that work and in 1890 gave the settlement a lease of the house and the lots on which it stood, rent free for thirty years. The settlement took the name Hull-House, and a few years later Miss Culver gave the property to the Hull-House Association and has added from time to time contributions aggregating about \$170,000. To all this she has added her personal services as one of the trustees of the Association. Her gifts to good causes have been widely distributed, amounting since Mr. Hull's death to more than \$600,000 in addition to the great donation now to be mentioned.

At a meeting of the trustees of the University of Chicago held December 19, 1895, President Harper submitted a letter from Miss Culver in which she said:

It has long been my purpose to set aside a portion of my estate to be used in perpetuity for the benefit of humanity. The most serious hindrance to the immediate fulfillment of the purpose was the difficulty of selecting an agency to which I could entrust the execution of my wishes. After careful consideration I concluded that the strongest guaranties of permanent and efficient administration would be assured if the property were entrusted to the University of Chicago. Having reached this decision without consulting the University authorities, I communicated it to President Harper, with the request that he would call on me to confer concerning the details of my plan. After further consideration, I now wish to present to the University of Chicago property valued at \$1,000,000. . . . The whole gift shall be devoted to the increase and spread of knowledge within the field of the biological sciences. . . . Among the motives prompting this gift is the desire to carry out the ideas and to honor the memory of Mr. Charles J. Hull, who was for a considerable time a member of the Board of Trustees of the Old University of Chicago. I think it appropriate, therefore, to add the condition, that, wherever it is suitable, the name of Mr. Hull shall be used in designation of the buildings erected and of the endowments set apart in accordance with the terms of this gift.

The property deeded to the University by Miss Culver consisted of a large number of pieces of real estate, some of it vacant, but most

of it improved with dwellings, or with buildings used for business purposes. These properties, as they were sold, did not always realize the prices anticipated and the generous donor from time to time added considerable sums to her original donation, these sums aggregating \$253,700. From July 1, 1897, to June 30, 1913, the net income of the Fund was added to the principal. This addition amounted to \$294,201.34.

Four biological laboratories were erected: Botany, Zoölogy, Anatomy, and Physiology, forming an attractive quadrangle, the four buildings being connected by cloisters. These four laboratories are thus in effect under a single roof. Their cost, including equipment, was \$340,000, and was borne by the Helen Culver Fund. At the time this is written, the Fund, including the cost of the buildings, amounts to above \$1,100,000, about \$800,000 being endowment. The laboratories are called the Hull Biological Laboratories.

The University has not restricted its work in biology to the resources provided by the Helen Culver Fund. When, on account of the growth of the institution, the four laboratories of the Biological Group became inadequate to meet the demand for space, the Howard Taylor Ricketts Laboratory was built and equipped from other resources, at a cost of \$60,000, for the use of the Departments of Pathology and of Hygiene and Bacteriology. While the income from the Fund amounts to about \$35,000, the University expends above \$150,000 annually in conducting the work of the biological departments. About a thousand different students are enrolled each year. More than three hundred of these are pursuing graduate courses.

A member of the staff writes:

Besides providing a place where many thousand students have taken undergraduate courses in biology and thus prepared themselves for the study of medicine and other useful work, these laboratories have provided opportunity for the training of investigators who are devoting their lives to the advancement of science. Two hundred and forty-two students have here done work which has led to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy [March, 1919]. Each one of these has accomplished some piece of original investigation.

Very many investigators [more than a hundred are named] have found in the group of buildings around Hull Court the means of conducting extended researches which have constituted definite advances in our knowledge of biological, including medical, science.

Among these is Dr. Alexis Carrel, who began here the series of researches on surgery of the blood vessels and transplantation of organs which later resulted in the award to him of the Nobel prize, and who in the

Great War made discoveries in the treatment of wounds which are recognized as of the highest importance.

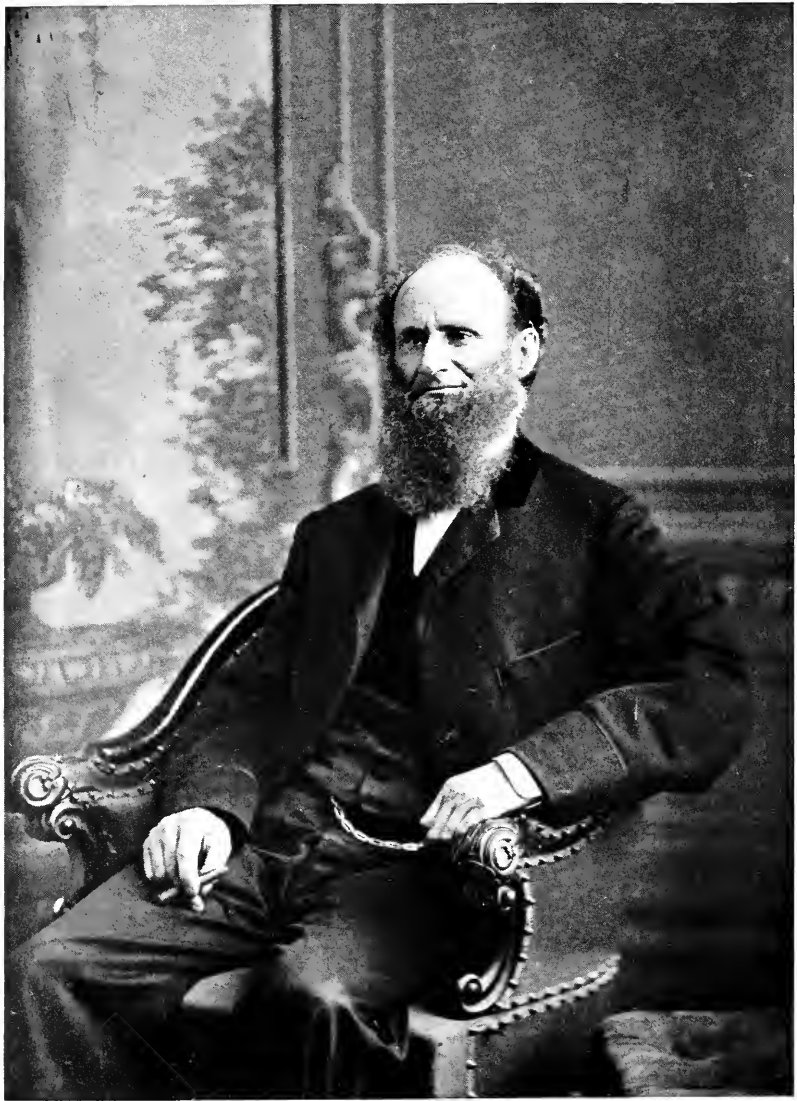
The Hull Biological Laboratories were dedicated on July 2, 1897. In presenting them to the University, Miss Culver, after referring to the desire of some strenuous natures that, as a result of their lives, power might "be transmitted to succeeding generations and an immortality of beneficent influence be secured," went on to say:

It was in obedience to such a driving power that provision for these buildings was made. Since it has fallen to me to conclude the work of another, you will not think it intrusive if I refer to the character and aim of the real donor. During a lifetime of close association with Mr. Hull I have known him as a man of tenacious purpose, of inextinguishable enthusiasm, and above all things dominated by a desire to help his kind. Much of his time for fifty years was spent in close contact with those most needing inspiration and help. He had also profound convictions regarding the best basis for social development in our country, and these directed the energies of his life. Looking toward the close of activity, it was for many years his unchanging desire that a part of his estate should be administered directly for the public benefit. Many plans were discussed between us. And when he was called away, before he could see the work begun, I am glad to know that he did not doubt that some part of his purpose would be carried out. He would have shared our joy in this great University, could he have foreseen its early creation. And it would have been a greater pleasure could he have known the wide diffusion of its benefits sought by its management. . . .

I have believed that I should not do better than to name, as his heirs and representatives, those lovers of light, who, in all generations and from all ranks, give their years to search for truth, and especially those forms of inquiry which explore the Creator's will, as expressed in the laws of life and the means of rendering lives more sound and wholesome.

This sketch began with a boy orphaned, poor, illiterate, his youth passed under the most unpromising conditions. It has been an extraordinary story of intellectual and spiritual development and philanthropic service, ending in large material prosperity. It has been the high privilege and noble service of Helen Culver to discover and with splendid munificence to employ the means through which from Charles J. Hull's life "power may be transmitted to succeeding generations and an immortality of beneficent influence be secured."

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SILAS BOWMAN COBB

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Silas B. Cobb was one of the picturesque figures of Chicago for nearly seventy years. He arrived in what was so insignificant a hamlet as to be hardly worthy to be called a settlement, among the earliest comers and lived to see it grow into the inland metropolis of the nation, with a population of nearly two millions. He came without education in either books or business, without a penny in his pocket, and without any apparent prospects, and within a few years became a leading capitalist and, ultimately, one of the wealthiest men in the city. Even down to old age he was noticeable for the briskness of his walk, and it was a point with him, well understood among his acquaintances, to allow no one to pass him on the street.

Mr. Cobb was born in Montpelier, the capital of Vermont, January 23, 1812, when that now thriving little city was a small village of little more than a thousand people. It was a wonderful boy's country, and no doubt this alert, vigorous, enterprising boy got his share of youthful enjoyment out of it; but it must have been done by main strength, for his was not a pampered youth. The father, Silas Cobb, was apparently a not altogether unprosperous business man. In the records of Montpelier it is said that in 1806, six years before the birth of Silas B., the father established "an extensive tannery." About 1820 Goss and Cobb built a paper-mill which they "carried on a long time." It was burned in 1828 with a loss of \$4,000, but was rebuilt by the two partners and later sold. These activities would seem to place the elder Cobb among the leading business men of the village, but they did not result in privileges for his children. There was a large family of these, and Silas B. was the youngest. The family was augmented still further when the father married a second wife with children of her own. It may well be that all these children kept the family poor. What is certain is that young Silas had next to no educational advantages and early in life was bound out as an apprentice to a shoemaker. He seems to have wished to learn a trade, but not that of making boots and shoes. He was of too active a temperament to sit on a shoemaker's bench all day, and soon managed to break away from this sedentary occupation and returned home. He was not welcomed there and his father again apprenticed him, against his will, to a mason. He

probably concluded that there was slight prospect of success for a mason in the Vermont of that day and, in some way, released himself from his apprenticeship and again returned home. It is to be inferred that his father now washed his hands of his youngest son and gave him to understand that he was at liberty to carve out his fortunes in his own way. Thus encouraged to choose his career, he apprenticed himself to a harness-maker and entered with interest on the learning of that trade. He was now seventeen years old and worked faithfully and with daily increasing facility in an employment which he liked. At the end of a year, however, his master sold out his business, and with it the services of his apprentice. The purchaser claimed the apprentice as a part of the transaction. It was then that young Cobb showed the independence and acumen that go far to explain his later success. He was a mere boy, but he said at once to the new owner: "In this case the nigger don't go with the plantation," and insisted that if he continued with him it must be for the payment of satisfactory wages. It is evident that he had so far mastered the trade that his services were valuable, for he carried his point and continued in the same shop as a paid apprentice. Filling out the period of his apprenticeship and becoming master of his trade and of himself, he continued to work as a journeyman harness-maker in Montpelier, South Hardwick, and other places. Wages must have been very small. Mr. Cobb was not a money spender, yet when he reached the age of twenty-one his accumulations reached the sum of only sixty dollars.

His father and Oliver Goss had sold their paper-mill and Mr. Goss had been west and invested in lands, and, returning to Montpelier, had awakened such an interest in that new world just opening to settlement that a company of adventurers was preparing to accompany him in a migration to the prairies of Illinois. It was, perhaps, in this very year, 1833, that the movement from the middle and eastern states to the new West began to assume real magnitude. What caused this movement is an interesting question. Perhaps the greatest cause of all was the powerful appeal of the boundless, fertile fields of a new world to the imagination of the adventurous. It was their country, unoccupied, inviting settlement, and with unknown possibilities of material success. Indiana and Illinois had recently been admitted to the Union. The northern sections were without white inhabitants and invited pioneer settlers. The Black Hawk War had, in 1832, opened the northern half of Illinois to safe and unrestricted settlement. Vague rumors about a

hamlet called Chicago, which had a promise of possible future development, appealed with increasing power to adventurous young men.

When, therefore, his father's old partner returned from his exploring expedition in Illinois with glowing accounts of the country and of the new settlement near the foot of Lake Michigan and began to gather a company to make their homes on the lands he had selected forty miles southwest of Chicago, young Cobb caught fire and determined to make his way to this new world. But it was not the fertile prairies that attracted him. He was not a farmer, but a harness-maker, and his eye was fixed on the village by the lake, where he believed there might be a promising opening for a man of his calling. He learned that Chicago was on the main line of travel by which immigrants entered the new state, that it was the place where they refitted for their farther progress, and was already a center of trade for the surrounding country. It ought to be a good place for a man who was master of an industry so essential to such a town and country as harness-making. To Chicago, therefore, he determined to go. His father strongly opposed his purpose; but he was now of age, his own master, making his own way, and he would not be dissuaded from carrying out his new plan. His father refused to assist him, and sixty dollars was the total amount of his savings. There was no time to earn more, as Mr. Goss and his company were ready to start. With the recklessness of youth he decided to enter on this "hazard of new fortunes" and undertake to make his way through the thousand miles of travel and all the difficulties of starting life in a strange place with this pitifully inadequate capital.

The company must have started early in April. They made their way first to Albany. Apparently they were traveling by wagon, being farmers who would need horses and wagons in their new home. At Albany young Cobb left them and went by boat on the Erie Canal to Buffalo. On the way some thief stole part of his money, and when he applied for passage to Chicago on a lake boat he had only seven dollars in his pocket. He made known his circumstances to the captain of the schooner "Atlanta," who finally agreed to take him to Chicago as a deck passenger if he would board himself and, after purchasing necessary food, turn over for his passage all the money he had left. Thereupon he bought a small ham, six loaves of bread, and secured a bedtick which he filled with shavings and, thus provided for the voyage, turned over every penny he had left, being four dollars, to the captain. It is probable that he also engaged to make himself useful about the ship

when the captain needed such help as he could give. The voyage ought to have taken about three weeks; but stormy weather came on and the ship was delayed. The voyage was prolonged to five weeks. How young Cobb survived the cold and storms in his bed on deck during the last week in April and the whole of May, it is hard to understand. He could hardly have been rigidly restricted to the open upper deck. It is quite impossible to understand how one small ham and six loaves of bread, intended to last three weeks, could have kept a young fellow of twenty-one, with a healthy appetite, alive for thirty-five days. Perhaps the explanation may be found in the fact that the ship encountered such a succession of storms that the Green Mountain landsman did not crave food. Or, there may have been more than one—we know there was one—good Samaritan on the "Atlanta."

The ship reached Chicago on the twenty-ninth of May. There was no harbor, and a sand bar across its mouth prevented ships from entering the Chicago River. The "Atlanta" therefore came to anchor, perhaps half a mile offshore, and the passengers and their baggage were taken ashore in canoes and lighters. One can imagine the dismay of young Cobb when told by the captain that he would not be allowed to land till he had paid three dollars more for his passage. He had already given the captain his last cent, and one cannot help but wonder why he was detained. He probably could have reached shore at night by swimming. But he had in his baggage a valuable kit of tools which now formed his entire capital, the only means by which he could make his way in this wilderness country. This precious possession he could not leave. He had doubtless told the captain that he had the tools of his trade with him. They could readily be exchanged for money. Perhaps the captain coveted them and offered to set the boy ashore if he would leave his tools. But this he could not do. He was held a prisoner for three days, with the promised land in sight and no way to reach it in possession of his few but invaluable goods.

As he looked toward the shore during those long days, what did he see? Just two years later the Gale family, from their ship anchored in about the same place, saw this: "Within sight of those on the vessel were countless numbers of Indian wigwams and their dusky occupants, while dark-skinned braves were paddling in the lake. Along the shore was to be seen a succession of low sand hills, partly covered with a scrubby growth of cedars, junipers, and pines. . . . About opposite where the brig lay, not far from the north bank of the river," was the old Kinzie house, a small one-story building. "Near the south bank of

the river, but a few hundred feet from the lake, stood Fort Dearborn, consisting of some half-dozen barracks, officers' quarters, and other buildings, with a blockhouse in the southwest angle, all constructed of wood and surrounded by high, pointed pickets placed closely together, which, with the buildings, were well whitewashed. Adjoining the fort, near its northwest corner, was a small, circular, stone lighthouse. Around these clustered a few cabins." Such was the far from inviting or promising view of Chicago which the prisoner saw from the deck of his prison ship. On the third day his good Samaritan appeared. A fellow-passenger seems to have revisited the ship for some purpose, and, seeing him still on board and finding out what the trouble was, loaned the necessary three dollars and saw him and his baggage safely ashore. The bed of shavings was taken along. Nothing could more convincingly prove the poverty of the owner, his economy, his habit of saving, and his purpose to get on, than the fact that this continued to be his bed, with occasional replenishings, no doubt, for the next two years.

Mr. Cobb landed in Chicago on the first day of June, 1833. Judge John Dean Caton, who was of the same age as Mr. Cobb and who arrived in Chicago only a few weeks later, about the end of June, the town having, however, grown considerably meantime, says of the village when he first saw it: "There were then not two hundred people here. I was an old resident of six weeks' standing before two hundred and fifty inhabitants could be counted to authorize a village incorporation under the general laws of the state. . . . Chicago had no streets except on paper; the wild grass grew and the wild flowers bloomed where the courthouse square was located; the pine woods bordered the lake north of the river, and the east sides of both branches of the river were clothed with dense shrubby forests to within a few hundred feet of their junction. Then the wolves stole from these covers by night and prowled through the hamlet, hunting for garbage around the back doors of our cabins."

A few weeks after Mr. Cobb's arrival in Chicago a Mr. J. P. Hatheway made a survey and took a census of the hamlet, and reported that there were 43 houses and less than 100 men, women, and children in them. John S. Wright also took a census in 1833 and his statement agrees with that of Mr. Hatheway. During the months of June, July, and August, 1833, there was an unprecedented increase in the number of buildings and of inhabitants in anticipation of the great treaty council with the Indians arranged for September of that year. It is estimated that, at the date of young Cobb's arrival off the bar, May 29, there

were not 50 permanent white inhabitants in the place. There were a few soldiers, a very few, in Fort Dearborn, and many Indians and half-breeds living in their temporary camps. Charles Fenno Hoffman was in the village during the early autumn, and he wrote to his paper, the *New York American*, "Four-fifths of the population of this place have come in since last spring: the erection of new buildings during the summer has been in the same proportion"; so that the coming of Mr. Cobb marked the beginning of the evolution from a mere frontier settlement into a growing town. He found a few log houses, three or four of which were used as stores, and in two or three of which travelers could find entertainment. There were no sidewalks. On the north side of the river was the log house of the Kinzies, the pioneer settlers, with the huts of two half-breeds and others near by. On the west side, at the forks of the river, where some insisted the town ought to be built, were a few log structures. East of State Street was the government reservation, at the north end of which, near the river, stood Fort Dearborn. The few stores were on or near South Water Street. Madison Street was out on the prairie, and no one then lived so far from the town, which, what there was of it, clung to the river. There was not a frame building in the place, though some of the log houses had been covered with split clapboards.

The first frame house built in Chicago seems to have been the Green Tree Tavern, and James Kinzie was just starting it when young Cobb, without a cent in his pocket, landed in the village. This was also the first hotel originally intended and planned for a hotel, and, strange to say, it was built on Lake Street a block west of the south branch of the river. It presented an opportunity for immediate employment, and the impecunious stranger, crossing Mark Beaubien's floating bridge at Lake Street, applied for work. He was hired to boss the job and in this way began at once to earn enough to discharge his small debt to the good Samaritan who released him from imprisonment on the ship, to pay his board, and to accumulate a small fund for the next step in his career. So many myths have grown up around this first job of Mr. Cobb's that it is now quite impossible to tell the story as it occurred. All accounts agree that he knew nothing of carpentering, but in his dire need of a job said nothing of this to Mr. Kinzie. All agree that Mr. Kinzie made no complaint when he paid him off. But whether he earned \$1.75 a day or \$2.75 and board, and whether Mr. Kinzie paid him \$40 or \$60, whether the building was finished under his superintendence or whether a real carpenter came along and superseded him

by convincing the owner that Cobb was no carpenter and offering to take his place for fifty cents a day less, these things are uncertain. I have a suspicion that, like every other Vermont boy, part of whose life had been spent on a farm, he was able to wield a hammer, saw, and plane with some skill, though he was not a carpenter; and all his subsequent life proved that he knew how to "boss" a job. But his first venture proved his resourcefulness, temporarily set him on his feet, and gave him a little time to study his surroundings.

His second venture illustrated his unusual talent in discovering chances for profitable business and his courage in improving them. It must be remembered that he was a boy, just turned twenty-one, that his early advantages had been few, and that he was a working man who had never been in business for himself. He had no means for setting up a harness-shop, but was intent on finding ways and means to begin that business which he saw would be profitable. Immigrants were now beginning to pass through Chicago in increasing numbers. Mr. Cobb found that they came stocked up with articles they had been assured they could sell to the Indians at a large profit. By the time they reached Chicago, however, they needed money, were anxious to dispose of these stores, but could not afford the time to go out and look for Indian customers. This was one fact in the situation. The other fact was that a great council with the Indians had been arranged for September of that year, 1833, at which the government proposed to purchase their lands and arrange for their transfer beyond the Missouri. A large gathering of Indians was in prospect. In these two facts the young man saw his opportunity.

As the wagons of the immigrants came in, he met them and, offering cash they greatly needed for what he had learned Indians would buy, found willing sellers. The Indians were already present in considerable numbers, and others came in a rapidly increasing multitude. They gathered from every point of the compass—Chippewas, Ottaways, and Pottawatamies—till thousands were assembled in and about the hamlet. Some estimated their numbers as high as seven or eight thousand. And they had money from the annual government payments. They were further enriched by a generous distribution of the new annuities arranged in the treaty. Young Cobb, with the remarkable versatility he possessed, turned auctioneer, and, instead of peddling his stores about, auctioned them off to eager crowds of natives and half-breeds. The Indians remained for a month or six weeks, and the young trader reaped a golden harvest. This successful venture illustrates the genius

for business with which nature endowed him. What his profits were is not known, but they were such that he decided to build his own shop and begin business as a harness-maker. Seeing that the day of log stores was over in the now growing town (there were 153 frame buildings erected in 1833), he would have a frame store of his own.

Meantime important changes had taken place in the little settlement. In August, 1833, the citizens decided by a vote of eleven to one to incorporate the "village" of Chicago. On August 15 an election for officers of the new village was held and twenty-eight votes were cast. It was in this election that the twenty-one-year-old young man, if Mr. Gale is right, cast his first vote. Thirteen of the twenty-eight voters were candidates for office.

The nearest sawmill was at Plainfield, about forty miles southwest of Chicago, and there Mr. Cobb went and bought the lumber for his store. This was in the autumn of 1833. He hired a wagon and three yoke of oxen in Plainfield and, driving himself, started with his lumber for Chicago. When night came on, he slept in the wagon under a shelter of boards. Before morning heavy rain began to pour down. It continued after he started on his way. The road became deep with mud. He threw off part of his load and went on. The rain continued. He threw off more lumber and struggled on. The rain settled down into a three days' storm. The prairie became a morass. When on the fourth day he reached the Des Plaines, it was an impassable torrent. Here, twelve miles from Chicago, he threw off the rest of his load, turned the oxen toward home, and left them to find their way back—which they did. Later he recovered his scattered lumber and built a two-story house and store on West Lake Street, opposite the Green Tree Tavern, where he had learned enough carpentering to enable him now to oversee his own construction work, if not to do most of it himself. Renting the upper floor, he prepared to open his harness-shop.

To begin in a small way did not require much capital, but his building had cost so much that he did not have the little that was required. He had made a rule, to which he adhered through life, not to borrow money nor go in debt. It is believed that he broke this rule only two or three times in the course of his long life. Its observance helped to make him the rich man he came to be, but it was sometimes inconvenient and costly. It was costly at this juncture. At Plainfield he had again met Oliver Goss, his father's old partner, the man with whose company he started west. The two now formed a partnership under the firm name of Goss and Cobb. Reports differ as to the amount of

money Mr. Goss invested. One story fixes it at thirty dollars. The highest sum named is sixty-five dollars. This will indicate the very humble beginning in business Mr. Cobb made. The business was really his. Mr. Goss, though mentioned first in the firm name, was only a silent partner, living forty miles away, near Plainfield, probably anxious about his investment. He need not have been. The stream of settlers increased in volume. The harness-maker prospered exceedingly and at the end of a year dissolved the partnership, returning to Mr. Goss the full sum of his original investment and two hundred and fifty dollars' profit, "the best streak of luck he [Mr. Goss] ever had."

I think it may be considered a part of the story of Mr. Cobb's life if I try to tell here what the year 1833, the year of his arrival, meant to Chicago. In the first place, it was the year of its incorporation as a village and the appointment of village officers who began to lay out streets and plan for the improvements of civilized life. Next, the great council with the Indians provided for their removal and the immediate opening to settlement of 20,000,000 acres of the richest land in the world, in northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin, assuring a future for the new village, of the greatness of which no man then dreamed. In this year also the general government began the improvement of the harbor, cutting through the sand bar at the mouth of the river, this work being so furthered by a great flood in the spring following that for the first time lake commerce found entrance to the Chicago River. In 1833 the first newspaper, the *Chicago Democrat*, was established. The year was, therefore, a year of unusual importance as well as interest in the history of Chicago.

Very few men who became prominent in the future of the new community were residents of the town when Mr. Cobb arrived. Among them were Gurdon S. Hubbard, George W. Dole, P. F. W. Peck, and Philo Carpenter. Eli B. Williams preceded him by a few weeks, and John D. Caton, afterward Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court, came a few weeks after Mr. Cobb. During that busy summer came also Jabez K. Botsford, Charles Cleaver, Edward H. Haddock, Walter Kimball, and a dozen other men who rose to prominence. They found themselves in very crowded quarters. In the first old settlers' reception given by the Calumet Club in 1879, Judge Caton said: "I think I can count twenty, at least [present] who were here forty-six years ago, at that memorable birth. . . . There were seven beds in the attic in which fourteen of us slept that summer. . . . Edward H. Haddock knows who slept with me in that attic."

Mr. Cobb had not been a year in business before it became apparent to him that the center of trade in the new town would be on the south side; and not long after the dissolution of his first partnership, he prepared to move east across the river. But before he did so, an interesting incident occurred which he has himself related:

I arrived at Chicago in the spring of 1833. In October of the same year I was occupying my new shop opposite the hotel, in the building of which my first dollar was earned in Chicago. Standing at my shop one afternoon talking with a neighbor, our attention was attracted by the arrival at the hotel of a settler's wagon from the east. With my apron on and my sleeves rolled up, I went with my neighbor to greet the weary travelers and to welcome them to the hospitality of Fort Dearborn, in accordance with the free and easy customs of "high society" in those days. We learned that the travelers were the Warren family, from Westfield, New York, bound for the settlement of Warrenton, Illinois, where a relative had preceded them about six months previously. There were several young women in the party, two of them twin sisters whom I thought particularly attractive, so much so that I remarked to my friend, after they had departed, that when I was prosperous enough so that my pantaloons and brogans could be made to meet I was going to look up those twin sisters and marry one of them or die in trying.

The sequel of this story is told by E. O. Gale in his reminiscences and may as well come in here as later.

As soon as he was able to support a wife he married one of the twin daughters of Colonel Daniel Warren. . . . Jerome Beecher married the other sister. Cobb thought that he married Maria and Beecher always believed that he himself married Mary, but they only knew what the girls told them, for the sisters so closely resembled each other and dressed so exactly alike that it required intimate acquaintance to distinguish them. They purchased their millinery of [my] mother, and she never could tell whether she was waiting on Mrs. Cobb or Mrs. Beecher.

For the latter, Beecher Hall at the University is named.

It was perhaps in 1835 that Mr. Cobb transferred his growing business to more commodious quarters at 171 Lake Street, which was near the business center on the South Side. He remained in the new location for many years, devoting himself to his business with a diligence and skill that not only attracted wide attention but commanded growing success. He was interested in the life of the new community and entered into every phase of it with all the earnestness of his alert and energetic nature. On October 7, 1835, S. B. Cobb, P. F. W. Peck, J. K. Botsford, and four others signed their names as the first members of the Pioneer Hook and Ladder Company, and Mr. Cobb was always one of the first at every fire. In the first Chicago directory, issued in 1839, his name appears as saddle, bridle, harness, and trunk maker, 171 "lake st." He made about everything the town and country

needed that could be made of leather, except boots and shoes. Among other things he made the fire buckets which every householder was required to keep in the front hall of his dwelling. There were to be two, at least, in every building. They were to be present also at every fire. They were all made by Mr. Cobb. Sometime after 1879 Mr. Gale's father took one of the two he had left from those ancient days to one of the old settlers' receptions at the Calumet Club. "Alighting from the carriage with it, Mr. Cobb, who was one of the reception committee, rushed to father and took it from him with the remark, 'I made that, Gale, and I am glad to see it.' 'I am happy to present it to you, Mr. Cobb,' said father. . . . Cobb took as much pride and satisfaction in displaying his handiwork to his friends and the guests as a young lady would in showing a pretty pattern of embroidery."

The sign above his shop read:

SADDLE AND HARNESS MANUFACTORY

Cash Paid for Hides

S. B. COBB

"In front, on a post, was a white horse in a full canter, headed for the prairie." The proprietor was so full of activity and energy that young Gale "named our hustling harness-maker 'Steamboat Cobb.'"

Chicago celebrated the Fourth of July, 1836, by officially "breaking ground" for the digging of the Illinois and Michigan Canal. A party went down to Bridgeport on a small steamboat, Mr. Cobb being one of the passengers. On the return trip a crowd of hoodlums, disgruntled at being refused passage on the crowded boat, attacked the excursionists with a shower of stones, breaking cabin windows and injuring some of the passengers. The captain drew as near to the shore as possible and a number of citizens, some of whom later became prominent men, landed, attacked their assailants, arrested some, and dispersed the rest. Among the foremost in the counter attack were Ashbel Steele, later made sheriff, S. B. Cobb, Gurdon S. Hubbard, S. F. Gale, Mark Beaubien, and John H. Kinzie.

When there was anything doing, Mr. Cobb was usually on hand. A few years later the Chicago Cavalry was organizing and he was made third lieutenant. He was indefatigable in his business, but his superabundant vitality led him to throw himself ardently into the larger life of the town. Long John Wentworth, in one of his diverting

addresses on early Chicago, gave the following illuminating characterization of Mr. Cobb. Answering the question whether Chicago had no society men in the early days, he said:

Our early settlers were generally society men, but they never let society interfere with their business. . . . I notice a gentleman here who was a model of a society man. He was at his place of business promptly every day and at parties every night. After sunset he would go farther to attend a party, dance longer, and be back at his place of business earlier the next morning than any man in the city. He has lived in pleasure and to profit. He brought nothing here; his notes never went to protest; and now he has nearly means enough to pay the debts of almost all our modern society men. If the society men of these days would but follow his example, work as well as play, save as well as earn, to use a granger phrase, they would find a great deal more corn on their Cobb.

But Long John in another address gave quite another side of Mr. Cobb's life and activities, saying:

Not feeling able to sustain the expense of a whole pew, I engaged one in partnership with an unpretending saddle- and harness-maker, S. B. Cobb, who, by a life of industry, economy, and morality, has accumulated one of the largest fortunes in our city, and still walks our streets with as little pretense as when he mended the harness of the farmers who brought the grain to this market from our prairies. The church building in those days was considered a first-class one and we had a first-class pew therein, and the annual expense of my half of the pew was only \$12.50 more than it would have been in our Saviour's time.

Mr. Wentworth evidently believed in a free gospel. The addresses from which I have quoted leave it uncertain just where he and Mr. Cobb attended church together. The connection points plainly to the First Baptist Church, which Mr. Wentworth often attended and of the pastor of which, Rev. M. G. Hinton, he speaks highly. This is rendered still more probable by the fact that Mr. Cobb married the daughter of a Baptist family. He found means to cultivate the acquaintance of the fair Warren sisters and in 1840 married Maria, and, probably, became with her an attendant at the Baptist Church. He was, however, later an adherent of the Second Presbyterian Church and, for a time, one of its trustees.

The hamlet which in 1833 presented "a most woebegone appearance, even as a frontier town of the lowest class," and which became an incorporated village toward the end of that year, grew so amazingly that four years later, in 1837, it was reorganized as a city. Speculation in real estate became rampant. Booms grew and flourished and burst. Good times, making speculators rich, were succeeded by panics which reduced most of them to poverty. Few men were able to escape the speculative craze of that first quarter of a century; but Mr. Cobb was

one of that fortunate number. His rule not to borrow money and not to go in debt stood him in good stead. He had, by nature apparently, a keen business mind. The untrained harness-maker was being trained very rapidly by what he saw about him in the meteoric rise and the sudden and usually irretrievable fall of the hordes of speculators who crowded the city. He continued to attend with growing business skill to his expanding trade; but the amazing growth of the city made a profound impression on his mind. He believed in the future of Chicago, and as often as a boom burst and prices fell to the vanishing point, he invested the growing profits of his business in what he believed to be choice pieces of property. He bought what he had the money to pay for, so that panics had no terrors for him. He did not buy real estate to sell. He came to believe in a great future value for Chicago property. He made his purchases, therefore, when the speculators were compelled to sell their holdings, and he made them as permanent investments to be improved, as he was able, with substantial blocks of buildings.

The original school lands of Chicago, beginning at State and Madison streets, ran west twelve blocks to Halsted Street, and south twelve blocks, comprising one hundred and forty-four blocks. They are worth today more than \$100,000,000, but were practically given away in 1833, when one hundred and forty blocks out of the hundred and forty-four were sold for almost nothing, the amount realized from the sale being \$38,865. In 1835 the immensely valuable wharfing privileges were also "sold for a song," the leases extending till the year 2834, nine hundred and ninety-nine years. These operations, which made many investors rich, took place while Mr. Cobb was still in poverty and was taking the first steps to establish himself in business. One of his earliest opportunities for profitable real-estate investment came in 1839. In that year the general government subdivided the Fort Dearborn Reservation into lots, the greater part of which were immediately sold for what they would bring. Chicago had hardly begun to recover from the disastrous panic of 1837, and real-estate values were greatly depressed. Buyers were few; but there were men who had confidence in the future of Chicago, and among them was Mr. Cobb. He was beginning to get on his feet, and, having some money in the bank, bought two of these lots on the southwest corner of Michigan Avenue and Lake Street for \$516. On these lots he built his first residence, and the directory of 1843 records him as living at 75 Michigan Avenue. A few years later this corner was no longer residence property and he removed a block or two farther south.

Though devoted to his business, Mr. Cobb was not unmindful of his political duties. He was an enthusiastic Whig in politics and in 1840 took an active interest in the election of General Harrison to the presidency. He was appointed a delegate to the great Whig convention of that year at the state capital. A delegation of about seventy made the journey from Chicago to Springfield. In telling the story Charles Cleaver, who came to Chicago the same year with Mr. Cobb (1833), says:

Great preparations were made. We secured fourteen of the best teams in town, got new canvas covers made for the wagons, and bought four tents. We also borrowed the government yawl—the largest in the city—had it rigged up as a two-masted ship, set it on the strongest wagon we could find, and had it drawn by six splendid gray horses. Thus equipped, with four sailors on board and a six-pound cannon to fire occasional salutes, making quite an addition to our cavalcade of fourteen wagons, we went off with flying colors. . . . Major General, then Captain, Hunter, was our marshal, and the whole delegation was chosen from our best class of citizens.

Political excitement ran very high, and it was known that the progress of the delegation might be resisted by force. But this prospect did not make the project any less attractive to men like Gurdon S. Hubbard, Mr. Cleaver, Mr. Cobb, and Captain Hunter. At the crossing of the river south of Joliet the expected trouble came. They were armed, and the future major general directed every shotgun and pistol to be loaded, but also ordered that no one should fire a shot till he gave the word of command. Mr. Cleaver continues:

When we reached the ford we found a party of two hundred or three hundred men and boys assembled to dispute our passage. However, we continued our course, surrounded by a howling mob, and part of the time amid showers of stones thrown from the adjoining bluff, until we came to a spot where two stores were built—one on either side of the street—and then we came to a halt, as they had tied a rope from one building to the other. . . . Seeing us brought to a stand, the mob redoubled their shouts and noise from their tin horns, kettles, etc. General Hunter, riding to the front, took in the situation at a glance. It was either forward or fight. He chose the former, and gave the word of command, knowing it would be at the loss of our masts in the vessel. And sure enough, down came the fore-and-aft topmast with a crash, inciting the crowd to increased violence, noise, and tumult. One of the party got so excited that he snatched a tin horn from a boy and struck the marshal's horse. When he reached for his pistols the fellow made a hasty retreat into his store. After proceeding a short distance, we came to the open prairie, and a halt was ordered for repairs. It took less than half an hour for our sailors to go aloft, splice the masts, and make all taut again. Then it became our turn to hurrah, which we did with a will, and were molested no further. . . . This was democracy in '40—we were Whigs.

However, Mr. Cleaver acknowledges that, "with the exception above mentioned, we met with nothing but kindness the whole of our trip." But on the return journey they went by another route.

In 1847 Mr. Cobb was still a young man. But at that time almost all the business men of Chicago were young. Perhaps thirty-five, which was Mr. Cobb's age, would be a fair average for the whole body. These young men, bent on the improvement of the shipping facilities of the city, interested themselves in arranging for the holding of the great River and Harbor Convention of 1847. It was held under a great tent in the courthouse square of Chicago. Mr. Cobb was a member of the Committee of Arrangements. The work of the committee was extraordinarily successful. Though the city's population did not reach 17,000, it was estimated that 20,000 strangers gathered to attend the convention. The number of delegates alone is variously reported at from 3,000 to 10,000, and among them were many who then or later were the leading men of the nation. It was declared to be the largest deliberative body ever assembled. Its object was the improvement of the rivers of the new west and the harbors of the Great Lakes. It was a movement of the highest importance to a vast region and, indeed, to the whole country.

In 1848 Mr. Cobb had been fifteen years in business as a harness-maker. He had prospered. Whether he continued to work in his shop with his own hands during this entire period does not appear. It is probable that as his business increased he found himself more and more occupied with the management and accounting. He liked to keep his business in his own hands and to keep his own books. At the end of fifteen years, seeing an opening for bettering his fortunes, he disposed of his old business and formed a partnership with William Osbourne in a boot and shoe and hide and leather house. The only thing now known about this venture is that at the end of four years, when he was only forty years of age, he had been so successful that he retired finally from manufacturing and merchandising with a competency. Beginning with nothing in 1833 in a miserable little frontier hamlet an inexperienced boy, nineteen years of hard work, devotion to business, avoidance of debt, strict integrity, refusal to enter into any of the orgies of speculation that repeatedly prevailed in the Chicago of these years, but as rapidly as his increasing profits permitted investing his surplus in central real estate and promising public utilities—nineteen years had made him in 1852 one of the leading capitalists of the prosperous young city of 20,000 people. This does not mean that he was

in 1852 a very rich man. But it does mean that at forty years of age he had laid a solid foundation on which to build the superstructure of his fortune. He had not yet lived out half his days. He looked back on forty years; but had he been a seer, he would have looked forward to forty-eight which he had yet to live.

But this date marked an entire change in his business activities. The reason for so radical a change does not appear. A merchant is the slave of his business. He is chained to his oar. He must keep pulling ceaselessly or his boat will begin to go downstream or run ashore. Mr. Cobb had worked very hard for nineteen years and had achieved such success that he was able to break his bonds. He seems to have become enamored of liberty and decided to be a free man for the rest of his life.

He did not, indeed, intend to spend his time in idleness. He purposed to continue as active a life as ever. His enterprising temperament would not permit him to be idle; but he was free and could employ his time as he liked. One of the first things he did was to discharge an obligation of friendship. He accepted an appointment as executor of the estate of Joseph Matteson, the original proprietor of the Matteson House, and as guardian of his five children. Mr. Cobb continued in the duties of these positions for fourteen years, discharging them with his customary fidelity and success.

He interested himself with other leading capitalists in the first of Chicago's railroads, the Galena and Chicago Union, which, launched and got under way with extraordinary difficulty, was in the end a most successful enterprise. William B. Ogden, J. Y. Scammon, John B. Turner, Benjamin W. Raymond, and men of like character and standing, were leaders in the undertaking. Mr. Cobb was one of the directors of the new road and also of the Beloit and Madison. These roads were later merged in the Chicago and North Western system. It is a curious reflection on the foresight of ordinary business men that the merchants of Chicago, for the most part, opposed the building of railroads out of that city on the ground that it would interfere with their trade by diverting it to the country stores to which the roads would carry merchandise. It was fortunate for the early rapid development of the city that there were, among its own citizens, men of vision who realized that the one great need of Chicago was railroads, railroads running east, west, north, and south, and to every other point of the compass, men who were ready to back their views with their fortunes. These were the men who made Chicago. They built the railroads, and

the railroads built the city. These men did not profess that in providing Chicago with railroads they were moved entirely by altruism. They were farsighted men of business, but in making what they believed were good investments for themselves, they promoted at the same time the public welfare. Mr. Cobb was one of these men, promoting his own interests while conferring unspeakable benefits on the public. It was this same farsighted business policy that led him to take a substantial interest in the Chicago Gas Light and Coke Company and the street-railway companies, which made ample returns to him, but which were, at the same time, indispensable public utilities and a boon to every citizen. Of the Gas Company he became a director in 1855 and later a member of the board of managers, continuing in this position till 1887, when the merger took place with the Peoples Gas Light and Coke Company. When various street railways were consolidated into the Chicago City Railway Company, he was one of the principal capitalists among its managers.

He was long a director in the West Side Street Railway Company and president of the Chicago City Railway Company during the seventies when the underground cable system superseded the use of horses. He was a director of the National Bank of Illinois and of one of the principal insurance companies of Chicago. A propos of his connection with the street railways he made it a point to see that passengers were treated courteously, particularly women. One who frequently saw him riding on the cars relates that he would never permit a woman to stand. If the seats were full, he would invariably rise when a woman entered and insist on her taking his seat.

When Fort Sumter was fired on in April, 1861, the patriotic citizens of Chicago assembled in great mass meetings in Bryan and Metropolitan halls, and, in the presence of the total lack of arms and equipment in the state arsenals, determined that they would themselves arm and equip the Chicago volunteers who were already besieging the recruiting offices. Mr. Cobb was one of the citizens who immediately raised a fund of \$40,000 for this purpose and sent a force of nearly a thousand men to seize and hold for the Union the one strategic point in Illinois—the city of Cairo. He became a member of the first company of the Chicago Home Guard and was secretary of its executive committee.

Among the other activities of Mr. Cobb, after retiring in 1852 from manufacturing and mercantile pursuits, was the improvement of his valuable business properties. On the site of his old home at the southwest corner of Lake Street and Michigan Avenue he built Cobb Block.

In 1865 he erected another building on Washington Street between Dearborn and Clark streets. Just around the corner from this he put up a third block called the Cobb Building. This was 120-28 Dearborn Street, and in this building he had his private office for many years, perhaps to the end of his life.

I am indebted to William Bross, one of the proprietors of the *Chicago Tribune*, lieutenant governor of Illinois, but popularly known in Chicago as Deacon Bross, for a picture which vividly presents the striking contrast between the boy of 1833, just landed in the miserable hamlet without a friend in the place or a cent in his pocket, and the prosperous citizen of the great city of 1870. In a lecture, "What I Remember of Early Chicago," delivered in 1876, Deacon Bross said:

Standing in the parlor of the Merchants' Savings, Loan, and Trust Company, five or six years ago, talking with the president, Sol. A. Smith, E. H. Haddock, Dr. Foster [whose widow later built Foster Hall at the University of Chicago], and perhaps two or three others, in came Mr. Cobb, smiling and rubbing his hands in the greatest glee. "Well, what makes you so happy?" said one. "Oh," said Cobb, "this is the first day of June, the anniversary of my arrival in Chicago in 1833." "Yes," said Haddock, "the first time I saw you, Cobb, you were bossing a lot of Hoosiers weatherboarding a shanty-tavern for Jim Kinzie." "Well," Cobb retorted, in the best of humor, "you needn't put on any airs for the first time I saw you, you were shingling an outhouse!"

Mr. Bross then went on to tell something of the arrival in Chicago of Mr. Cobb, whom he referred to as "our solid president of the South Side Horse Railway," and continued:

Mr. Haddock also came to Chicago, I think, as a small grocer; and now these gentlemen are numbered among our millionaires. Young men, the means by which they have achieved success are exceedingly simple. They have sternly avoided all mere speculation; they have attended closely to legitimate business and invested any accumulating surplus in real estate. Go ye and do likewise, and your success will be equally sure.

In choosing a place in which to make his home Mr. Cobb retreated southward slowly, apparently with reluctance, before the onflowing tide of business. Perhaps the overflow of Michigan Avenue by business houses may be historically traced by his successive removals. We have seen how he first made a home on the corner of Lake Street and Michigan Avenue in 1843. Thirteen years later, in 1856, he was residing at 135 Michigan Avenue perhaps a little north of Monroe Street. In 1859, after only three years, he retreated to No. 148, just south of Monroe. Ten years later he had been driven to No. 241, just south of Congress Street. Happily for him and his family, he then abandoned the struggle

to retain a home on Michigan Avenue and found refuge at 979 Prairie Avenue. I say "happily" for he thus escaped the destruction of his home by the great fire of 1871.

Mr. Cobb's theory of business was subjected to two supreme tests. The basis of that theory was the avoidance of debt, the making of investments, whether in stocks, lands, or buildings, only as he was able to pay for them. His investments in great public utilities were large and varied, but he was no speculator. They were made only after the most careful consideration and were solidly based on the growth of Chicago, of which he, who had been a part of its development from the beginning, was absolutely assured.

The first test came in the panic of 1857, which was one of the most severe and disastrous in the history of the country. Great numbers of men in Chicago were irretrievably ruined. Even the failure of William B. Ogden, Chicago's ablest financier, seemed inevitable and he escaped only by the considerateness of his creditors. Mr. Cobb passed through the storm unshaken. He had no creditors, and his financial position was strengthened rather than weakened by that great catastrophe.

The second test came in the fire of 1871, which destroyed entirely the business district of Chicago, as well as the whole of the north side of the city. The total losses were estimated at nearly or quite \$300,000,000. Mr. Cobb's losses were very great. All his buildings in the business district were totally destroyed. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of men were ruined; but again he was unshaken. He had no creditors. A year and a half after the fire he was again in his office in the newly constructed Cobb Building at 120-28 Dearborn Street, and his other business blocks were quickly rebuilt and as quickly rented.

At the time of the Great Fire Mr. Cobb was president of the Chicago City Railway Company and continued in that position several years. In 1877 the sons of Vermont formed an organization, and in 1883 made Mr. Cobb vice-president. He was socially inclined and was for years chairman of the reception committee of the gatherings of the old settlers conducted by the Calumet Club.

I am indebted to a Chicago banker for the following personal glimpse of him when he was approaching eighty years of age. The banker was then a young man earning fifty dollars a month and took his daily noon lunch in a restaurant where you sat at a long counter on a high stool. His regular lunch cost him fifteen cents. Next to him ordinarily sat an old man, rather plainly dressed, who, as his neighbor noticed

with some regret, seemed able to afford only a ten-cent lunch of doughnuts and a cup of tea. Meeting almost daily, they fell into a speaking acquaintance. The young man finally got a raise in salary to seventy-five dollars a month, and said to the old man: "I am afraid we shall not continue to lunch together. I have received a raise in pay and I am thinking of going to a restaurant where I can sit in a chair at a table with a table cover on it." "Let me advise you," said the older man, "not to do it. Continue to economize; save your increased pay; live simply, and when you become an old man you may be a rich one." When the young man paid his bill he asked the cashier who his aged adviser was, and was surprised to hear, "Why, that's Silas B. Cobb." The men who knew him will recognize the verisimilitude of this story. He was very frugal in all his personal expenditures; but with his family he was most liberal. He did not require from them the economies he practiced in his own person.

Mr. and Mrs. Cobb almost reached their golden anniversary together. They were married in 1840 and Mrs. Cobb lived till 1888. There were six children, five girls and one boy. Three of the daughters lived to be married and two of them survived their father. At the time of Mrs. Cobb's death the family home was at 3334 Michigan Avenue. With her sister, Mrs. Jerome Beecher, Mrs. Cobb had been much interested in the Chicago Orphan Asylum and other charities. After her death her husband made his home with his daughter, Mrs. William B. Walker, at 2027 Prairie Avenue.

He was now 76 years old, but was still vigorous and maintained the springy step and rapid pace of his earlier days. He still kept his office in the Cobb Building on Dearborn Street, and there continued to manage his multiplied business interests. It was in this office that I first saw Mr. Cobb, in 1892. I well recall the time and the circumstances. The new University of Chicago, which had not yet opened its doors to students, was engaged in what seemed the impossible task of raising in Chicago a million dollars in ninety days. Such a thing had never before been done or attempted in that city. It had not then more than one-third its present population or one-tenth its present wealth. Sixty of the ninety days given us had passed. We had little more than half the amount subscribed and seemed to be at the end of our resources. We were at a loss to whom to appeal. We knew that the family of Mr. Cobb wanted him to help us; but he had the reputation of liking to be self-moved in his giving, of disliking to be solicited.

We were assured that if we went to him and made a direct appeal he would resent it and we should defeat ourselves. We were repeatedly warned against making a direct appeal to him. His family finally told Dr. Harper, president of the University, that they feared the decision must go over to the autumn. This was in the first week in June and seemed a deathblow to all hope of success in securing the million dollars, the time for doing which would expire in thirty days.

I then said to Dr. Harper that we must take the matter into our own hands, adding that we were not in the habit of giving offense to those to whom we made our appeals. He reminded me of the warnings we had received, but said we would go if I would assume the responsibility of our probable failure. I told him that since we should lose our million dollars if Mr. Cobb did not help us, I would take the responsibility. Thereupon we went and called upon him in his unpretentious office.

He received us cordially, heard us with evident sympathy, giving us the impression that if we had not called on him he would have felt that we had overlooked him. He evidently regarded it as entirely appropriate that, for so great an object and in so extreme an exigency, the matter should be brought to a man so well able to help. We had a long interview, going over the whole case very fully. We explained, in answer to his questions, a number of things he had not understood. We told him we needed \$150,000 from him, and that we believed this contribution from him would assure our complete success. He seemed entirely ready to give us this great sum, and said he had thought he would write us a letter voluntarily proffering the subscription. Knowing his decided preference for making his gifts in this way, we strongly encouraged him in this purpose. We left him with the assurance that we had succeeded in our mission. Two days later Dr. Harper met him on the street and told him we had not received his letter. He said he hadn't yet found time to write it, and, in fact, didn't know just how to go at it; and intimated that he would be glad to put the matter in the way we thought would be most helpful to us in our campaign. The president came to the office and asked me to prepare such a letter as we would like to have Mr. Cobb sign, which I lost no time in doing, trying to express also what I knew were his views. This was at once sent to his office and two days later he walked into my office and returned the letter to me with his signature appended. He had not cared to alter it and it was as follows:

CHICAGO, June 9, 1892

To the Board of Trustees of the University of Chicago

GENTLEMEN: I have watched with growing interest the progress of the institution, the care of which has been intrusted to you. As my years increase, the desire grows upon me to do something for the city which has been my home for nearly sixty years. I am persuaded that there is no more important public enterprise than the University of Chicago. It seems to me to deserve the most liberal support of our citizens, and especially does it seem important that the University should, just at this juncture, be enabled to secure the million dollars it is seeking for its buildings and equipment. I therefore hereby subscribe \$150,000 on the conditions of the million-dollar subscription, and put my proposed gift in this form that the securing of the full million dollars may be more certainly assured. The particular designation of this gift I will make later.

Yours sincerely,

S. B. COBB

The University was at that time building its first recitation building. For this building Mr. Cobb immediately, that same day, in fact, designated his contribution, later adding to his original donation \$15,000, making a total of \$165,000. His subscription proved the turning-point, perhaps it may be said, in the drive for the million-dollar building and equipment fund. Cobb Lecture Hall was so nearly finished that within its walls the work of the new University was formally opened on October 1, 1892. It proved to be a most important building, for more than a quarter of a century the center of University life. It is eighty feet wide, one hundred and sixty feet long, and four stories in height. It contains over sixty rooms. As originally constructed it provided a chapel or assembly room for temporary use, taking for this purpose the north third of the first floor, a general lecture-room that would accommodate nearly two hundred, and offices for the president, deans, and other officials. With the multiplication of buildings, great changes have taken place in the arrangement of the first floor and the general use of the building. Other changes will be made as later buildings still further relieve the congestion, and the time will come when its use will be more largely restricted to the work of instruction. It has a record of general utility which no other University building can ever have. In the hall of the first floor may be seen a white marble bust of Mr. Cobb.

Probably no act of Mr. Cobb's life, except his marriage, gave him more unalloyed happiness than the great contribution he made for the erection of Cobb Lecture Hall. He took no pains to conceal the satisfaction he felt in it. He was evidently happy in having made a contribution to the city which had done so much for him. He had prospered in Chicago and he had been able to recognize his obligation to the city. He occasionally called at my office and once brought and left with me a photograph about 12×14 inches in size, appropriately framed, representing him sitting in the open air at his summer home at Pride's Crossing in New England, with his feet on a bowlder and a cigar in his mouth. The cigar was characteristic. He usually had one in his mouth, but did not smoke it. Underneath the picture was this statement, dated in 1895 and signed by him:

"A native of Vermont, I left Montpelier in April, 1833, and arrived at Fort Dearborn, now the city of Chicago, May 29 of the same year. I have lived in Chicago from that time to the present day. Every building now standing in Chicago has been erected during my residence here."

Mr. Cobb lived in good health almost to the last, tenderly cared for by his daughter, Mrs. William B. Walker, until he reached the age of eighty-eight years. He died April 6, 1900. The funeral service was conducted by President Harper. The honorary pallbearers, with the exception of the writer of these pages, were old business friends of wealth and prominence—S. W. Allerton, Albert Keep, E. T. Watkins, J. A. Tyrrell, and Dr. D. K. Pearsons.

The estate amounted to about \$6,000,000. Bequests were made to twenty-eight nephews and nieces, amounting to \$35,500; to the Home for the Friendless, \$50,000; to the Chicago Orphan Asylum, \$25,000; to the Old People's Home, \$5,000; to the Young Men's Christian Association, \$5,000; and to the American Sunday School Union, \$2,500. To William B. Walker, Mr. Cobb's son-in-law, who had been very helpful to him in the care of his large interests, a bequest of \$25,000 was made. The rest of the estate was left in trust to William B. Walker and Clarence Buckingham to be equally divided eventually between the two living daughters, Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Walter Denegre, and the children of a deceased daughter, Mrs. General G. Coleman.

A considerable number of the early settlers of Chicago who achieved large material success have built for themselves enduring memorials in institutions of charity and education. These benefactions for the public welfare are the things for which they will be remembered. They

were not unmindful of their obligations to the city which they had helped to build and which had rewarded them with prosperity. Their beneficence has given them an immortality of remembrance, as well as of helpful influence. Their names are and will continue to be household words on the lips of thousands every day. As the students of the University of Chicago come from every quarter of the globe and later find their spheres of activity in every land, one name will be known familiarly far beyond the limits of Chicago—the name of Silas Bowman Cobb.

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GUSTAVUS FRANKLIN SWIFT

GUSTAVUS FRANKLIN SWIFT

The only time I ever saw G. F. Swift, the first week in April, 1890, he gave me a subscription of a thousand dollars toward the fund for the founding of the University of Chicago. The personality of the man, the sympathy with which he listened to the appeal of a stranger, and the readiness of his response stamped themselves on the memory with a vividness that made the brief interview unforgettable. Mr. Swift was then only potentially wealthy. In the thirty-one years that have passed since that first gift the family of Mr. Swift has contributed nearly \$1,000,000 to the various needs of the University. Mrs. Swift has endowed the Gustavus F. Swift Fellowship in Chemistry as a memorial of her husband and has given large sums for the medical and other departments. Two sons, Charles H. and Harold H., and a daughter, Mrs. Helen Swift Neilson, have made contributions aggregating more than \$425,000.

For years preceding his death Mr. Swift was one of the great figures in the business world of Chicago—great, in spite of his persistent avoidance of any sort of display, by the sheer force of his achievements. It is a curious coincidence that P. D. Armour and G. F. Swift, both in the same business, both displaying the same type of genius, both founders of enterprises that have expanded to proportions of such bewildering immensity, began their careers in Chicago at the same time, settling in that city in the same year, 1875. Thus they were not pioneers, but late comers, and worked out their spectacular successes in a comparatively brief period of business activity in Chicago.

Mr. Swift was a native of New England, where his forefathers had lived since 1630. In that year the first of the Massachusetts Swifts came from England and after a few years in Boston or its vicinity settled in Sandwich, Barnstable County, Cape Cod, near the point where the Cape joins the mainland. G. F. Swift was in the seventh generation from William and Elizabeth "Swyft" who in 1630 made their home in the New World. Their sympathies would seem to have been with the Pilgrims of Plymouth, since they finally settled far from the Puritans of Boston and less than twenty miles south of Plymouth Bay. At the same time it must be said that they formed a part of that first great migration in which about three hundred of the "best Puritan families"

of England came to the new world and founded the colony of Massachusetts Bay and the city of Boston. They were not adventurers, but pioneers who came to America to find new homes and who began the building of a new empire. The Swifts were for the most part farmers, and G. F. Swift was in the direct line which for more than two hundred years clung to the soil where the family first settled.

William, the progenitor of the house, bought the largest farm in the town of Sandwich. Only a few years since, the house built two hundred and eighty years ago was still the family residence. It was one story in height, but wide enough to give ample space under the roof for second-story rooms. Like so many other Cape Cod houses, the side walls as well as the roof were shingled.

G. F. Swift was born in West Sandwich, sometimes called Scussett, now known as Sagamore, a few miles north of Buzzards Bay, and only a mile or two from the southeastern boundary of Plymouth County, on what is called the shoulder of Cape Cod. The new ship canal connecting Cape Cod or Barnstable Bay with Buzzards Bay passes within half a mile of the place of his birth.

Sandwich was the first of the Cape townships to be settled. It was nearest to Plymouth and became, on its organization, a part of Plymouth Colony. Captain Miles Standish used to be sent to regulate its affairs. It is about ten miles square, reaching across the isthmus and running a few miles down the eastern shore of Buzzards Bay. On the north it looks out on Cape Cod Bay, and on the east adjoins the township of Barnstable. The soil, except along the shores of the bays, is not sand, but a sandy loam and fairly fertile. It is a region of hills, brooks, small lakes, and ponds. In its hundred square miles there are perhaps forty lakelets. Before the railroad locomotives had repeatedly set fire to the forests it was a diversified, attractive, and delightful region having fifteen miles of waterfront on the two bays and filled with farms, old homesteads, tracts of woodland, water courses and lakes, and pleasant villages where retired sea captains built their substantial homes. One writer of that day said of it: "A delightsome location, and no town in our extended country can boast of a more salubrious atmosphere, purer water, greater healthfulness, or more of the general comforts and conveniences of life. Sandwich is one of the most pleasant villages in Massachusetts. To persons fond of fishing, sporting or riding it offers greater resources than any other spot in this country." Near the north-eastern corner of this pleasant land was West Sandwich, or Sagamore, where G. F. Swift was born.

The town was first occupied by white men in 1637, a grant of land having been made by Plymouth Colony to a company formed in Lynn. The original settlers were joined by others from Duxbury and Plymouth, among whom was William Swyft, who is believed to have been one of the earliest among them. He lived only to 1642-43, but in 1643 his son William is recorded as one of the sixty-eight men between the ages of sixteen and sixty liable to bear arms. In 1655 this William Swift and three others were engaged to build the town mill, and the same year his name appeared on a subscription for building a new meetinghouse. There were forty subscribers, and only seven gave more than William Swift. The family was religious. Soon after the subscription was made William united with eighteen others in a request to a minister to supply them with preaching, giving him this assurance: "We will not be backward to recompense your labors of love." In 1672 the same William Swift was one of a committee of seven prominent men who were "requested to go forward settling and confirming the township" with the Indian chiefs and to prevent the town of Barnstable from encroaching on the domains of Sandwich. The trouble with Barnstable again called for his services a few years later, this time with only one associate. In 1730, among one hundred and thirty-six heads of families ten were Swifts. These were the recognized people "besides Friends and Quakers." But there were Swifts among them also, and Jane Swift had the honor of being fined ten shillings by this Pilgrim colony for attending Quaker meetings.

The family sent deputies to the General Court and furnished its share of selectmen for the town. They were ardent patriots in the War for Independence, supplying members of the committees of public safety and soldiers and officers. The Swifts were noted for large families. In Freeman's *History of Cape Cod* the author writes: "The Swifts descended from Mr. William Swyft are like the stars for multitude." Like other families they are now found in every part of our wide domain. But many of them lingered long in Cape Cod, and among these were the forebears of G. F. Swift.

His father William was a farmer, and his mother, Sally Sears Crowell, was a descendant of Elder William Brewster, one of the best known of the Pilgrim Fathers, and was related, as her name indicates, to two of the leading families of the Cape. Perhaps the most illustrious among her relatives was Barnas Sears, president of Brown University and first secretary or agent of the Peabody Fund, who seventy years ago was one of our great men.

Mr. Swift was born June 24, 1839, the ninth child and the fifth son in a family of twelve children. Brought up on the farm, he enjoyed only the advantages of a common-school education. The school could hardly have been of a high standard. The months of attendance for a farmer's boy must have been restricted. And unfortunately the years of his schooling were all too few, ending at fourteen. But he had the practical education of the farm, and of a family life characterized by industry, piety, ancestral self-respect, and mutual affection. The large family was a community in itself. The boys were active, energetic, resourceful. If any of them were lacking in these qualities G. F. had enough for a dozen ordinary boys. Their youth was not all work on the farm. There were frequent periods of freedom. Then calls for recreation came from every direction. Barnstable Bay, only a little way north, called with its opportunities for swimming, sailing, and fishing. Buzzards Bay, only three miles south, invited with its different aspect, its other sorts of boating, and new varieties of salt-water fish. And east and west were the woods for hunting or nutting excursions, and the streams and ponds which, at the very time of which I write, young Swift's boyhood, Daniel Webster found attractive enough to tempt him from Marshfield for a try at the trout. In winter there were unexcelled opportunities for sleighing, coasting, and skating. Winter, too, was the period of school when the boy was brought into daily fellowship with all the boys of the neighborhood, with whom he enjoyed the winter sports of boys in a region where the snow covered the ground from late autumn to early spring. That he had a happy boyhood, affectionate parental discipline, enough work to keep him pleasantly employed, the youthful pleasures that every boy ought to have, is evident from the fact that he "attributed all his success and happiness in life to the habits of industry and love for work, together with the fundamental Christian training" of his boyhood.

That he was born for business became evident while he was a lad. A cousin, Mr. E. W. Ellis, now eighty-four years old, brought up in the same neighborhood and in mature life in Mr. Swift's employ in Chicago, tells me many interesting things of his early and later life, among other things the following: "I well remember I was at grandfather Crowell's one day when Gustavus came in. He did not notice me, but said, 'Grandpa, I will give you forty cents for that old white hen.' He got the hen and was soon gone. I said, 'Grandma, isn't that new business for Stave, buying hens?' 'Why,' she said, 'he is here most every day for one. He finds a customer somewhere. Seems to get enough out

of the transaction to pay him.' Thus he started early in life," continues Mr. Ellis, "only nine years old, but ambitious."

The family, as has been said, was large. There was not room for all on the farm. It was doubtless an inborn, impelling urge toward business activity that started Stave, as he was called, on his career at the age of fourteen. At that time he went to work for his brother Noble, nine years his senior and the village butcher, the wages being one dollar a week. His pay was gradually increased to two dollars a week, and there is a tradition that before he left his brother's employment at the end of two or two and a half years he was receiving three dollars a week. He was not the sort who could long remain an employee, and at sixteen he started out to make his own way. He differed from other boys and differed in an extraordinary degree in initiative, ambition, self-reliance, and an intuitive genius for business. There were millions of boys in America in 1855 who were better educated, had more money, were backed by more influential friends, and had larger opportunities and far more brilliant prospects. This boy had little education, no money, and no influential friends. The business opportunities offered on Cape Cod to a farmer's boy were next to nothing, and prospects for any brilliant business success did not exist—not even possibilities, save for the entirely exceptional young man, the one boy in a million. And young Swift was that exceptional one boy in a million. Already at sixteen he was a boy of vision. He saw no certainties, but possibilities, and had the ambition and courage to attempt them. This he did, and his initial efforts were necessarily of the humblest sort.

The common story of G. F. Swift's beginning in business for himself, the story which has become a classic, is as follows. He was developing a purpose to try his fortune in New York City, when his father said: "Don't go, Stave. Stay at home and I'll buy you an animal to kill and you can start in the meat-market business for yourself." This his father did, advancing him \$20.00, which was the original cash capital of the business which, since incorporated as Swift & Co., has carried its operations around the world. With this capital the boy bought a heifer, which he killed and dressed in one of the farm outbuildings. A horse and wagon were, of course, at his disposal, and taking his merchandise about the neighborhood to the doors of possible customers, with all of whom he was well acquainted, he readily disposed of it so profitably that he cleared \$10.00 on the transaction. This is a good story and well introduces the history of Mr. Swift's business life. It leads naturally to the following from Mr. Ellis, the cousin already

quoted, who tells his story from personal and vivid remembrance of all the details. Both incidents may well have occurred at about the same date, the spring of 1855, the transaction of the heifer opening the way for the more ambitious one. Here is the story of his cousin Ellis, then approaching eighteen, while young Swift was sixteen.

He called on Uncle Paul Crowell [son of Grandfather Crowell and village store-keeper]. I obtained this information a few days after from Uncle Paul himself. Stave said, "I want to borrow some money. Will you lend it to me?" "Oh," said Uncle Paul, "how much do you want?" "Four hundred dollars," said Stave. "Whew," said Uncle Paul, "what you going to do with it?" "I want to go to Brighton stockyards and buy some pigs." "Why, that will be quite an undertaking for a boy." "Yes," said Uncle Paul to me, "I could but admire his ambition." Brighton Yards, located northwest of Boston, sixty miles distant! Just imagine it! The worst kind of sandy, crooked roads. . . . Well, in about ten days, he, with his drove, hove in sight at my father's home. He had sold some, but about 35 shoats were still with him. I looked over his outfit, which consisted of an old horse and a democrat wagon in which a few tired or lame pigs were enjoying a ride and a rest with their legs tied together. With him was another lad as helper, who was trying to keep the shoats from straying. There was Stave, a tall, lank youth, with a rope and steelyards on his shoulder, also a short pole he carried in his hand that might do duty from which to suspend the squealers and steelyards between his shoulders and those of the customer. Father had made his selection and purchase, and, going to the house said, "There is a good exhibition of ambition. Gustavus Swift will make a success in whatever business he undertakes. For he has the right make up." Gustavus made several such trips to Brighton for pigs, spring and fall, for two or three years. Several years later I had learned he was in business in Barnstable. While on the train from Boston to Scussett [West Sandwich or Sagamore] I noticed a man riding on the car platform all the way. Finally I recognized him as G. F. Swift. I went out and learned he was on his way home. He had been doing some business in Brighton. I could not prevail on him to come into the car. He was not dressed up.

He was a modest, diffident youth, very reticent, with an unusual face, the features being exceptionally refined. But he was, at the same time, self-reliant, with an irrepressible business aggressiveness that led him into new paths that other young men had neither the initiative nor the courage to enter.

The business of buying and selling pigs was confined for the most part to two or three months in the spring, when the people were buying pigs to fatten for their own use. What use did the young dealer in pigs make of the rest of the year? Naturally enough he followed the business he had learned of butcher and meat seller. He had found the way to the big stockyards at Brighton outside of Boston and made some kind of a place for himself there. He was no doubt hard pressed for capital, but he managed to keep going and little by little to forge ahead.

His method of procedure was as follows: On Friday he bought a fat steer in the Brighton market outside of Boston. On Saturday he slaughtered the steer and hung up the quarters over Sunday. Monday he loaded the meat into his democrat wagon and started for Cape Cod, fifty miles away. During the week he peddled the meat from house to house and wherever he could dispose of it to the best advantage and, having sold out, returned on the following Friday to Brighton and repeated the process the next week. If he returned on Friday with more money than he had on the preceding Friday, this was his profit on the transactions of the week. It was in this way that he got together a little capital and finally began to look for a place in which to establish himself as a village butcher. This search led to developments he did not, at the time, anticipate and made the choice he arrived at one of the most important decisions of his life. Southeast from Plymouth, across the great bay, forty miles away, midway of the long arm of Cape Cod, is Eastham. In 1643 the Pilgrims seriously contemplated the abandonment of Plymouth and removal to this region. After full examination the plan was rejected, but a small colony, seven men and their families, settled there, and the place flourished. The principal village of the town was also called Eastham, and there in the winter of 1859-60 G. F. Swift opened a meat market. He took with him as partner or assistant his brother Nathaniel, who was his senior by two years and who like himself had learned the business with the still older brother Noble. Eastham was a very small village, and he remained there little more than a year. But this was long enough to do two of the most important things he did during his entire life. He fell in love and married a wife. On January 3, 1861, he became the husband of Annie Maria Higgins. Mrs. Swift was a descendant of Richard Higgins, one of the seven original proprietors who settled in Eastham in 1643-44.

Mr. Swift matured early, entered business early, and married early—when he was twenty-one years and six months old. Surrendering the Eastham business to his brother Nathaniel, he returned with his bride to Sagamore and entered into the same business. In Sagamore his eldest son was born, Louis F. Swift, for many years past head of Swift & Co.

He soon concluded that there was not room for him and his brother Noble in Sagamore. Finding that there was an opening in the village of Barnstable, a few miles east, he established himself in that place as the local butcher. He had, for years, been studying cattle, and he soon acquired the reputation of being one of the best judges of cattle in

Barnstable County. With this reputation there came to him the revelation that this expert knowledge was capital that should be invested outside the walls of a retail butcher shop. Barnstable was a small village. It had little more than five hundred inhabitants. There was no outlook for enlarging the business of the meat market. But there were cattle for sale on Cape Cod farms, and the farmers could not get them to market profitably. The young butcher therefore, eager for a larger field of activity, began to study the question whether he could not do this with profit to the farmers and to himself. He already knew the towns between Barnstable and Boston, and his acquaintance with them would be a help in the new business. Once entered upon, it took him again to the large stockyards at Brighton and Watertown outside of Boston. A clerk looked after the meat market in Barnstable, and Mr. Swift bought and sold cattle. He knew cattle, no one better, and what he bought he sold readily at a profit. The business grew, and he began, in a small way, to prosper. The buying and selling of cattle soon became his real business and the meat market a side issue. He was no longer a village butcher but a cattle dealer.

Mr. and Mrs. Swift remained in Barnstable about eight years. There their second son, Edward Foster, was born. A third son, Lincoln, was born and died there. In Barnstable were born also two daughters, Annie May and Helen Louise.

In 1869 Mr. Swift's increasing business called the family away from Barnstable, and they made their home first in Clinton and later in Lancaster, about forty miles west of Boston, in Worcester County. It was in Lancaster that the fourth son, Charles Henry, was born in 1872. Meantime, cattle-buying not occupying all Mr. Swift's energies, he had established a meat market in Clinton, a few miles south of Lancaster, putting his brother Nathaniel in charge. From this point as a center he sent his meat in wagons to the cities and villages of Worcester County. A little later he opened another market in Freetown, between Fall River and Taunton. This enterprise he put in charge of a lieutenant, who sent his wagons out among the towns of Bristol County. This man proved so efficient that Mr. Swift later advanced him to positions of large responsibility. In these undertakings, sending out dressed meats from chosen centers through districts as wide as wagons could reach, Mr. Swift was unconsciously preparing himself for that future, then quite undreamed of, when the field of his operations should embrace the world.

Meantime, however, he did begin to get a new vision of the possible development of the cattle-buying business into which he had been feeling

his way. The trend toward the cities had begun. Population in industrial centers was multiplying. The demand for meat was increasing. He looked into the future and saw it growing more and more. The purpose of greatly enlarging the field of his operations began to take shape in his mind. Massachusetts, New England, began to seem too small for him. He looked west toward Albany and Buffalo, where there were now great cattle yards with their enlarged opportunities for profitable business. In 1872 the opportunity came to enter on the realization of his dreams.

In that year he entered into partnership with James A. Hathaway, who was doing a large meat business in Boston. The firm was Hathaway & Swift and combined the dressed-meat business with that of buying and selling cattle for the Boston market. Mr. Hathaway looked after the meat business and the selling in Boston, while Mr. Swift managed the buying end of the enterprise. This part of the business, in accordance with his previously matured plans, he soon extended to Albany and a few months later to Buffalo. This rapid extension westward was one of the indications of that extraordinary revolution then taking place in the business of the country and particularly in the meat industry. The needs of the cities of the East had outgrown the home supply. Europe was calling for American food. There had been a time, only a few years before that of which I write, when the products of the West could not be brought to the East and sold at a profit. A hundred years ago it cost five dollars to transport a hundred pounds of freight from Buffalo to New York. The cost of transportation was prohibitive, and commerce hardly existed. Then began the new era of railways, and everything was changed. The country was covered with railroad lines and competition reduced freight rates to so low a figure that an ever-increasing flood of western products filled the eastern markets. In the early seventies the meaning of all this and its relation to him began to be clear to Mr. Swift. He saw the primary cattle market move west to Albany and then, almost without pause, west again to Buffalo. And he had the business sagacity to see that the real and permanent primary market was Chicago. He studied the matter carefully, as he was accustomed to examine beforehand every step in his career. The more he thought of it the clearer it became to him that if he aspired to leadership in the cattle business he must make Chicago his headquarters.

And it seems evident that before the seventies of the last century were half over he had definitely made up his mind to strike for leadership in the cattle business. Every step in his future career was taken with

that end in view. He intended to be in the first rank. Why, otherwise, was he not content with the prosperity he was enjoying? The firm of Hathaway & Swift was exceptionally successful. Mr. Swift was a young man in 1874—thirty-five years old—already fairly well off and established in a good business. But when he came to a full comprehension of the new conditions of the cattle trade he sensed the fact that the real field of his operations was Chicago, and to Chicago he determined to go.

The firm of Hathaway & Swift was doing well, but Mr. Swift persuaded his partner to consent to the transfer of the cattle-buying part of their business to that city, and the year 1875 found him among the cattle buyers in the Chicago Stock Yards.

The family found a home on Emerald Avenue near the Yards and there Mr. Swift continued among his employes for twenty-three years. His going to Chicago was, of course, the turning-point in his business life. He did not go to Chicago as a packer, but as a cattle buyer. The cattle raisers brought their cattle to the Chicago Stock Yards and sold them to the buyers for the best price they could get. In 1875 the "Yards" was a small affair in comparison with what it is today. The packing business was smaller still as compared with the stupendous enterprises of our time. But small as it then was it did not take Mr. Swift long to discover that the future belonged, not to the buyer and seller of cattle, but to the packer, and he quickly decided to enter the meat-packing business.

As has been already said, the two men who were destined to become the leading figures in the packing industry, P. D. Armour and G. F. Swift, became citizens of Chicago in the same year, 1875. Mr. Armour was Mr. Swift's senior by seven years, being forty-three years old. Each man had certain advantages on his side in the business race before them. Mr. Armour had been longer in business, was already a man of large wealth, and for eight years had had packing interests in Chicago which had finally become so large and profitable as to make his residence in that city necessary. The sole advantage Mr. Swift had was his age. He was only thirty-six years old. Though he had some accumulations, his wealth did not compare with that of Mr. Armour. Probably in native business genius and acquired abilities two men were never more equally matched.

The packing business of 1877, when Mr. Swift entered it, was a totally different affair from what it has since become—different not in size only but in kind. The packers were essentially pork packers—pork curers and packers. Curing and packing were winter jobs only, and

the distributing of the product followed during the succeeding warm weather, when killing and curing could not be done. But already that marvelous, yet simple, invention was being perfected which revolutionized or rather entirely made over the meat industry—the refrigerator car. It was this car that transformed the packing industry into the fresh-meat industry and opened the way for the undreamed-of development of the business. I say undreamed-of development, and yet it was G. F. Swift's prevision of developments that seemed to him possible that led him to enter, not so much the packing, as the fresh-meat, industry.

It is said that this vision came to him very soon after he began buying cattle in the Chicago Stock Yards to ship east. A picture is drawn of him sitting on a fence at the Yards with Herbert Barnes, urging Mr. Barnes to receive from him consignments of dressed beef for the eastern market. These were to be at the outset cars of chilled beef sent during the winter months. The agent was to "break down the prejudice incident to all innovations and undertake the building up of an eastern market for western beef." Mr. Swift was full of the subject, and his enthusiasm prevailed. Having thus found an efficient agent, in 1877 he entered the new business and became a packer.

In its beginnings the new business was preparing dressed beef and sending it to eastern markets. The economy of sending dressed beef instead of live cattle was enormous. It did not have to be fed and watered on the way. A steer in the shape of dressed beef weighed more than 40 per cent less than when alive. But obstacles in the way of making the new business successful were well-nigh insurmountable. The railroads were opposed to it because it reduced freight bills nearly one-half. The eastern stockyards were hostile because it threatened their business. The eastern butchers fought against it for the same reason. Every sort of misrepresentation was employed to prejudice the eastern public against Chicago dressed beef. It could, at that time, 1877, be sent only in the winter, and even during the winter the eastern consumer would have none of it. Mr. Swift, through his agents on the Atlantic Coast, set to work to break down this prejudice and build up an eastern market for western beef. And meantime, in the opening of the winter of 1877, he began to make shipments. He took the greatest personal pains with the cars in which they were made. As Charles Winans tells the story:

He rigged up a car after his own ideas. He superintended the loading of it himself. He even took an active part in hanging the quarters of beef by ropes from the 2×4 timbers he had arranged. The car was sealed up and started on its journey

eastward. . . . Barnes was waiting for it when it came. It was with grave doubts and misgivings that he opened it. But when, at last, he did open it and the quarters of beef stood revealed as fresh and sweet and in better condition for food than when they left Chicago, then Barnes knew that western dressed beef had got to the east to stay there. . . . He knew that the task of uprooting the prejudices that were so strongly planted was no easy one. But he set about it with the true New England energy and persistence, and he kept at it until it was a fact accomplished.

The success achieved was such that Mr. Swift became more and more determined that the eastern market must be supplied the whole year round, spring, summer, and autumn, as well as winter.

This was to be the work of the refrigerator car, upon which his mind had been fixed from the beginning. The devising of that car dated back more than ten years. It had not been entirely successful. From year to year it had been improved but was still far from the perfection it has since attained. Other packers were studying it with interest, but perhaps Mr. Swift's mind comprehended its vast potentialities a little sooner than did the minds of other men. But if the difficulties in the way of introducing Chicago dressed beef into the eastern market in the winter had been great, those confronting its introduction in the summer by means of the refrigerator cars were immensely greater. To all those before encountered were now added new ones with the railroads. They were equipped to handle live stock. They had an abundance of cars for shipping cattle. But they had no refrigerator cars, and they would not have any. They doubted their value. They were not organized to run them and were skeptical about their ability to do it. Such cars must be kept immaculately clean. Any speck of decay would make them worse than worthless by tainting and thus destroying the beef they carried. The older roads running most directly to the East were particularly averse to having anything whatever to do with the refrigerator car.

But with Mr. Swift difficulties existed only to be overcome. He went to the Grand Trunk Railway, which, owing to its longer line to the East, had little live-stock business, and proposed that the road should unite with him in building up a business in shipping dressed beef, providing refrigerator cars that would carry the product the year round. He would furnish the business if they would provide the cars. The road welcomed the proposal to accept the new business, but they would not build refrigerator cars. "Will you haul the cars, if I build them myself?" said Mr. Swift. The management answering "yes," he arranged for the building of ten of the best refrigerator cars then made, and put them into immediate use. This was the origin of his private

car lines. During the twenty-five years that followed, that is during Mr. Swift's lifetime, these ten cars grew into thousands.

For the dressed-beef industry, which was the original business, did not remain that alone. Eastern prejudice once broken down and Chicago dressed beef being recognized as the best in the world, an insistent demand arose for fresh mutton and then for fresh pork and finally for all sorts of fresh meats, transported in refrigerator cars, and the dressed-beef business expanded into the vast fresh-meat industry. Few things in industrial and commercial history have wrought such a revolution in business methods and expansion as the refrigerator car.

In 1905 Charles E. Russell, in *Everybody's Magazine*, told the story of Mr. Swift's relation to the first successful use of the refrigerator car. His articles were written in a far from friendly spirit, and this makes all the more interesting the following enforced tribute to Mr. Swift:

A man named Tiffany had lately invented and was trying to introduce a refrigerator car. . . . Mr. Swift studied this scheme and gradually unfolded in his mind a plan having the prospect of enormous profits—or enormous disaster. When his plan was matured he offered it to certain railroad companies. It was merely that the railroads should operate the refrigerator cars summer and winter, and that he should furnish them with fresh dressed meats for the Eastern market. This proposal the railroads promptly rejected.

Thus thrown upon his own resources Mr. Swift determined to make the desperate cast alone. Commercial history has few instances of a courage more genuine. The risk involved was great. The project was wholly new: not only demand and supply had to be created, but all the vast and intricate machinery of marketing. Failure meant utter ruin. Mr. Swift accepted the hazard. He built refrigerator cars under the Tiffany and other patents and began to ship out dressed meats, winter and summer.

The trade regarded the innovation as little less than insanity. Mr. Swift's immediate downfall was generally prophesied on all sides, and truly only a giant in will and resources could have triumphed, so beset. He must needs demonstrate that the refrigerator car would do its work, that the meat would be perfectly preserved and then he must overcome the deep-seated prejudices of the people, combat the opposition of local butchers, establish markets and distribute products. All this he did. People in the East found that Chicago dressed beef was better and cheaper than theirs, the business slowly spread, branch houses were established in every Eastern city and the Swift establishment began to thrive. By 1880 the experiment was an indubitable success.

As soon as it was discovered that Mr. Swift was right a great revolution swept over the meat and cattle industries, and eventually over the whole business of supplying the public with perishable food products. The other packing houses at the stockyards went into the dressed-meat trade, refrigerator cars ran in every direction, shipments of cattle on the hoof declined, the great economy of the new process brought saving to the customer and profit to the producer, and the new order began to work vast and unforeseen changes in the life and customs of the nation.

Mr. Russell goes on to declare "Gustavus F. Swift the chief founder and almost the creator of the refrigerator car as a factor in modern conditions" and "really the most remarkable figure" in the packing industry of Chicago. It is certain that the man who made the refrigerator car the factor it has become in business was a benefactor of mankind, for in the conditions of our modern life he feeds the world, carrying to every part of it perishable foods of every other part.

The firm of Hathaway & Swift was no longer in existence. When in 1877-78 Mr. Swift decided that the future belonged, not to the cattle buyers, but to the packers, and decided that the firm must enter the packing business or take a back seat in the developments he foresaw, Mr. Hathaway drew back. He refused to enter the packing business. He clung to the idea that the true theory was to buy cattle in Chicago and ship them alive to the eastern market. With his clear foresight of impending changes Mr. Swift knew that this would be a fatal policy to follow for any firm aspiring to the largest success. The partners therefore separated.

This change did not immediately take Mr. Swift out of the business of buying cattle. In an interview some years ago Louis F. Swift was reported as saying:

I can remember when my father bought all the cattle we handled. He did not need any help. Then came the time when he had to go to the packing house and offices and I took up the buying alone and did all of it. My five brothers followed me. I well remember when we were able to ship one whole car of beef in one day. It marked an epoch in our business.

But while this evolution was going forward and the father was training his sons to assist him in Chicago, other important developments were taking place. He saw that he needed a partner to care for the eastern end of the business, someone in whose integrity and business ability he had confidence. His mind turned to his brother Edwin C. Swift, who was ten years his junior. Edwin had some time before gone to the Pacific Coast. Letters sent to his last address in San Francisco did not find him. They were returned. He had left San Francisco without directions for forwarding his mail. But Mr. Swift had set his mind on securing him as a partner, and he now did a characteristic thing. He called in one of his cousins who was in his employ, handed him a large sum of money, and said: "Take this, you will need it. I want you to find Edwin. Last heard from he was in San Francisco. Where he went from there it is up to you to find out. But fail not to bring him to me. He may refuse and put up all kinds of objections, but

fail not to bring him *just the same*." The messenger spent a week in San Francisco without result. Finally he found the name he was after in a railroad contractor's office and learned that the gang Swift was with was several hundred miles away following the engineers across the Rocky Mountains. After weeks of travel and many adventures he found his man in charge of the gang with the engineers and explained to him his errand. Edwin said, "What does G. F. want of me?" The cousin answered, "I cannot tell. I know this. He wanted you enough to foot the expenses of this trip. He charged me, '*Bring him without fail.*'" Edwin said, "I am here bound by contract. I cannot go if I would; so do not bother me further." But the cousin had the impressive and imperative charge of G. F. so impressed on his mind that he continued, as he says, "to remind him of his duty" daily, saying to him, "You must know G. F. would not have gone to this trouble and expense unless it meant something of great importance to you as well as to himself. You know Gustave. You know he would not have done all this without good reasons. I have been more than two months on this trip thus far and I will not return without you." It took two weeks to part Edwin from his job and get him started for Chicago and the fortune his brother was offering him. An old horse was found, and they started through the wilderness for Ogden, two hundred miles away, riding and walking alternately—the old-time method, perhaps, of "ride and tie." I regret that I do not know the story of the meeting of the brothers when the cousin delivered Edwin at the office of his older brother. Edwin was then twenty-nine and G. F. thirty-nine. Mr. Swift must have had a good deal of confidence in his young brother, for he made him his partner and sent him to represent the firm in the East, with headquarters in Boston. The business at the eastern end was done under the trade name of Swift Brothers, but the name of the company was G. F. Swift & Company.

It could not have been long after the refrigerator cars of Mr. Swift began to appear in Boston that the following incident is said to have occurred. I give it in the words of the cousin already quoted in a letter written August 20, 1920, forty years after the event. Referring to the fact that when Mr. Swift was an operator in Brighton he had dealt quite extensively with the Stock Yards Bank at that place, frequently borrowing money and having a well-established credit, the letter says:

When it became known that G. F. Swift was actually shipping dressed beef into New England he happened to be in Brighton. He called at the bank for accommodation. They declined to loan him any more money. He said, "What is the matter? Do I owe you anything?" "No." "How have I lost my credit?" The president of the bank said, "If we lend you money you would probably use it in furthering your

scheme to injure our business." G. F. Swift told me this little story, enjoying it very much. The parties got rather warm, when Mr. Swift started to leave the bank. "Gentlemen," he called loudly, "Yes, I will cause grass to grow and flourish in your yards"—a prediction which has long since been fulfilled. The opposition he found in Lowell, Boston, New York, Baltimore, and other places and how he overcame it is history.

He did not leave the task of finding an eastern market entirely to others. His brother Edwin C. and he himself worked the field together and separately. They adopted a liberal policy toward the trade. In the more important centers they either engaged the leading meat dealer as their agent or entered into partnership with him, to his great advantage. They formed in a few years nearly a hundred of these partnerships. They shared their prosperity with the trade. This policy was popular and gained them both friends and business. It was a part of the service they rendered the community, and not less a service because it proved profitable. Mr. Swift had no sympathy with the practice of some packers, whose first appearance in a town was as rivals to the butchers of the place whom they were powerful enough to drive out of business. In the early years Mr. Swift himself or his brother visited all the larger cities and many smaller ones and arranged these agencies or business associations, and wherever they went the refrigerator car followed. At the beginning that car was far from perfect and occasioned many losses, but every year it was improved. I have referred to the confident prophecies of Mr. Swift's certain failure. Few now living know the struggle through which he fought his way to success during the first five years. But he did not fail. Every year found him on firmer ground. Business increased. Operations expanded, and in 1885 the firm was incorporated as Swift & Company with a capital stock of \$300,000. Mr. Swift became and remained president. This was only seven or eight years after the founding of the business, and it was still, in comparison with what it has since become, an infant industry. But less than two years later, so rapid was the development, the capital was increased to \$3,000,000, a tenfold increase.

After the refrigerator car came the refrigerator ship, and with that the extension of the business to England and the Continent. If the introduction of Western dressed meat to the American seaboard had been difficult, it can easily be understood that putting it on the overseas market would seem impossible. But this tremendous achievement was accomplished, not by Mr. Swift alone, but by all the packers. It is said that Mr. Swift made as many as twenty trips abroad in this great undertaking. He is pictured as getting up every morning in London

for weeks together at three o'clock and going to the great market and attending personally to the handling of his beef, keeping it so openly displayed that it could not be overlooked. The story is told of a great dinner where the finest roast of beef that could be found was to be served. It was prodigiously relished. "The Scotchmen claimed it for Scotland, the Englishmen for England." The dealer who furnished it was sent for and asked to tell the diners whether it was English beef or Scotch. "Well, gentlemen," said the dealer, "that beef isn't English, nor yet again is it Scotch. That beef is American chilled beef, dressed in Chicago and sent here by refrigerator car and refrigerator steamer." The campaign to conquer the English market was long and hard, requiring immense courage, tact, and perseverance, but in the end it was brilliantly successful.

This is not the story of a great business but of the man who made it a great business. And yet the man so identified himself with the business that it is difficult to differentiate the two. Mr. Swift originated the business, made it, worked out its marvelous success, and dominated it to the end of his life. It is one of the marvels of the story that this extraordinary man developed with the business that grew from nothing to such gigantic proportions and expanded in so many directions—a business that in the course of twenty-five years unfolded into such a bewildering multiplicity of undertakings. But it never became too great or multiform for this quiet, masterful man.

One of the most remarkable things in this evolution relates to the by-products of the packing industry. In the early days the only by-products to which any attention was given were the hides, tallow, and tongues. Everything else that was not edible was sheer waste. Gradually in 1880 began the transformation of this waste into profitable by-products. One of the first of these was oleomargarine. Then followed glue. In the last year of Mr. Swift's life the company turned out eight million pounds of glue. Beef extract, pepsin, soap, oil, fertilizer, and more than a score of other by-products followed, until everything in or on a meat animal was utilized. All this meant vastly more than profit to the packer. It meant more money to the farmer for his live stock and to the public cheaper meat, and at the same time provided many things, some never known before, that contribute to the general welfare.

Mr. Swift began business in Chicago with little capital. He was a young man, and one wonders where and how he acquired the skill that enabled him to launch his new packing enterprise and meet the demands

its growth laid upon him. The first few years must have been filled with anxiety, as they also were with unremitting toil. He worked much longer hours than any of his employees. Mr. Ellis, the cousin, joined him in Chicago in 1880 and before going to work was a guest in his house. He says: "I found Mr. Swift a very busy man. He did practically all the buying at that period. Five o'clock in the morning he was off on horseback, pants tucked into his boots—a streak of dust visible much longer than he was." It was only extraordinary financial ability and daily overtime toil that achieved the success of those early years. He was matched against some of the ablest business men of his day, or, for that matter, of any day, all of whom were struggling for supremacy in what was a new industry in the world of business. They drove each other to well-nigh superhuman efforts to carry their products around the globe. Expansion and ever greater expansion was called for. The outstanding illustration of this is the successive establishment of branch houses. As has been said, Swift & Company was incorporated in 1885 and within two years increased its capital stock tenfold. Its first branch was established in 1888 in Kansas City, Missouri. Two years later the Omaha branch followed. In 1892 another was built at St. Louis. Then followed St. Joseph, Missouri, in 1896-97, St. Paul in 1897, and Fort Worth, Texas, in 1902. These were all completely equipped packing-plants, with stockyards adjacent, each of which developed into a great enterprise. They were, in every case, opened only after the most painstaking and exhaustive examination. The establishment of the branch plant at St. Joseph illustrates Mr. Swift's methods. His attention had been repeatedly called to St. Joseph as a place presenting peculiar advantages for a Swift & Company packing-house before he began to consider the matter seriously. When he decided to take it up he accepted the views of no one else, but went himself to St. Joseph to look the ground over. He not only examined the town, its location, and its people, but "drove in a road wagon for days and days in all directions, examined the quality of the soil, got facts and figures about corn production, studied the transportation facilities, made minute inquiries as to the character of the farming population," and only after this careful personal investigation decided to establish the St. Joseph branch.

Meanwhile by this time, 1896, the capitalization of the company had been increased to \$15,000,000. From time to time it continued to grow as the business expanded, reaching before 1903, \$25,000,000. In that year, the last year of his life, Mr. Swift had been in the packing business

twenty-five years. One ought to say, only twenty-five years. For in that brief period he had not only founded an industry which in 1918 transacted a volume of business second only to that of the United States Steel Corporation, but had himself built it up to vast proportions and established the policies and methods which have led to its extraordinary development.

It is not surprising that Mr. Swift did not live to an advanced age. The physical, mental, and nervous strain of the twenty-five years following 1877 were enough to wear out any man. He worked harder than any man in his employ. His mind was incessantly engaged on the new and perplexing problems of a business that developed and expanded in every direction with bewildering rapidity. To meet the demands for new capital to finance a business that grew with such leaps and bounds and every day called aloud for more and more money which must be supplied would have driven an ordinary man mad. Mr. Swift grew with his business into an extraordinary man, but the Gargantuan appetite of the business he had created for more and ever more funds to finance it must have exhausted even his store of nervous energy. He ought to be alive today, eighty-two years old. But he died, when he was in the full maturity of his powers, at sixty-three, March 29, 1903. At that time there were in the various establishments controlled by his company above 7,000 employees, and the yearly business exceeded \$160,000,000.

"A man of vast and various capabilities, his genius for commercial transactions and his excellent judgment placed him high among the captains of industry." This was among the things said of him after his death. "He began life in the humblest way among the sand dunes of Cape Cod and closed it as one of the great powers in the industrial world." The newspapers spoke of his industry, frugality, sharp-sightedness, clear-headedness, cleverness in molding circumstances and managing affairs, quiet resoluteness, concentration upon a given purpose, reticence, and almost diffidence. It was said: "He talked little and accomplished much and let the results talk for him. He was averse to publicity, preferring to be unknown in any other way than through his ordinary business connections. He was attentive to details and a keen critic of the men in his employment." The pains he took in caring for his meats is illustrated by the story of his calling a driver from the seat of his wagon one day to show him where an inch or so of meat was exposed and making him carefully cover it. If he was a keen critic of his men he usually helped the victim by giving the criticism a humorous

turn. He had a good salesman, sharp as a tack, but untidy in his appearance. One day Mr. Swift met him when he had on a woolen frock with a world of grease on it, which had not seen the laundry for several weeks. Mr. Swift inquired what the market for tallow was. Being told that it was about $4\frac{1}{2}$ cents he said he thought the price was going lower, and if he were the salesman he would have the frock rendered out in order to get the full market value of the tallow in it. The salesman took the lesson to heart, but he must have had, in later years, many a laugh over the humorous way in which it had been taught. This vein of humor was often in evidence. One of his buyers rode up to him in the Yards one day and reminded him that he had told the buyer he might take his vacation at any convenient time on giving a few days' notice, and said he would like to go the following Monday. Just then a very unlikely bunch of cattle passed. Mr. Swift asked who owned them. The buyer said, "Swift & Company and I bought them." "When are they going to be used?" Mr. Swift asked. The buyer said, "They are cutters for Russell." Mr. Swift quickly responded that he was sorry for Russell, and he was also sorry the cattle buyer had not started on his vacation the Monday before.

One who grew up under Mr. Swift and is still a part of the great business says of him: "While his criticisms were severe, they seemed always based on a desire to build up a bigger, broader, and more self-reliant manhood. He was one of those rare individuals whose contact with his fellow-men was a constructive and beneficent influence." It was this that "invariably made the criticism palatable."

There was something very human in this big man's relations with his employes and sometimes something very Christian. A not very desirable employe resigned and went to one of his competitors. A public controversy springing up about the packers, this former employe sent an anonymous letter to one of the daily papers assailing Mr. Swift in a scandalous way. The original letter signed with the ex-employe's name came into his hands. Time passed, and finally a minister came to Mr. Swift to ask him to give this man a job, as he had lost his position and was in desperate need. When shown the letter in which the man had so misrepresented Mr. Swift the minister was dumbfounded and returning to his protégé told him he could do nothing for him. The man himself then wrote to Mr. Swift, admitting that he had written the letter, and appealed to him as a Christian to forgive him and if possible give him the means of supporting his family. This Mr. Swift did, and he remained on the pay-roll long after his employer's death.

There was once published a collection of maxims attributed to Mr. Swift. The three that follow are, I think, authentic.

The best a man ever did shouldn't be his standard for the rest of his life.

When a clerk tells you that he must leave the office because it is 5 o'clock, rest assured that you will never see his name over a front door.

The secret of all great undertakings is hard work and self-reliance. Given these two qualities and a residence in the United States of America, a young man has nothing else to ask for.

In beginning this sketch I spoke of the enduring impression made on me by Mr. Swift's personality in the only interview I ever had with him. I went to the Stock Yards rather expecting he would be too busy to see me. He was not in his office, and I found him outside apparently at leisure. His talk was that of any ordinary man of business. But his face took me wholly by surprise. It was not the face of a typical business man, but that of a scholar, or a poet, or an artist. It looked like the face of a man who might see visions and dream dreams. And his fundamental characteristic as a man of affairs was his business imagination. From his youth up he was always seeing possibilities that other men could not see. He was like an explorer in a new country. Every step in advance opened up new vistas. Every new achievement gave him a vision of something bigger beyond. He was a man of business vision. Other men sometimes scoffed at what they called his dreams. His partner left him when he proposed to sell Chicago dressed beef in eastern cities. When he saw the possibilities of the refrigerator car and had to borrow money he applied to a relative who had it to lend and who made this reply to his appeal for a loan, "Stave, I will not trust you with a dollar in your wild west scheme." Men about the Stock Yards referred to him as "that crazy man, Swift." But his visions were not of the "baseless fabric" sort. His idealism was of the most severely practical kind. His business imagination never played him false. It might soar among the clouds, but his Cape Cod conservatism kept his feet firmly on the ground, and he walked with sure steps to his high achievements.

Behind all his plans was the driving-power of tremendous and tireless energy. He worked early and late. When he was his own cattle buyer he was up and off on horseback at five o'clock in the morning. His indomitable energy and purpose were never more in evidence than in the triumphant campaign to make a market, against powerful combinations, for his superior product in eastern cities and in England. For example, having sent two or three carloads of dressed beef to Lowell, Massachusetts, which were readily sold, the market men combined

against him, agreeing to buy no more meat from him, signing a bond to that effect. The next carload, therefore, at the end of the first day had made no sales. The agent in charge of the car wired to Mr. Swift the information of what had taken place and said, "No sale for beef in Lowell. Shall I ship the car to Lawrence or where?" As quick as the telegraph wires could bring it, the message came back, "Sell it in Lowell." The second night the agent again wired, "No sales," and again asked, "Where shall I sell it?" He had hardly got his message away when Mr. Swift flashed back, "Sell it in Lowell." The next day anyone in Lowell could buy Chicago dressed beef at his own price, and the carload was sold. A few days later Mr. Swift arrived in Lowell, in a few hours had a lot purchased, trackage secured, and lumber for a market on the ground. Before the building was finished, Mr. Swift being again in town, one of the principal market men called on him, acknowledged that he had been in the combination against him, and having assumed the \$500 loss on the carload of meat that had been sacrificed, was received into association, and took charge of the new market. It was such purpose and energy, combined with the superiority of his product, that won for him a place in the eastern market. His success was no happy accident. He was no lucky child of fortune. He toiled as few men toil. He contended with difficulties such as few men meet, and he did it with surpassing courage, patience, perseverance, purpose, and success.

While all this was true, it was also true that he knew how to relax, and when the time came for rest he did not wish his rest to be disturbed. Like so many other men of tremendous driving-power he was a good sleeper when the time for sleep came. "It was one of his chief points," says one who knows, "that it was necessary to have plenty of sleep to be efficient." He was therefore usually in bed by ten o'clock and refused to have his hours of rest broken into even by calls that to the ordinary man would have seemed imperative. There is a well-authenticated story that late one night the telephone rang persistently and roused one of the maids. She called Mr. Swift, but he refused to go to the telephone. The maid, however, was troubled and said they wanted to tell him that "his packing-house was burning down." All he said was, "Have them tell me what happened at seven o'clock in the morning." Extinguishing the fire was not his part of the business. That would not begin till after breakfast. He knew how to conserve his strength and to apply it when it would be effective.

It must be added to all this that he had an undoubted genius for business. Some men gain wealth because opportunities are thrust

upon them. But opportunity never knocked at G. F. Swift's door. It was he that knocked at her door, or, rather, he beat the door down and forced an entrance. It was so when, to the astonishment of all the other boys of the neighborhood, he borrowed money and went to Brighton for his first drove of pigs. It was so when, hardly more than a boy, he invested his small savings in the business of buying and selling cattle. He forced the door of opportunity when he took his family to Chicago and risked the capital he acquired in matching his skill as a dealer against the veteran traders of the Stock Yards. Most of all was this true when he conceived the daring project of sending Chicago chilled beef to the eastern market and immediately afterward ventured everything on the success of the refrigerator car. What looks now like a victorious march to great success was in reality a ceaseless struggle against odds in which every step was won by a stroke of sheer business genius.

He developed as a business man naturally and surely with every new enlargement of his affairs. For the first twenty years this was a gradual growth. But when in 1877-78 he founded an enterprise which quickly and beyond any possible forecast developed into a vast business industry the situation changed suddenly and radically. The difficulties were enormous, the complications beyond measure, the demands on his business abilities new, complex, incalculable. His power to borrow money in large sums, his inventive genius in connection with his chilling-rooms and the imperfect refrigerator car, his tact and resourcefulness in finding markets for his goods, his ability to manage a new and great and rapidly growing business, all were taxed to the utmost. The wonder is that he grew as fast as the business did and at every stage of its development measured up to its demands. He had a microscopic and a telescopic mind. He had an eye on and kept in touch with the smallest details of his business. The color of the paint on his wagons and cars he determined. He wrote explicit directions to his representatives everywhere, usually closing his letters with these words: "Please answer and say that you have carried out these instructions." In the same way he decided the great questions of policy. He was equally at home in the least things and the greatest. He saw clearly the things under his eye, but just as clearly the things far off.

Mr. Swift became a man of large wealth. But the accumulation of wealth was by no means his supreme aim in life. He was enamored not of money but of achievement. For many years he lived in a modest home on Emerald Avenue near the Stock Yards and among his em-

ployes. He had no taste for display. He had none of the arrogance of wealth. He valued money for what he could do with it in his developing business and in helping others. The extraordinary expansion of his business with its ever-growing demands for the investment of new capital absorbed his profits for some years, but as soon as he began to see his way clearly he began to give widely and freely. Possibly 1890, the year I met him, was not far from the beginning of this period of larger and freer giving. He gave a large sum toward building the Annie May Swift Hall at Northwestern University, a memorial of a daughter Mr. and Mrs. Swift had lost in 1889, when she was twenty-two years old. He gave the initial \$25,000 for the Hyde Park Y.M.C.A. building.

The wideness of his philanthropies may be judged by the following statement made at his funeral: "His name is hidden in the corner stones of a thousand churches and colleges." Allowing for exaggeration, the words suggest the liberality and catholicity of his giving. What has been said to me by the best-informed man on the subject in Chicago is undoubtedly true, that if he had lived to a more advanced age he would have been known as one of our greatest Chicago givers.

The last paragraph indicates that Mr. Swift had interests outside his business. That, indeed, was absorbing enough to leave little room for anything else. It left him scant time for general society. He was too busy for club life. He shrank from publicity and did not take that interest or that place in public affairs which a man of his abilities and wealth, perhaps, should have taken. It is not impossible that he would have done this had his life been prolonged. It was unfortunately cut short just as he was reaching the time when his sons began to relieve him from the more absorbing cares and labors of business. Had he lived they would have given him opportunities for leisure he had not enjoyed since he was fourteen years old. Whether he would have taken these opportunities I do not know.

But he had two great interests outside his business. These were his family and the church. I have already spoken of the birth of six children who came to Mr. and Mrs. Swift before they made their home in Chicago in 1875. Five more came to them in that city, Herbert L., George Hastings, Gustavus F., Jr., Ruth May, and Harold Higgins—the last a trustee of the University of Chicago, of which he is an alumnus. Ten of these children lived to maturity. This large family was, in itself, enough to keep a father and a mother both busy. That they were not neglected is evident from the way in which the sons grew up to take their father's place in the great and growing industry he had established.

The oldest son, Louis F. Swift, succeeded to the presidency, and his younger brothers were united with him in the management. It is an unusual example of family solidarity, with the mother still living as the center of the family life. I do not need to point out how efficiently the sons have guided the remarkable development of the great business left in their hands. Their father left it when the annual transactions were \$160,000,000, and the sons have increased these to over \$1,200,000,000. The children not only inherited a great business from their father, but his spirit of liberality seems also to have descended to them, the second inheritance being better than the first.

When Mr. Swift died he said in his will that Mrs. Swift understood his views and wishes as to benevolences, and he fully trusted her to carry them out. She has very nobly done this and has been as unobtrusive in her large benevolences as was her husband before her.

Mr. Swift was as devoted a son as he was a husband and father. His father dying soon after he made his home in Chicago, his mother became the object of his tender care. The old house was taken down and a new and much finer one built for his mother, and her declining years made comfortable by his constant care.

Mr. Swift united with the Methodist church of his native place in his youth, and religion was as we have seen one of the three great interests of his life. The husband and wife were one in their devotion to the church. On February 18, 1877, less than two years after they settled in Chicago, the Winter Street, now Union Avenue, Methodist Church was organized with a membership of nine persons. Among these were Mr. and Mrs. Swift. Mr. Swift was made a trustee and also a steward. His home on Emerald Avenue was within three blocks of the church, and the meetings of the official boards of the church were frequently held there. He gave the church the same wise thought and faithful service he gave to his business. He was not only most faithful in his attendance at church services but manifested a living interest in the attendance of his employes. Rev. J. F. Clancy, of the Union Avenue Church, says:

It was no unusual thing for him, in case of absence from church services of his employes who were members or attendants of the church, to call them into his office and in a fatherly way impress on them the value of the church and its services; and through his strong and far-reaching influence many persons were brought into a Christian experience and into useful membership in the church. . . . Mr. Swift was never too busy for the work of the church. . . . He was much interested in the problems and work of city missions and he gave valuable aid in establishing and strengthening churches in needy places.

For twenty years Mr. Swift continued to live on Emerald Avenue among or very near his employes. In 1898 he moved two miles directly east and built a spacious house in a spacious lot at 4848 Ellis Avenue. His attention was immediately centered on a new religious enterprise, but he neither forgot nor neglected the little church near the Stock Yards, but continued his official relations with it and his liberal interest in it.

The new religious work that followed his removal was the founding of the St. James' Methodist Church, which has become one of the great churches of Chicago. He and the late N. W. Harris were intimately associated in the origin and development of St. James. The first meeting of the first board of trustees was held in Mr. Swift's house, September 7, 1895, while he still lived on Emerald Avenue. He and Mr. Harris gave themselves without stint to the upbuilding of the church. When a thing needed to be done which seemed to him to depend on the two of them, it is said that Mr. Swift would say, "Well I will give half of it and, Harris, you give the other half." I have no doubt it was sometimes the other way round. After his death, in token of their affectionate remembrance of him, the people made the north window of the church a memorial of Mr. Swift. Six years later his portrait was hung in one of the church rooms, and in 1914-15 Mrs. Swift and her children presented to the church the great memorial organ. Seven years before this, in 1907 the Union Avenue Parish House, consisting of a parsonage, gymnasium, baths, bowling alleys, library, and reading room, and, later, a playground, both connected with the Union Avenue Church, were given and endowed by Mrs. G. F. Swift and the other members of her family, as a memorial to Mr. Swift, in the place where, and among the people with whom he had lived for many years and raised his family. These institutions are now ministering in a very helpful way to many young people and are open to Protestant, Roman Catholic and Jew alike.

It is interesting to hear the pastor, Mr. Clancy, add to this statement that Mrs. G. F. Swift, the daughter, Mrs. Helen Swift Neilson and the six sons, all maintain a fine, strong interest in Union Avenue Church and Parish House, and contribute regularly and liberally for the support of the church. Mr. Louis F. Swift is one of the trustees of the church and Mr. Edward F. Swift and Mr. G. F. Swift, Jr., are members of the Parish House Board of Managers.

Devotion to a great memory has not exhausted itself in these acts of beneficence, but has added one of the most beautiful of all in the G. F. Swift Memorial Church in Sagamore, the home of his boyhood and the place of his spiritual birth.

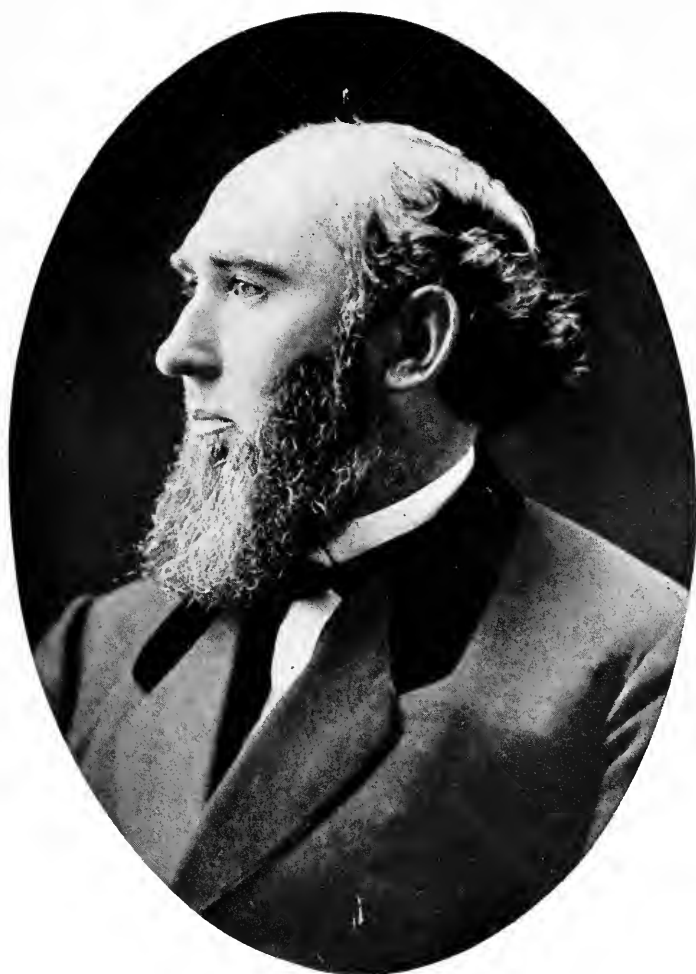
In the final estimate of a man's life the decisive question is not, Did he gain wealth and power? but, Did he serve mankind? Mr. Swift

certainly achieved an illustrious success in business, and in doing this displayed extraordinary qualities. But of him also it must be asked, Did he serve his fellow-men? One thing is clear, that Mr. Swift and his associates in the packing industry, in the best way that has so far been devised, did one inestimable service, among many others, in feeding the world. It is difficult to see how this could have been done without the packer so economically and successfully, if indeed it could have been done at all. Mr. Swift was consciously striving to serve his generation, and his gigantic labors were a service beyond estimate to the public welfare.

This sketch began with an account of a gift by Mr. Swift toward the founding of the University of Chicago and of later frequent and most generous contributions by his wife and children to the same institution. But these contributions only hint at the ceaseless flow of similar gifts to churches, colleges, universities, missions, the Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A., hospitals, charities. The fountain of benevolence opened by Mr. Swift during his own lifetime has never ceased to flow but has rather sent out increasing and widening streams to bless the world.

An old employe and trusted friend, having read this sketch, wishes me to conclude it with these words: "A rugged faith in his Christian belief, a self-reliant hope and confidence in life and its problems, and a thoughtful charity for mankind sum up the lovable characteristics of this splendid man."

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CHARLES HITCHCOCK

CHARLES HITCHCOCK

The study of American genealogies is a fascinating pursuit. The student is constantly discovering interesting and surprising things. The sketch of Sidney A. Kent relates how his ancestors settled about 1670 the wilderness of Suffield, Connecticut. Charles Hitchcock was a prominent lawyer, as Mr. Kent was a prominent business man of Chicago. While Mrs. Kent's forefathers were subduing the Suffield wilderness, the ancestors of Mr. Hitchcock were hewing out homes for themselves in the same wilderness not more than five miles to the north, in the town of Springfield, Massachusetts, being allotted lands on the border of Suffield. The tract, indeed, was so near being a part of Suffield that it was expressly stipulated that care must be taken not to encroach on that town's domain. The ancestors were neighbors and no doubt acquaintances. Two hundred years later the two men descended from them were neighbors and acquaintances in a great city nearly a thousand miles away.

The writer can recall the names of only a dozen men of his native village on the Hudson River. One of these men was Dwight Hitchcock, a direct descendant of the Hitchcocks of Springfield, who in 1853 sold to my father the steam foundry of the village. He had wandered only a little more than a hundred miles from the home of his fathers.

The earliest ancestor of Charles Hitchcock in America was Luke, who became temporarily a citizen of New Haven about 1644, six years after what was then the colony of New Haven was founded. After the lapse of a hundred and fifty years, a descendant put on record the following account of Luke Hitchcock:

He had received a large tract of land lying in the eastern part of New England and came out with a view of taking possession of the same. When he arrived he found it inhabited by numerous hordes of natives determined to resist all encroachments of the English. In this situation he determined to abandon the enterprise, and settled in Wethersfield (Connecticut). He was peculiarly fortunate in cultivating the friendship of the Indians, who, in testimony of their attachment, gave him a deed to the town of Farmington. This deed was a clear and valid title to the land, but was so little thought of that it was destroyed by his wife, who used it to cover a pie in the oven.

It is quite consistent with this account that when Luke Hitchcock first appeared in New England he seems to have been uncertain where

he should settle. Matthias Hitchcock, who was probably his brother, was one of the founders of New Haven in 1638. When Luke followed him five or six years later, he took the freeman's oath, but after a few months' stay in New Haven departed for Wethersfield, thirty miles to the north. There he married into a leading family and made the town his home. When he died in 1659 his estate was valued at \$2,260, which shows him to have been a forehanded man. A year or two after his death his widow migrated thirty miles farther north to Springfield, Massachusetts, twenty-five years after the Pynchons founded that settlement.

The widow Hitchcock brought with her two sons, John and Luke. The Hitchcock family, therefore, though not numbered among the founders, were very early settlers of Springfield. The boys growing to manhood rose to prominence and may be justly regarded as among the fathers of the town. Both the Hitchcocks were among the most substantial citizens, as were their sons after them.

We are concerned with Luke, the younger of the two brothers. Taught the shoemaker's trade, a fundamental and profitable industry of that day, he later became the proprietor of the village hotel, no doubt known in the speech of the time as Hitchcock's Tavern. He was a captain in the militia and sheriff of the county which then included what are now the counties of Hampshire, Hampden, Franklin, and Berkshire, about one-third of the area of the state. He was seven times selectman of Springfield and nine times representative in the General Court of Massachusetts.

His wife's family, counting from her grandfather, Henry Burt, one of the most prominent of the first settlers, numbers among its descendants President Grover Cleveland, Silas Wright, one of the governors of New York, Ethan Allen, of revolutionary fame, Ezra Stiles, former president of Yale College, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, author of the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*.

Among the sons of this second Luke was Ebenezer, born in 1694, who married Mary Sheldon, granddaughter of Colonel John Pynchon, the great man of early Springfield, and a direct descendant of Gilbert Sheldon, archbishop of Canterbury. Their son, Gad Hitchcock, was born in Springfield, February 22, 1719, and was graduated from Harvard College in 1743. On his mother's side Gad was descended from Colonel Pynchon and George Willis, governor of Connecticut. He was one of the most picturesque and distinguished clergymen of the Massachusetts of the eighteenth century. He was ordained as pastor over the Congregational church in Hanson, Plymouth County, in 1748. The church

invited him to become its pastor at a salary of \$500. He replied that he would be glad to settle in Hanson, but would need a stipend of \$2,000. His terms were immediately accepted and he continued as pastor of the church till 1803, a period of fifty-five years. He was an able and popular preacher, being often called upon to preach on important occasions.

In 1774 he preached the annual election sermon in Boston. An ardent patriot, he spoke on the text, "When the righteous are in authority the people rejoice; but when the wicked bear rule the people mourn." General Gage, the royal governor, was present, but the courageous preacher did not hesitate to enter a strong protest against tyranny and to make an earnest plea for liberty. Later in the same year Plymouth invited him to preach the anniversary sermon on Forefathers' Day. It is stated as an established fact that "the first newspaper printed in the Old Colony was at Plymouth in 1786." Dr. Hitchcock's sermon was preached twelve years before that date. But seven days later, on December 29, 1774, Plymouth appointed a committee "to wait on the Revd. Gad Hitchcock with the thanks of this town for his ingenious & Learned discourse delivered on 22nd Instant, being the Anniversary of the landing of our Fathers in this Place, and request a Copy for the Press." For what press, if not for that of Plymouth, and was there a newspaper printed in Plymouth as early as 1774?

The Reverend Gad Hitchcock served as an occasional chaplain in the patriot army and in 1780 was chosen a member of the convention which framed the first constitution of Massachusetts, doing for that state the same honorable service which his great-grandson did for Illinois ninety years later.

The only son of Dr. Gad Hitchcock, born in 1749 and graduated from Harvard in 1768, bore his name, Gad, and was the Hanson physician for more years than the father was the Hanson pastor, living to his eighty-seventh year, 1835. He was the father of twelve children. One of these was Charles, born September 4, 1794, who became a farmer in his native town. He married Abigail L. Hall, a daughter of one of the first families of the adjacent town of Pembroke, on the border of which the farm was located.

Their son, Charles Hitchcock, with whom this sketch is concerned, was born on his father's farm April 4, 1827. The town of Hanson is a part of Plymouth County and hardly more than ten miles northwest of Plymouth Rock. It is a town of farms, Hanson and North and South Hanson being insignificant hamlets with an aggregate population of only a few hundreds. It is a pleasant countryside of small groves

and small farms, watercourses and lakelets, the soil fairly fertile, the surface undulating, a quietly picturesque district. The Atlantic is eight or ten miles distant and Boston only twenty miles away. It was a pleasant region in which to be born and spend one's boyhood, almost within sight of the ocean, in the environs of a famous city, and surrounded by points of great historic interest.

The boy Charles bore a name highly honored in the community and the family was in fairly comfortable circumstances. There were three sons and two daughters, Charles being the oldest of the five. He was, therefore, his father's principal assistant on the farm as he grew toward the stature of a man. But he also availed himself of every advantage which the schools of Hanson and Pembroke could give him. So rapid was his improvement in school and such was his reputation for scholarship that, while he was still a boy, he began to be in demand as a school teacher. The way to the academy and college was open before him. The demands of the farm on his time and the inadequacy of the neighboring schools had delayed his preparation, indeed, but only delayed it. He had reached the age of seventeen and was pushing forward his studies as best he could when that great tragedy of a boy's life occurred—the death of his father. When he died in 1844, the father was only fifty years old. He left a family of young children, and Charles, the boy of seventeen, became the mother's chief dependence and was recognized as the head of the household. Fortunately he was thoughtful, mature for his years, self-reliant, and resourceful. A very tender relation of mutual responsibility and affection grew up between the mother and her oldest son. She began to live for him and he to live for her in their common responsibility for the family.

The natural and easy way for the boy was to step into his father's place in the management of the farm and thus provide for the common support until the younger boys and girls should reach maturity. But there had been born in young Hitchcock an ambition for learning, that extraordinary human development which the ordinary man cannot understand. This boy believed he could do more for his mother, for his brothers and sisters, and for himself if he disciplined his mind into an instrument of power than he could possibly do by working with his hands in the cultivation of a small farm. He was by nature a student. Already, as opportunity offered, he was teaching school, and he now redoubled his efforts on the farm and in teaching. In the schools of Hanson and Pembroke and in private study he sought to hasten his preparation for college. This was, of course, necessarily delayed by the

burdens resting on his young shoulders, but by dint of determination and perseverance he succeeded in entering Phillips-Andover Academy in the spring of 1846, when about nineteen years old. One of his classmates has said of this period of his life: "He had at that time great vigor of body and mind. In the academy he applied himself to all the studies preparatory for college with indomitable industry, and it soon became manifest to the teachers and to his fellow-students that he had no superior there in ability to make solid acquisitions in learning. In something less than half the time prescribed by the academy for the preparatory course of study, he became admirably fitted for college." His vacations were spent in teaching school or doing what was essential on the farm and arranging for the final disposition of that property.

In 1847 he entered Dartmouth College. His grandfather, the physician, and his great-grandfather, the Hanson pastor for so many years, were both graduates of Harvard. Why did he pass by that famous institution to take his college course in the wilds of New Hampshire and in the little village of Hanover, which in 1847, outside the faculty and students, could not have had five hundred inhabitants? Was it because he lived almost in sight of Marshfield, the home of Daniel Webster, who was the most distinguished graduate of Dartmouth, and whose fame, during the youth of Charles Hitchcock, filled the land? Marshfield was hardly five miles from Hanson. No doubt the boy often saw the great man and knew him, as Webster was himself a farmer and cultivated exceedingly cordial terms of friendship with the farmers of that whole region. He was unaffectedly attached to them and they were devoted to him. In his *Life* George Ticknor Curtis says: "It was a common remark that, when Mr. Webster was at home, a stranger might discover it anywhere within ten miles of his house in the looks of the inhabitants." It is natural to suppose that Webster, knowing that here was a promising candidate for college, encouraged young Hitchcock and commended Dartmouth to him. However this may be, the autumn of 1847 found him in that institution. The buildings of the college were then few in number. Many students found it necessary to find rooms and board in the village. The boy and his mother had disposed of the farm, moved to Hanover, and opened a student boarding-house. It was really a large family. The mother made a home for boys who, for the time being, needed a mother's thought and care. Daniel L. Shorey, young Hitchcock's roommate at Andover, became a member of the family and again shared his room throughout their college course.

It was the day of small colleges. Harvard had only 300 undergraduates, and there were 200 at Dartmouth. The village of Hanover is about fifty miles north of the Massachusetts line and on the extreme western border of New Hampshire. It stands on a plain west of the Connecticut, one hundred and eighty feet above that river. The surrounding country is diversified with hills and valleys, with mountains looming above the nearer hills. In commending it as a location for a college, one writer says: "The uniform temperature of the climate, the pleasantness of the village, the healthfulness of the situation, the beautiful and romantic scenery . . . the many pleasant resorts, all contribute to render it, in every essential, a seat of literature and science. . . . The gradually rising Green Hills of Vermont, seen in the distance, furnish a picture not soon forgotten." At the time when Charles Hitchcock was a student the village was very small, and, practically, the college—with its faculty, students, employees, and those who served them in one way or another—the college was the village. It was a college community in a sense true, probably, of no other community in our country. The life of the college was the life of the community. This still remains true. In *The Story of Dartmouth College*, published in 1914, Wilder D. Quint says: "Today there is not a man, woman, or child in the village but is dependent in some way upon the college for a livelihood. She is the *summum bonum* of Hanover and without her the place would revert to nature."

At Dartmouth young Hitchcock spent the four years from 1847 to 1851, from his twentieth to his twenty-fourth year. His class numbered forty-six. Among them, as has been said, was Daniel L. Shorey, who was Hitchcock's roommate and remained his close, lifelong friend. Mr. Shorey was himself no mean scholar, yet he says: "For seven or eight years following our meeting in Andover in the spring of 1846, we were companions in study, being in the same classes in the academy, at college, and at the law school. . . . In college he immediately took and held the highest rank. He was the unquestioned leader of his class from the beginning. Nor did he devote himself to the required studies of the college only. His reading and study covered a wide field beyond—in political economy, philosophy, history, and throughout the whole range of the English classics." The life of the students of that day, before the era of athletics and other college activities of our time, centered, outside the classroom, very largely about the fraternity chapters. The two chums were Alpha Deltas and both achieved membership for high scholarship in Phi Beta Kappa. But with his mother's large

family to care for the son must have had duties, outside his college work, that kept him very busily employed.

Before his graduation, probably before entering college, Mr. Hitchcock had chosen the law as his profession. Hanover being his home at the time of his graduation in 1851, he entered the law office of Daniel Blaisdell, who was treasurer of Dartmouth College, where he spent a year in preliminary law studies. At the end of that time an opportunity came to him to go to Washington as a teacher of Greek and Latin in an academy. It was so good a chance to become acquainted with life in the national capital, and at the same time earn funds needed for further study, that he accepted the proffer made to him and with his friend Shorey, who seems to have received a similar invitation, spent the year 1852-53 in teaching in that city. He seems also to have done some lecturing on scientific topics and gained some reputation as a teacher and scholar. Meantime he continued his law studies under the guidance of the Honorable Joseph Bradley. Declining tempting invitations to continue teaching, he entered the law school of Harvard in 1853. Having been pursuing the study of law for two years or more under the guidance of very competent lawyers, and being twenty-six years old, he found no difficulty in entering the Senior class and graduating at the end of one year, in 1854. He had kept up his law-office work at the same time, having a desk during the year with Harvey Jewell, of Boston.

Charles Hitchcock was now twenty-seven years of age. He had finished the preparatory work and was ready to enter on his career. He had come face to face with that question which many young men find so difficult to answer, Where shall I do the work of my life? Strangely enough, he lost no time in coming to a decision. Doubtless he had decided the question long before. During his youth the miracle of Chicago had happened. When he was a boy of seven the hamlet of Chicago had a population of about five hundred. Twenty years later, in 1854, it was a city of 66,000 people, in its extraordinary growth the wonder city of America. It was evident, moreover, that it had only just begun to grow. Ambitious young men of every state felt its attractive power. None felt it more strongly than Charles Hitchcock. He hardly waited for the ink to dry on his diploma before he was on his way to Chicago. To get his bearings and become acquainted with the courts and laws of Illinois and with the city in which he was to practice, he entered the law office of Williams and Woodbridge and was admitted to the bar of the state on October 10, 1854, only a few

weeks after leaving the Harvard Law School. Erastus L. Williams became later "long and favorably known" as judge of the Circuit Court of Cook County. John Woodbridge had a long and successful career at the Chicago bar. Both became lasting friends and warm admirers of Mr. Hitchcock. He was not a mere clerk in their office, but a lawyer who began at once, with the advantage of connection with a successful firm, to feel his way into practice. He remained with this firm two years, with much profit to himself in preparing him to enter with good hope of success into practice on his own account.

In 1856 Mr. Hitchcock had become acquainted with the life and people, the methods of business and of law practice in Chicago, and deciding that the time had come to have an office of his own, he found a partner and established the firm of Hitchcock and Goodwin. For some reason unknown to the writer the partnership continued for one year only. Mr. Hitchcock then became the partner of the well-known and successful Benjamin E. Gallup, the firm name being Gallup and Hitchcock. Mr. Gallup was interested in real estate and real-estate law, and cases having to do with commercial law fell naturally and more and more completely to Mr. Hitchcock. He ordinarily represented the firm in court. The connection with Mr. Gallup continued with success for nine years, till 1866. It was then dissolved. Meantime Mr. Hitchcock had formed an intimate friendship with Charles A. Dupee. The latter had been in 1856-58 principal of Chicago's first high school, which had then been opened in the new high-school building on West Madison, east of Desplaines Street. He had later entered on the practice of law. Both men were of unusual scholarly tastes and attainments. Both were able lawyers. The close friendship they had formed, which was an enduring one, naturally resulted in a partnership which continued to the end of Mr. Hitchcock's life. The firm was known as Hitchcock and Dupee, and was established in 1866. A young man named Evarts, who had been with Gallup and Hitchcock, came into the new office and in 1869 became a member of the firm, which then took the name of Hitchcock, Dupee, and Evarts. Mr. Evarts was interested in patent law and, being encouraged by Mr. Hitchcock to develop his talent for that line of practice, did this with such a growing clientèle that he soon found it was likely to become a successful business by itself. With the approval and encouragement of the older partners, therefore, in 1872 or 1873 he withdrew from the firm and established a patent-law business which he followed for the rest of his life, more than forty years. Meantime another young man, Noble

B. Judah, came into the office and developed qualities which in 1875 made him a member of the firm, which then became Hitchcock, Dupee, and Judah, and so continued to the end of Mr. Hitchcock's life.

As Mr. Hitchcock was twenty-nine years old when he began his independent practice, he was more mature than most young lawyers just starting in business for themselves. He had profited by his experience in four good offices, and had been studying law in offices and law school for five or six years. He had innate gifts for success at the bar. His rise, therefore, was unusually rapid and his success great. In the third quarter of the last century Chicago had a very able bar. Many members of it were men of brilliant attainments and wide reputation. But not many years passed after Mr. Hitchcock entered their ranks before he reached a very high place among them. Judge Williams, in whose office he spent his first two years in Chicago, said of him twenty-six years later: "For this more than a quarter of a century it can be said . . . Charles Hitchcock had no superior at the bar or upon the bench of this city." John M. Palmer, general, governor, senator, said of him in the *Bench and Bar of Illinois*: "Mr. Hitchcock was, in some respects, one of the ablest lawyers who ever practiced at our bar."

Mr. Hitchcock had hardly begun to practice when he won the most important suit of his career—the suit for the heart and hand of Annie McClure, who became Mrs. Hitchcock in 1860. She was only twenty-one years old, but, though so young, was one of the "old settlers" of Chicago. The father of Mrs. Hitchcock, James McClure, was a native of the north of Ireland, of Scotch-Irish Presbyterian stock. He had come to this country to join an older brother, a Philadelphia architect, and, studying that profession, had assisted in building the Philadelphia customhouse. His health showing signs of failure, he was led by glowing accounts of the invigorating climate of northern Illinois to join the western stream of migration which was already flowing strong in 1837. Brothers had preceded him to Illinois and they chose for him a farm in Lake County, forty miles north of Chicago and six miles west of where Waukegan now stands, and plowed round it a deep furrow to mark its boundaries. With his wife and three children Mr. McClure proceeded by boat to Albany, thence by the Erie Canal to Buffalo, and reached Chicago by way of the Great Lakes, fifteen years before the first railroad from the East had laid its tracks to that city. Had the young architect remained in Chicago he would not only have escaped the toils, privations, and sufferings of Illinois pioneer life of that day, but would certainly have prospered in a profession in which the young

city offered every opportunity for success. But the farm had been bought and awaited him and he had learned farming in his youth, and he went forth to a harder struggle with pioneer conditions than had faced the forefathers of Mr. Hitchcock two hundred years before in the New England wilderness. Mrs. Hitchcock has written interesting reminiscences of that struggle. She tells how the effort to subdue and tame and make productive a wild Illinois prairie farm eighty years ago was a battle where high spirit unsupported by vital strength contended with the rude forces of nature on every hand. They could not get help in any task whatever. . . . There was the ploughing and sowing of the fields, the building of fences, the cutting and hauling of firewood, the care of cattle, and the long journeys to Chicago for every pound of flour, or sugar, or other necessary of life, for the father, while the mother not only made the bread but the yeast that raised it, not only made the soap but leached the ashes necessary for its successful manufacture. She made candles, cured hams, braided rugs, wove rag carpets, made and mended the clothing of her five children, knit their stockings, even made their little shoes out of the tops of their father's boots. . . . There was the fickle climate, its fierce heats, its piercing winds, the deep snows, often over the fence tops, the mud embargoes of the spring, the long journeys, over forty miles, for every comfort, from a paper of pins to a barrel of flour. And the loneliness of that mother on the hilltop when the father was away, the night coming on, the wolves howling on the edge of the wood, and often the Indians claiming the right to sleep by the kitchen fire as they journeyed home from their sales of furs in Chicago. It was on that lonely hilltop, one night late in April when a snow storm had been howling for three days, that I first saw the light. . . . The demands on bodily endurance were too great for my father. His malady overcame him and after months of illness he died at the end of six years of pioneer life. Not once had he reaped a good harvest for what he had sown.

Mr. McClure was a rare man, high minded, capable, who would have prospered in the growing young city. He was a student and had brought a select library into the settlement which became the circulating library of the scattered community of farmers. He was also a devout man and brought the first home missionary to Lake County, and when the meetinghouse was built on a corner of his farm, his skilled hands made the pulpit. The missionary and his wife became inmates of his family and so remained after his death.

After two years Mrs. McClure sold the farm and moved with her children, now five in number, to Chicago. On the corner of Jackson and Sherman streets she built two cottages, renting one and occupying the other. Here she remained from 1844 till the arrival of the Michigan Southern Railroad in 1852. Mrs. Hitchcock says: "From others they secured the right of way up to our homestead and there was no resisting them when, in seeking a site for their depot, they decided upon the very spot where my mother had made a home for her little family

on the corner of Jackson and Sherman streets." It would appear from this statement that the first Michigan Southern station was one block north of its present location and that the early home of Mrs. Hitchcock was on the site where the Board of Trade Building now stands.

"So," continue these reminiscences of early Chicago, "once more we were pilgrims and moved, first onto La Salle Street north of Washington, where we lived a few years in a rented house, then buying on the West Side, on the corner of Monroe and Des Plaines streets, where we were one block away from the first high school that came to Chicago." This was the attractive stone structure, where Mr. Dupee was principal, of which Chicago was very proud.

The very first schoolhouse owned by the city was built in 1837 for two hundred dollars on the present site of the Tribune Building and continued in use till 1845, when, Dearborn School No. 1 having been built across Madison Street, it was sold for forty dollars, and, according to the school inspectors, "the purchaser had no occasion to congratulate himself on account of his bargain." This was District School No. 1, and in these humble quarters Mrs. Hitchcock began her education, but, with the erection a year or so later of the seventy-five-hundred-dollar Dearborn School just across the street, continued her studies in that fine building. It was so large that many thought there would never be enough children in Chicago to fill it. But at the end of the first year the pupils numbered 543, and after two years it was overcrowded with an attendance approaching 900.

To reach the school the children walked across the open prairie in sight of their mother for most of the half-mile. They were eager in their studies and in their play, as well as in work to help their mother in her difficult struggle. An older sister was soon teaching and the boys were busy out of school hours in a printing office or selling papers. After the removal to the West Side, Annie was prepared to enter the new high school.

It was just at this time, when he had been two years in Chicago, that Charles Hitchcock was opening his law office in the partnership of Hitchcock and Goodwin. By 1860 he was one of the rising young lawyers of the city and married Miss Annie McClure, now grown to womanhood, though younger than Mr. Hitchcock by twelve years. They were married July 10, 1860, by the well-known Dr. R. W. Patterson, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, of which the bride was a member. Mr. Hitchcock's family were Unitarian-Congregationalists of the New England type. His wife's religious home, however, became

his also. Their pastor said of him: "Throughout his married life he read the Scriptures and united his heart in prayer with the heart of his wife." The marriage was an exceptionally happy one. The man who knew him best, perhaps, Mr. Dupee, said: "Mr. Hitchcock's home life was a most happy one. . . . His wife, to whom he was most tenderly attached, shared in his intellectual and social tastes."

He seems to have made it his first concern, after his marriage, to provide for himself and his wife a permanent home. He accordingly bought a large lot, nearly or quite a quarter of a block, on the corner of Greenwood Avenue and Forty-eighth Street. Here in the early sixties he built a commodious and comfortable house, and in this pleasant home Mrs. Hitchcock still resides after more than fifty-five years. Not long after the removal to the new house an incident occurred which reflects great honor on Dr. Patterson. Though far removed from his church, Mr. and Mrs. Hitchcock continued to make it their religious home. The pastor and his family paid them occasional visits, the ample grounds furnishing the pastor's children opportunities for play. On one of these visits Dr. Patterson, after assuring Mrs. Hitchcock that he valued most highly their constancy to the old church, said to her that they had come to a new community to which they owed duties and that perhaps she ought to transfer her membership and support to the struggling church in her neighborhood. Thus encouraged by her pastor she became a member of the Hyde Park Presbyterian Church more than fifty years ago. Her husband became an attendant, a liberal supporter, and a useful trustee. After his death his fellow-trustees testified to "his wise counsel in all which concerned the welfare of our church and his generous assistance in its periods of embarrassment and depression," and added, "It is a grateful and pleasant remembrance that one of his last acts was his liberal gift to relieve this society of its burden of debt."

The main work of Mr. Hitchcock's life was that of a lawyer. He had few ambitions beyond his profession. But there was one period of his life when his law practice was interrupted. The state of Illinois previous to 1870 had had two constitutions. The first was the one enacted in August, 1818, under which the state was admitted into the Union. Thirty years later the population had increased from less than 50,000 to about 800,000, and, all the conditions of life having changed, a new, more elaborate, and much improved constitution, framed by the convention of 1847, was adopted by the people by a vote of nearly four to one.

But the development of the state during the twenty-one years following 1848 was even greater than it had been in the thirty preceding years. The population had increased to 2,500,000. The state had become a great manufacturing community, having risen between 1850 and 1870 from the sixteenth to the sixth place in the value of manufactured products. But these years had been pre-eminently the railroad era. In 1848 no railroad had entered the state from the east and there was hardly a mile of road in actual operation except the few miles of the Galena and Chicago Union running west from Chicago. But so astonishing was the change that had taken place before 1870 that Illinois had come to have a greater railroad mileage than any other state in the Union. The whole fabric of business was new. This extraordinary development in population and in economic conditions made the constitution of 1848 an antiquated document in 1869, and a new convention was called to frame a revised constitution.

In the important work of this convention Mr. Hitchcock recognized an opportunity to do an exceptional service to the state, and, accepting a nomination, was elected a member of the convention. The sessions, beginning in December, 1869, continued through five months, thus taking the members from their business for nearly half a year. Mrs. Hitchcock accompanied her husband to Springfield, and they made their home in that city till the convention adjourned in May, 1870.

The sessions were held in the old state capitol. The early meetings were most unpromising. Two rival factions not only nominated but elected temporary chairmen, a proceeding worthy of ten-year-old boys. The only thing that saved the situation was the good sense and good nature of the rival chairmen, who agreed to preside alternately, which they did during the first day. Then three days were spent in an absurd debate as to whether the members should take the oath of office in the form prescribed by the legislative act which provided for the holding of the convention, requiring them to support the constitution of the state. In the end the majority decided to take the oath in a modified form, while the minority took it in the form prescribed by the legislature. The astonishing position taken by the majority was this, that they could not swear to support the constitution of the state without some qualification, since they were to form a new constitution to take its place.

When on the fourth day the convention got down to business, there were two candidates for president—Joseph Medill, editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, and Charles Hitchcock. The choice of the delegates

fell on Mr. Hitchcock, who was elected by a vote of 45 to 40 for Mr. Medill. Years afterward Mr. Medill wrote: "I do not believe that any state constitutional convention was ever more fortunate in the choice of a presiding officer. He seemed to know intuitively where to place any member that he might do the most good. His fine judicial temperament enabled him to keep constant control of the body and make everything move smoothly and successfully. The great success achieved by the convention is due to his skill and abilities as the presiding officer."

There were many able men among the delegates and, under the capable presidency of Mr. Hitchcock, they worked with fidelity, efficiency, and wisdom. The product of their protracted labors was widely acknowledged to be the best state constitution that had, up to that time, been devised in the United States. When submitted to the people a few weeks after its formation, it had a happier fate than that prepared by the Constitutional Convention of 1862, which had been rejected by a large majority. The new constitution of 1870 was adopted in July of that year by popular vote and went into effect in August. If the present effort to form a new constitution is successful, the old one will have served the state for more than half a century.

The constitution revolutionized the policy of the state in regard to corporations, with its sweeping provisions against special laws, bringing these things under the general laws of the state. Bills could no longer be passed over the governor's veto by a majority vote, but only by a two-thirds vote of all the members in both houses of the legislature. Counties, cities, and other local governments were limited in the amount of taxes they could levy and money they could borrow. The judicial system was reorganized. For the first time the right to vote and the duty of militia service were recognized as the same for white and colored men; and for the first time also it was made the duty of the state to provide "a system of free schools whereby all the children of the state may receive a good common-school education."

Mr. Hitchcock had been influential in working out the new judicial system providing for additional courts and judges. The election of the new judges took place on the same day on which the constitution itself was voted on and adopted. Mr. Hitchcock was nominated as one of the new judges of the Supreme Court. It was, however, fatal to his chances of election that Judge McAllister, well known for his good record as judge of the Recorder's Court, ran against him. One of the newspapers said: "Owing to the fact that the election was held in the

summer; that a light vote was cast; and that he himself was not as widely known throughout the district as his competitor, the Honorable W. R. McAllister, he was defeated."

It was universally recognized by the bar that Mr. Hitchcock was eminently qualified for a seat in the Supreme Court. He had in a very unusual degree the judicial temperament. He was by nature a judge. A great judge declared that he had "a judicial mind, that is, a mind capable of an impartial survey of both sides of the question in contention and of arriving at a just conclusion." He was a great lawyer, but he would have been a greater judge. His wide legal knowledge, his penetrative intellect, his analytical mental processes, his sense of justice, his practical wisdom, all fitted him for distinction on the bench. It was a much greater misfortune for the state than for him that he did not attain judicial honors. He had a large, increasing, and lucrative practice which brought him a competency he would have sacrificed by giving up the bar for the bench. Had his years been prolonged, it is quite certain, however, that the bench would ultimately have claimed him.

The great Chicago fire of 1871 again for a brief period brought Mr. Hitchcock into public life. It was felt that under the distressing circumstances of the times the wisest and most trustworthy citizens must be called on for service. Mr. Medill was made mayor on what was known as the "fireproof ticket." Mr. Hitchcock was elected to the County Board provided for by the new constitution. He drew the short term, one year, but was a most valuable and efficient member, "his great legal experience and practical wisdom coming into admirable service at that time, when, owing to the fire and to the reorganization of the county government, everything was chaos and confusion."

It is said that after the fire the governor called him into consultation as to the best way of granting state aid to the afflicted city and acted on his advice with large advantage to Chicago. Some three million dollars (including interest) which Chicago had advanced for deepening the channel of the Illinois and Michigan Canal was at this time repaid to the city for rebuilding its burned bridges. William B. Ogden and others aided in bringing this about. A sketch of Mr. Hitchcock's life, referring to this period, makes the following extraordinary statement: "His remarkably retentive memory enabled him to furnish information that was regarded as so reliable and authentic that it was accepted in lieu of many deeds destroyed and thus established titles." I have seen this statement made of only one or two other men of that time.

Mr. Hitchcock was a busy lawyer, but his activities were not confined to these political services nor to his office. He was one of the incorporators of the Merchants Loan and Trust Company in 1857. He was a member of the first board of managers of the Chicago Law Institute, and three times in later years served on the board of the Institute. He was one of the founders in 1873-74 of the Chicago Bar Association, which was organized "to maintain the honor and dignity of the profession of law." Mr. Hitchcock was one of the forty-two lawyers who united in calling the meeting at which the Association was formed, and later was one of the six distinguished men who signed the articles of incorporation. The other five were Charles M. Sturges, James P. Root, C. B. Lawrence, Ira O. Wilkinson, and Robert T. Lincoln. He was a prominent member of the Chicago Historical Society, as well as of the Chicago Library Association, an institution which flourished before the great fire. His literary tastes led him into active participation in the Chicago Literary Club, and his social and business connections into membership in the Chicago Club.

Mr. Hitchcock was not a criminal lawyer. He confined his practice to civil cases, and more and more to corporation and commercial law, in which, it was believed, he had no superiors in Chicago. It was said that "the practice which his firm had gained was an enormous one, probably the largest in Chicago" during the seventies of the last century. Among the clients of the firm were banks, insurance companies, great mercantile houses, the Chicago City Railway Company, and the South Park Board. They conducted some of the most important suits following the creation of the park boards. Mr. Hitchcock was instrumental in securing the legislation by which Michigan Avenue was made "a boulevard and drew up the act under which that improvement was made."

It was inevitable that he should be called upon frequently to represent clients in the Supreme Court of the state. He was once brought into an embarrassing situation before that court. He had won a verdict in a lower court which was in plain contradiction to decisions of the higher court in similar cases. The defeated parties naturally took an appeal to the Supreme Court and Mr. Hitchcock found himself compelled to try to persuade that august tribunal to reverse itself. It is hardly necessary to say that he did not succeed.

He had many important cases. I make room for a few only. Within a year after the adoption of the new constitution he carried through the courts a case which established the rule that a city tax collector

could not sell real estate for the non-payment of taxes, the constitution providing that the official authorized to do this must be "some general officer of the county having authority to receive state and county taxes."

In 1874 the Circuit Court of Cook County rendered a decision against the Chicago City Railway Company forfeiting its right to run cars on Indiana Avenue—a judgment of "ouster." The case was carried to the Supreme Court of the state, and Mr. Hitchcock, appearing for the railway company, succeeded in having the decision reversed, and the cars still run on Indiana Avenue.

A little later he won another suit in the same court which secured the construction of the street-car line on Clark Street, south from Randolph, a most important part of the street-car system.

Perhaps the greatest of his cases before the state Supreme Court was the following: The legislature had passed an act "to regulate public warehouses and the warehousing and inspection of grain." This was a law, as the Supreme Court phrased it, "to protect producers and shippers of grain against frauds in warehouses." The owners of an elevator had brought suit in a lower court to have the law declared unconstitutional and had won the case. It was taken to the state Supreme Court and after a full presentation the judges, being unable to decide, ordered that it should be reargued. Mr. Hitchcock was brought in to assist the counsel for the people, and in 1873 the judgment of the lower court was reversed, the law declared constitutional, and the farmers and shippers of grain were permanently protected by an adequate inspection law. There can be no doubt that the inspection laws have been as valuable to Chicago as to the farmers in making that city the great grain-distributing center of the world.

It was high praise that Judge Lawrence of the Supreme Court gave to Mr. Hitchcock when he said: "I have known no member of our profession who has seemed to me more careful to conform his practice to a high standard of professional ethics. . . . He never sought to lead the court astray in a matter of fact or law. He would not endeavor to withhold from it a knowledge of any fact appearing in the record. He would not, as an advocate, express his personal belief in a legal proposition unless he could do so with entire conscientiousness. He would not cite as an authority an overruled case without stating the fact that it had been overruled. . . . His ambition in life was purely professional, and was formed upon the highest conception of what a great lawyer ought to be. His ambition he achieved. He won the goal."

Chief Justice Craig said: "His briefs were models of perfection. He never loaded down a case with lengthy printed arguments, but he selected a few strong points and in a clear, convincing manner brought all of his authorities to bear upon them."

Although Mr. Hitchcock was an unusually busy lawyer, he found time for much reading and even study outside the law. It was a close friend who had known him ever since they entered college together who said of him: "Mr. Hitchcock possessed and constantly cultivated an ardent love of literature and the languages. . . . Not infrequently have I found, upon entering his office, . . . that he was employed and deeply interested in the study of some language, like Latin or French, or work of literature which he enjoyed with the keenest relish, and he has told me more than once that whenever his accumulations . . . had reached such a point as to yield him a satisfactory income, his design was to leave the practice of the law and devote himself . . . to the study and pursuit of literature and the languages." He was essentially a student. He loved scholarly pursuits. A lover of books, he accumulated a very valuable library of several thousand volumes. His real life was in his home, where he found his wife and his books.

It must not be supposed, however, that he neglected his business for his books. Indeed, his love of literature found inexhaustible material in his legal studies. There is a world of interest to be found in the study of legal cases. Mr. Hitchcock was a lawyer and a student, and much more. It was Judge Williams, whose office he first entered in Chicago, who more than twenty-five years later said that he "was capable of succeeding in almost any field of intellectual labor. In statesmanship or in literature he could have attained like eminence."

His practice grew as his years increased. The firm of Hitchcock and Dupee, later Hitchcock, Dupee, and Judah, prospered. In 1877 a young man, Monroe L. Willard, came into the office and in 1882 or 1883 became a member of the firm, which, after the death of the man who had so long been its head, became Dupee, Judah, and Willard.

Mr. Hitchcock was still a young man with an enlarging business, a growing reputation, increasing legal abilities, with all that these things promised of success and honor, when a latent difficulty with the heart which had long threatened him began to give him serious trouble. He labored on, however, with heroic courage as long as his physicians would permit. It was said of him when approaching fifty years of age: "Personally he is tall, with a large portly figure, and is, altogether, a fine-looking, imposing gentleman." His disease soon began to increase his

weight and he became corpulent, and this became a cause of further physical disability. In 1880 he went abroad with Mrs. Hitchcock in the hope of finding relief. This hope, however, proved vain, and he returned home and died May 7, 1881. In speaking at his funeral his former pastor, Dr. D. S. Johnson, made the following impressive statement: "I have been told there was an incentive for his struggle for life; and what was it? It was the cord of life that ran from his heart to the heart of his aged mother—that mother for whom even as a boy he seemed to feel that he must care; that mother for whom through all these years he had had the very tenderest affection. For her sake, lest it should break her heart if he should die, he resisted death—he still determined to keep his place and do his work. But only a week ago this very day, the news came to him by telegram that the dear, devoted mother had passed away."

Very unusual honors for a man in private life were paid to Mr. Hitchcock after his death. In addition to action taken by the Bar Association, the Historical Society, and other organizations, his death was announced in highly appreciative addresses to the Supreme Court of the state and five lower courts in Chicago. Out of respect for his memory the Supreme Court adjourned. The general assembly of the state paid him the same unusual honor. Perhaps the most touching and illuminating tribute was the unconscious one of a little boy of the neighborhood. His mother found the child lying on his bed "weeping bitterly, and when she asked the cause of his grief, he said, 'I shall never see Mr. Hitchcock again.'"

Thus honored by the strong men of the city and the state and lamented by the children of his neighborhood, Charles Hitchcock passed away at the age of fifty-four, at the meridian of his life and of his powers. His independent professional activity had been restricted to twenty-five years. He might, not unreasonably, have looked forward to another twenty-five years. Had this additional time been given, he would have accomplished more during the second quarter-century than he had during the first. His faculties would have developed greater power. His fame would have increased. His professional triumphs would have multiplied. He would have gone far.

Some months after his death Mrs. Hitchcock issued a memorial volume which contained a brief sketch of her husband's life and various appreciations of him in the addresses before the Bar Association and the courts of Chicago and the state. These appreciations were uttered by men who had been familiar with him since his boyhood or throughout

his life in Chicago. They reveal the extraordinary confidence, esteem, and admiration he commanded. This is the more remarkable because he was not one of the "hail fellow, well met" sort of men. Chief Justice John Marshall had a rollicking, good-humored camaraderie which gave him instant entrance to the hearts of men. Mr. Hitchcock had nothing of this about him on first acquaintance. He was quiet and perhaps seemed to hold himself aloof. At his funeral Dr. Johnson said: "Very many thought him reserved. It was not reserve, but rather a natural timidity . . . which caused so many to mistake him for a man of cold demeanor. Not so. We who knew him here (in his home) knew there was nothing of coldness about him by nature. Here he seemed to give himself just as he was to his friends."

Indeed, he had a rare capacity for friendship. His partner, Mr. Dupee, said: "He greatly enjoyed the society of his circle of intimate friends and was especially delighted to meet them around his own fire-side. His wife, to whom he was most tenderly attached, shared in his intellectual and social tastes. His hospitality at his own home was open handed and, to me, seemed something princely. He had a way of presenting to his guests his house and everything it contained, and this was done in so simple, unaffected, and unostentatious a manner as to charm everyone who came under his roof."

It was said of him: "He had not those qualities which give to men a wide social popularity, but he retained entire to the hour of his death all the friendships he had ever made." D. L. Shorey, who had been his close friend for nearly forty years, said: "I have had many enduring friendships, but I have had no friend truer, nobler, more worthy of remembrance."

Mr. Hitchcock was a man of extraordinary self-command. In scenes of excitement and turmoil he was undisturbed, imperturbable. This was one of the qualities that enabled him to preside so successfully over the sessions of the Constitutional Convention. His friends spoke of his "great equanimity of temper, which enabled him to pass through the most heated trials of difficult cases with a calm and unruffled surface." This was one of the elements of his power.

I cannot forbear quoting the following illuminating testimony of his partner, Mr. Dupee, to his character:

Mr. Hitchcock was a most benevolent man. There was hardly a day in which calls upon his purse and sympathy were not made, and no worthy man or worthy cause ever went away from him neglected. Hundreds of men in this city could point to him as their benefactor and he gave a regular support to most of our public philanthropic institutions. His private life was pure and clean. No taint of dishonor or

dishonesty ever touched him. His word was better than his bond. . . . Envy, uncharitableness, and such qualities were wholly foreign to his nature. . . . I never knew him to do a little act, or an unkind one.

He was a large-minded, large-hearted, upright man.

This sketch has indicated something of Mr. Hitchcock's ability as a lawyer. He had not, perhaps, the oratorical gifts of some of his contemporaries. He was not pre-eminent as a jury lawyer. It was said of him in a sketch written before his death: "He has a clear voice, a graceful style, and an imposing presence, but he does not deal in emotions at all. . . . He is logical, clear, and forceable, and will generally win the juror who happens to be of an eminently logical temperament. He argues supremely: but most jurors have feelings as well as reason that must be touched and these he never touches." One other qualification of the highest praise must be made, and it is perhaps a commendation, rather. It was made by Mr. Dupee: "Mr. Hitchcock was not successful in the management of weak cases. He had little facility in making the worse appear the better reason. In order to labor successfully it was necessary for him to thoroughly believe in his case, and then no man worked harder for his client." This, of course, means that he was above the use of base cunning, trickery, or any unworthy expedients to help him to win a weak or bad case. Every man, whether his case is good or bad, has the right and ought to have the right to be represented by counsel. Mr. Hitchcock had cases that could not be successfully defended by fair means, and he did the best he could for his clients. But bad causes did not naturally seek him, as they do some lawyers, as their advocate.

Among the members of the bench and bar he had a most enviable reputation. Judge Williams, before whom he conducted many cases in the Circuit Court, said of him: "*Primus inter pares* is no mean praise at a bar, many of whose members have attained an enviable national reputation, but it was the position universally accorded" to Mr. Hitchcock.

Melville W. Fuller, later chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, said: "Charles Hitchcock possessed a mind of singular precision and power. It was in a marked degree a judicial mind, capable of an impartial view of both sides of a question and of arriving at a just conclusion. In his practice he was absolutely fair, never indulged in artifice or concealment, never dealt in indirect methods, but won his victories, which were many, and suffered his defeats, which were few, in the open field face to face with his foe."

It was high praise that was given him by a lawyer who had known him intimately since they entered college together: "He had the faculty of grasping the pivotal points of legal questions presented to him almost intuitively and thereafter brushing aside all those surrounding questions which cluster about a complicated case; and, therefore, perhaps no man at the bar was in the habit of devoting so little attention to accessory points arising on the trial of a cause and confining himself so closely to the main issues at stake." In this respect he resembled Chief Justice Marshall, of whom his biographer, A. J. Beveridge, says: "Marshall's ability to extract from the confusion of the most involved question its vital elements and to state those elements in simple terms was helpful to the court and frankly appreciated by the judges."

John Woodbridge, in whose office Mr. Hitchcock began his career in Chicago, said of him: "He was a lawyer, a man of letters, a man of affairs. . . . Men paid him an involuntary homage, such as is ever yielded to dignity of character and grandeur of mind. His career at the bar was an uninterrupted success. He came here a stranger, but he advanced rapidly to fame and fortune. . . . He had a numerous and wealthy clientage and was always concerned with great causes."

That he was a man of affairs was shown in the business instinct which led him to make such an investment as the purchase of the northwest corner of Madison and La Salle streets, part of the ground on which the Hotel La Salle stands, as a permanent holding. He had the business instinct to foresee its certain and progressive increase in value.

One of Mr. Hitchcock's outstanding characteristics was the deep interest he took in young men, particularly in young lawyers. There were many testimonies to this effect by those whom he had advised, encouraged, and helped. This was recalled by one of his partners: "Especially did he find time to aid young men—young lawyers who came to him for advice and assistance, as they very frequently did. He always aided them generously and freely, and they found in him a real friend. His thoughtful consideration for others was shown in his treatment of the young men in the office, the clerks, and the students. He suggested their courses of reading, both legal and miscellaneous. He was solicitous for their health, for their advancement, and that their labors should be of service to themselves as well as to him." Speaking before the Bar Association for "the younger members of our profession," F. O. Lyman told of his first meeting with Mr. Hitchcock when he arrived in Chicago, a stranger: "He asked me what qualifications I had, what studies I had pursued, what preparation I had made

for my life-work. . . . He earnestly impressed on me not to grow discouraged with the days and years of waiting, drudgery, and toil which must be endured . . . and to ever keep in mind the ideal lawyer every student pictures to himself while reading Blackstone, Kent, and the lives of the great lawyers."

The writer has been impressed by the estimate of him expressed by John H. Thompson at the Bar Association meeting: "As I recollect him when he came here, he presented very manifestly the same striking features of character which he always afterward displayed—a mind of remarkable clearness and quickness, and a mature, vigorous and sound judgment. . . . He had an eminently judicial mind, and he would have adorned any bench upon which he might have been placed. But the glory of the bench was not needed for him. His glory was rather needed for the bench."

Judge Blodgett happily summed up his characteristics: "As a lawyer he responded to the highest ideals of our noble profession. As a citizen he was ever patriotic, public spirited, and wise. As a friend he was true to the noblest impulses of our nature."

Since the death of her husband Mrs. Hitchcock has continued to live in the home to which they went soon after their marriage in 1860. It is therefore one of the old homesteads of the city. It satisfies one's idea of a homestead. It is not part of a brick block, nor is it closely shut in by other houses. It is a pleasant and commodious frame house, standing far back from the street in the midst of grounds two hundred and fifty feet in length. When it was built it was in the suburb of Kenwood, far south of the city limits. Now the city limits are many miles south of the Hitchcock homestead, so far south, indeed, as to leave it almost in the center of the town, measuring from north to south. It is one of the pleasantest parts of Chicago.

With many gifts of mind and heart, Mrs. Hitchcock has always been equally at home and equally welcome in the humblest and the highest circles. She was one of the organizers of the Fortnightly Club, which has numbered among its members many of the foremost women of Chicago. She has long been a member of the Kenwood Club, and has engaged in the multiplied activities of the Chicago Woman's Club. She has taken a warm interest in Berea College, Kentucky.

The establishment of the University of Chicago in 1889-92 early attracted her attention and awakened her interest. Mrs. Hitchcock had all her husband's interest in the welfare of young men seeking a preparation for the work of life. Having no family of her own, she

determined to satisfy this interest in fulfilling a purpose which had grown up in her mind to build a memorial of her husband which should embody his devotion to young men just entering into life. The new University offered itself to her as a place where her purpose could be best carried out.

On December 12, 1899, President Harper informed the Trustees that Mrs. Hitchcock desired to build a memorial to her husband and was prepared to give the University a considerable sum for this purpose. On the first of January, 1900, she proffered the University for the purposes she had in mind \$200,000. These purposes finally took the following form: The sum of \$25,000 is set aside for the endowment of a traveling fellowship in Greek to be known as the Daniel L. Shorey Fellowship, in commemoration of the long friendship between her husband and Mr. Shorey. The sum of \$150,499 was used in the construction of a dormitory for young men students of the University, to be known as the Charles Hitchcock Hall, and \$25,000 was designated as a sustentation fund, the income to be used for maintaining the memorial hall "in first-class condition and repair."

The plans for the Charles Hitchcock Hall were prepared by Mr. Dwight H. Perkins, architect, after he had studied student dormitory buildings in this and other countries. The corner stone was laid by Mrs. Hitchcock herself on June 15, 1901, Professor Paul Shorey, head of the Department of Greek in the University, making the address. The June, 1901, Convocation was a great celebration, marking the tenth anniversary of the founding of the University. The exercises continued through five days. During this time the corner stones of six buildings were laid: on June 15 those of the Press Building and the Charles Hitchcock Hall, and on June 18 those of Hutchinson Commons, the Mitchell Tower, the Reynolds Clubhouse and Mandel Assembly Hall. The founder of the University, Mr. Rockefeller, was present, an interested participant in all these exercises.

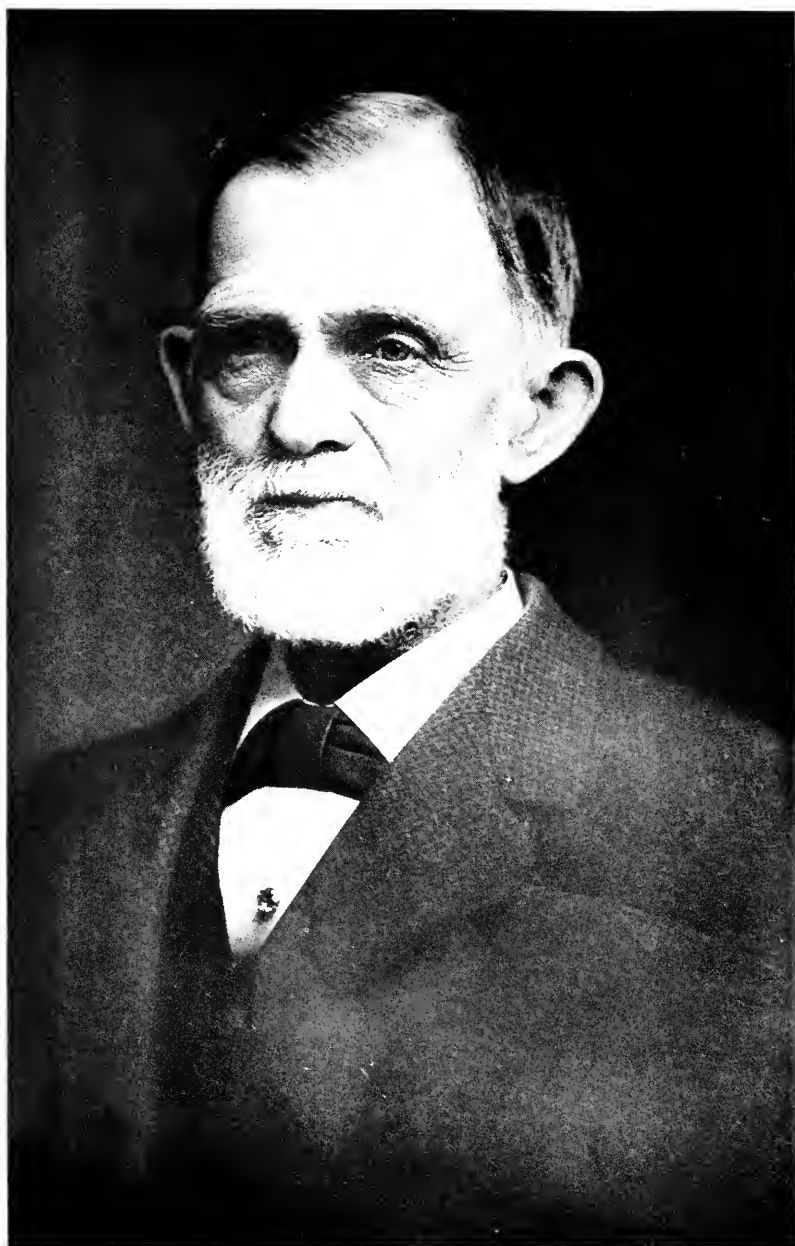
The Charles Hitchcock Hall was completed in September, 1902, and was occupied by students at the opening of the Autumn Quarter, October 1. It is the largest of the residence halls thus far provided, having not only rooms for ninety-three students, but, in addition, a club-room, infirmary, breakfast-room, and a large and beautiful library. It also provides a room for the clergymen who preach every Sunday morning in Mandel Hall, this room being known as "the preachers' room." It has been furnished by Mrs. Hitchcock, some of the furniture having been brought by her parents when they migrated to Illinois in 1847.

Among the attractive features of the building is the cloister running along the south front and uniting the five divisions of the hall.

One of the most interesting things connected with the building and subsequent history of the hall is the deep and increasing interest manifested in it by Mrs. Hitchcock. She gave much attention to the making of the plans. The library was equipped by her with a large and valuable collection of books and its walls were adorned by her with portraits and other works of art. Over the fireplace hangs the portrait of Mr. Hitchcock. Much of the furniture of this room, as well as that of the University "preachers' room," was contributed by her. A series of architectural photographs adorn the walls of the cloister, an added illustration of Mrs. Hitchcock's interest, taste, and munificence. She takes a great interest in the students who occupy and always fill the hall, and frequently meets them at afternoon teas in the library. The thought, time, attention, and gifts she has lavished on the hall and its students during the past twenty years are evidence of the large place it has had in her life and illustrate the overflowing good will and bounty of her nature. She has made the memorial of her husband not an erection of dead stone but a living monument eloquent of human feeling and affection.

In presenting the resolutions of the Chicago Bar Association on the death of Mr. Hitchcock before the Appellate Court, William C. Grant said: "It has been said that the life of a lawyer who devotes himself strictly to his profession and its practice leads to fewer permanent results which the world retains after his death than almost any other learned profession." It is not so in the case of Charles Hitchcock. When Mrs. Hitchcock put the accumulations of his quarter of a century of business activity into Hitchcock Hall and the Greek Fellowship, she transformed them into great intellectual and spiritual influences which will bless succeeding generations of young men, and through them the world itself, as long as our civilization endures.

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JOSEPH REYNOLDS

JOSEPH REYNOLDS

In 1882 the steamboat "Mary Morton," passing down the Mississippi from St. Paul to St. Louis, tied up at the landing-place at McGregor, Iowa, to discharge and take on freight. George B. Merrick, a leading Wisconsin editor, was making the trip as a guest of his oldtime river friend, Captain Burns. Mr. Merrick was himself a former riverman, was a great lover of the Mississippi, and is a prolific writer on the history of its navigation. Much contained in this sketch is derived from his records of the rise and fall of river travel and traffic. Telling of touching at McGregor on this trip he says:

Captain Burns pointed out a man, dressed in a dark business suit, sitting on a snubbing post, lazily and apparently indifferently watching the crew handling freight, or looking over the steamer as if it were an unusual or curious sight. He did not speak to any of the officers while we were watching him and Mr. Burns thought it very unlikely that he would. He did not come on board the boat at all, but sat and whittled the head of the post until we backed out and left him out of sight behind.

This was the once famous Captain Diamond Jo Reynolds, who for nearly a generation was one of the leading figures in the upper Mississippi steamboat traffic, the most widely known, indeed, of all the rivermen. At the time of this incident he was sixty-three years old.

He was born in the little village of Fallsburg, in eastern New York, June 11, 1819. His parents were Quakers and he never lost the undemonstrative, self-contained, determined characteristics their influence wrought into his life. He was the youngest of six children. From his early years business was the occupation that absorbed him. He was a born trader. One incident of his youth survives in which his inborn bent toward trade is revealed. When he was six years old one of his older brothers took him to a neighboring town to see a general militia muster, or General Training Day. The brother had a stock of ginger and other cakes to sell. Securing an eligible stand and displaying his stock he began crying, "Cakes for sale." He had brought Jo along that the boy might see the soldiers on parade and all the sights of a holiday. But no sooner did his brother begin to cry his wares than

the business instinct asserted itself in little Joe, and forgetting the soldiers he took up the cry of "Cakes for sale," and entered with his whole soul into the spirit of salesmanship. Another vender had a stand near that of Silas and was endeavoring, by

making the most noise, to divert his custom. Seeing this, little Joe changed his cry and shouted: "That man's cakes are good, but these are better! Good and better! Good and better!" The shrill treble of the six-year-old merchant carried conviction to the crowd and the stock of cakes was soon all sold.

We learn little of the sports of his boyhood. But in later life he used to tell, with great enjoyment, of a practical joke a sister played on him when he was a boy. The two went nutting in the woods late enough in the fall, as they supposed, to find the nuts covering the ground. As it happened they found the ground bare and the nuts still on the trees. Thereupon the sister said, "Jo, you climb the tree and shake the nuts off and I will pick them up and we will go halves." This seemed fair to Jo so up he climbed and shook and beat the branches till the ground was covered with nuts. When he had about finished, his sister called up to him: "Jo, I have picked up my half and am going home." And off she marched. This no doubt caused a temporary family feud, but when he became a man it seemed to be the most delightful remembrance of his youth.

Jo received only a common-school education, but must have been something of a student, as at an early age he was spending his winters teaching school at ten dollars a month and board. But business was his real vocation and at seventeen he was fully embarked in trade. His first venture was in the meat business. It was exactly like that of G. F. Swift, the founder of the great packing industry of Swift and Company. He bought from the farmers cattle, sheep, and hogs which he prepared for market, peddling the meat in a wagon through the surrounding villages and among the farmers along his route. He continued this first adventure into business through several seasons, but the returns did not satisfy him. He had acquired the elements of book-keeping and kept accounts of his transactions from the beginning. This early experience was of value to him and, although not a very profitable venture, gave him sufficient capital to take his next step in his business career.

With an older brother, Isaac, he opened in the nearby village of Rockland a "general store." As one of the merchants of the place he became widely acquainted. He soon acquired a reputation for integrity and fair dealing. The best people of the community were his friends. He was the most enterprising and ambitious young man in the town. How long he and his brother continued to run the store or how successful the business was does not appear. It must have been reasonably successful, as we find him after a few years in Rockland marrying the

most eligible young woman in the place, Mary E. Morton. Mr. Morton seems to have been a man of considerable means. He was also a man of sufficient discernment to recognize the very unusual business abilities of his son-in-law. The young man was quick to seize opportunities of advancement and Mr. Morton had such confidence in his business judgment and skill in management that he gave young Reynolds the most liberal financial backing.

Data relating to these earlier years are few. The "general store" disappears from view. The young man found an opportunity which looked promising to him to purchase a custom flour-and-feed mill. Mr. Morton assisted him in securing the mill and he conducted the new business with so much skill that it became very profitable. He was in the full tide of success, in a small way, when the mill, together with a considerable amount of grain he had on hand, was totally consumed by fire. Not yet having means enough of his own to rebuild, he formed a stock company and enlisted a number of the business men of the place in the new enterprise. He immediately proceeded to erect a mill of the most modern type, with "the latest and most improved machinery, with mahogany bolts and hoppers." The stockholders thereupon took alarm, exclaiming that his extravagance would bankrupt the company. Their dissatisfaction became so open and extreme that his father-in-law, Mr. Morton, whose confidence in his business acumen remained unshaken, again came to his assistance and enabled him to buy out all the stockholders and finish the mill in accordance with his plans.

It was the most perfectly equipped mill in a wide area, and proved a great financial success. Business came to it from every quarter and Mr. Reynolds began to prosper. He had, before he was thirty years old, a well-established and profitable business which was quite certain to make him one of the leading financial men of the place. Any ordinary man would have been satisfied with such a position and such prospects. But Mr. Reynolds was very far from being an ordinary man. He was seen at the beginning of this sketch sitting on a snubbing post seemingly indifferent to his surroundings. But Mr. Merrick says Captain Burns "allowed that Jo was doing a heap of thinking all the time we were watching him." It was Burns's opinion that he was "scheming." This was the way in which his associates came to regard him. Behind a very quiet, apparently unobservant, and indifferent demeanor there was a singularly alert and active intelligence, alive to developments about him and planning new projects. As in later life, this was true in Rockland before he was forty. Near his mill was a tannery doing a small business,

in which he saw, if wisely managed, large development with corresponding profits. Forming a partnership with a friend of his youth, he bought it, transformed and enlarged it, and began the manufacture of oak-tanned leather. The new venture prospered. He was making money in both mill and tannery. But he was not satisfied.

While Mr. Reynolds had been learning business and establishing himself, the great new West had been discovered and occupied. The frontier village of Chicago had become within twenty years a city of 80,000 people. A flood of immigration was pouring into the western states. The attractive power of the new West was felt in every community of the older East. Mr. Reynolds felt it not less strongly than others. He had good reasons to be satisfied with the success he had already achieved and with his prospects of increasing prosperity. But as the wonder of the development of the West grew, his mind dwelt more and more on the opportunities it presented for bigger business enterprises and opportunities than were possible in his surroundings. More than fifty years later the village of Rockland had a population of only 300. For playing the drama of his life he needed a larger stage.

When therefore in 1855 an opportunity came for disposing of both his mill and tannery profitably he welcomed it, and, winding up his affairs as quickly as possible, he moved to Chicago. There he went into his old business of tanning and established a tannery on Water Street, west of the Chicago River. His business compelled him to travel widely through the new states of Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Iowa, buying hides and furs for the tannery. He was brought by his business into an acquaintance, which seems to have ripened into a friendship, with P. D. Armour, the founder of the great packing and grain business of Armour and Company. They apparently became acquainted very early in Mr. Reynolds' residence in Chicago. In the *Dubuque Telegraph-Herald*, John Deery, a leading lawyer of Dubuque, told in 1911 this story: "It may not be true, but it is related that Joseph Reynolds and the late Phil Armour, after coming west, engaged in the same business of buying hides and furs along the river towns. . . . As the story goes, it appears that both had, at the same time, an overstock of hides for the market, and they agreed to play the then popular game of cards, 'California Jack,' to decide which one should take the other's stock off his hands. The result of the game was that Reynolds had to take Armour's stock. Happily for him the market soon rallied and he made good money on the deal."

In his travels along the Mississippi Mr. Reynolds soon discovered that the country west of the river had become so well settled and was pro-

ducing such abundant crops that the farmers were looking for buyers for their grain. With his remarkable instinct for recognizing business opportunities he saw that the wholesale buying of grain and shipping it to the Chicago market ought to be very profitable. I give the story of what immediately followed in the words of Mr. Merrick:

About the year 1860 Reynolds disposed of his Chicago business and engaged in the grain trade exclusively, with headquarters at Prairie du Chien, at which point transshipment was made from steamboat to the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad. The Minnesota Packet Company was paramount on the upper river between Galena and St. Paul. Some of its stockholders were interested also in the railway company, and were also engaged in buying grain. Their connection with both steamboat and railroad enabled them to obtain favors not accorded to others who were considered "outsiders," of whom Reynolds was one. His grain would be refused by the boat line, while that of his rivals would be taken, often subjecting him to loss by the elements, at the point of shipment, and to pecuniary losses through failure to deliver his grain upon a favorable market.

To avoid at least some of the annoyances and delays to which he was subjected by the Packet Company, and to provide adequate transportation for his rapidly growing business, Reynolds in the spring of 1862 built the steamboat "Lansing," a stern wheel boat of 123 tons. This he placed under the command of Captain J. B. Wilcox of Desoto, Wisconsin, an experienced steamboat man, and ran her between Lansing and Prairie du Chien, carrying all his own grain and produce, and handling such other freight as was not directly controlled by the Packet Company, through the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railway Company, at Prairie du Chien.

Fearing that this small venture might lead to a competition detrimental to its business, the Packet Company prevailed upon Reynolds to sell them the "Lansing," promising in return to care for his business in a satisfactory manner. Before the season ended, however, he found that the company had no intention of living up to the promises made him, and his business was suffering from neglect and discrimination. Like the old farmer in the fable, finding that the clods of compromise and concession were unavailing to secure an even chance with his rivals in business, he decided again to resort to the weapons to which the Packet Company was amenable. In the winter of 1862-63 he built at Woodman, Wisconsin, on the Wisconsin River, some ten or fifteen miles from Prairie du Chien, a stern wheel boat of 242 tons, which was named "Diamond Jo" . . . with Captain William Fleming, master. Two barges for bulk grain, the "Conger" and the "Fleming," were also built and placed in commission.



It will appear from the foregoing statement that the Packet Company was not conducted on good business principles. The inevitable result followed. In the beginning of 1864 it was reorganized under another management under the name of The Northwestern Packet Company. The new company, wishing to rid itself of a rival for river business, by promises and guaranties persuaded Mr. Reynolds to sell his little fleet to them and retire again from the transportation business. For the next three years the new arrangement worked satisfactorily. But in 1866 a new consolidation of steamboat companies again brought into river navigation rival grain buyers who were able to control condi-

tions at the river railroad terminals at La Crosse and Prairie du Chien so completely and used their power so ruthlessly against their rivals in the business of buying and shipping grain that Mr. Reynolds was so much embarrassed that he found "he must secure other river transportation and railroad connections or go out of business." Mr. Merrick dryly remarks: "It is very unlikely that he considered the latter alternative to any great extent."

Mr. Reynolds continued through life to manifest many of the traits of his Quaker upbringing. He was quiet, patient, long-suffering. He was not easily provoked to aggressive self-assertion. He desired to live at peace with all men. But the same class of men having repeatedly threatened his business life at length aroused the sleeping lion in the man. They lived to repent their temerity.

Mr. Reynolds resolved to establish a new line of steamboats on the upper Mississippi and contest with his enemies the control of the river. He began very conservatively, buying in 1867 a small boat of only 61½ tons, the "John C. Gault," and a few barges. The new line was fully established in 1868 and named the Chicago, Fulton, and River Line, with four boats, the "John C. Gault," the "Ida Fulton," the "Diamond Jo," and the "Lady Pike," together with the necessary towing barges. In 1871 the "Bannock City" was added to care for the rapidly increasing business, and the title of the line was changed to the Diamond Jo Line steamers. This soon became and remained for forty years, till long after Mr. Reynolds' death, the most famous name on the upper Mississippi. It will always continue to indicate the great days of trade and travel on the Father of Waters.

Mr. Reynolds himself came to be popularly known as Diamond Jo. It was easy therefore for those who only knew of him as a steamboat man to conclude that he must have got the name because he wore on his person a somewhat conspicuous diamond. So I myself supposed. But an employe who knew him well for many years writes me that "when this nickname was given him Mr. Reynolds had no big diamond on his shirt front nor on his finger." He was a plain, quiet, unpretentious man, never given to display.

The better explanation seems to be the following, given by a near relative. In marking his bales of skins he placed a diamond-shaped trade-mark on them—thus . Later he found another man using the same trade-mark and thereupon changed his own by placing his name Jo inside the diamond, —and thus gave himself the name by which he came to be so widely known.

Curiously enough he became, apparently, so attached to the name that he devised a signature which distinctly shows his trade-mark between the J. and R, making the signature not ungraceful and certainly unique.

The second boat he built he called the "Diamond Jo." The name pleased the river and when he entered seriously on the task of establishing a new line of steamboats, the public began to call it the "Diamond Jo Line." The newspapers used the name in preference to the first real name of the company, the Chicago, Fulton, and River Line, and, yielding to this demand of the public, Mr. Reynolds, three years after the company was formed, formally changed the name to the Diamond Jo Line steamers. His packets floated, as the company's ensign, a flag bearing the conventional figure of a diamond on a plain field.

Mr. Reynolds naturally became, as the owner of a line of river steamers, "Captain," though he never ran his own boats except, perhaps, on a single trip, and then with a competent mate at his side. He was no navigator, but a business man of such exceptional qualities that he distanced all his competitors and became the most successful and famous figure on the upper Mississippi. Other lines came and went. They failed or, on account of internal dissensions, were "reorganized"; but the Diamond Jo Line increased its service and went on with growing success.

Organized at the outset to protect his grain-shipping business and covering only a small part of the upper river, it gradually extended the area of its operations, until it covered the entire distance from St. Louis to the head of navigation at St. Paul, approximately a thousand miles. The Mississippi, as a navigable stream, is divided into two distinct parts, the lower river extending from New Orleans to St. Louis, and the upper river from St. Louis to St. Paul. The great boats of the lower river ended their trips at St. Louis. There a passenger for St. Paul would transfer to a smaller boat and proceed, perhaps, halfway up the river and then, if the water was low, he would take a still smaller boat of very light draft and go on to his destination. I once made the trip from Quincy to St. Paul and shall never forget the impression made on my mind by the contrast presented by the river at these two cities. At Quincy the great river is a most impressive stream, nearly a mile wide. Our small upper-river boat to which we had been transferred arrived at the head of navigation at St. Paul early one August morning. When I got up and went on deck I was astonished to find the majestic river on which I had begun my journey shrunken to what impressed me as an insignificant creek. It was almost impossible to believe that this was the great Father of Waters with whose vast flood I was familiar.

The first boats of the Diamond Jo Line were built for the upper-river traffic. When about 1880 Mr. Reynolds extended his business to St. Louis he built the "Mary Morton," named after his wife, a boat 210 feet long and of nearly 500 tons. This was followed by the "Sidney," of about 618 tons, and the "Pittsburg," of 722 tons, all large stern-wheel boats. Others of still larger size were added later. They contrasted greatly with the small boats used on the upper river, like the "Josephine," the "Libbie Conger," the "Diamond Jo," and others, some of them half as large and still others much smaller, some of them less than 100 tons, and only ninety or a hundred feet long.

The Diamond Jo Line was so successful that during the seventies it established a shipyard at Eagle Point, three miles above Dubuque. This grew to large proportions, building the new boats required, repairing those that were damaged, constructing the many barges needed, and doing the general work of a shipyard for the river.

The traffic boats did their most profitable work towing loaded barges. The "Imperial," a very powerful tugboat, "frequently handled eight barges of bulk grain, which, with the deck load of sacked grain carried in times of good water, often reached as high as 100,000 bushels. It is estimated that, reducing this to the terms of the railroad transportation of that day, it would have loaded ten trains of twenty-five cars each, which would have required ten locomotives, ten cabooses, and ten crews to handle them, while the track covered would have exceeded a mile and a half." Captain Fred A. Bill tells me he recalls one trip in which 112,000 bushels of wheat were transported. This will give some suggestion of the volume of business done by the Diamond Jo Line of steamers. It was, indeed, a business of great risks. Mr. Merrick writes:

The life of a steamboat is brief at best. Before the river had been lighted and cleared of snags, wrecks, and other obstructions, four or five years was the limit of probabilities. Later this probability was doubled; but the possibility of loss was ever present. The Diamond Jo Company bought boats only as it had use for them, and by selling the older and smaller boats while they were yet salable and buying new and larger ones to meet its increasing business it was able to declare dividends and to outlive all its rivals, maintaining itself longer than any other line that ever operated on the Mississippi, either on the upper or lower river.

The results of the great era of railroad construction in the latter third of the last century in destroying the Mississippi as a highway of travel and traffic are well known. But it is said that the "twenty years between 1875 and 1895 witnessed the greatest activity in the lumber business ever known on the Mississippi, or any other river, or in any country or age. It gave employment to hundreds of steamboats

used in towing the logs and lumber to market." This was particularly true of the upper river. It made the shipyard Mr. Reynolds had established above Dubuque a very successful and profitable part of his business. Here came the boats needing repairs. Here new boats were built for this extraordinary trade. The yard was never idle. It constantly employed a large force of skilled mechanics. "In addition to the boat builders a crew of expert divers, with all necessary gear, with barges, pumps, and other machinery and rigging for raising sunken vessels, was likewise maintained, ready at an hour's notice to proceed to the relief of any boat in trouble, anywhere between St. Louis and St. Paul."

For nearly half a century crowds gathered regularly on the levees at all the river towns from St. Louis to St. Paul at the sound of the familiar two long and two short whistles, to welcome or do business with up or down Diamond Jo steamers, their comings and goings being in many of these places the principal event of the day.

When in 1860 Mr. Reynolds entered extensively into the grain business along the Mississippi, he moved to McGregor, Iowa, one of the river towns a few miles north of Dubuque, and made his home there for the rest of his life. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds had one son, whom they named Blake, and who was born in McGregor during the first year of their residence there. Being an only son, their hearts and their hopes were bound up in him. Mr. Reynolds was a man of almost boundless energy, and the steamboat line, which was itself a big business, was only one among his many activities. As new railroads were built beyond the river, he carried his buying and shipping of grain into the new towns that sprang up.

He was not only a steamboat, but also a railroad, magnate. The story of his entrance into the railroad business is one of the most interesting stories of his life. Soon after his sixtieth year, in the early eighties, the partial failure of his health led him to seek relief at the Arkansas Hot Springs, the medicinal qualities of which were beginning to attract large numbers of seekers after health. These now celebrated Springs were then little known. At that time they could be reached only by a tedious journey of twenty-two miles among the hills from the nearest railroad station of Malvern. The narrator of the story says:

The stages in use between the railroad at Malvern and the Springs were old and rickety, and the one in which he had taken passage broke down completely while they were yet some miles from their destination and Reynolds and his fellow-passengers were compelled to walk the remaining distance. On arrival at the Springs Reynolds remonstrated in somewhat forcible terms, to which the proprietor rejoined with a

sneer: "Well, what are you goin' to do about it?" "I'll build a railroad," said Jo. The stage man thought it a bluff; but Reynolds studied the proposition while taking the "cure," later calling in engineers to assist him. Deciding that the chances were rather for than against success, he put all his ready money into the work, hypothecating his stock in the steamboat company and in his mines.

Within a few months he had completed a narrow-gauge road twenty-two miles in length from Malvern to Hot Springs, upon which he had issued no bonds, and the stock of which was practically all in his own name. Later, as the business increased, . . . he bonded the road and with the proceeds changed the line to a standard-gauge, with heavier steel, and its sidetracks . . . , from that time to this, have constantly been filled with palace cars and private coaches from all parts of the country, switched on to this, one of the best paying twenty miles of road in the United States.

Mr. Reynolds certainly made it pay. The fare for the 20 or 22 miles was about ten cents a mile for some years. When the fare was \$2.00 Mr. Reynolds had a facsimile of a two-dollar bill made which was an order on the auditor of the road to pay that sum to any conductor on presentation of the bill. When asked for a pass over the road he would send one of these two-dollar bills. As I have indicated, his signature at the bottom of the bill revealed, to one who looked for it, his Diamond Jo trade-mark.

It will be recalled that in the latter third of the last century there occurred a remarkable revival of mining in the West. Great deposits both of gold and of silver were discovered. Leadville and other camps had their almost miraculous growth. All men with any speculative bent were stirred by the stories that came from the West. Fortunes were made, lost, and remade. Mr. Reynolds was one of those who became infected with the mining fever, and in the late seventies he and his son, then approaching manhood, interested themselves in gold mining in Arizona and Colorado.

Their first experience in buying a mine was a very humiliating one. Although they supposed they were using every precaution against being swindled, even putting their own men in to work it for a time before paying for it, the expert crooks who sold it succeeded in "salting" it even while Reynolds & Son's force was working it. They paid for it and suddenly found that there was not a particle of gold in it. Reynolds, however, was always a good loser. He pocketed his loss and a little later bought another mine, the Congress, in the same locality.

Someone said to him: "Mr. Reynolds, after losing so much in the Del Pasco I should not think you would buy another mine in the same locality." "Well," said Jo, "when you lose anything, don't you look for it where you lost it?" The Congress was a very rich gold mine and fully justified Reynolds in his decision "to look for his money where he lost it."

Mr. Merrick tells one story of Mr. Reynolds' mining ventures which illustrates the extent of his operations, the spirit in which he met difficulties, and his business methods. He says:

In another instance Reynolds was robbed by a man whom he had befriended and whom he trusted. A man by the name of Morrissey wired him from Leadville, Colorado, that there was a rich and promising mine there that could be bought very cheap, its owners not having funds wherewith to develop it. He immediately proceeded to Leadville, examined the property and, being satisfied that it was valuable, agreed to buy it at the purchase price of \$40,000, provided Morrissey, who was a practical miner, would stay with it as superintendent, Reynolds to put in good machinery with which to operate it and to promise that as soon as it had paid all that he had put in he would deed to Morrissey one-fourth of the mine. The returns soon equaled the total of the investment, and true to his promise he deeded to Morrissey the one-fourth interest and left him in charge of the work.

Some time after, Reynolds observed that the smelter returns sent him were not numbered consecutively, and when he investigated he found that Morrissey had retained very much more than his share, the one-quarter to which he was entitled amounting to something over \$250,000. The fact that Morrissey could neither read nor write probably hampered him in manipulating the returns. The shortage was settled without prosecution, Reynolds' Quaker antecedents discouraging, if not forbidding, an appeal to law in the settlement of personal differences.

In connection with the other lines of business in which he was engaged—dealing in grain, the Diamond Jo Line of steamers, the Hot Springs Railroad, etc.—Mr. Reynolds continued his activity in mines and mining to the end of his life. Conducting this part of his business with the same ability and energy which had made him so successful in other lines, he made it exceedingly profitable.

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds suffered the greatest affliction of their lives in the death of their son Blake. He was twenty-five years old. The blow was a very heavy one and shadowed the rest of their lives. Happily for them and for others it did not harden, but rather softened, the hearts of both, and awakened in them a sympathetic interest in other young men.

Mr. Reynolds survived his son only a short time. When he had passed his seventieth year, although a man of large wealth and with no apparent incentive to increase it after the loss of his son, he still continued his business activity. His death was caused, indeed, by his undue devotion to these activities. February, 1891, found him in a rude shack at the mouth of the Congress Mine, in Arizona, sixty miles from the nearest railroad station. There he was attacked by pneumonia.

Like so many other men he had neglected to make a will. Realizing that at his age and with infirm health at best, he was unlikely to survive that dread disease, he dispatched a messenger posthaste to Prescott to

wire for a physician and a lawyer—the latter to draw his will. Storms and washouts delayed all travel. Mr. Reynolds was surrounded by devoted friends, but while they waited for the help which did not come the disease was making fatal progress. There were certain things he was very anxious to provide for in his will. He wished to make bequests to some of the loyal and able assistants who had done much to promote his prosperity, and in remembrance of his son to do something that would provide advantages for young men. At length, despairing of the arrival of the lawyer, he asked one of his friends to write out a will at his dictation. The approach of death, which he clearly recognized, did not greatly concern him, but he was very much afraid his strength would not hold out till he could get the special bequests he wished to make committed to paper and signed.

The paper was completed and a pen was put into his hand that he might sign it. He tried, but was so near his end that an illegible scrawl was all he could produce. He was able to see that it was no signature, and, being still able to speak, it is said that he called on those who stood about him in the hut to witness that the unsigned paper was his last will and testament and almost in the utterance of the words passed away.

Mrs. Reynolds accepted the imperfect will written in the Arizona shack and carried out its provisions as fully as possible during the few years in which she survived her husband. She was engaged in carrying out the provision in the interest of young men when, in 1895, she herself died. The family burial lot is in Mount Hope Cemetery, Chicago, and is marked by a massive block of granite with the simple inscription "Reynolds."

Mr. Reynolds made a profound impression on those with whom he was most closely associated. One of them says:

In many ways Mr. Reynolds was peculiar. He was very quiet and had little use for "society." Minded his own business and expected others to do likewise. He told very little of himself and practically nothing of his early life. . . . He became rich and famous; made money rapidly, and when it was made it was easy to trace that, it came from reasoning from cause to effect, and not from what is commonly called luck.

Another wrote of him:

As I write this little sketch, there is on my desk a picture of Joseph Reynolds, that grand old character, who left his imprint upon and who contributed so greatly to the development of what was then called, in the seventies, "the Northwest." . . . Mr. Reynolds was a man who had peculiar traits, many of them most lovable, and I have been greatly influenced through my entire business career by lessons early learned from him. One of his characteristics was that when he found any man had wronged

him in a business transaction he seldom made much fuss about it—in fact, would suffer a severe loss before he would take a case into the courts; but ever after that particular person was “down and out” with Diamond Jo Reynolds. . . . If any employee was found guilty of a breach of trust he was generally allowed to drop out without any noise; but he was out good and hard forever after.

Another feature of Diamond Jo’s character was that he appointed a man to fill a place and looked to him for results. That is, he depended on the appointee’s individuality and originality, without any special direction from himself. . . . There have been but few, if any, who have left such a name for probity and high integrity as Diamond Jo Reynolds; and those of us who were fortunate enough to be associated with him revere his memory and think of him as one of the grand characters in the early history of the development of the upper Mississippi Valley.

It is quite evident that he made a very strong impression on the imagination of his captains and business managers. Recurring to the opening paragraph of this sketch, when Mr. Merrick saw him sitting on the snubbing post at McGregor, paying little attention to the landing, unloading, loading, and departure of what must have been one of his favorite boats—the “Mary Morton”—speaking to none of the officers, apparently taking no notice of anything except his whittling, “it was Captain Burns’s opinion that Reynolds had made a mental inventory of the appearance and condition of the boat, of the manner in which it had been handled in making the landing, and of the efficiency of the mate in getting the cargo on board; but he spoke to no one and no one spoke to him while we were looking,” says Mr. Merrick, and continues: “‘He is scheming!’” said Burns, and his thoughts may have been in Colorado or Arizona rather than McGregor.” This was the way the men who knew him best thought and spoke of him. They said: “He is thinking, scheming, working out far-sighted plans.” Mingled with their strong attachment to him was a feeling of awe. They regarded him as a kind of super-business man.

At the same time he had one characteristic and one custom that brought him and his employes into a rather intimate sympathy. He had a natural genius and love for mechanical work. On some of his boats and at several points on shore he kept chests of tools. If any job of repairs needed to be done, the men would say, “Oh, let it alone till the old man comes around.” And sure enough, when he did come, the first question he asked was likely to be: “Well, what have you got for me to do?” On his boats he did not pose as the owner or spend his time in the pilot-house, but was usually found at work in the carpenter shop.

An aristocratic southern gentleman once wandered into the shop on one of the steamers and finding a carpenter at work entered into conver-

sation with him. Later he said to the captain: "I have had a very pleasant chat with your old carpenter below decks. He seems rather an intelligent old fellow." "Yes," said the captain, "he is somewhat intelligent. His name is Reynolds, commonly known as 'Diamond Jo.' He owns this line of steamboats, a railroad in Arkansas, numerous gold mines in Colorado and Arizona, and is probably worth two or three million dollars."

It was inevitable that with his varied and extensive interests Mr. Reynolds should be a frequent visitor to Chicago. Indeed he had an office in that city during the last thirty-five years of his life. There are many business men in Chicago who, after more than thirty years, still remember him. One of the intimacies of his earlier western life that continued was that with the late P. D. Armour.

The following story, told by Mr. Armour to Captain John Killen, one of Mr. Reynolds' principal lieutenants, illustrates the extent of his credit, his reputation for absolute integrity, and the warm friendship he inspired in the strongest men.

There had been a flurry in the money market and Reynolds found himself in need of funds. He went to Mr. Armour's office and the latter, guessing his errand, for the fun of anticipating his request said at once:

"Jo, can you lend me fifty thousand dollars?" Reynolds replied: "That is just what I came to you for. I never wanted money so badly in all my life."

"How much do you want?" asked Armour.

"I want two hundred thousand dollars," was the reply.

"I can let you have it," said Armour, and filled out checks for the amount, taking Reynolds' personal notes in exchange.

Soon after, Reynolds came back and threw a bundle of stock certificates on the desk, saying, "Phil, keep that until I pay back the money."

"Put that back in your safety box, Jo," said Armour. "But for the uncertainty of life your word would be enough for me. Were it not for that I would not accept your notes."

The bundle of stock certificates represented the entire value of the Hot Springs Railroad at that time.

If the readers of this sketch have conceived of the Mississippi River steamboat man as a boisterous, intemperate, profane character, they must free their minds of this conception in thinking of Mr. Reynolds. He was exactly the opposite of all this. His Quaker bringing-up had made him a quiet, reticent man. Surrounded by drinking men, he was himself strictly temperate, once saying to a reporter that it was so long since he had tasted whiskey that he could not remember the time. He did not drink liquor at all. There were no bars on the boats of the

Diamond Jo Line, and "drinking by either passengers or crew was discountenanced." And, as Mr. Merrick says, "being a Quaker he did not swear."

It may also be said that, being a Quaker, his religion was of the silent sort. The executor of his estate tells me that among his papers was found a note in his own handwriting which said: "It is my religion to do what I say and pay what I owe."

That Mr. Reynolds was a man of extraordinary business activity and ability is evident from this brief sketch of his life. He engaged in many kinds of business and succeeded in all. In his great enterprises—dealing in grain, steamboating, railroading, mining—he accumulated a large fortune. But the enterprises I have touched upon did not limit his activities. He was interested in the Park Hotel and perhaps others in Hot Springs. He was concerned in the Santa Fe, Prescott, and Phoenix Railway Company. His investments covered a wide field and his business activities, as this story has shown, continued to the very end of his life, in his seventy-first year.

He carried a small red book in which he kept a record of his business transactions. These records were concise, but complete. After his death a baseless claim was made against the estate for a very large sum by a man who had been his agent in certain transactions. The "red book" contained an entry in which he said that he had, on a date mentioned, paid the claimant for "\$200 worth of service" and settled with him in full. Confronted with this the claimant and his lawyer withdrew and were seen no more.

It illustrates the essential nobility of the man that the death of his son, who would have been his heir, and in whom all his hopes were centered, instead of narrowing his sympathies, widened them and awakened in his heart a warm interest in all young men. There is something sublime and impressive and appealing in the sight of this man of wealth, lying sick unto death in that shack in the Arizona wilderness, making provision with his dying breath to give young men a start in life. In his last hours he thought of others rather than himself.

Mrs. Reynolds was like-minded and lost no time in taking steps to carry out her husband's plans.

The University of Chicago opened its doors to students on the first day of October, 1892. The estate of Mr. Reynolds was not then settled, but on the nineteenth of that month Mrs. Reynolds agreed to pay to the University \$250,000, "to be used for educational purposes in such manner as shall commemorate the name of Joseph Reynolds and to

be expended for such purposes and in such manner as shall be agreed upon." In 1895, before the settlement of the estate, Mrs. Reynolds herself died.

The Reynolds Fund did not finally aggregate the amount originally proposed. It was paid to the University by the executor in 1897 in the bonds, for the most part, of the Hot Springs Railroad, he retaining an option to repurchase them at par within five years. As long as that line was the only one leading to the Springs, its securities were gilt edged. The building of new lines, however, very materially impaired their value. When in 1901 final arrangements with the executor were made, the amount realized for the fund was found to be \$113,123.45. By agreement with the representatives of the estate during that year, \$80,000 was set aside for the erection of "The Reynolds Student Clubhouse," and it was arranged that "the income of the remainder of the Fund shall forever be used for scholarships for boys, to be known as the 'Joseph Reynolds Scholarships.'" The scholarship fund thus amounts to \$33,123.45, and every year pays the tuition fees of twelve young men.

The Reynolds Clubhouse is one of the four buildings constituting what is known as the Tower Group. The corner stones of all four, the Hutchinson Commons, the Mitchell Tower, the Reynolds Clubhouse, and Mandel Assembly Hall, were laid on the last day of the University's Decennial Celebration, June 18, 1901. The corner stone of the clubhouse was, very appropriately, laid by a student. It stands on the corner of Fifty-seventh Street and University Avenue. The avenue side is said to be strongly suggestive of the famous garden front of St. John's College, Oxford. It is built, like the other buildings of the University, of Bedford stone, and is three stories high, with a commodious basement in which are the bowling alleys, barber shop, and locker room. On the three floors above are a library, billiard room, reading room, and theater, with numerous committee rooms, all handsomely finished and furnished.

The house provides the men of the University with facilities for making student life socially enjoyable and profitable. They were quick to realize this, and at the beginning of the Autumn Quarter of 1903 organized the Reynolds Club, which took over the house and thenceforth filled a great place in the life of the University. The club has more than a thousand members and grows with the growth of the institution. It is the center of the University's social life for its young men.

The desire of Mrs. Reynolds to "commemorate the name of Joseph Reynolds" has been fulfilled in a somewhat extraordinary manner.

The University has done it in building the Reynolds Clubhouse and establishing the Reynolds Scholarships. The students have, perhaps, made a still greater contribution to this commemoration in calling their organization the Reynolds Club. Mr. Reynolds' line of steamers, his railroads, his mines, his hotels, made no mention of his name. With the passing of all these it would have been forgotten. But, connected in this three-fold way with a great University, it is not only assured of historic remembrance but is a living name and will continue perpetually to be spoken every day by increasing numbers. But far better than this, every year growing numbers of young men will enter the struggle of life better equipped to achieve success and usefulness because he lived and labored for them. And best of all, he was worthy of this immortality of remembrance and influence.

STIGTEND
KONTOR
FÖR
SÄLLSKAPETS
REVISORER
1912



NATHANIEL COLVER

NATHANIEL COLVER

Nathaniel Colver was one of the foremost Baptist ministers of the last century. He bore the name of his father and his grandfather, both Baptist ministers in New England and New York. They were not educated men, and, preaching in the scattered settlements of Revolutionary and pre-Revolutionary days, received little remuneration, supporting themselves largely by farming. They preached for the love of preaching. The Nathaniel Colver of whom I write was born, one of eleven children, in Orwell, near Lake Champlain, Addison County, Vermont, May 10, 1794. He was little more than a year old, however, when his father took the family to a farm in Champlain, New York. They no doubt traveled the hundred miles by water, up the lake to Rouse's Point, the northeast corner of New York, and then five or eight miles by the Champlain River to the settlement of the same name where the new farm was located and where, although there were only thirteen families in two townships, the father began at once to preach as well as to cultivate his land. The country was a wilderness, but the population slowly increased and churches were organized in course of time in Champlain and other places. The family was poor. None of them was strong and well except the boy Nathaniel. He grew up to a life of toil. Either there were scant opportunities for schooling or the pressure of the family needs gave him no time for school. At all events two winters at school were all he ever had. He grew fast and became tall and robust. He was strong as an ox, red-blooded, and eager to get all he could out of his youth and the frontier wilderness about him. And what a country that was for an active, vigorous, fun-loving, adventurous, courageous lad. Within sight of his home to the north were the forests of Canada. A few miles down the river were the upper reaches of Lake Champlain. The rivers and brooks were the home of the trout. The woods were full of many kinds of game. In his last days Dr. Colver visited these scenes of his youth. "There," he wrote, "I learned to trap the muskrat and the mink, and also the wolf and the bear. I could remember in what direction and about where, in the wilderness as it then was, my brother next older and myself caught four wolves in one winter. We caught them in fox traps, and by fastening the trap to the end of a pole the wolf was unable to pull his foot out," the heavy pole acting only as

a drag. The boy was not able, however, to get out of this wonderful boy's world all the joy of youth he might have had under happier circumstances. He continues, "In my father's family there was much hard sickness. I, only, had good health, and mine was the lot of service and toil." His lack of schooling was not compensated by any home advantages. The only books he recalled as being in the house in those early years were the Bible, a "psalm-book," a spelling-book, and the "Third Part," so barren was his life of any opportunities of education. Being naturally eager for knowledge he became during these early years thoroughly familiar with the Bible. He says, "I had nothing else to feed my mind with, and so I ate up the Bible," which "my mother early taught me to read and love." When asked in later life where he graduated, he replied, "In the northeast corner of New York, in a log heap."

The hard life of the frontier continued till he was fifteen years old, when the family moved to West Stockbridge, Massachusetts, where a little over fifty years before Jonathan Edwards had produced the works on which his fame is founded.

Although young Colver was still a lad he was, in this removal, sent on in advance of the family, and all of the journey not made by water he accomplished on foot. He was now apprenticed to a tanner and furrier and learned, among other things, shoemaking. The war of 1812 came on, and, when in 1814 New York was threatened, Colver, then in his twentieth year, volunteered and served for some months with the army concentrated in that city for its defense. He became shoemaker for his fellow-soldiers.

Up to his army experience there is not the slightest evidence that the boy possessed any unusual gifts. But he now, all at once, gave proof of hitherto hidden powers. A comrade was arrested and taken before a magistrate. Young Colver, believing him innocent, appeared and asked permission to defend him and did this with such eloquence and power that not only was the soldier acquitted, but a gentleman present sought out the youthful advocate and offered, if he desired to make the law his profession, to put him in the way of obtaining a legal education. Although he was only twenty years old he was already contemplating marriage, and a long course of study did not appeal to him. The war ending, he returned home and on April 27, 1815, a few days before his twenty-first birthday, married Sally Clark and began life for himself. He fully intended to follow the business he had learned, but in 1817, when twenty-three years old, he became the subject of an old-fashioned conversion and this changed the direction of his life. He did not indeed

choose the ministry. It rather chose him. Immediately after his conversion the people began to say that he must preach. A call coming from a neighboring church for someone to supply the pulpit, the deacons drafted young Colver into the service. Reluctantly he went and told the people that he could not preach, but would lead a prayer meeting. They assured him that this would not do. They were expecting a sermon and a sermon they must have. But he said, "I cannot preach. I have not even a text." Thereupon one of them suggested, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." "Well," the young man said, "I think I do know a little about that," and went into the pulpit. The record of his biographer, Dr. Justin A. Smith, is as follows:

The subject opened to him beyond his expectation, and while all were delighted and surprised at the sermon which followed, he himself was more surprised than any of them. At the close it was announced without consulting him that he would preach again in the afternoon, and at the close of this sermon that he would preach a third sermon at a school house a few miles away. This last was the best of all. His father and mother were present, and the joyful old man, turning to his wife as the service ended, exclaimed, "Our Nathaniel is a preacher."

That day's experience settled the question. He was, indeed, without theological training. He did not even have a common-school education. He suffered from these handicaps throughout his life. But he was a natural preacher and orator. He lacked the discipline of study, the intellectual acquisitions of learning, and the culture of education, and these serious deficiencies long obscured the extraordinary natural abilities he possessed. He was ordained in 1819 at West Clarendon, Vermont, being then twenty-five years old. Two years later he accepted a call to Fort Covington, New York, fifty miles west of Champlain, where he had spent his boyhood, and also on the Canadian border within five or six miles of the St. Lawrence River. It was a wilderness country. Almost any morning he could see deer from his study window. There was no church. Not a man in the town professed religion. He was called by and became pastor of the community. They promised him a salary of \$400, of which \$242 was to be paid in cash, the balance "in the produce of the country necessary for the support of the family." A strong church resulted from Mr. Colver's labors, and he preached as a missionary and an agent of Hamilton Theological Seminary all over that part of New York lying north of the Adirondack Mountains. Losing his wife in 1823, he married in 1825 Mrs. Sarah F. Carter, of Plattsburg.

After remaining eight years at Fort Covington he became pastor at Kingsbury and Fort Ann, in Washington County, New York, southeast

of the Adirondacks. In 1834 he was called to Holmesburg, a suburb of Philadelphia. The circumstances which led to this call reveal the sort of preacher ten years of experience in wilderness and country places had made of him. Failing health having led him to visit Philadelphia he had gone into the First Baptist Church in which the distinguished pastor, Dr. Brantley, was conducting a "protracted" meeting. Having been introduced as a minister he was invited to preach. He had been preaching but a few minutes when the pastor "discovered that the stranger was a man of no common power in the pulpit. As he progressed the impression was deepened, and by the time he had concluded his discourse, pastor and people were bathed in tears and made haste to thank the Lord for sending such a preacher among them," and at once prevailed on him to continue his preaching through the rest of the meeting. So great was the impression that a year and a half later they sent for him to assist them in another meeting. Speaking of Mr. Colver's preaching the pastor wrote:

On Sunday evening the crowd was beyond all example in our place of worship. After all the seats above and below in our spacious house had been filled, the aisles were supplied with benches until no more could be introduced, and the whole space was literally crowded. The preacher's lips appeared to be touched as with a live coal from the altar. After remaining till ten o'clock at night without manifesting the least impatience, the congregation was dismissed; but though dispersed, the people appeared unwilling to leave the house and the greater part of them remained, whilst inquirers to the number of about one hundred came forward.

Dr. Brantley did not rest until he had brought Mr. Colver to the suburb of Holmesburg. He remained, however, only a few months. But during that time he had the joy of welcoming into the church his third son, Charles K. Colver, then in his fourteenth year. The pastorate was brought to a sudden termination by an urgent call to the Union Village Church, Greenwich, New York, near his former field in Washington County. The church was one of the largest and most influential in eastern New York. Rev. Edward Barber had served it for more than forty years, Mr. Colver having been associated with him for a time while pastor at Kingsbury. On the death of its aged minister the church at once sent for Mr. Colver, and its position and prestige were such that he does not seem to have thought it possible to decline the call. It was during the two years previous to the old pastor's death that Mr. Colver had been associated with him and had devoted a great deal of his time to work in the church. Mainly as the result of these labors three hundred converts were baptized. His own sole pastorate in the Union Village church was one of the most remarkable

and fruitful in his career. In the four years it continued he baptized three hundred and ninety, making, for the whole period of six years, six hundred and ninety. It was a wonderful experience and a marvelous record. How could a man leave the pastorate of such a church in the midst of his usefulness and at the height of his success?

That is the story I wish now to tell. In the early years of his ministry he joined the Masons, but as he took one degree after another he became increasingly dissatisfied, and when it came to oaths to protect Masons even though guilty of crime and of treason, he revolted, left the order and joined, at great personal sacrifice, the anti-Masonic crusade of the last century. Not that he neglected his duties as a minister. His ministry was always his first business. But after 1830 he held his place among the foremost advocates of anti-Masonry. He was called on frequently through many years to address anti-Masonic meetings and conventions in many parts of the country. Dr. J. A. Smith declares, "It is not too much to say that among those who were chiefly instrumental in arousing and directing public sentiment with reference to the wrong and peril of secret orders such as that of Masonry, Nathaniel Colver ranked always with the very foremost." No doubt much that he denounced has been reformed.

Mr. Colver also early became an ardent advocate of the temperance reformation. He became a popular lecturer on temperance. He was sent as a delegate to conventions, and his eloquence placed him among the temperance leaders of the country. Writing of this phase of his work Dr. J. D. Fulton said:

Memories of his rising in his place at a great temperance convention in Saratoga, New York, where he confronted and opposed Governor Briggs on a question of policy, live in the minds of men at this hour. Such was his power that the currents of thought were changed. The master-spirit had appeared. He spoke over an hour, apparently without premeditation, but in so telling a manner that he carried the convention with him, and Governor Briggs, familiar with the palmiest efforts of Henry Clay and Webster, declared he had never listened to such oratory before. There was that in the squint of the eye, the pucker of the mouth, the wave of the hand, the tone of voice, which would set an audience into a roar of laughter, or smite the rock of feeling with the touch of his wand, causing fountains of tears to gush forth.

The third great reform to which Mr. Colver devoted himself was antislavery. He became widely known as an ardent abolitionist. His zeal and abilities brought him into intimate association with antislavery leaders and he quickly came into wide prominence. In the Baptist denomination he was one of the leaders in disfellowshipping slaveholders and organizing the American Baptist Antislavery Convention. He was

a delegate from that Convention to the World's Antislavery Convention in London in 1840. William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips were there. Taking an active part in the Convention were Prince Albert, Clarkson, Daniel O'Connell, Lord Brougham, Guizot, and members of the English nobility. Early in the sessions Mr. Colver was called out and compelled to speak absolutely without premeditation. But it was in just these circumstances that his genius flamed forth. His speech produced so great an effect that he was publicly and warmly congratulated and in the after-proceedings was one of the recognized leaders. Mr. Colver's championship of the cause of freedom continued with unabated zeal till the final triumph.

This review of the three great reforms to which Mr. Colver gave his life brings us back to the reasons that led him to leave the Union Village Church and the seven hundred converts who had flocked into it under his ministry. In 1838 the reforms he advocated were none of them popular. If he had been seeking popularity and pastorates in large and powerful churches he would have eschewed them all. They raised up against him multitudes of enemies in his own denomination. Many churches, and most of all the large churches of the cities, were closed against him. They regarded him as a fanatic and a trouble breeder and would have nothing to do with him as a pastor. It so happened, however, that in the city of Boston there was a Baptist layman like-minded with him. This was Timothy Gilbert, who for years had cherished the purpose of founding a Baptist church in which the seats should be free and which should be committed to those reforms which Mr. Colver advocated. In his memoir of Timothy Gilbert, Dr. Fulton writes:

In 1838 Mr. Colver was in Connecticut lecturing [on slavery]. He had been mobbed and vilified, but he had triumphed gloriously. Flushed with victory, he came to Boston and spoke at the Capitol and at Marlboro Chapel. There Timothy Gilbert saw him. Jonathan had found his David. He was at this time forty-four years of age. His power of mind was fully developed. . . . Timothy Gilbert no sooner saw him than he beheld a standard bearer. An agreement was made that if the brethren in Boston would procure a place of worship and organize a church opposed to secret organizations, intemperance, and slavery, and in favor of free seats, he would become their pastor.

This was the way Mr. Colver came to leave the amazingly successful work he was doing in the Union Village Church and undertake a pastorate in the metropolis of New England. He saw an opportunity of building up from the foundations a new church of his own faith, fully committed to all the great reforms he advocated, in the very center of culture, of population, and of power. It was thus he came to Boston

in the autumn of 1839. He was in his forty-sixth year and during the thirteen years of his pastorate reached the fulness of his great powers. That he had great powers as a thinker and an orator cannot be doubted. There has never been a nobler group of preachers in Boston than there was during the fifties of the last century. But none of them had greater popular gifts than Colver. A distinguished southern minister after a long visit in Boston was persuaded to go and hear him. When asked how he liked him, his reply was, "I abhor the man's abolitionism, but he is the best preacher I have heard in Boston." He was above the middle height, large-framed, symmetrically built, with a benevolent but powerful face, altogether of a dignified and commanding presence. Telling of one of his missionary tours before this date, a writer begins thus, "A noble-looking man called at a public house in New Lebanon Springs, New York, just in the edge of evening and inquired if there were any Christians there who held evening meetings." That describes him exactly. He was a noble-looking man. He had a most expressive countenance and a voice of great sweetness, compass, and power. He had all the natural gifts of a great speaker and on occasions was an orator of surpassing eloquence. He lacked only one thing—the mental discipline of a liberal education. It was this lack that made him an occasional orator only. It was this that made him adopt a uniform, cast-iron method of preparing a sermon. I have before me a dozen of his plans of sermons. They are all constructed on the following model: (1) introductory exposition of the text; (2) doctrine; (3) reflections. He knew no other method.

It was this lack of the mental discipline of a liberal education that made regular habits of daily study impossible for him and led him sometimes to enter the pulpit without having prepared a sermon or even chosen a text. He had a fatal gift of extemporaneous speech.

But notwithstanding these handicaps he had a great and useful ministry in Boston. Out of that ministry came the church and movement famous in Baptist history as Tremont Temple. In 1842 one hundred and thirty-six converts were baptized. This pastorate was the golden period of Mr. Colver's life. As pastorates go it was a long one—thirteen years. The time came, however, when Deacon Gilbert began to criticize him because he had a shop in his backyard where he indulged his genius for invention, because he didn't spend enough time in his study, and because he was not enough in the homes of the people. The friendship of the two was not broken, but in 1852 Mr. Colver resigned. It was a curious coincidence that on the night he resigned Tremont

Temple was destroyed by fire. The pastor went from the meeting as a guest of Deacon Gilbert and during the night the Temple was burned to the ground.

Mr. Colver was now one of the most distinguished and capable preachers of the denomination and would naturally have gone to one of its important churches. But the prejudice created by his agitation against Masonry and slavery was so great and widespread that the only settlement immediately open to him was in a small suburb of Boston, South Abington. Here he remained only one year and then went to the First Baptist Church of Detroit, Michigan, where he had a not very fruitful pastorate of four years. The church was not a strong one, and in 1856 Mr. Colver accepted a call to the First Baptist Church of Cincinnati, where he remained a little over four years. The church was a rather feeble body when he took charge of it. He was at the time sixty-two years old, but in Cincinnati he renewed his youth and labored with tremendous energy and power. He held great revival meetings, preaching every night for many months together. Hundreds of converts were baptized and the church was greatly strengthened. His Cincinnati pastorate extended from his sixty-second to his sixty-sixth or sixty-seventh year, and he received during this period the degree of D.D. from Denison University. He made the distinct impression that he was a great preacher and a great man. Rev. Dr. Aydelotte, a Presbyterian pastor of the same period, wrote of him as follows:

After a brief exordium we were brought to feel the power of a giant intellect. . . . As he went on, his body as well as his spirit seemed rising upward—heavenward—while he poured out one continuous stream of captivating, melting, richest, sacred eloquence. It was not merely the eloquence of intellectual talent, or of high moral and spiritual culture; it was something in addition to all these—it was a rare, heaven-born genius shedding a hallowed glow of beauty, of power, of sublimity over every statement, every argument, every appeal. . . . We have at times endeavored, notwithstanding all the fascination of his eloquence, to listen with the severest critical accuracy: and we were filled with astonishment, when we called to mind the deficiencies of his early education, that we could rarely discover a solecism or grammatical error in his language, and that his figures of speech were so apt and pure—always in strict accordance with the nicest rules of rhetoric. . . . His was often the highest style of sacred oratory—a glorious preacher. . . . We never expect to see another Dr. Colver.

Such was the testimony of a fellow-pastor of another denomination. It is only one of many like it relating to Dr. Colver after he had passed threescore years.

Dr. Colver's last pastorate was with the Tabernacle Baptist Church, Chicago. It began in 1861 and continued till 1864. The church was

not large and was badly located. The pastor was no longer in vigorous health. But, as Dr. Smith, his biographer, says:

The closing period of his pastorate was marked by an incident of the greatest interest and importance to the church . . . putting the Tabernacle Church upon a basis wholly new, and starting it upon a course of prosperity unexampled in its previous history. The house occupied by the First Church—an excellent brick structure—was, with its furniture and appurtenances of every kind, given to the Tabernacle Church. The house was taken down, removed to the new location on the corner of Morgan and Monroe streets, and there re-created, with improvements made then and since which rendered it one of the most attractive houses of worship in the city. The Tabernacle Church, with the members, some sixty in number, of the First Church proposing to join them, united in a new organization which, taking the name of the Second Baptist Church of Chicago, has now, with God's blessing, won a title to be named with the largest, most enterprising, most widely influential of the Baptist churches of America. [This was written in 1873.] While these changes were in progress Dr. Colver retained his pastorate of the Tabernacle Church. He felt, however, that the new church now formed should have a new pastor, a younger man, able to undertake a service impossible to one who had already reached his threescore years and ten. It was therefore with his most cheerful acquiescence that the joint church called to its pastorate Rev. E. J. Goodspeed, of Janesville, Wisconsin. He welcomed the new pastor to his field with cordial words, publicly spoken, and ever after, to the end of his own life, co-operated with him in every way . . . rejoicing . . . in the signal success which attended his ministry.

At the close of 1864 the writer of these pages was beginning his ministry as pastoral supply of the North Baptist Church, Chicago. Responding in March, 1865, when he was twenty-two years old, to the last draft of the War of the Rebellion, he received ordination before reporting in Rochester, New York, for duty. He has always recalled with pride that his ordination sermon was preached by Dr. Colver, who was fifty years his senior.

The service of three years with the Tabernacle Church was Dr. Colver's last regular pastorate, though he continued to preach as long as he could stand in a pulpit. He had no thought of ceasing from labor. After coming to the West he had felt an increasing interest in the education of young men for the ministry. In Chicago he entered with enthusiasm into the plans for establishing the Baptist Union Theological Seminary. He had strong convictions as to the teaching of theology, believing that it should be strictly biblical. He was invited to inaugurate the work of instruction preliminary to the establishing of the proposed seminary, and in 1865 and 1866 he taught theological classes in connection with the old University of Chicago. In pursuance of his view that instruction should be purely biblical he prepared and gave to his classes a course of lectures founded solely on the Epistle to the

Romans. Three of his personal friends in New England, W. W. Cook, of Whitehall, New York, and Mial Davis and Lawrence Barnes, of Burlington, Vermont, contributed \$7,500 for the work of instruction, given originally to pay his salary, but surrendered by him to the seminary, and his former church in Cincinnati took preliminary steps to transfer a piece of real estate.

But this work was cut short by a call that had behind it the imperative of nearly half a century of warfare for the freedom of the slave. A movement was organized to educate colored men for the ministry among their own people, and Dr. Colver was induced to undertake the inauguration of the work of instruction for the freedmen in Richmond, Virginia. In feeble and failing health he began this new service in May, 1867. But a year of heroic toil brought him to the end of his strength, and he returned in 1868 to his home in Chicago to rest from his labors. He had lost his wife in April of that year. He himself died two and a half years later, on September 25, 1870, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. But the work in Richmond did not die. Started in Lumpkin's jail, an old slave pen, it developed into Colver Institute, now known as Richmond Theological Seminary, a part of Virginia Union University,

Dr. Colver was a many-sided, highly gifted man. He had a genial humor and a very active wit. He rarely, if ever, met his superior in the give and take of debate. On occasions he was eloquent beyond almost any of the great orators of his day. He had a natural gift for poetical composition, writing for the choirs of his churches scores of hymns which were sung on special occasions. He often thought in numbers, as once when visiting John G. Whittier and invited by him to attend the Quaker meeting. Mr. Whittier told him he must keep silent, that a man named Beach was then in prison for speaking in their meeting. "It was a silent meeting," said Dr. Colver. "One man got asleep and so did I." When they returned home and Whittier inquired how he liked the meeting Colver replied:

Well, John, since thou a Quaker art,
Go to, I'll tell thee all my heart.
Quite plain, but neat, the place I found;
A solemn stillness reigned around.
I took a seat and down I sat,
And gazed upon a Quaker hat,
While all around, in solemn mood,
I ween were thinking something good.
But still I eyed that Quaker hat—
The crown was low, the brim was flat,

It canopied a noble pate,
 Who still in solemn silence sate.
 I thought him thinking of his God,
 When lo! the hat began to nod!
 The spirit moved to use my speech:
 I should, but then I thought of Beach.
 I longed his drowsy soul to waken,
 But thought it best to save my bacon;
 And—would you think me such a chap?
 I gave it up and took a nap.

Dr. Colver was a man of power. He always made this impression: "In stature higher than the average, the proportions of his figure were, in the days of his prime, well-nigh perfect, matched as they were by a face and head that were the fitting crown of a noble form." Men spoke of his noble presence; and the glory of his eloquence, which was the expression of an uncommon intellect, made an extraordinary impression of power. As he approached the close of his career his reflections on all that he had lost by his lack of early advantages led him to devote his later years to providing candidates for the ministry opportunities for an education which he in his youth had not had. This interest in the education of young men for the ministry brought him into connection with the first University of Chicago. It made him one of the founders of the Baptist Union Theological Seminary and its earliest professor.

This sketch has been written because of a unique succession of gifts to the University of Chicago. The first of these was made by Dr. Colver's son, Rev. Charles K. Colver, and was the first cash contribution for the founding of the University. The amount was \$100 and was paid through the writer of these pages in 1889. A quarter of a century later the son-in-law and daughter of Charles, people in moderate circumstances, made the first of what has turned out to be a series of most interesting gifts continuing through successive years.

The daughter, Susan Esther Colver, was born in South Abington, Massachusetts, November 15, 1859. She was graduated from the old University of Chicago, class of 1882, receiving the degree of A.B., and later (in 1886) of A.M. She also became an accomplished musician. She inherited much of what may be called the typical Colver intellect and character as exemplified in her grandfather and father. She was noted for generosity, geniality, independence, and energy. She gave her life unreservedly to the cause of education. She was in the service of the public schools of Chicago from October 26, 1882, to June 26, 1912. She was principal of the Horace Mann School from August 20, 1890, to

March 21, 1911, and principal of the Nathanael Greene School from March 21, 1911, to June 26, 1912. She was unusually successful both as a teacher and as a principal. In fact, many persons thought that as a principal she made her school one of the best in the city, this being especially true of the Horace Mann School. She was a member of the Immanuel Baptist Church of Chicago. She was married to Jesse L. Rosenberger, a lawyer of Chicago, July 2, 1912, as the culmination of a long acquaintance. She died in Chicago November 19, 1918.

Mr. Rosenberger was born in Lake City, Minnesota, January 6, 1860. His youth was spent in the village of Maiden Rock, Wisconsin. When about 17 or 18, he taught several terms of country school.

He was a student at the old University of Chicago, but was graduated from the University of Rochester, receiving the degrees of A.B. and A.M. He was graduated from the Chicago College of Law, and received the degree of LL.B. from Lake Forest University. He was admitted to the bar of Illinois, and maintained an office in Chicago for the practice of law until 1915, but gradually came, by preference, to giving more and more of his time to various forms of writing, principally on legal and business subjects, for publication, as well as to doing some editing and publishing.

Mr. and Mrs. Rosenberger had been students in the old University of Chicago, and personal reminiscence and family tradition combined to interest them in the fortunes of the new University. In March, 1915, they united in conveying to the University the old Colver homestead on Thirty-fifth Street, west of Cottage Grove Avenue, Chicago. The purpose of this gift was the founding of the Nathaniel Colver Lectureship and Publication Fund, Mrs. Rosenberger desiring to honor the name and perpetuate the memory of her grandfather in the institution which was the successor of that in which he had given instruction fifty years before.

On June 7 of the same year Mr. and Mrs. Rosenberger provided for the endowment of what will eventually be the Colver-Rosenberger Lecture Fund, in this donation associating with their own name that of Charles K. Colver, Mrs. Rosenberger's father.

Less than three months later, September 2, 1915, they established a Colver-Rosenberger Fellowship Fund to provide a fellowship, desiring in this to associate with their family name that of the father, Charles, and of the grandfather, Nathaniel.

On February 4, 1916, they provided for the doubling of this fund, and on the next day they provided for the establishment of what is to be known as the Colver-Rosenberger Scholarship, again associating with their own the name of the father and the grandfather.

On April 5, 1917, they gave \$1,000, later increased to \$2,000, to establish at once a fund for an honor medal or cash prize to be known as The Rosenberger Medal or The Rosenberger Prize, founded by Mr. and Mrs. Jesse L. Rosenberger, the medal or prize "to be awarded in recognition of achievement through research, in authorship, in invention, for discovery, for unusual public service, or for anything deemed of great benefit to humanity."

On February 10, 1918, Mr. Rosenberger, by a gift of \$1,500, established in memory of his wife the Susan Colver Rosenberger Prize Fund to provide prizes for original research in education. The royalties on his new book, *Through Three Centuries*, are to be added to this fund.

Here were eight different contributions made during a period of four years, none of them solicited, all the free-will offerings of these friends of education.

Because of these gifts they have made their own lives enduringly significant and made the name of Dr. Colver a part of the history of the University.

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From a painting by Louis Betts

LA VERNE NOYES

LA VERNE NOYES

La Verne Noyes is one of the fortunate men who can look back to an ancestry belonging to that royal line that laid the foundations of both religion and education in the United States. The first of the family to reach the New World was James Noyes, who migrated from Choulderton, Wiltshire, England, in 1634, and became pastor of the Congregational Church in Newbury, Massachusetts. His son James also became a clergyman and had the distinction of serving the church in Stonington, Connecticut, for fifty-five years, from 1664 till his death in 1719 at the age of eighty. But he had the still greater distinction of being one of that illustrious body of ten Congregational ministers who, in 1701, founded the institution which has developed into Yale University. His name stood first among the ten appointed by the legislature as trustees. He was the senior member of the board and as often as he attended the sessions was made chairman of the meeting. This was the regular procedure for eighteen years, until his death in 1719. His brother Moses was also a member of the Board of Trustees for many years after his appointment in 1703. James Noyes was one of the ministers who contributed what he designates, in a letter of December, 1701, as his "full proportion of books" for the library of the new institution.

Is it a reversion to type that, in the seventh generation, has led his descendant, La Verne Noyes, to make to the University of Chicago one of the great contributions in the history of education?

When Mr. Noyes was born, January 7, 1849, his parents, Leonard R. and Jane Jessup, were living in Genoa, Cayuga County, New York.

In the middle of the last century the Central West was the land of a sort of romantic attraction for adventurous spirits of the older states. The possibilities and promise of this new world led them to abandon established callings and often good business prospects for the uncertain but alluring promise of the Mississippi Valley. Leonard Noyes was one of the men who, having heard the call of the West, made a tour of inspection, and the prairies of Iowa so enchanted him that on them he sought his future home. In the fall of 1854, therefore, with his wife and four children, he made the journey in a covered wagon from Genoa, New York, to Springville, Linn County, Iowa. He was a pioneer, but belonged to the most progressive type of pioneers. The following

statement by his son, La Verne, reveals the pioneering difficulties and gives in brief the story of a highly intelligent farmer. The covered wagon in which the family arrived at Springville, Iowa, on October 20, 1854, in the boy's fifth year,

served for their shelter for some weeks, for the reason that they could find no home to live in. Leonard succeeded in buying an empty log schoolhouse in Springville, one of the four houses which the town contained at that time, and sold it the next day, with the privilege of living in it until his house should be completed. With his home thus established he began building an 18×24, story and a half, log house on his farm. This was completed so that the family moved into it on the 11th day of January, 1855, he having got out all the logs with little or no help, loading them onto the wagon, three at a time, assisted only by the horses. The house was the best of its kind and generous in appearance. It sheltered the family well for nearly twenty-two years, when it gave place to the present residence. Mr. Noyes lived on his farm nearly thirty-seven years, during which time the face of the country changed from a wild, houseless, treeless prairie to one of the richest and best farming sections in this or any other state, and became covered with artificial groves not equaled anywhere in number, beauty, or size. In this great work of tree planting he was the first and most active, and his influence contributed very largely to what has been done by others.

The family consisted of four children: a sister, the eldest, who died just before reaching womanhood, another sister, a brother, who enlisted in the Civil War and fell in the charge at Champion Hill in the Vicksburg campaign, and La Verne, five years younger than his brother.

The family home was not far from a creek which furnished the brothers much of the fun of their early years. In it was a fine swimming hole where they learned to swim, and it was full of fish. La Verne was not expected to fish on Sunday, but he sometimes forgot the parental injunctions. He recalled a memorable Sunday on which, having had great luck, he returned home hoping to get his fine string into the house by the back door, unobserved. As he approached the door, congratulating himself that the way was clear, his father suddenly stepped out and confronted him. Surveying the boy and the fine string of fish, he sternly asked how it happened that he had been fishing on Sunday. The boy tremblingly answered that he had been walking along the creek and happened to see a big school of fish and thought he would catch some. "Where did you get your pole?" "I cut a willow I happened to find." "What did you do for a fish line?" "I happened to have one in my pocket." "Where did you get your bait?" "I happened to have my bait box and worms in my pocket too." The father looked at the boy very sternly for what seemed to the culprit half an hour, but was probably a few seconds, and then said, "Well, my son, don't let all these things happen on the same Sunday again" and turned away. The fish, however, were not wasted.

The Iowa farms of that early day were few and far between. The wild grass in the open grew nearly as tall as a man, and terrifying fires sometimes swept across the open prairies around the farm. The district schoolhouse stood at the corner of the farm, and there he and his brother went to school together. One of the memories of his early boyhood was that of being overtaken, with his brother, distant from any shelter, by a terrific and destructive hail storm. The brother, five years older, covered La Verne securely with his own body, himself suffering many bruises and having his clothes torn into shreds. The farm lay midway between the Wapsipicon and Cedar rivers, each six miles distant. These rivers were the places where the farmers and their families held their annual picnics. But it may be doubted whether Mr. Noyes had, in his boyhood, all the opportunities for play and fun every boy ought to enjoy. He was a farmer's son, in a new country, developing a piece of wild prairie land into a highly cultivated farm, and time was lacking for play, as well as opportunities, in so sparsely settled a country. The life was hard. More than forty years later, in an address at the opening of the Illinois Farmers' Hall of Fame, in referring to his boyhood and the gradual introduction of farm machinery, he made the following autobiographical statement:

My recollections go back to hand planting, hand sowing, cultivating with a single shovel plow; to the appearance of the harvester, the mower, the drill, the horse rake, the horse fork and other machinery for handling hay; to the planter and all the implements that now make life on the farm endurable. I have swung the scythe and the cradle, handled hay in the most laborious way, followed the old reaper and kept up my station, cut fields of corn by hand and done every job on an Iowa farm in the primitive way, and in nearly all of the modern ways. The farm was a good one and the house was supplied with the best farm as well as other literature of the day, including the *New York Tribune*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the *Country Gentleman*. To my mind the greatest effect of farm machinery is not in the saving of labor and increasing of profits and enhancing of values, but in the effect on the mind of the boy on the farm. To get up at four or five o'clock in the morning—winter as well as summer—get out and do the chores and be ready for a six o'clock breakfast is heroic treatment for a small boy. The effect it had on me was to inspire me with an ambition to get away from the farm which nothing on earth could have stemmed, and which nothing under heaven could have inspired so strongly as did my experience there. It was the ruling passion in life and the only goal which I had in view.

The sixties were pioneer days on an Iowa farm, and the boy experienced some primitive conditions.

He had, however, peculiar advantages. In addition to an intelligent and progressive father he had a mother of whom he says:

To the good judgment, serene life and perfect helpfulness of his wife my father owed much of the success of his long life. . . . She dealt gently with all, and was

never heard to speak an unkind word of anyone, while her influence over her children was such that they would not quarrel in her presence. One might call her an apostle of peace; yet to her country she bravely gave up her eldest son. She was extremely fond of good reading, took a deep interest in the world's progress, in history and the affairs of the day, and always had the happy faculty of making and keeping friends.

The boy was further fortunate in having a sister, later Mrs. Frances A. Giffen, seven years older than himself, who was ambitious for mental improvement and who, securing an education and becoming a very successful teacher, became an inspiration to her brother and awoke and encouraged in him the purpose to secure a college training.

The difficulties in her brother's way were great, but he managed to get one winter in Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa, and one winter in Parsons Seminary, now Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, giving the rest of the year to work on the farm. Finally in March, 1868, when nineteen years old, he was able to enter Ames Agricultural College, now Iowa State College, at Ames, Iowa, for a continuous four years' course of study. The institution was then in its first year and Mr. Noyes graduated with the first class.

It was the rule at that time that each student at Ames must give the institution three hours a day of service. The president, Dr. A. S. Welch, was a man of taste, and having made a plan for beautifying the grounds employed a number of the students in carrying it out. On young Noyes' arrival he was assigned to this work. It was now that the training he had received under that most expert transplanter of trees, his father, brought him to the front. The student group had been placed under a hired foreman. He set Noyes to transplanting trees, having first carefully instructed him how to do it. President Welch having come out to see how well the boys were doing their work, the foreman confided to him that young Noyes knew a great deal more about setting out trees than he did. The young man was thereupon himself made foreman and continued in charge of the improvement of the grounds throughout his college course. The president "buildd better than he knew." It was the interest that these four years of work in improving the grounds awakened in his mind that led Mr. Noyes, many years later, to take Mr. O. C. Simonds, the landscape architect of Chicago, to Ames to study the college campus with a view to its harmonious and artistic development. Under Mr. Simonds' supervision Mr. Noyes has since expended many thousands of dollars in beautifying the college grounds. The work has involved the production of a beautiful lake, which is appropriately known as Lake La Verne. The

college farm contains about thirteen hundred acres and the campus a hundred and twenty-five acres. So intelligently have the laws of landscape gardening been followed and so well have the buildings been grouped that the campus is now a large and beautiful park.

A few years ago Mr. Noyes made an address before the students of Lewis Institute, of which he was a trustee. The makers of the program assigned him the topic, "The Impudence of Young Persons." To this address we are indebted for the following incident of his college life:

I profited once by a piece of impudence I perpetrated, because it turned out well. When I entered the Iowa State College the first year it opened and went into the big dormitory building that held several hundred students, we were placed under strict rules. We had been there but a few days when the mail was delivered late. One of the rules was that the lights should be out at ten o'clock. But the mail had been delivered just before ten o'clock and many of us kept the lights burning to read our letters. The president of the institution, a very dignified man who had been a member of the United States Senate and college president for years elsewhere, read off a list of thirty or more room numbers, the occupants of which were requested to call at his office immediately after chapel. Being in the front row I filed in close to the august gentleman, but without having the proper sense of his great dignity. The room was filled and those who could not get in looked in from the doorways. The president drew himself up in austere dignity and said in a very serious tone, "I wonder what this institution is coming to." I, a boy recently from a farm, responded that it seemed to be coming to his office. This struck him as funny, attracted his attention to me and I was indebted to him for much consideration in later years.

During his college course Mr. Noyes was drawn by the bent of his mind to specialize in the study of physics. For a year before his graduation he acted as assistant to the professor in that department. They had almost no apparatus, and the necessities of the situation compelled the professor and his young assistant to devise and construct much that was used in the classroom and in their own research work. Once more the young student found his home training helpful. As a part of the equipment of the farm his father had provided a shop in which the son learned carpentry, the repairing of machinery and tools, and, when necessity required, their construction. The father's shop awoke, and the assistantship in physics stimulated, the young man's genius for invention. This creative instinct had resulted before his graduation in more than one invention.

This urge toward invention was given a new impulse by the business opportunity that opened before the young man soon after his graduation in 1872. It was at this time that the Grange movement swept over Iowa, and a dealer in farm implements in Marion, a nearby village, who doubted his own ability to deal with this new development among his

customers, prevailed on the young graduate to assume, on quite advantageous terms in case of success, entire charge of the business for the ensuing year.

Mr. Noyes was by nature an inventor. But he belongs to that very small class of men who combine great inventive and equally great business genius. It was not only true that he could not be robbed of his inventions, as so many inventors are, but equally true that he could put them on the market and manage with wisdom and success any business, however extended and profitable, their value to the world deserved and created. He was gifted with a sort of intuitive comprehension of machinery. He could go over a great manufacturing plant and leave it with an almost unequalled recollection and understanding of the many and complicated machines he had inspected. And he had the same unique gift for organizing and conducting business.

It was this unusual combination of gifts that led him, while yet a very young man, almost without capital, to start out in business for himself, manufacturing and selling his own inventions. He was twenty-five years old when, in 1874, he established a business in improved haying tools at Batavia, Illinois. Among the things he then invented, manufactured, and sold were hayforks, haystacking frames and carriers, and gate hangers. The business was not a large one but was carried on with success for about five years and finally disposed of only because larger opportunities opened before him.

Meantime these years had brought him something more interesting and important than his business. Two years after he entered college a young woman wrote to the president asking for admission to the institution. She wrote a charming letter in clear and beautiful penmanship. The president at once wrote her to come, and as her form of service, service being required from all, made her his private secretary. In this responsible post she continued till her graduation. She was a very bright student, learning with extraordinary facility and attaining a prominent place in the activities of the students. This young lady was Miss Ida E. Smith, of Charles City, Iowa. She was four years younger than Mr. Noyes, having been born April 16, 1853.

During the two years in which they were in college together the young people were mutually attracted, as well they might have been, for they were evidently made for each other. The attraction resulted in an engagement, and as soon as Mr. Noyes began to see his way in business they were married. The wedding took place in Charles City, May 24, 1877, Mr. Noyes being then twenty-eight years old. It was an excep-

tionally happy marriage through all the more than thirty-five years that followed.

The newly married couple were students and readers and always had at hand for ready reference Webster's *Unabridged Dictionary*. Mrs. Noyes was rather small and slightly built and found the big dictionary heavy and hard to handle. She suggested one day that Mr. Noyes should devise and construct something to hold it for her so that it would be always at hand and she would only have to turn the leaves. He responded that if she would take over his correspondence and other writing he would devote two or three weeks to the job she had suggested and see what he could do. She readily undertook work which was easy and natural for her and he set his wits to work on the device she wanted. The result of his efforts was the invention of the wire dictionary-holder. It seemed to him so good and so delighted his wife that he made half a dozen and presented them to friends. They elicited such enthusiastic appreciation from all who received them that Mr. Noyes concluded that he had invented something that would meet a real need and would sell. He therefore patented the dictionary-holder and began to manufacture and put it on the market. The result was surprisingly successful. The demand was not only almost immediate, but was increasingly large. He constantly improved and finally completely redesigned the holder. The business soon became so promising as to convince him that he must transfer it to Chicago. He therefore sold his old business and moved to Chicago, establishing a factory for making the dictionary-holder on South Market Street. This was in 1879, and being the only manufacturer of wire book-holders he did a large business, the sales reaching nearly or quite thirty thousand in a single year. The dictionary-holder was a money-maker and laid the foundation of Mr. Noyes' fortune.

Meanwhile he was all the time working out new inventions and selling them to manufacturers of farm machinery. During the twenty years following his graduation from college he devised and sold a score or more of improvements in haying and harvesting tools and machines. These activities brought him into an enduring acquaintance and friendship with William Deering, the founder of the great house of that name, which is now a part of the International Harvester Company. His mind during the eighties was continually and inventively active with things outside his manufacturing business, and the prosperity resulting from these manifold activities provided the means for the real and great business of his life. This was the aërmotor.

It was perhaps in 1886 that Mr. Noyes' attention was called seriously to the possibility of improving and making a great business out of a very old and widely used device for generating power—the windmill. Improvements had, indeed, been made in the windmill of ancient days, but it was still constructed of wood and was large, heavy, and cumbersome. Iron and steel construction had been suggested to manufacturers, but they were slow to change from the old methods. The thing that distinguishes Mr. Noyes is that when the suggestion came to him he recognized its importance and began to suspect that its adoption might transform the business and make it a great, highly useful, and profitable enterprise. He entered, therefore, on a serious study of the whole question. He instituted tests and experiments. He and his assistants devised changes and improvements. The old windmill was transformed. It was no longer merely a mill. It was a new creation and needed a new name. What should it be called? Mr. Noyes said to a friend, "What shall I call it? It is not a mill. It's a motor. It derives its power from the air." At that both men exclaimed "air motor," and the name was found. For business purposes it became the aërmotor and the concern manufacturing it the Aërmotor Company.

When perfected, the aërmotor was constructed entirely of iron and steel. Compared with the old ungainly windmill it looked like a mechanical toy. The way in which it gained very wide attention was through using at the outset an eight-foot wheel and asking that it be compared with the big wheels of the old windmill. The aërmotor runs in a light wind, is self-regulating in a strong wind, and stands the severest storms. It lubricates itself perfectly. One improvement has been added to another until perfection has well-nigh been reached.

Mr. Noyes entered on the business of manufacturing aërmotors in 1888, at 42 and 44 West Monroe Street. It was successful from the start. Speaking to his agents in 1893 he said, "I commenced the manufacture of the aërmotor in '88; really got at it in '89, and since then have lessened the cost of wind power to the consumer *to one-sixth* of what it was at that time and have enormously increased its use." The business grew so rapidly that in 1890 it was moved far west to the corner of Twelfth and Rockwell streets, where ten acres of ground were eventually purchased and largely covered with buildings. The business has gradually expanded to include other things, one of the most important being the making of steel towers which are used for supporting aërmotors, for carrying the cables of electric transmission lines from the hydro- or steam-generating plants to the places where the power is distributed,

for wireless stations, for forest observation posts, and for supporting batteries of powerful electric lights for flood lighting. In thirty years the business of the company increased several thousand per cent. Mr. Noyes was asked one day what the field of the aërmotor was. Without hesitation he answered, "The world." The sale of aërmotors has been established in forty countries in addition to all the territories of the United States.

For some years before his death Mr. Noyes was at work on an extension of the uses of the aërmotor which will make the world its field even more certainly than it is now. He proposed to transform the winds of heaven into electrical power and to make electricity do for the owners of aërmotors anywhere in the world whatever they want it to do. Useful as the aërmotor is it can now produce power only when the wind blows. Mr. Noyes proposed to attach it to storage batteries and thus produce and store electricity when the wind blows to furnish power when it does not blow. The aërmotor has long been used to produce electricity for lighting purposes. In 1895 Mrs. Noyes, in passing through New York City, wrote to her husband: "You will be delighted to know that the New York office is enjoying the finest of electric light, the power for which is furnished by the aërmotor" on the roof of the building. Mr. Noyes and his assistants developed ingenious devices by which the electricity generated when the wind blows is transferred more successfully than ever before to storage batteries whence it can be drawn upon in windless weather for all sorts of services. The batteries of the electrical automobile can be charged. The house or shop can be lighted at all times. The farmer can pump his water regardless of the wind. The farmer's wife can heat her electric irons, run the washing machine, and iron the clothes. She can renovate the house with vacuum cleaners, make her ice-cream, toast her bread, make her coffee, ring the bell, and call her husband from the barn or the maid from the kitchen by the electric current. By the same current her husband can grind food for his stock, sharpen his tools, saw his wood, operate the cream separator, and do a score of other things and thus transform farm life from a terror to his growing boys to an attraction from which nothing can draw them away. The electric current will be on tap in all weathers. Rain or snow, cold or hot, wind or no wind, it will be always available.

It will be the cheapest power and, perhaps, capable of wider application than any hitherto produced by the ingenuity of man. Since these lines were written the final steps have been taken in perfecting the electric aërmotor and putting it on the market. Where it has served hundreds in

the past it is confidently expected to serve thousands in the future. It is by no means impossible that in the future, the distant future, when the last oil well has failed and the coal fields are exhausted, the electric aërmotor will supply for all the world an abundance of heat, light, and power.

But a man's life does not consist in the things he possesses nor in the activities by which he gains them. The normal man spends many more hours of the day in his home and in outside activities than in his office. Mr. Noyes was a normal man and this was eminently true of him. His home life was exceptionally happy. The husband and wife were, from the beginning to the end, devoted to each other. They were sufficiently alike and unlike to make the attraction strong and enduring. Both were college graduates and had literary tastes in common. Mr. Noyes was devoted to business and invention, Mrs. Noyes had a natural taste for art.

In 1907 Mr. Noyes purchased one of the most attractive homes in Chicago at 1450 Lake Shore Drive. It was one of the joys of the closing years of Mrs. Noyes' life to furnish and adorn this beautiful home. They had lived temporarily in different parts of the West, South, and North sides. In going into the house on Lake Shore Drive they were entering their permanent home, where they hoped to spend many happy years. They made it a hospitable house. They were fond of their friends and had hosts of them whom it was their happiness to entertain.

Mrs. Noyes had always enjoyed perfect health, and it was a grievous shock to both husband and wife when she was overtaken by sickness. The last year of her life she passed as an invalid, but in her husband's presence she maintained her cheerfulness to the end. She died on December 5, 1912, at the age of fifty-nine. The president general of the D.A.R. said of her:

I am stunned as to why this bright, beautiful woman, so radiant with glorious vitality, bubbling over with wit and humor, so feminine in charm and personality, so strong in intellect, should have been taken from those who so loved and leaned upon her. Never again shall we hear from her smiling lips the sparkling, yet stingless raillery and pleasantry that have charmed and convulsed great assemblies; nor noble addresses that are stamped as classics—with their ring of truth and sincerity; matchless in thought and utterance.

It is not surprising that her husband welcomed the opportunity to commemorate her life and perpetuate her memory in that beautiful building for the women students of the University of Chicago, the Ida Noyes Hall. It was less than six months after the death of Mrs. Noyes when he announced to the Trustees his readiness to erect this hall "as

a social center and gymnasium for the women of the University." The proffer was accepted, the plans for the building were made, and the cornerstone was laid on April 17, 1915. Since April 16 was Mrs. Noyes' birthday her husband chose to regard that ceremony as a celebration of the day. Firmly believing in the future life in which she was conscious and active he addressed to her a very full letter saying among other things:

I am writing a letter to you this morning, to be sealed in the box in the cornerstone of Ida Noyes Hall, . . . as if I knew that you would consciously receive it and get information from it and be pleased with its contents, as I know you would have been before your departure. If it does not come to your conscious mind, it may come to the hands of some living persons a thousand years hence. . . . I have given, in your name, to the University of Chicago, a very beautiful building—Ida Noyes Hall—as a home for the social activities of the young women at the University. It will contain a beautiful gymnasium, natatorium, and many other special, novel and useful features. It will be an ideal Gothic structure, unsurpassed, probably, by anything in this country for beauty of design, perfection, and durability of architectural construction, and adaptation to the varied activities (social and otherwise) of the women student body.

In accepting this gift, the Board of Trustees of the University declared in formal resolution its "especial gratification that there is to be commemorated in the quadrangles of the University the name of a gracious and gifted woman whose rare qualities are well worthy of admiration and emulation by successive generations of our young women."

Are souls straight so happy, that, dizzy with heaven,
They forget earth's affections—?

Mrs. Noyes had visited many countries and her husband had followed her, with his letters, to them all. Now, she was to him only in another country and had not forgotten "earth's affections," and he wrote to her, a little more seriously indeed, but as naturally as when she had been in Paris. It was the result of the reaction of a healthy mind whose "thoughts and beliefs regarding the next transition have been comforting."

The dedication of the building formed a part of the celebration of the University's twenty-fifth anniversary, in June, 1916. Ida Noyes Hall involved a contribution from Mr. Noyes to the University of half a million dollars, and it has added in an extraordinary degree to the welfare and enjoyment of the students of the University, men and women alike. Indeed the life of the entire University has been enriched. To his contribution Mr. Noyes added a personal interest that led him to invite the women of the Senior class each year to a luncheon at his house on the Lake Shore Drive, where they were encouraged to examine the many objects of interest the house contained.

Mr. Noyes did not belong to that large class of men who have no interests outside their offices and their homes. He once said to his agents:

My real occupation is that of "Dealer in People." . . . There is not an office in Chicago that has a more capable, enthusiastic and pleasanter corps of workers, . . . nor is there a factory in Chicago that has a better satisfied and more efficient corps of workers than the hundreds and hundreds of men in the aërmotor works.

Perfect understanding and accord bound the company and the working force together.

In politics Mr. Noyes was always a Republican. He was active in the party for many years, a substantial financial supporter, and influential in its councils. He was, however, one of that large number who felt that the National Convention of 1912 had misrepresented and betrayed the party in preventing the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt. He therefore joined with enthusiasm in the organization of the Progressive Party and served on the Executive Committee and labored earnestly for Mr. Roosevelt's election to the presidency.

Mr. Noyes' devotion to business was very absorbing, and it is a distinct surprise to discover how much time and attention he gave to public affairs. He would not have accepted any political office, but through many years, in connection with other public-spirited citizens, he made the most strenuous efforts to rid his party of a boss who brought only disgrace on the party and the state.

He engaged in many great enterprises for the public good. In 1900 he was president of the National Business League of America and worked influentially in securing the organization of the Department of Commerce and Labor, writing to and appearing before the Congressional Committee and speaking in advocacy of the bill for organizing this important department of the government.

He was one of the earliest advocates of the creation of the Interstate Commerce Commission and took part in the preliminary conferences which largely determined its functions. He later appeared before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce to advocate changes in the Interstate Commerce Law. Before another Committee of Congress he advocated those reforms in the Consular Service of our country that have done so much to improve it. For this important measure he spoke before influential organizations in different parts of the country. He labored in the same way in behalf of a deep waterway connecting Chicago with the Gulf of Mexico.

For some years Mr. Noyes was president of the Civic Federation of Chicago and was long prominent in its councils. He was particularly active in doing away with the division of Chicago into several townships, each of which was a separate taxing body supporting a lot of utterly useless officials. To reform this abuse required many arduous campaigns. At the end of his presidency of the Civic Federation in 1902 Mr. Noyes was able to say in his annual report: "The most important achievement of the Federation during the present administration is the emancipation of Chicago from its township evils against which there had been a vain struggle for more than a quarter of a century." He was able at the same time to report that the Federation had been mainly instrumental in the passage of the Illinois Primary Election Law.

Mr. Noyes was less successful in the efforts he made, in connection with others, to unite the various boards of park commissioners in Chicago into one body.

In 1902 President McKinley appointed Mr. Noyes a delegate to the International Congress of Commerce and Industry, which met at Ostend, Belgium, in August of that year. He not only undertook the service without remuneration, but insisted also on paying his own expenses. On this visit abroad he took Mrs. Noyes with him. He was also at this time a delegate of the International Olympian Games which it was proposed to hold in Chicago in 1904. The Commission of which he was a member went abroad to secure the participation of the European nations in the games.

In 1903 he was president of the National Reciprocity League and labored, though an advocate of the protective tariff, for such a revision of the tariff as would reform its inequalities and render it just and equitable to all interests.

For two years Mr. Noyes was president of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association. In connection with members of the Association he visited the West and South. In the winter of 1911-12 he went with the Association on a trip of inspection of the Panama Canal. The trip was made on the "Fuerst Bismarck" of the Hamburg line and was marked by one festivity which will never be repeated by an American group of tourists. They had a dinner on January 27, 1912, in celebration of the Kaiser's birthday, and verses composed by Mrs. Noyes for the occasion were read with great acclaim. Two years before this trip, in December, 1909, the ceremony of the opening of the Illinois Farmers' Hall of Fame in Urbana and the installation of the name of Cyrus H. McCormick took place. Mr. Noyes, representing the Illinois Manufacturers' Association,

made one of the addresses, speaking on "The Manufacturer and the Farmer," and Mrs. Noyes contributed a poem. The following are the last four lines of this tribute to the tillers of the soil:

Peace sounds the knell of Armed power,
And now is the triumphal hour
Of Nature's conservation, when
Are raised to fame her husbandmen.

Mr. Noyes' interest in the Art Institute of Chicago began very soon after he made the city his home. His wife's interest, which first made her a student in the Institute, continued to the end of her life, and Mr. Noyes himself became a governing life-member. Mrs. Noyes had some very handsome pieces of jewelry which together made a valuable and unique collection. This collection, after her death, Mr. Noyes gave to the Institute. It was later stolen and has not been recovered.

For some years Mr. Noyes was a trustee of the Lewis Institute of Chicago. In 1910 an arrangement was made between the Chicago Branch of the National Metal Trades Association and the school whereby boys learning trades could study one week and work in a shop one week—two boys holding the one job and alternating at school and in the shop. This was known as the Co-operative Course for Shop Apprentices. The boys were paid by the manufacturers for both the week they spent in the shop and the week they spent in school. This enabled many boys to attend school who otherwise could not have done so. Mr. Noyes became so interested in the experiment that he offered to pay the tuition at the Lewis Institute of all the boys who entered this course, and this he did for seven years, from 1910 to 1916. The experiment came to an end in 1916 because the demand for boys became so great and the wages offered them so high that many gave up school for work.

But it was in the Chicago Academy of Sciences in Lincoln Park that Mr. Noyes found one of his greatest opportunities for the exhibition of public spirit and the play of his unusual powers of initiative, imagination, and invention. In 1911 he was elected president of the Board of Trustees. Being given a free hand by the directors he at once proceeded "to install in the Museum a series of Natural History exhibits based on the study of the Chicago region, and to make the institution an effective educational center in the Community." Dr. Wallace Atwood, for many years secretary of the Academy, was associated with him in this work. Together they worked into practical form Dr. Atwood's idea of a celestial sphere for the study of astronomy. Mr. Noyes worked out the difficult engineering problem of installing the sphere in a remarkable and practical

way, making the sphere unbelievably light and yet of sufficient strength for its purpose. It is fifteen feet in diameter and has a seating capacity for fifteen students. Under Mr. Noyes' direction new and extensive groups of exhibits were constantly added to the museum, the plan being to show the environs of Chicago, with their birds, mammals, and plant life from the dunes on the south to the Skokie Valley and lake region on the north. The result is indescribably illuminating and attractive. To be at all appreciated the exhibits must be seen. They are attracting multitudes of visitors, who, as they view them, wonder and admire. Mr. Noyes' administration saw the renaissance of the Academy, a rebirth to a new life. This cost him much time and much money and made Chicago very greatly his debtor.

Mr. Noyes was a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a member of the Chicago Historical Society, and connected with many other associations, educational, financial, and patriotic. He was a member of the Executive Committee of the League to Enforce Peace and profoundly interested in all measures to win the Great War and win it in such a way as to make its recurrence impossible.

In 1896 he joined the Union League and the Illinois Club. Later he became a member of many of the leading clubs of Chicago—the Commercial, the Bankers', the Hamilton, the Chicago Athletic, the Press, the University, the Chicago Literary, and others. The Forty Club was a favorite. It was at a meeting of this club that W. D. Nesbit, the toastmaster, in introducing Mr. Noyes, on the spur of the moment perpetrated the following:

Rockefeller, Gould, and Morgan,
Noyes has them all skinned.
They do theirs on water,
But he does his on wind.

In the speech which followed this introduction Mr. Noyes soberly traced the origin of the Forty Club back to the forty thieves of the *Arabian Nights*.

He did not begin golf early enough to become a winner of the national championship. His love for the great game made him a member of several golf clubs. Midlothian was his first love and there he built an attractive summer home. But no real golfer can content himself with a single course, and he later entered the South Shore Country, Chicago, and Edgewater. He once for a brief period indulged in a yacht and was a member of the Chicago Yacht Club, but golf was the real recreation of his later years, and he could show trophies of his skill.

It must not be forgotten, however, that during all this time the most difficult scientific and mechanical problems were occupying his time and attention and in particular the aëro-electrical problem, the solution of which has vast significance for the future. It is not surprising, therefore, that in 1915 his Alma Mater, Iowa State College, conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Engineering, "in recognition of his eminent success in the field of engineering and his interest in the promotion of higher education."

His friends found him one of the most companionable of men. Without affectations, he was cordial, genial, friendly. A lover of friends, he was a hospitable host and a delightful guest.

He loved the open. He traveled much. Four or five times he went abroad and was as good a sailor as Mrs. Noyes was. The rifle, the shotgun, and the rod took him to many parts of the South and West and North. He hunted over many a mountain and prairie and fished in many waters.

He was a man of marked originality. An inventor by nature he did not look at things just as other men do. The beaten path did not appeal to him. He sought a better one. He did not take his opinions second hand; he thought out his views and made them his own. He did not reject the old because it was old nor accept the new because it was new. He was neither a radical nor a conservative. He had the open mind, but did his own thinking.

He was therefore naturally a man of independence. This was illustrated by his entire business career. He organized his business himself and himself conducted it. He rejected all overtures for making connections or agreements with competitors, preferring to conduct his own business in his own way.

His extraordinary faculty of persistence was evidenced by his building up an immense business from very small beginnings, with insufficient capital at the outset and against great odds. An inventor must be persistent. Mr. Noyes had this quality in such a degree that he would continue his experiments through all difficulties and discouragements till the device being worked upon was perfected. And he showed this same endowment in all the varied activities of his busy life.

It was a fortunate thing for Mr. Noyes that his strenuous life was relieved by a refreshing sense of humor. And it was not the manufactured, but the spontaneous, variety. It didn't have to be pumped up, but was always on tap. It appeared continually in his correspondence. He writes his wife that she will be grieved to learn that a serious

financial disaster has overtaken him. Mr. ——— has failed in business, owing him \$4.85. When Mrs. Noyes, on her trip around the world, had arrived in India, he wrote her: "When asked by any of your thousand friends as to where you are, I point downward, . . . in the direction of Bombay." In the same letter he says: "The D—s gave me a cordial invitation to take Christmas dinner with them, and I prepared, with great care, what I think a fairly good letter, setting forth, in dramatic terms, my deep regret at having two invitations and but one capacity for Christmas dinner. It was fortunate that I prepared the letter, because I had three other chances to use it on the same occasion. I am through with it now, however, and would rent it out on moderate terms." In another letter, referring to her photographing activity, he presumes "that the Orient is being put on films for transportation to the Occident. As for me, I am hustling round in the usual way and pining away and growing thin. It pains me to say that I was weighed the other day and weighed only 198 pounds." This was in 1898. The Spanish-American War was coming on but still quite uncertain. Mrs. Noyes was in Japan. He wrote: "Should there be trouble between the United States and Spain (which I doubt) you may not find it safe to come on an American steamer from Japan: it may be preferable for you to walk. In that case you will lose the use of that ticket which you purchased." These are only samples of the dry humor that filled his correspondence as it also abounded in his conversation. His humor was not the noisy but the quiet kind. He saw the humorous side of things as well as the serious.

Mr. Noyes was a man of great liberality. He was a generous giver. He had this characteristic, among others, of the ideal husband—he was a good provider. During his wife's absences in Europe she never asked for money. He always provided it in advance and in abundance. But his liberality did not stop at home. He loved to be generous to persons whom he knew to be in need, often seeking the privilege of helping them. He believed in organized charities, however, and gave regularly and liberally to the United Charities of Chicago and assisted substantially the Park Ridge School for Girls (building an \$18,000 cottage), the Country Home for Convalescent Children, the Chicago Nursery and Half-Orphan Asylum. It was said of him that he "has given annually large sums to established charities and to movements for civic betterment and public good. A review of the subscription lists for civic betterment in this city during the past twenty-five years will disclose his name on practically every one of them." He was one of the large subscribers for the Y.M.C.A. Hotel. He gave \$25,000 to the

Fourth Presbyterian Church to build, in Mrs. Noyes' name, the Cloister which connects the church building with the manse. He liberally assisted Cornell College and Coe College, Iowa, the two institutions in each of which he spent a winter when, as a boy, he was preparing for college more than fifty years ago. I am not attempting to give anything like a list of his benefactions. He could not himself make such a list. He gave and forgot about it. The thing he never forgot was a machine he had once seen.

After the building of Ida Noyes Hall he thought much about the University of Chicago, its students, and its future. One of the things to which he gave most liberal and enlightened consideration was the improvement of the Midway Plaisance. The Midway is a part of the great South Park System. A mile long and, including the streets on either side which form a part of it, about seven hundred and fifty feet wide, it runs through the center of the site of the University. A wide, deep ditch in the middle is, sometime, to be made much deeper and is to connect as a waterway the lagoons of Washington and Jackson parks. No satisfactory solution of the problems of the waterway and the general improvement of the Midway having been found, Mr. Noyes set himself to their study. He engaged Mr. O. C. Simonds, the landscape architect, to assist him and together they worked out a strikingly complete and attractive plan for the waterway and the entire Midway from Washington to Jackson parks. Instead of a narrow canal running straight through the middle, so far below the surface that it could be seen only from the top of its banks, the plan provides for a lake from two hundred to four hundred feet wide. From Fifty-ninth Street on the north and Sixtieth Street on the south the ground descends gently to the water's edge so that the lake is in full view from both streets. The shores nowhere show straight lines, but wind about in curves, forming bays and headlands like any woodland lake. Bridges, each about seventy-five feet wide, cross the lake at Ellis, Woodlawn, and Dorchester avenues, and at these points the lake narrows—at Dorchester to about one hundred and twenty-five feet and at the other crossings to two hundred or two hundred and fifty feet. On both sides of the lake there are driveways fifty feet wide following more or less closely the lake's shore and running under the bridges. Trees and shrubs everywhere abound among which the paths find their way. There is a waterway connection with the basement of Ida Noyes Hall through which the canoes and boats of the young women would find access to the lake. The plan is one of extraordinary attractiveness and is likely to influence strongly the final improvement of the Midway Plaisance.

The crowning philanthropy of Mr. Noyes' life is one of which it is impossible to write with reserve. It is one of the noblest benefactions in the history of education. He was profoundly stirred by the Great War, regarding it as a life-and-death struggle to save and safeguard the liberties of the world. All that we hold dear as Americans and as men was at stake. Mr. Noyes looked with intense interest on the spectacle of the men of fighting age in America responding cheerfully, in a spirit of utter self-sacrifice, to the call to arms, ready to pay "the last full measure of devotion" for their country and mankind. Pondering all these things he began finally to ask himself, "How can I, a man far beyond the military age, show my appreciation of my fellow-countrymen who have uncomplainingly laid their all on the altar and set an example of patriotism, heroism, and idealism for all coming generations?" He knew that many of them were boys and young men who had interrupted their studies in high school and college to enter the service, that in many the experience of war would awaken a new ambition for an education, that thousands would return disabled for life to mourn that they could not give opportunities to their children, and that other thousands who had hoped to do great things for their children would give up their lives and leave their sons and daughters fatherless. Mr. Noyes concluded that the greatest benefaction he could make for all these classes would be to open before those who desired them the opportunities of a liberal education.

Being already closely connected with the University of Chicago he naturally decided to propose to that institution that it should unite with him in this great benefaction to our soldiers and sailors and their children and children's children. He then laid his plan before President Judson, who was his intimate friend. The President welcomed the proposal, and thus it came about that Mr. Noyes made over to the University property valued at \$2,500,000 or more, the contract and deed of gift being executed on July 5, 1918, the fund to bear the name of the "La Verne Noyes Foundation." In this great donation Mr. Noyes conveyed "all real estate and interests in real estate" he owned in Chicago, including the manufacturing plant and the home on the Lake Shore Drive. The purpose of the foundation is set forth as follows:

To pay tuition at not to exceed the ordinary rate in the University of Chicago, whether in its colleges or in its graduate or professional schools, for deserving students without regard to differences in sex, race, religion, or political party, who shall be citizens of the United States and who either

First: Shall themselves have served in the Army or Navy of the United States in the war for liberty into which our Republic entered on the sixth day of April, 1917, provided that such service was terminated by an honorable discharge; or

Second: Shall be descendants by blood of anyone in service in the Army or Navy of the United States, who served in said war; or

Third: Shall be descendants by blood of anyone who served in the Army or Navy of the United States in said war, provided that such service was terminated by an honorable death or an honorable discharge.

It is declared to be the purpose of the donor in establishing this Foundation at the same time to express his gratitude to those who ventured the supreme sacrifice of life for their country and for the freedom of mankind in this war, and also by giving them honor, to aid in keeping alive through the generations to come the spirit of unselfish, patriotic devotion without which no free government can long endure or will deserve to endure.

Such was the origin and such is the purpose of the La Verne Noyes Foundation.

The news of the establishment of the Foundation was welcomed with enthusiasm in the Army and Navy and throughout our country. Mr. Noyes received many letters of appreciation and thanks and congratulation. The newspapers of the country greeted this great act of beneficence with editorials approving and commending it in the highest terms.

It has been given to him to help uncounted thousands of young people through succeeding centuries to enter into life with every advantage a liberal education can give them, to enrich their lives and, through them, the life of the world and, as he has himself so nobly expressed it, "to aid in keeping alive through the generations to come the spirit of unselfish, patriotic devotion without which no free government can long endure or will deserve to endure."

In June, 1919, Mr. Noyes was taken sick and almost at once his sickness became alarming. He died July 24, 1919, in his seventy-first year. All his plans had been made to be with my family in the north woods at that time. But, instead, I went from our wilderness home to speak at his funeral. He had made his will during the preceding winter. The more he had reflected on what he had done in the University of Chicago through the La Verne Noyes Foundation the greater had been his satisfaction with the purpose of that fund. When he came to make his will, therefore, he simply extended the scope of that beneficence to other colleges and universities. He left his estate, which consisted, for the most part, in his very successful business, to three trustees who had been long connected with the business and who were to continue it and to distribute the income from it. After provision for the special bequests, the great purpose of the will was expressed as follows: "All the remainder of the income of the Trust Estate each year shall

be expended by my trustees in paying to such university or universities, college or colleges as my trustees shall from time to time select the tuition, in part or in full in such universities or colleges . . . for deserving students, needing this assistance to enable them to procure a university or college training." Then follows the designation of these students, the same class named in the Noyes Foundation of the University of Chicago, soldiers and sailors of the Great War and their descendants.

The number of students enjoying scholarships on the Noyes Foundation in the University of Chicago is now about five hundred and twenty each year, and will increase.

For the year 1921-22 the trustees under the will awarded 123 in eight universities and colleges. They make the following statement: "It is expected that the number of scholarships will be increased yearly and it is hoped that there will, eventually, be a thousand offered each year. At the outset it was determined by the trustees that 75 per cent of the funds should be used in Illinois and 25 per cent outside of the state. Only men actually needing this assistance are being considered and the applications reveal many cases where great sacrifice is being made on the part of students to obtain a higher education."

In making these great gifts and these beneficent bequests Mr. Noyes was a happy man. He manifested this to me personally in many ways. One of the most striking revelations of it was the following: When he had made his will, he brought a copy of it to my house and asked me to read it. It gave him such satisfaction that he wanted to share the joy with his friends. The thought of the multitudes of young men and women his beneficence would help to enter life was constantly with him in the last months of his life. He lived in them and in the advantages he would give them and the service they would give the world. Happy man!

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From a painting by Ralph Clarkson

ELI BUELL WILLIAMS

ELI BUELL WILLIAMS

AND

HOBART W. WILLIAMS

It was in 1833 that the hamlet of Chicago began to grow into a village. During that year nearly a hundred men, some of them bringing their families with them, made their homes in the little settlement. Among the settlers of that year were Mr. and Mrs. Eli B. Williams, who arrived in Chicago on April 14, 1833. They came from Tolland, Connecticut, Mr. Williams being in his thirty-fifth year. The maiden name of Mrs. Williams was Harriet Bissell.

Rufus Blanchard in his *Discovery of the Northwest* has preserved the following incident of Mr. Williams' family history:

At Tolland, Conn., in his father's house, John Buell Fitch planned and built the first steam engine ever made. He, with his assistants, worked secretly in the basement of the house and continued their labors till the engine was in practical working order: the first of its kind. . . . While at work on it, says Mr. Williams, the screeching of files, the clink of hammers, and hissing of steam, heard outside, excited the credulity and superstition of the age, till witchcraft was suspected and the whole neighborhood was beset with fear from what was going on in the mysterious basement.

Out of that basement issued a practical steam engine (not of course the first one), which successfully propelled a passenger boat on the Delaware River.

Mr. Williams seems to have had some means on his arrival in Chicago. He came with Mrs. Williams in his own carriage, crossing the Calumet River at what is now South Chicago, making his way thence through the oak openings which extended to the new settlement at the forks of the Chicago River. Nearing the hamlet, they left Fort Dearborn on their right hand and drove to the forks of the river, where they found a log tavern kept by Mark Beaubien. Indians were lounging about the door, and Mrs. Williams, not liking their appearance, persuaded her husband to go on toward a hotel which they saw on the west side of the south branch. They drove across the river on a floating log bridge and put up at this West Side house.

Mr. Williams was looking for a place which promised a good opening for business. Considering that Congress had recently made appro-

priations for improving the river and harbor, that preliminary steps had been taken toward digging the Illinois and Michigan Canal, and that there was a fair prospect that Chicago would in course of time grow into a town of respectable size, Mr. Williams decided to make it his home.

In 1833 the population, exclusive of Indians and soldiers, did not exceed two hundred. But there was a garrison in Fort Dearborn, and several hundred Indians lived in or near the town. New settlers were beginning to arrive, and their numbers daily increased. A hundred and fifty frame buildings were erected during 1833. There were only half a dozen stores, and Mr. Williams quickly decided that there was a business opening for him. He therefore concluded to open a store at once. His place of business was on South Water Street east of Dearborn Street. There were two other stores on South Water Street. George W. Dole was located near the corner of Clark Street and P. F. W. Peck near the corner of La Salle Street. Mr. Williams built the frame of his store from timber cut from the forests on the North Side and hewn with a broadax. The weatherboarding came from St. Joseph, Michigan, and the flooring from a sawmill which Mr. Naper had just built at Naperville, thirty or more miles southwest of Chicago.

A few months after the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Williams an election was held, August 10, 1833, to organize the hamlet into a town. The twenty-eight votes cast at this election show how very few qualified voters the new town contained. The fact that one year later Mr. Williams was elected a member of the town board of trustees and in 1836 was elected president of the board indicates how quickly the people recognized his character and ability and how well he deserved the recognition.

The principal north and south highway was Clark Street. In wet weather it was impassable in low places, and no places were high. A ditch on both sides of the street was an imperative necessity. There was no money in the town treasury, and after much importunity Mr. Williams secured a loan of \$60, but only by becoming personally responsible for the money. The ditches were dug, thus beginning internal improvements in Chicago and making one street possible of travel in most weathers.

The town during the period from Mr. Williams' arrival in the spring of 1833 to the autumn of 1836 had a remarkable increase in population. The two hundred inhabitants of April, 1833, had increased in three and a half years to nearly four thousand. A great real estate boom was in progress, and a vision of the Chicago that was to be had begun to dawn upon men's minds. The citizens were no longer satisfied with a town

government, and a movement was started in the fall of 1836 for the development of the town into a city. It devolved upon Mr. Williams, as president of the town trustees, to appoint a part of the committee to which was intrusted the drawing up of the charter for the new city.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams in 1834 took part in organizing the first Episcopal church in Chicago, St. James. Mr. Williams was one of a dozen men responsible for the organization of the parish. After Chicago became a city he continued to occupy positions of public trust. He was an alderman for the first ward in the City Council from 1838 to 1839, and again from 1852 to 1855, when it was a greater honor to represent the first ward than it has since become. Ten years later he was made a commissioner of the city reform school.

The year 1838 brought the first theater to Chicago. After a short season in the spring the management returned in the autumn for a more extended one. A building called the Rialto, an old auction-room in the center of the business district on the west side of Dearborn Street, between Lake and South Water streets, was rented and a license sought from the City Council. A contest at once arose over the question of granting it. H. L. Rucker, Mr. Williams, and Grant Goodrich were appointed a committee to consider the question. Judge Goodrich vigorously opposed granting the license, first, on moral grounds, and secondly, because the Rialto was of flimsy wooden construction and, being located in the center of the business section, its use as a theater would greatly increase the danger of a conflagration and thus be an economic as well as a moral menace to the community. Mr. Williams and Mr. Rucker, however, satisfying themselves that the citizens generally desired the opening of such a place of amusement, reported in favor of granting the license. The Council adopted the report. The incident is mentioned because this theater brought to Chicago Joseph Jefferson, who was a member of the company which played in Chicago in the fall and winter of 1838. He was then a child of nine years and his only part consisted in singing one or two songs between the acts.

The following year, 1839, the first city directory was prepared, and in it Mr. Williams appears as "Recorder, cor. Clark & Randolph Sts. and groceries etc., South Water St." Five years later he was appointed register of the United States land office. In the directory of 1843 he appears as "Merchant, res. Washington, between State and Dearborn Sts." For twenty years or more he occupied public positions of responsibility. He was interested in all movements connected with the general welfare. Before the town became a city he assisted in organiz-

ing its school districts. He was among the foremost of those who brought about the great River and Harbor Convention of 1847. At the preliminary Chicago meeting called to arrange for that convention he was made one of the two vice-presidents.

How long Mr. Williams continued to carry on the store he established in 1833 is not known, but not later than 1846. He began in 1850 to become actively interested in some of those public-utility corporations which have since played so important a part in the business history of Chicago. In that year the Chicago Gas Light and Coke Company was organized. The plant of the company was on the south side of Monroe Street near Market Street, just east of the south branch of the river. From the beginning Mr. Williams was one of the directors of the company.

In politics he was a Democrat, and in 1852 was a delegate to the state convention of his party.

In 1853 he was appointed receiver of public moneys and shortly after disbursing agent for the United States Depository at Chicago. The office was in the old post-office on Clark Street, between Randolph and Lake streets, adjoining the ground now covered by the Hotel Sherman. Mr. Williams sometimes took more than \$50,000 in gold to deposit with the United States subtreasury in St. Louis. The need of the office was passing, however, and Mr. Williams was the last of the United States tax receivers in Chicago, the office being closed in 1855 and its work transferred to St. Louis.

In the closing years of his mercantile career Mr. Williams took one or more partners to whom he finally sold the business. He made very profitable investments in real estate located at points which turned out to be in or near the center of Chicago's business district. He had the foresight to hold these properties and the good fortune to see them continually increase in value.

The rapid expansion of the Chicago business district soon compelled Mr. and Mrs. Williams to seek a home for a family residence south of Washington Street. They went some distance away and built their permanent home on a large lot on the southeast corner of Wabash Avenue and Monroe Street, where they would be undisturbed by the encroachments of business! The lot had a front of a hundred and sixty feet on Wabash Avenue. Here they built a handsome colonial frame house, set well back from the avenue and surrounded by large trees and shrubbery. But in the late sixties business once more drove them out. Mr. Williams rented the house and lot and for a number of

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From a painting by Ralph Clarkson

HOBART W. WILLIAMS

years the house was known as the Maison Dorée and was a high-class ladies' restaurant and ice-cream parlor. Then came the fire of 1871 and swept it away. In 1876 Mr. Williams replaced the house with a business block known as the Williams Building, a great, six-story stone block, covering the entire lot. During their later years Mr. and Mrs. Williams, when in Chicago, lived in one or another of the city hotels, but much of their time was passed in travel.

In 1879 an old settlers' reception was held by the Calumet Club at which "Long" John Wentworth made an address in which he referred by name to the men present who had settled in Chicago in the thirties or earlier. In the course of the address he said, "I see the president of one of the old boards of town trustees, Eli B. Williams, here . . . and in justice to that board it should be said that it was wound up without owing a dollar." Mr. Williams was then about eighty years of age. He remained in Chicago another year and then took Mrs. Williams for a trip to Europe. From this journey he did not return, dying in Paris on March 24, 1881. Mrs. Williams returned to Chicago and made her home at the Palmer House. Going abroad again she visited Paris and in the same city in which her husband had died five years before she also passed away, June 16, 1886. Both husband and wife were buried in Graceland Cemetery, Chicago. Mr. Williams was always greatly interested in the upbuilding of the city. He saw it grow from an insignificant hamlet of two or three hundred people to a great metropolis of seven hundred thousand and begin to dream of becoming the largest city in the world.

Mr. Williams was twice married. The wife of his youth was Miss Elizabeth Fiske Pratt, of North Brimfield, Massachusetts. Two children were born of this marriage, a daughter who died in infancy and a son, Elisha Buell Williams, who was born in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1829. The young wife dying a few months later, Mr. Williams' mother took the infant son to her home in Tolland and cared for him until, in 1833, his father married Harriet Bissell and almost immediately thereafter took him and the new Mrs. Williams to Chicago. The boy was often on the lake and river with the friendly Indians who then abounded in and about the village and conceived such a love for the water and for the life of a sailor that he finally prevailed on his father to allow him to follow his bent and go to sea. After following the sea for some years, being three times shipwrecked and having other escapes from death that seemed almost miraculous, he returned to Connecticut, his native state, married and, after spending a year or two at Tolland, the

old home of the family, settled for life at Hamden, ten miles north of New Haven, where he died in 1877, while still a young man, forty-eight years old, four years before the death of his father. His widow, Mrs. Annis C. Williams, still survives him, living at Cheshire, a village a few miles north of Hamden.

The only child of E. B. Williams' second marriage was Hobart W. Williams, born in Chicago, November 14, 1837. He received his early education in the schools of that city. Much of it, however, he secured abroad, and spoke a number of modern languages with facility. He was his father's assistant in business. He was devoted to his parents and, as he never married, he made his home with them and accompanied them in their travels after his father's retirement from business. One who met him a few months before his death, forty years after that of his father, writes me as follows: "Throughout my conversation with him I was impressed with the great affection he held for his father and mother and his desire to link his name with theirs in honorable memory."

Hobart Williams traveled much in his own country and in foreign lands. There were periods in his life when he yielded to the "Wanderlust" which had called his brother Elisha to leave his home and sail the "seven seas." To the seas he added all the great continents, America, Europe, Asia, and Africa. This seems the more surprising when one remembers that he was the most quiet, retiring, and reserved of men. His tastes and habits were the simplest possible. The later years of his life were passed with the widow of his brother in her home in Cheshire. Here he lived with the utmost simplicity. He was a man of very large wealth, but no one would have suspected it from his manner of life. The house was a modest one with grounds of four acres surrounding it. No one would have suspected that it was the home of a man worth \$5,000,000. With these millions at his disposal he chose to live so quiet, retired, obscure, and frugal a life that he was hardly known even in the small community of Cheshire. I speak well within bounds when I say that his annual living expenses were less than \$2,000. He spent almost nothing on himself that he might have the utmost possible to distribute to charities and education. His mind was enriched by study, by travel, and by a knowledge and love of art. But while he loved art and books and read much, he did not fill his rooms with masterpieces, nor his shelves with books. He did not care for the automobile or the telephone or any of the luxuries of our modern life. The very simple life he led gave him greater freedom and enjoyment. His business affairs were arranged with such wisdom and completeness that

an annual visit to Chicago and perhaps two trips to New York each year kept them in perfect order.

It is evident that Mr. Williams thought long and deeply on the question of the disposition of his large estate. The larger part of it was in real estate in Chicago and he always regarded himself as a citizen of that city. He informed himself thoroughly about the educational institutions of his native state and the charities and the University of Chicago, his native city, where the family fortune had been made.

One of the most interesting facts in the life of Mr. Williams is the decision to which he came to turn over his entire estate while he lived and was still in health to institutions of charity, education, and religion. He evidently desired to witness some of the results of his benefactions and be certain that the purposes he had in mind would be carried out.

He therefore, through the Merchants Loan and Trust Company of Chicago, established a trust on his personal estate, amounting to \$2,115,000, in favor of five institutions of learning in Illinois and five charitable institutions in Chicago. The income from this great sum is to go to these ten institutions, share and share alike, so that each one of them will receive annually and in perpetuity from six to ten thousand dollars. After deliberate inquiry Mr. Williams chose the following as his educational beneficiaries: Monmouth College, Rockford College for Women, Illinois College at Jacksonville, James Millikin University at Decatur, and Illinois Wesleyan University at Bloomington. The five institutions of charity were the Old People's Home in Chicago, the Chicago Home for Aged Persons, the Chicago Commons Association, the Chicago Orphan Asylum, and the Chicago Home for Destitute Crippled Children.

Mr. Williams' real estate exceeded in value the personal property in this great benevolent distribution. He divided this among the Chicago Young Men's Christian Association, St. Luke's Hospital, and the University of Chicago. To St. Luke's he gave the property where the original Williams store of 1833 stood, on South Water Street, between State and Dearborn streets. The Clark Street property, north of the Hotel Sherman, where the depositary of the United States land office stood sixty-five years ago, he gave to the Chicago Young Men's Christian Association. To the University of Chicago he conveyed the property on the southeast corner of Wabash Avenue and Monroe Street, having a front of one hundred and sixty feet on Wabash Avenue and a depth of one hundred and seventy-one feet on Monroe Street. This was the site of the residence of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Williams, as already related, before the corner became business property. The smallest valuation

placed on it was two million dollars. It was provided that this should constitute a "special endowment fund in memory and honor of Eli B. Williams and Harriet B. Williams, the parents of the donor. It is to be known as the "Eli B. Williams and Harriet B. Williams Memorial Fund." The income of the property is to be devoted to payment for "instruction in commercial or business studies or in studies relating or allied thereto," and to "the purpose of assisting poor and deserving students" in those and other studies.

Regarding this gift to the University of Chicago Wallace Heckman, the Counsel and Business Manager of the University, has made the following statement in a memorial sketch of Mr. Williams:

He had given a considerable period of time, several years, to the study of the necessity, as he thought, of the inclusion of the principles of business and administration in the curricula of universities. He considered this branch of study necessary since graduates of such institutions, more than others, are called on to take leadership and responsibility in the conduct of trusts, charities, and public affairs. He reached his conclusion, independently of suggestion, that such work should be fittingly provided for, and that his home city in the Central West would be a good location for the experiment, and finally determined to make his offer to the University of Chicago.

For some years President Judson and Dean Marshall had been working upon the same subject, and had forestalled his conclusion as to the propriety of such work even in an institution devoted largely, as the University is, to the classics and pure science. They had just reached a satisfactory basis and curriculum, but were disconcerted at the figures involved in making provision for it, since it was in the nature of an experiment, educationally. To find these funds, in addition to meeting the pressing needs of the institution as already established, was a perplexing problem. Just at that juncture a voice came over the telephone to the business office of the University inquiring to whom a deed should run of an important piece of property, the income of which should be devoted to instruction in commerce and administration in the University of Chicago. Mr. Williams' deed followed. This coincidence was a comforting justification to the donor of his long-studied plan.

An outline by Dean Marshall of the scope of the work proposed in the department, together with the plan involving an educationally valuable research basis for conducting it, had Mr. Williams' delighted approval. He had builded better than he knew; the plan accorded with his hope, but outdistanced his expectations. His enjoyment of the prospective outcome of what he had done seemed deeply exhilarating to him.

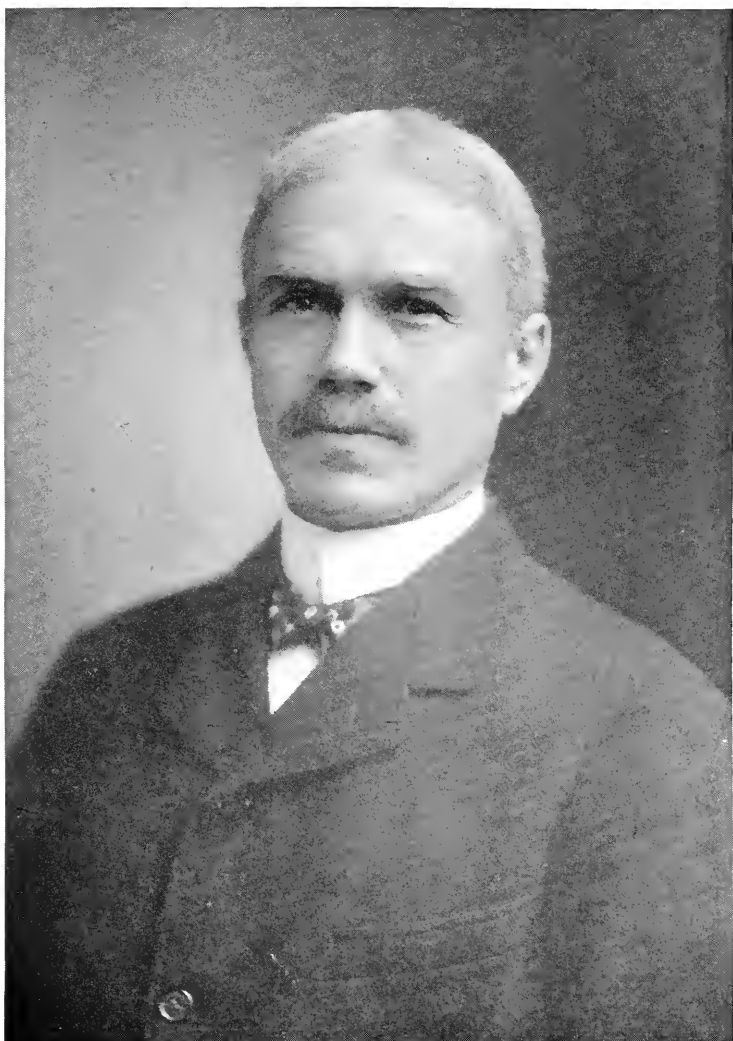
Excepting only the gifts of the founder, this contribution of Mr. Williams was, up to 1916, the greatest made to the University since its inception in 1889. It was all the more notable from the fact that, as Mr. Heckman points out, Mr. Williams was entirely self-moved in making it, proffering the great donation without solicitation from the officers of the University. Indeed no one connected with the institution so much as knew that such a man as Hobart W. Williams existed. The first

intimation that the great donation was to be made was that inquiry over the telephone as to whether the University would accept a gift of Chicago real estate, and it was only in a subsequent interview that its magnitude was disclosed. The contribution was made in 1916. It will build the lives of Eli B. Williams and Harriet Bissell Williams and their son, the donor, Hobart W. Williams, permanently into the life of Chicago and of American education.

In making these great contributions, practically his entire fortune, to these institutions of charity, education, and religion, Mr. Williams arranged that some portion of the income from the properties and funds should continue to go to him during his life. Returning to Cheshire he continued to live the same simple, retired life as before and continued, as always, to save his accumulations. I made a vain effort to secure from him biographical material for this sketch. He was too modest to give me more than the date of his birth.

In the autumn of 1920 he visited Chicago again and made his will. After providing some slight bequests to distant relatives and friends he left the rest of his estate, about \$450,000, to the Merchants Loan and Trust Company of Chicago in trust for the same institutions for which he had established the trust fund of \$2,115,000 four years before. Thus this man who had lived so quietly and obscurely as to be quite unknown outside his own door and who had no history, made himself one of the great benefactors of homes, settlements, asylums, colleges, and universities, distributing among them about \$5,000,000. He died November 3, 1921. In accordance with the wish expressed in his will he was buried in Graceland Cemetery, Chicago, beside his father and mother, in loving memory of whom all these great benefactions had been made. In his case that scripture was illustrated which says: "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long." Had he lived one week longer he would have entered his eighty-fifth year.

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JOSEPH BOND

JOSEPH BOND

The branch of the Bond family from which Joseph Bond was descended had its home in Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk County, England, where King Canute built his great monastery, celebrated for its "magnificence and splendor." There lived Jonas Bond three hundred and more years ago. He had three grandsons who were brothers, all of whom migrated to the New World. These were Thomas, William, and John. The first of these settled in Maryland. William, an "educated merchant," made his home in Watertown, Massachusetts. John Bond, born in England in 1624, was first mentioned in the records of Newbury, Massachusetts, in 1642, so that he must have come to America in his early youth. The records of the town show that on August 5, 1649, he married Hester Blakely, and that among their children was John, born in 1650. After 1660 the family moved to Rowley, where a farm was bought, and they later settled in Haverhill, where the father died in 1675. The son John became a farmer in Beverly and with his younger brother Joseph was out fighting in King Philip's War in 1676. His son Edward was born in 1714. Hitherto the branch of the Bond family with which this narrative has to do had for a hundred years confined itself to the one county of Essex, the northeasternmost of the counties of Massachusetts. Edward Bond broke away from the home environment and migrated to the village of Leicester near the center of the state. A little after 1760 we find him keeping the public house in that place, and the total destruction of the house by fire in January, 1767, was an event of such general interest as to find a place in the records of the village. He was a selectman of the town. His son Benjamin, born in 1743, married Elizabeth Harrod, the daughter of an officer in the Revolution.

Among their sons was David, who was born in 1778. He devoted himself as he grew up to farming in Brimfield, Hampden County, and in Hardwick, in the same county of Worcester which had been the home of his father and grandfather. His son Benjamin was born in Brimfield, June 6, 1814. He, after reaching manhood, became a farmer in the town of Ware in Hampshire County, not more than a dozen miles from his boyhood home in Hardwick. He bought his farm about 1833, when he was nineteen years old, and made it his home for fifty-seven

years. He died in 1894, at the age of eighty. He was twice married and had a family of six sons and two daughters. His second wife was Louisa Eaton, a lineal descendant of Francis Eaton, who came over in the "Mayflower" in 1620. Francis Eaton was one of the signers of the famous "agreement" entered into by the Pilgrim Fathers before they landed on Plymouth Rock. He signed for himself, his wife Sarah, and his son "Samuell." Governor Bradford records that the son was a "sucking child," from which one infers that Francis Eaton was probably one of the very youngest of that company of famous Fathers. His first wife died early and he married twice after her death, he himself passing away only thirteen years after the landing, but leaving four children. From one of them was descended Louisa Eaton, the mother of Joseph Bond, of whom this sketch is written.

He was the second son of his mother and the fifth of his father. The first Mrs. Bond had three sons, and the second had three sons and two daughters. Joseph Bond was born on the Ware farm, February 13, 1852. He felt himself peculiarly rich in brothers. One of his early teachers asked his class one day, "What do farmers raise?" and Joseph, raising his hand, promptly answered, "Boys!" In the first group of boys were Nelson, Sylvester, and David; and in the second, Rufus, Joseph, and Henry.

The town of Ware is situated on the river Ware, halfway between Worcester on the east and Springfield on the southwest, about thirty-five miles from each. It has grown to be an important manufacturing point and is the nearest place of any considerable size to the center of the state. It is on the elevated plateau east of the Berkshire Hills. This table-land has a mean altitude of 1,100 feet above the sea, though the village of Ware is 600 feet lower, an illustration of the diversities of level of that whole region—low-lying meadows along the rivers and smaller water courses, climbing, sometimes gradually, often abruptly, to lofty hills and uplands. It forms a bench between the lowlands toward the coast and the mountainous country bordering the Hudson River.

Thus, while this part of central Massachusetts is called a plateau and lacks in some measure the charm and variety of the Berkshires and the ruggedness and sublimity of the Taconic Mountains of western Massachusetts, it is a most delightful country of small rivers and brooks, hills, valleys, villages, farms, and forests. The farm of Benjamin Bond lay two miles north of the village of Ware on a high table-land, so elevated that it overlooked the surrounding country in all directions,

presenting views of diversified picturesqueness and beauty. It was a dairy farm of 150 acres. Over the hill was the schoolhouse where the Bond boys and girls began their education. The soil of the old Bay State was sandy or stony, but it was unsurpassed in richness for producing the men who have built into greatness the American Commonwealth. On the hill farm of Ware the six boys of farmer Bond grew into stalwart manhood. The father was a man of great common sense and of such practical wisdom that his counsel was often sought by his neighbors. He was physically strong, stalwart, active, and none of his six sons could ever beat him in a foot race until he had passed three-score years and ten. One of his sons says of him that he was a strong man intellectually and physically. His little finger was bigger than the thumb of any of his sons after they grew to manhood. He was a kind, thoughtful, and loving father, and his six sons all looked up to him and respected him, so that his word was always law to them. He was of a strong religious character and was a deacon in the Baptist church till the meeting-house was burned, when, the house not being rebuilt, he took his family to the Congregational church. He taught a Sunday-school class for many years. He maintained the custom of family worship. Deeply religious, he was the companion and leader of his sons. He never said "Go!" to them, but "Come!" He entered into their sports and games, ran races, and pitched quoits with them, and they were naturally devoted to him. He retained his activity and vigor down to old age.

The mother being of like spirit with the father, the large family was admirably brought up under strong, wise, affectionate, Christian discipline. The children were unusually fond of each other, and there were enough of them and things enough to do to make their youth exceedingly interesting. The labors of the farm with so many hands to help were not too burdensome. Their number made it possible for them to avail themselves of all the schooling the country schools afforded. They were fortunate in living in a region which was a wonderful boys' country. In summer and autumn the woods and streams invited them. In the winter there was coasting on the hills and skating on the river and ponds. There were manhood memories of a dog, the companion and playfellow of the boys and a continuous occasion of interest and amusement. Joseph used to tell with joyful remembrance of the day when he, with his brother Rufus, in the woods for a day's fun, treed a gray squirrel. Like true boys they determined to capture it alive and take it home and tame it. Joseph, ten years old, climbed the tree to

dislodge their prey, while Rufus, the next older than himself, remained below to capture him. Joseph followed him out on a limb and succeeded in shaking him off. As he came down, Rufus, careless of consequences, caught him with his bare hands as he "would a baseball." He was, of course, badly bitten, but held on, and the young hunters carried their captive home in triumph and made a pet of him. Brought up in the country on a farm, these brothers were not without the joy of life and the fun boys ought to have.

Mr. David Bond, the second older brother of Joseph, still lives in Ware. He has drawn for me so true a picture of life on a Massachusetts farm sixty years ago that I cannot forbear giving it to my readers.

Our lives were so closely linked together that I cannot take one out by itself. In our family were six boys and two girls, who were the youngest. My two older brothers were in the Civil War during those four years, and I was anxious to go but was too young. We first went to the district school. I remember it was sometimes difficult to reach the schoolhouse, as the hill down which we went across lots to the school would be covered with ice. We would have to sit down and make a hole in the ice with our heel and draw ourselves down to that and then make a hole with the other heel and draw ourselves down to that, and so on till we reached the foot of the hill. You could hardly call it rapid transit.

We did not have much time for play, for when we reached home there would be the chores to do. In winter there would be wood to chop, but in the evenings we would crack nuts, pop corn, play checkers, etc. In the summer after our work was done we would run and see who would get first to the swimming pool, half a mile away, or we would try high jumping, pitching quoits, the three-legged race, etc. We were strong, active boys, always ready for fun, and liked to play tricks on each other. We were so far from town we did not have other boys to play with, but depended on each other and were happy by ourselves.

We used to hunt grey squirrels and always had one in the house. One Sunday father had gone ahead in the carriage to church and we boys were to follow on foot. As we were walking along through the woods we saw a squirrel run into his hole in a tree. In those days we wore high-topped boots reaching half way up to the knee. One of us took off a boot and clapped it over the hole. Another climbed the tree to a hole higher up and with a long stick we gave him managed to drive the squirrel into the boot, which we then pinched together and we had him safely. By this time it was too late to go to church.

At another time we had been reading about how Daniel Boone practiced snuffing a candle with a rifle ball so that he could hit a deer's eye in the night. In some way we got hold of an old pistol, and after father had gone to town in the evening on some errand we boys would go up to our bedroom, take the tallow candle that was in use those days, and, placing it on a chair at one side of the room, try with our pistol to snuff it out. The walls to this day bear the marks of the bullets.

About that time we four younger boys formed the B.A.C.—the Bond Agricultural Club. We adopted a constitution and by-laws, elected officers, and held regular monthly meetings. At these meetings we held discussions and debates. Later we

made an older brother, who had returned from the war, married, and settled in Ware, an honorary member. We often met at his house and had merry times, for he and his wife were not lacking in the spirit of fun. The above is a true account of our everyday life on the old farm.

These boys naturally developed the virtues of virile young Americans. They inherited the tendencies of a long line of God-fearing ancestors. Thus they grew up clean, strong, high minded, but quite unlike in their aptitudes and ambitions. Joseph, the youngest boy but one, early developed a taste for and a purpose to seek a business career. He was fifteen years old when the country emerged from the Civil War and began to gather itself together for entering that extraordinary business expansion in railroad building, manufacturing, invention, building great cities, and combining capital for large enterprises in commerce which during the past half-century have transformed our national life. His mind responded to the new spirit of the times and he became a part of the new age in which he found himself growing up.

He was too young to enter the Civil War, but he saw his older brother, Nelson, a student in Amherst College, and Sylvester, who was in Monson Academy, leave their books to fight for their country. When he was fifteen, eager to get into the world's work, he went with his uncle Darius Eaton to learn the mason's trade. The uncle lived three miles away, but the boy, continuing to live at home, walked the three miles to his work in the morning, carrying his lunch, and back home at night. It was not his purpose to remain a mason, but he wisely reasoned that a good trade to fall back upon, if necessary, would be a valuable asset. He continued in this apprenticeship between two and three years, when he concluded that if he ever found his way into business life, as he fully intended to do, he must acquire a greater knowledge of books. All his older brothers had been in college or academies. In 1868 Rufus had been a student in Kimball Union Academy, at Meriden, New Hampshire. This was one of the feeders of Dartmouth College and was located about one hundred and twenty-five miles due north of Ware, the home of the Bonds. His brother brought back so good a report of Kimball that in the fall of 1869 Joseph made his way there. Intent on a business life he gave his studies a business direction, beginning among other things the study of accounting.

Returning home, the next two years, his eighteenth and nineteenth, were spent on the farm and in working at his trade, in which he had become an expert. He had, however, no intention of following his trade

permanently. He earned large wages for that day and his father urged him to be content with what was one of the best-paid trades in the country. But his heart was set on a business career. He was always a modest man, but it needed no vanity to assure him that his brain would carry him incomparably farther than manual labor alone. He had before his eyes in the industries of his home town, Ware, growing manufacturing establishments, illustrations of the business possibilities of the new era succeeding the Great War. He was not overwhelmed by what he saw of big business with a feeling of his own incompetence and insignificance. He was a mere boy, brought up on a farm, a worker with his hands, but he had an irremovable conviction that what he was made for was the management of big business. He did not talk about it but it was always in his mind, as every step in his subsequent career proves.

He had the sense, however, to see that in mounting that ladder he must start at the bottom, and he was on the lookout for an opportunity to get his foot on the lowest rung, confident that if he could do this he could make his way toward the top. Of this period his brother David says:

After I had bought the Waltham Grain Store and before I took possession, while at home, Joseph told me he would like a business life as he did not wish to be tied to a trade. Father tried to argue him out of this notion, but Joseph seemed to be set in his plans. After I went to Waltham I received a letter from him asking me to find a place for him in some business house. I went up to Richardson Brothers' hardware store and asked for Mr. Richardson. The man I found there told me the partners were out and asked if he could do my business. I told him I had a brother who wanted a place in which he could grow up. This man was Mr. Pierce. He said that he was, just then, out of business, but was looking for a place, and if he found one would want a young man such as I had described Joseph to be. He asked me further if I knew of any stove and tin store for sale. I answered yes, and spoke of the Marsh Stove Store in Ware. He said he would go and see it, which he did, and bought it. The next time I saw him he told me he wanted my brother and after he took possession of the store he wrote me to have my brother call on him. I therefore wrote Joseph and told him to go to the Marsh store and I thought he would get a position. He went and that was when and where he first met Mr. Pierce.

This meeting was one of the most important events in Mr. Bond's life. He was still a boy, just arriving at his twentieth year. Mr. J. B. Pierce was much the older, but between the boy and the man a most unusual attachment grew up which united them for life. This meeting changed and gave final direction to the current of the boy's life, and was no less eventful for the man. So important, indeed, was this first meeting that it made an indelible impression on the older man's mind

and he recalled it distinctly thirty years later. For young Bond fairly precipitated himself on the new owner of the store. To show that this is not an extravagant statement and to give the story of the extraordinary friendship that resulted, I quote the words of Mr. Pierce, who, after telling how he had just bought the business for \$2,800, continues:

After a week or two had passed and the people in town had become reconciled to the change, I found it was necessary for me to have assistance and in some way I made the fact known. A few days thereafter, late one afternoon, the door opened quickly. I looked up and saw a boy, a young man, coming down the center of the store toward my desk as if he had been shot out of a gun. My first impulse was to get out of the way and let him go by, but he managed to stop himself in season to avoid a collision and made himself known and stated his errand. True to his instinct, even at that early day, he was the first applicant for the place, the first on the ground. Through our conversation I learned he was at that time earning \$3.00 a day, but was ready to quit if he could only obtain some opportunity to begin a business life, regardless of compensation, even in opposition to the wishes of some of his people. It did not take me long to decide that in him was the material I wanted.

Monday, February 12, 1872, the day before his twentieth birthday, Joseph Bond began his life-work with me. His salary for the first year was \$350.00. On August 1 following, he by his urgent request began work on the books, and subsequent to that date all the posting was done by him and nearly all the day-book entries were also made by him. . . . During the few months we were together in that little store there was formed a tie, a bond of affectionate esteem, that could be severed but once and in only one way. He came to board with me and we went to business in the morning together and came home to our boarding-place together at night. In business and out of business we were together. After our day's work was done and we had returned to our home we usually read the Boston paper. We could afford but one, so made that suffice by tearing it in half and exchanging sheets. During these evenings together we discussed various subjects and I was much interested, as well as amused, by his account of a recent trip he had made to the Hoosac Tunnel, the farthest west he had been up to that time. He was so enthusiastic in regard to it that everything seemed to begin and end with some account of, or some mention of, that trip. I can now recall the hours, the days, and the weeks at Ware as among the happiest of my life. In February, '73, I had an opportunity to sell out and quickly accepted, leaving Joseph to start off the new firm for a few weeks and to settle up some of my own matters, while I started out to find some new and more satisfactory location in a larger field, better suited to the ambition of both, intending to call him to me as soon as I was able to find a location or business that would warrant it.

Such was the beginning of a very exceptional friendship that continued with increasing mutual confidence and regard to the end of Mr. Bond's life. Mr. Pierce was the elder by nine or ten years, a man of nearly or quite thirty when the younger man was twenty. Mr. Pierce had some business experience and a little capital. Each recognized business abilities in the other that supplemented his own. They believed in themselves and in each other. Both were ambitious. They had been

drawn together into a unique friendship and they agreed to reunite their fortunes as soon as circumstances permitted. Their plans were temporarily interfered with by the changed circumstances of both the friends. Mr. Pierce failed to find the new business location he was looking for and Mr. Bond accepted a clerkship in Waltham, Massachusetts, in the hardware store of Richardson Brothers. In two years his unusual business ability won him a partnership and the firm became Richardson and Bond.

Mr. Bond was twenty-three years old, in vigorous health, and possessed of extraordinary energy and initiative combined with unusual executive ability. The business prospered. The firm dealt principally in builders' hardware, but added to this many related lines of goods. Waltham was becoming a manufacturing town and growing into a thriving city. The business was a good one, with prospects of reasonable and permanent success. It looked as though Waltham might be Mr. Bond's permanent home, and he entered heartily into the life of the town. It was here that his openly confessed religious life began and he connected himself with the First Baptist Church, of which, though a young man, he became a pillar during his residence of eight years in Waltham. He was made an officer of the Sunday school, became a teacher of the men's Bible class, and was active and influential in the life of the church, exhibiting in his religious life the enthusiasm and energy that from the beginning characterized him in business.

It appears to have been the members of the Waltham Fire Department who set the example in our country of striking and leaving the community unprotected. Among the citizens who volunteered to fill their places was Mr. Bond, who served for more than a year as a member of Hose Company No. 4.

At the end of five years, in 1880, he found the retail hardware business too restricted to satisfy his ambition and, selling his interest in Richardson and Bond, he associated himself with the Union Manufacturing Company of New Britain, Connecticut. He said to one of his brothers-in-law in explaining this business change, "It requires no more effort to sell a carload of goods than to sell a single bolt or lock." He evidently made this change as one of the steps he must take in developing, as he was determined to do, from a retail merchant into a manufacturer and wholesaler. During his continuance in the new business he still made his home in Waltham.

The Waltham period was a very memorable one in his life. He there achieved the first ambition of his life in establishing himself in

business. This was no less gratifying to his father than to himself. Mr. Pierce once told this story, showing the deep affection Mr. Bond's father cherished for his son and the high hopes he entertained for his future. While the son was still a clerk in Waltham Mr. Pierce said: "I met his father on the train near Orange, Massachusetts. Our conversation naturally turned toward Joseph, and among other things, and with a voice trembling with emotion, he said, 'Mr. Pierce, if Joseph ever has an opportunity he will make his mark in the world.'" His first opportunity came in Waltham. He improved it and at twenty-three was partner in a promising business.

Another thing that made the Waltham period memorable was his marriage. Among the young people of the church he made the acquaintance of a most attractive young woman, Miss Mary Adelia Olney. Mutual attachment was followed by an engagement, which, at the end of three years, in 1879, resulted in their marriage. It is said that all the Olneys in the United States spring from a single family which came from England in 1635. Olney, the town which was long the home of the family in the mother-country, situated in the northern part of the county of Buckingham, may be found in any good map of England.

Thomas Olney, born in the adjacent county of Hertford, came to this country in the ship "Planter" in 1635 and settled in Salem, Massachusetts. Sympathizing with the views of Roger Williams, he was banished with him and became one of the thirteen original "proprietors" of Providence, Rhode Island. He was chosen the first treasurer of the new colony. He was made a commissioner to form a town government for Providence and a judge. He was one of the grantees of the royal charter granted to Rhode Island by Charles II. He was one of the founders of the First Baptist Church of Providence and for a time was acting pastor of that now ancient church. It is evident that he was a leading spirit in that infant colony of political and religious heroes. The historians have called him a "manager of men."

Charles Olney, of the eighth generation from Thomas, the Providence magnate, was born in Watertown, New York, in 1833, in 1858 married Julia A. Haynes, and in 1860 moved to Waltham, Massachusetts, and became connected with the Waltham Watch Company, continuing with that company through the rest of his life. He had four children. There were two sons, Lewis, now of New York, and Charles, who is secretary of the Waltham Watch Company, and two daughters, one of whom married Dr. Emory W. Hunt, an eminent Baptist clergyman and

educator, now president of Bucknell University. As has already been told, the other daughter, Mary Adelia, became the wife of Mr. Bond when he was twenty-seven years old.

Another thing that made the Waltham period memorable was an acute illness that brought all Mr. Bond's plans to sudden and apparently complete and final ruin. He was stricken with Bright's disease. His physicians gave him not to exceed two more years of life. They assured him that to prolong his life even two years he must abandon his business and betake himself to Poland Springs, Maine, for prolonged rest and treatment. The opinions and advice were so positive and final that he could not disregard them without the fear that he would incur the guilt of suicide. This overthrow of his hopes and plans occurred in 1880, the year following his marriage. He sold his business, and having by this time accumulated sufficient means to indulge himself in the rest and treatment prescribed, went to the Springs to drink the waters and take the one chance in a thousand left him to prolong his life.

What, meantime, had become of Mr. Pierce and the plans the two men had formed to become permanently associated? They had never lost sight of each other, but Mr. Pierce had found great difficulty in re-establishing himself in business. Toward the end of 1873 he had made a start in Buffalo, but the panic of that year interfered with his progress and he had, as he says, "ample occupation, physically and mentally, to keep above" the general wreck and ruin that surrounded him. "Years passed before I sufficiently recovered and was in a position to call Joseph to my aid." The time for their reunion seemed to have come in 1880, and a little before his breakdown, in the summer of that year, Mr. Bond went to Buffalo for a conference. The two men went together to Bradford, Pennsylvania, with a view of opening there a hardware and general supply store, but after a thorough investigation decided that the field was too small. They separated, but with the old purpose still strong in their hearts to go into business together as soon as the way opened. Theirs was, if such a thing can be, a romantic business friendship. Mr. Bond's last word to his older friend as they parted had been, "I am ready to come when you say the word." In continuing the story Mr. Pierce said:

In the summer of '81, through a little rift in the clouds of business depression, I thought I could detect signs that the time for which we had waited years was at hand, and I wrote him to come to Buffalo. In a few days he was there. Though his physician had given him but six months to live and of this time much had already passed, his coming to me seemed to give him new life, and he was as full of energy and enthusiasm as if in perfect health.

The year previous I had built on leased ground a little shop of second-hand lumber, costing, complete, about five hundred dollars, and had begun making steel boilers. Here we made the first home of the Pierce Steam Heating Company.

Under this name and in these humble quarters the two friends became partners.

Mr. Bond did not die, as the doctors predicted. The treatment he had taken and the regimen to which he had subjected himself had benefited him beyond belief and he had returned to business with a courage few men could have commanded. He willed to be well enough to work; but he was never again, during the twenty years he continued to live, a well man. He lived on a prescribed diet. He drank always and everywhere, at home and abroad, the same kind of water. Customs officials in Europe found it quite incredible that a traveler should be carrying bottles of water about the continent, where there was wine or beer or vodka to drink. Never again well, he was often very ill, but he prosecuted his business with tremendous, quite unbelievable, energy.

In 1882 he took his family to Buffalo. A daughter, Elfleda, had been born in Waltham, and later another, Louise, was born in Buffalo, which remained the home of the family for ten years.

Mr. Bond soon recognized the new opening in Buffalo as the great opportunity of which he had long dreamed. His business gifts were of the highest order. His organizing and executive talents were of the sort that command success. As has been intimated, the business qualities of one partner complemented those of the other. Mr. Pierce was conservative, perhaps slow to seize opportunities. He was apparently content to allow his business to develop slowly. Mr. Bond was aggressive. He wished to push the business to the utmost. He was constantly on the lookout for new openings through which it might be developed. All this is perfectly apparent in the following statement made by Mr. Pierce in speaking of the extraordinary kindness of Mr. Bond's disposition. He said: "Impatient at times I may have been, while striving to hold in check his almost *resistless* energy, or while veering this way or that, to avoid the ruts in the highway of our progress."

This is a most illuminating picture of the characteristics and relations of the two men: one perhaps ultra-conservative, suspicious of too rapid development, a little afraid, at first, of tackling big business; the other eager, progressive, welcoming development, afraid of nothing in the way of legitimate progress. Neither had, hitherto, had anything to

do with big business. Mr. Bond not only sought and welcomed it, but, as it came, grew into it easily, naturally, as men born with the instinct for large affairs do. And large development was not slow in coming to the new firm.

It began by manufacturing steel boilers. This business led in no long time—within a few months, in fact—to the necessity for manufacturing steam radiators. The two lines of business belonged together. Each was incomplete and was conducted at a disadvantage without the other. Various efforts were made to get the radiators made by outside manufacturers. These efforts failing, the two partners, with orders, and indeed with contracts, on hand, faced a serious situation. Finally they sat down in their office, took their pencils, and made a sketch of the radiator they wanted and took it to the best pattern-maker in Buffalo and had a pattern made. This they patented and went out to get it manufactured.

Then their real difficulties began. At every foundry in Buffalo they were told that radiators could not be made from the pattern. "At all the largest and best foundries in Boston" they were told the same thing. Undismayed, they leased a little foundry in Westfield, Massachusetts, and made the radiators themselves. These were indirect radiators. During the next two or three years the business so increased that orders could not be filled through the small foundry at Westfield and it was found necessary to build a much larger one in Buffalo. "The union of conservative business ability and executive enterprise soon gave evidence of progress toward a wider sphere and a greater business accomplishment." This growth of business in indirect radiators soon led to a demand for direct radiators. Patterns were made and obstacles were again encountered. "A representative manufacturer, who was considered a high authority in all matters pertaining to cast-iron radiators," told the partners they could not be made, "as he had repeatedly tried it and failed." But Mr. Bond would not be discouraged and pushed on to success where others had failed.

This success in the field of direct heat radiation led to a rapid and large expansion in the business, and the firm was soon enjoying large prosperity. The growth of the business was almost bewildering. The partners were fairly driven to one step of expansion after another. The senior partner acknowledging that a "kind Providence outlined the way," makes this naïve confession: "Blindly, almost stupidly, I followed, only because I was compelled to, though contesting to the utmost every step." One cannot help connecting this with that other confession as

to his impatience, while striving to hold in check Mr. Bond's "almost resistless energy."

Mr. Bond had charge of the outside work. He got the orders which Mr. Pierce, in charge of the manufacturing plant, filled. Mr. Bond had an extraordinary gift for securing business. It was this gift and the driving force behind it that caused his partner so much concern. One who knew the facts at first hand told the writer how on one occasion Mr. Bond brought in two very large orders and his partner broke out in sudden consternation, "How could you do such a thing as that? We can't possibly execute two orders of such magnitude on time." These expostulations were received with serenity and with the suggestion that they look into the matter thoroughly and see what they could do. A day or two of reflection and examination and discussion made it clear that the works were quite equal to the demand made upon them and the orders were filled on time. Mr. Bond was constantly reaching out after new business and pushing forward and was recognized by all who were familiar with the facts as the "money maker" of the concern. If Mr. Pierce's conservatism held Mr. Bond's resistless energy in check to some extent, the executive genius of the latter carried the concern on to larger and ever larger success. In 1889 it was incorporated with Mr. Bond as treasurer and a capital of \$150,000.

In this year also, Mr. Bond, accompanied by Mrs. Bond, made his first trip abroad. Always frail after his breakdown in 1880, he found himself in imperative need of rest. But he made this period of travel and rest minister to his business as well as to his health. It will be recalled by older readers that the first steam and hot-water radiators were far from attractive in design and were not regarded as decorative furnishings. One of the objects of Mr. Bond's first trip abroad, therefore, was the obtaining of improved designs to make the radiator more artistic and decorative so that, instead of diminishing, it would increase the attractiveness of any room. England, France, and other countries were visited. Several months were spent agreeably and profitably. Mr. Bond's health was improved; new and more artistic designs were brought back; and the conception of extending the business to foreign countries began to take shape in his mind.

Meantime the home business was growing beyond their ability to care for it, and early in the nineties steps began to be taken which resulted in 1892 in the organization of the American Radiator Company. Another factor also was influential in creating the new organization. Other radiator companies came into existence and began a keen competition

for business. A cut in prices by one company led to a greater one by others. Profits diminished to the vanishing-point. The business of the Pierce Steam Heating Company was large and increasing but it began to look as though it could not continue to be profitable. A struggle for existence between heating companies impended. The more far-sighted men in the radiator business began to see the necessity of a combination of companies large enough to cut down greatly the overhead charges, reduce generally the cost of production, and thus benefit the public and at the same time increase the business.

The preliminary efforts toward this end were initiated by John B. Dyar of Michigan. The first negotiation was conducted by Clarence M. Woolley with Mr. Pierce in Buffalo in the early autumn of 1891. The progressive leaders of the three leading companies, the Pierce Steam Heating Company of Buffalo, the Michigan Radiator and Iron Manufacturing Company, and the Detroit Radiator Company, the two latter of Detroit, then got together to consider whether these companies could not be combined into a single corporation. From this time Mr. Bond's influence became an important element in helping the various parties to reach a final agreement. One acquainted with all the circumstances says, "Mr. Bond from the very inception of the negotiations recognized the potential possibilities, and had it not been for his influence with the late John B. Pierce I do not think it would have been possible to have carried the original conception through to a successful conclusion. I therefore do not think it would be fulsome praise to accord to Mr. Bond the credit of having played the most important part in the negotiations" which resulted in the formation of the American Radiator Company.

The difficulties in the way of reaching an agreement were many and at times must have seemed almost insuperable. The Pierce Company was the largest of the three, and the interest of the president of that company was larger than that of all others. Very conservative, he was reluctant to enter into new and large schemes. But Mr. Bond was so completely confided in by him, as to be able to convince him and win him over to the proposed combination. He finally assented to the plan on one condition, that Mr. Bond should be made president of the new corporation. The spirit and practical business wisdom of Mr. Bond had so won the esteem and confidence of his fellow-negotiators that they were quite ready to meet this condition.

The plan adopted was a simple one. A new corporation was organized—the American Radiator Company, with Mr. Bond as president,

John B. Pierce and Edward A. Sumner as vice-presidents, Clarence M. Woolley, secretary, and Charles H. Hodges, treasurer. The company was organized under the laws of Illinois and the principal office was located in Chicago. This company "purchased all the rights, titles, and interests" of the three companies, and the American Radiator Company was ready to begin business.

It was then that the real difficulties began. Mr. Bond immediately moved to Chicago and entered on the work of organizing the business of the new concern. Eleven years later Mr. Pierce said in an address to the board of directors:

Some of you do not know and cannot comprehend the chaos that existed in this organization, or rather disorganization, January 1, 1892, and perhaps it is well that you do not, for you would never believe it possible that such a beautiful whole had been conceived and brought forth from such a confusion of parts. It was like the bringing together of the multitudinous parts of three different machines and so adjusting each separate part to the others that all the delicate mechanism performed its work, and all the while keeping every wheel in motion.

When in 1892 the American Radiator Company was formed, I believe I am correct when I state that no one of us original stockholders had any comprehension of what was before us, or of the magnitude our business would reach after ten years under the leadership of Joseph Bond.

He possessed the faculty and power of imparting to others, to an astonishing degree, his own force, and his associates and every employee of this company with whom he ever came in contact have felt the thrilling and magnetic touch of his enthusiasm. We who have been his associates for years, when hereafter discussing business problems, will often ask ourselves unconsciously what line of action Joseph would pursue, or what he would say if he were here to speak.

One of Mr. Bond's associates relates the following of his method of dealing with customers. When in the early years of the American Radiator Company a man would come in with a large order and say, "I suppose you will guarantee these goods?" Mr. Bond would say, "Let me tell you a story. When I was a young man in a little hardware store in Ware, Massachusetts, we used to sell axe heads to men cutting trees in the woods. They were guaranteed to us and we guaranteed them to the wood choppers. They were often brought back split open and we would replace them. But a company proposed to sell us a new brand of axe heads, and when we asked if they would guarantee to replace every one that split they said, 'These axe heads will not split and need no guarantee. They will cost you a little more because they are of so superior a quality that they will not split open or break.' We decided to try them, and sold them without any guarantee on their merits. And they never split or broke. That experience taught me a

great lesson—to make goods of the best quality, that will sell on their merits. That is the kind we are selling you.” And the customer would give his order and go away satisfied.

During the nineties Mr. Bond made several trips abroad for pleasure or for his health or in the interest of the business. The foreign demand for the new heating, which he had foreseen, now developed. England and the continent of Europe began to order heating equipment and the negotiations sometimes required the presence of some of the higher officers of the company. This foreign business continually increased until it became apparent that plants for the manufacture of heating appliances must be constructed in distant countries. An Illinois corporation was not at that time authorized to hold stock in other corporations, and in 1899 the company was reincorporated under the laws of New Jersey. In the annual report to stockholders—his last—issued in January, 1902, Mr. Bond said:

The foreign business has for some years continued to grow, until its proper care and development necessitated the construction of a plant in France, which is in successful operation, and, although steam and water-heating appliances are thus far used to but a limited extent in that country, a good beginning has been made.

In Germany it has also been found desirable to construct a plant, which is nearing completion and which will be in operation within a few months, the introduction of American methods of manufacture proving to be the best policy and promising better for the future than any other course.

This policy has been continued by the company until plants exist in England, France, Germany, Belgium, Italy, Austria, and Canada, in all of which countries subsidiary companies have been organized.

This growing foreign business, although Mr. Bond lived to see its beginnings only, took him abroad more than once. In the spring of 1898 he took his family for an extended tour through England and continental Europe. Sailing from New York March 26, they returned August 12, after an absence of four and a half months. After spending eighteen days in London and other parts of England, they went to Paris and a week later to Switzerland. Three weeks in May were given to Rome and the other Italian cities. After ten days more in Switzerland, they visited Cologne, Hamburg, Dresden, and Berlin. From Germany they went by way of Poland to Moscow, St. Petersburg, and other cities of Russia. Sweden, Denmark, and Holland were next visited. Proceeding to London, a few days more were given to places of historic interest in England, and the last days of July and the first days of August were given to the principal cities and the highlands of Scotland. From

Edinburgh they proceeded to Liverpool and sailed for home August 6 on the "Campania," which had taken them over. It was a memorable trip, never to be forgotten by Mr. Bond's children.

The demands of business had, however, required a good deal of his time. Conditions in France and Germany were maturing for the construction of manufacturing plants, and Mr. Bond was frequently called upon to leave the family and spend days or weeks in studying conditions, consulting business men, examining possible sites, and initiating negotiations which later led to large results. The more immediate of these results was the erection of the first foreign plants in France and Germany, the plant in France being the first one completed. These months were very busy ones for Mr. Bond. He spent as much time as possible with his family, but while they were visiting Switzerland, Holland, and Scotland, he was engaged in laying the foundations of the business which has since assumed the large proportions already described. But although he worked hard much of the time, he returned from this tour "much benefited in health," as an associate in business wrote, to resume his intense and strenuous application to the work of which he was so fond and for which he was so peculiarly fitted.

The business meantime grew to larger and larger proportions, both at home and abroad. Notwithstanding the frailty and uncertainty of his health, Mr. Bond continued for ten years to conduct it with the greatest skill and efficiency, until it became the largest of its kind in the world. And he did more than this. He might well have excused himself from all labors outside the exacting demands of his business; but he was a devout man, deeply interested in the progress of the Kingdom of God and the welfare of young men. His pastors testified that he was always in his place in the church on Sunday and at the mid-week meetings. After making Chicago his home, he united with the Immanuel Baptist Church. Going into the Sunday school he took the fragment of a class of young men and built it up into a great organization of a hundred and fifty young men, which the church named the Bond Bible Class. He became a trustee of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago and here also manifested his interest in young men by giving the money to send a graduate student to Egypt and Palestine for study.

Mr. Bond was a Republican in politics. He did not have time or strength to devote to club life, his own business and that of the Kingdom of God absorbing him. He was, however, a member of the Chicago, Union League, Quadrangle, and Onwentsia clubs. At the Quadrangle

he met the University circle, and the Onwentsia gave him the exercise and recreation of golf.

For more than twenty years Mr. Bond fought a heroic battle against physical infirmities. Nine men out of ten with his bodily handicap would have regarded themselves as invalids, unfitted for labor or business. In 1880, given by physicians not more than two years to live, and a little later only six months, he not only survived twenty-two years but during all that time did the work of two of three men in vigorous health. He had frequent sicknesses but rallied from them by apparently supreme efforts of the will and with sublime courage grappled again with the heavy responsibilities of a new business. I say a new business, for during all these years his business was always a new one. The Pierce Steam Heating Company's business was so new that he had to lay its very foundations and mark out its policies. It developed in such unforeseen directions that during the ten years of its rapid enlargement it was never the same for six consecutive months but always new, calling for new plans, new methods, and new mental resources in the director of its policies.

In the organization of the American Radiator Company, again everything was new, calling forth powers hitherto unused. The marvelous development of that company, so much greater than its projectors dreamed of, and the new fields it entered made the experience of every year a novel one. The experience must have been mentally exhilarating in the highest degree. But the president had a singularly alert and resourceful mind. To every fresh demand made on his powers he responded with a facility and readiness of resource that showed a mind innately constituted for business. Nature, with experience added, made him a great business organizer and administrator.

The physicians were not entirely at fault in their diagnoses. The disease that prostrated him in 1880 never left him. Dr. O. P. Gifford, one of his pastors, said:

For two and twenty years this man withstood disease. . . . In 1880 his physicians gave him the warning of death—that he had but a few months to live. He went aside and said to the Lord, "I have done nothing yet" (few men have done much at thirty), "give me twenty years that I may do a man's work." When the final summons came he turned to his companion and said, "God has been good. I asked for twenty years. He gave twenty-two, good measure, pressed down, running over." Again and again during these twenty years he walked to the edge of the Valley of the Shadow, looked in, girt the loins of his strength by an act of will, and said, "Not yet," and came back to the land of the living. Of this man it might be said death crouched at his door. Death was his constant companion, present as one's

shadow on a sunny day. It ever closely followed, except at times when the shadow of its presence stepped in front of him. He knew not when the silver cord would be loosed—the golden bowl broken—but manfully, bravely, he toiled on.

We know not all that he resisted. He carried a load of disease upon one shoulder, and to balance it he took a burden of business upon the other. . . . He conquered success where most men would have been conquered by disease. . . . He lived a simple life. He lived as an athlete lives. What might have been right in perfect health became wrong when fighting disease. His self-restraint gave him power.

But alas, his power was not sufficient to carry him beyond the year 1902. He had seen his older daughter, Elfreda, happily married, and his younger daughter, Louise, grow to womanhood. He had seen the new business combination extraordinarily successful even in the first ten years he lived to administer its work, and so wisely organized and solidly founded as to insure the remarkable development that has since characterized it. And then the end came.

In the spring of 1902 his health was finally broken. After an illness of three months he passed away on August 8. Dr. Gifford said, "When the final call came against which he could no longer struggle, he said, turning to his companion, 'God knows best. He has the wider view.'"

But the pity of it! He was still a young man, only fifty years of age. If he were living today his powers would just be ripening. He had had only twenty years to improve the opportunity his father craved for him, but in that short time he had made his mark in the world. What would he not have done had he lived to a good age! His pastor, Dr. Johnston Myers, said of him, "He was able at the close of his life to know that he stood at the head of one of the largest and most respected business enterprises in the world. He was well on the way to become one of the great factors in finance. Had his life been spared he would no doubt have amassed a great fortune." He certainly would have participated in the prosperity of the great business over which he presided.

Mr. Bond's death was followed by many touching and significant tributes to his memory. Just before the funeral service in his home church Sunday morning, August 10, 1902, one hundred and twenty-five members of the Bond Bible Class met and pledged themselves to carry on vigorously the work of the founder and first teacher of the class. The final service was held the following day in the Delaware Avenue Baptist Church in Buffalo, in which city he was buried. One of his associates wrote of these services:

Nothing could better show the fond esteem in which Mr. Bond is held than was manifested by the presence of the large delegation from the Company's organization

and by the tender care and the affection with which each individual member devoted himself to see that in the last rites every honor was done to the man whose kindly sympathetic nature has ever been an inspiration to us all, whose aim and act had been to duplicate himself in others.

So completely did Mr. Bond project his great and comprehensive personality throughout the center and circumference of our company that if we can show our worthiness to carry on the work in which he so splendidly led we cannot help but feel the touch of his presence in all that we do in the years which are to follow. The joy and pride of the creative workman ever filled him with that wonderful energy and enthusiasm which so often amazed us. His duties were his pleasures. His pleasures were his duties.

Few men exhibit the remarkable balance of qualities that was seen in Mr. Bond. He was at the same time strong and gentle. He had none of the brusqueness that is usually found in the strong, nor any of those negative traits that so often characterize the gentle. He had a singular purity and sweetness of nature which, combined with strength and vigor, won affection and commanded respect and confidence. His partner of twenty years, who was profoundly impressed by his "almost resistless energy," felt just as deeply the nobility, goodness, and sweetness of his character. He said of him:

Tender and considerate of the feelings of others, his whole nature abounded in love. . . . He had a kind word for everybody, and on all occasions, and in the days of our beginning, days that try men's souls, he was at his best. . . . He possessed most remarkable self-control, if with him self-control were necessary, which I doubt. I never heard him utter an unkind word, nor did I ever hear him speak unkindly to or of any person. Apparently there was no source in his nature from which an unkind word or act could spring.

These were words spoken to Mr. Bond's immediate associates in business who knew him almost or quite as well as the speaker.

His thoughtfulness for others greatly impressed his pastor, who said: "A consulting physician who was present in the sick room in the last hours said, 'I have never seen a case quite like this. Here is a dying man looking after my comfort.'" He would occasionally say to the pastor, "You are not looking well this morning. Now I insist upon it that you go away for a few days." Then he would suggest a good place to visit and provide the means.

He loved to give to good causes. He said that he made money with the thought that he was to do good with it. His minister said, "He made thousands and gave thousands each year." Giving was the spontaneous expression of his nature. Had he but lived to our time he would have been one of the great givers to those great causes that appeal to men of this new day.

Mr. Bond had two daughters. The elder, Elfreda, was married in 1901 to Edgar J. Goodspeed, now professor of Biblical and Patristic Greek in the University of Chicago. The younger, Louise Pierce Bond, in 1906 became the wife of Joseph F. Rhodes, a young business man, and they made their home in Pasadena, California. They have growing up about them four boys—Foster Bond, Robert Edgar, Kenneth Olney, and David Eaton Rhodes.

Mr. Bond was the companion and ideal and idol of his children. The happiness of his family was his chief concern. When he left his office he left his business behind him. Home was not disturbed by its cares. There he gave himself to his family with the same devotion that he gave himself to business in business hours. When he entered the door of his house the happiness of his wife and children became his business. He had a keen sense of humor which there was given full play.

One of the most extraordinary things about him was that, although he never knew a well day during the last twenty-two years of his life and often suffered cruelly, he always brought into his home an atmosphere of courage, cheer, good humor, and happiness. His family waited for and welcomed his return from business. His daughters flew to greet him. Sunshine flooded the house. His love and cheerfulness made it a happy place.

He carefully trained his daughters in habits of observation. Every evening they were expected to give him the story of their day, in which he was sympathetically interested. In their travels together they were encouraged to observe everything of interest and at the close of the day to recount what they had seen and discuss with him every incident of interest. He thus sought to store their minds with interesting memories and turn their education into practical channels. His method of teaching, in his Bible class and at home, was the Socratic method. He awakened interest and provoked discussion by suggestive questions.

Since his death Mrs. Bond has spent much of her time with her daughters, giving part of the year to each. She has long cherished a purpose to build some enduring memorial of Mr. Bond. As he had been a trustee of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, her mind naturally turned to that institution. She had felt strongly inclined to make the memorial in a fund for fellowships and scholarships. Funds, however, having been given the University for the erection of a Theological Lecture Hall, she listened to the proposal that she should

put the memorial into the form of a Divinity Chapel to be independent of, but connected by a cloister with, this Lecture Hall. In, 1917, therefore, she gave the University \$50,000 for this purpose. Since that time the securities have increased in value and the interest has accrued so that when the Bond Memorial Chapel is erected the contribution will amount to a much larger sum than was originally given. The plans for the building have been made and its erection only waits for the time when construction costs so react as to be within reason.

The Divinity School Chapel is to be a typical collegiate chapel in the English Gothic style. Its interior dimensions will be: width, 28 feet, height, 42 feet, and length, 84 feet. It will accommodate two hundred people, besides having room in the chancel stalls for twenty more. It is to stand at right angles with Haskell Museum and the Divinity Halls, centered on the north side of the Graduate Quadrangle. It will be entered from a glazed cloister connecting it with the new Theological Building. Within, it will be wainscoted to a height of twelve feet, that is, up to the base of the fourteen great traceried windows that will fill the upper walls and give the building, whether seen from within or without, the Gothic rhythm. The upper walls are to be finished in Bedford stone, and the roof will be timbered. The most richly decorated part of the building will be the east front, as one approaches it under the bridge which is to connect the Theological Building with Haskell. But its symmetry of design and its carefully studied proportions will make it an attractive feature not only of the Graduate Quadrangle but also of the new theological group of which it is to form a part.

The chief distinction of Mr. Bond's life was his intimate connection with the infancy, development, and vast expansion of one of the great industries of the modern world. Within a little more than a generation methods of heating have been revolutionized. Only forty years have passed since stoves and hot-air furnaces were the ordinary, almost the only, means of heating homes and business places. All this has been changed by the steam and hot-water radiator, which is now found everywhere. Mr. Bond was one of the principal agents in bringing about this extraordinary revolution. He helped to lay the foundations of what has now become a very great industry, drafting the models of some of the very first radiators. He was one of the introducers of hot-water heating and one of the organizers and the president of the principal radiator company of the world. He made this a more comfortable world to live in, distinctly advanced the general happiness and health, and made himself a benefactor of mankind.

This sketch cannot be better concluded than by quoting from two tributes to Mr. Bond made by his successor in the presidency of the American Radiator Company, Mr. Clarence M. Woolley. Both were made before the directors of the company, who knew Mr. Bond intimately. The first was made at the first meeting of the board after his death in 1902.

Those of us whose good fortune it has been to be his associates on this board can bear testimony to the greatness of his character, the gentleness and sweetness of his spirit, and the inestimable value of the distinguished service he has rendered the company he loved so well.

The merging into effective corporate existence of interests that had for years been pursuing a policy of aggressive, competitive warfare was not an easy or a simple task. The principle was then comparatively new. We could not call to our assistance the advice and counsel of those who had had practical experience along these lines. Mr. Bond's task was, therefore, all the greater and his performance all the more admirable, for it was largely by his influence that the original component parts of this corporation were brought together in a manner so harmonious that the splendid record with which we are all familiar was made possible.

More than any person whom we have ever known, Mr. Bond possessed to a conspicuous degree the qualities that were essential for this, his great life-work. Endowed with unusual strength and keenness of mentality, he had also what seemed to be a constitution of iron, which many of his closest associates only learned after many years was subjected to the menace of a fatal malady.

He surrendered himself absolutely and completely to the well-being of our business. In all the years that we knew him he was never known to shield or withhold himself, however great the cost of time or strength.

Shoulder to shoulder, and in the same office with him for a decade, his immediate associates learned to honor his integrity and to appreciate the Christian qualities and principles from which he never departed. His methods were all direct. He was never known to resort to artifice, exaggeration, or deception. Gifted as very few men are for debate and argument, he gained his points by the force of his logic and never resorted to methods that compelled him to compromise his high ideals.

He was one of the kindest, most gentle, most considerate men we ever knew—qualities that very rarely blend themselves so conspicuously with the unusual strength of mind that he possessed.

He was courteous to all men. He never expressed an unkind, impatient, or selfish thought, and was tolerant to a remarkable degree. His power to concentrate the entire wealth of his ability upon the thing he had to do was quite unusual, and yet he was easily approached and ever had time to listen to the most obscure person in our organization. He worked with great enthusiasm and great intensity. When he focused his powers he accomplished in a few hours what it would have taken many men days to achieve. He had that remarkable and unusual subtlety and magnetism which inspired his colleagues and associates with enthusiasm, and which extended through the length and breadth of our organization. It is to this quality, perhaps, as much as to any other single cause that he owed his success as a leader.

Cautious, deliberate, and careful before acting, he never lost the main chance by postponement. He devised the plan that seemed best to him, firmly believing it

to be the only one to accomplish the purpose in hand. He never doubted for a moment, nor gave heed to thought that suggested failure. He never retreated once he decided to advance. He believed so enthusiastically in the efficiency of his plans that this very element became an important factor in making for their success. He possessed to a rare degree this essential quality of leadership.

To show that this generous tribute to his predecessor in office was not merely inspired by the then recent death of Mr. Bond, but by the profound and enduring impression made by his great qualities, I quote from remarks made by President Woolley to the directors fifteen years later, in 1917.

Joseph Bond, the first president of the company, served in such capacity until his demise, August 8, 1902. A man of exceptional brilliancy and boundless energy, kindly of heart and humane in spirit, he was ever active in promoting the welfare of his fellow-associates.

He was infinitely patient, always tolerant, and never lacking in sympathetic comprehension for those who sought his counsel and advice. These qualities, however, did not enfeeble his will to do justice, nor obscure the clearness of his vision.

Active in church work and fervent in his accepted faith, he did not preach his creed but practiced it in all his dealings. He therefore commanded not only the profound respect of his associates but won their affectionate regard.

The rectitude of his conduct and the fineness of his spirit were infectious. A wise and just counselor, he naturally became the example and pattern which the younger men of the company have constantly held before them for emulation.

In a true sense the traditions of his service have been transmitted as a heritage to the company and to those on whom has fallen the duty of carrying on the work he so splendidly began. All who were brought closely in contact with his personality, in high as well as in lowly places throughout the organization, have ever sought to perpetuate by daily application those principles which he exemplified.

We think it appropriate on this occasion to pause for an instant again to record this tribute to our departed associate, Joseph Bond, whose brilliant leadership, great ability, and high character laid the enduring foundations of company success.

It is delightful to write the story of the life of a good man who was as strong as he was good, in whom every spiritual, moral, and social excellence was matched by equal intellectual and practical business qualities; who loved the Kingdom of God and was a good citizen of his country; who was active in good works and energetic in his business; who was an idealist and a practical man of affairs; who was amiable and at the same time dynamic; who was at once gentle and powerful; who spoke kindly and wrought mightily; who was unpretentious in word but efficient in action. Such was Joseph Bond, one of those rare personalities who combine in themselves qualities at once dissimilar and yet essential in making the ideal man. Nearer than most he approached that ideal.

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FREDERICK A. SMITH

FREDERICK A. SMITH

I first became acquainted with Fred A. Smith sixty years ago when he was a boy of sixteen. From 1860 to 1862 we were students together in the first University of Chicago. Ten years later he was one of my parishioners in the Second Baptist Church of Chicago. A few years later, and thereafter for the rest of his life, a period of forty years, we were associates on four boards of trustees, first of the Baptist Union Theological Seminary, and later of Rush Medical College, the Chicago Manual Training School Association, and the present University of Chicago. It was only because I was four hundred miles away in the wilderness of northern Wisconsin at the time of his death that I could not, as he desired, speak at the funeral of my long-time friend. It will therefore be easily understood that the preparation of this sketch of Judge Smith's life is a labor of love. He and I were friends from that autumn day in 1860 when we first met until the day of his death in 1919, a period of fifty-nine years.

It was a member of the great Smith family who planted the first colony of white men in the new world. Ever since the days of Captain John Smith there have been Smiths in America in ever-growing numbers. More than fifty thousand of them represented our country in the recent world-war. That branch of this great family to which Judge Smith belonged came to the West from Washington County, New York, one of the easternmost counties of the state, lying east of Lake George and the Hudson. They were among the pioneer farmers of Cook County, Illinois.

The wooded regions of southern Illinois were settled long before the prairies of the north. One of the chief reasons for this was the late lingering of hostile Indians in the northern part of the state. They did not take their departure till 1835 and 1836, and even after the last large migration many scattered families remained behind. For nearly twenty years after Illinois was admitted into the Union as a state the Indians possessed the northern half of it. But there were two other reasons why the settlement of the prairies of the north lagged behind that of the forest-covered areas of the southern part of the state. The first was the curious hallucination that the soil of the prairies was not fertile. How, men demanded, could a soil that would not grow trees be

expected to produce crops? The other reason was that the sod of the prairies was so thick and tough that it could not be broken up by the light plow of a hundred years ago. It was not till long after the opening of the nineteenth century that a steel plow was devised strong enough to break up the soil of a wild prairie farm. As soon, however, as that was done and the extraordinary fertility of the soil demonstrated, the rumor of its richness was spread abroad and the farmers of the east began to flock to the prairies of northern Illinois.

Both because of this migration and in order to encourage it, the general government established a land office in Chicago and a great sale of public lands was advertised throughout the country to be held in that frontier settlement in the spring and summer of 1835. Chicago was then an insignificant village of about 2,000 people, built along the Chicago River, between its forks and Fort Dearborn, which was still a military post, and which quite cut the small hamlet off from Lake Michigan. Half the buildings or more were still built of logs. It was a forlorn, straggling frontier settlement, with almost no well-defined streets or sidewalks, the level of the land so little above that of the river that in the spring floods, the water of the muddy stream filled the drainage ditches and made the village site little better than a swamp.

But in the early thirties the little village had some enterprising citizens, among whom were Gurdon S. Hubbard, P. F. W. Peck, Eli B. Williams, Silas B. Cobb, and Philo Carpenter.

The year 1835 is a most important one in the early history of the town. During that year the population more than doubled, increasing from less than 2,000 in January to more than 3,000 in December. Probably fifty men who later became prominent in the growing city made it their home in 1835. Among them were William B. Ogden, Arthur G. Burley, Thomas (Judge) Drummond, Abram and Stephen F. Gale, Elijah M. Haines, Tuthill King, Edward Manierre, Julian S. Rumsey, J. Young Scammon, John Turner, Seth Wadhams, and others who long remained leading citizens in the rising metropolis.

But the great events of 1835 in the history of Chicago were the sale of farm lands by the government and the birth of the real estate boom in the village itself. The land office was opened on the first of June. Immigrants intending to settle in any part of the district of northern Illinois had to buy their farms at the Chicago office. There was "an immediate and immense influx of people desiring to enter lands." From June 1 to the end of the year 370,043 acres of farm lands were

sold at \$1.25 an acre. There were more than 20,000 purchasers. Among these was Gustavus V. Smith, the first representative of the Smiths of Washington County, New York, who entered land on the "Ridge," in Jefferson township, only ten miles northwest of Chicago at that time—now a part of the city itself.

Gustavus sent back to the family such favorable accounts of the new country that in March, 1836, two brothers, Israel G. and Marcellus, packed their few belongings (they were young and unmarried) into a primitive sort of sleigh known as a pung or jumper, drawn by two horses, and started on the thousand-mile journey for the new world of the West. They traveled from thirty to forty miles a day and, taking their way from Buffalo through Canada, though the winter was ending, the sleighing continued good. As they were nearing Detroit, however, the pung which had lasted astonishingly well, finally gave out. It was abandoned, the baggage loaded on the horses, and the last third of the journey was made on horseback.

The two boys reached their destination on April 10, 1836. When they came in sight of their brother's home they were astonished to find the whole country east of the "Ridge" under water as far as they could see. A great spring freshet was on. The north branch of the Chicago River had overflowed its banks and the whole country was inundated; that is, the whole country east of the "Ridge." The "Ridge" itself stood fifteen or twenty feet above the flood. It must have been a welcome sight to the weary travelers. Many miles in length, covered with groves of oak, it is a most attractive feature in that prairie country. It is not strange that Israel Smith decided that his farm must run across it and include some of those groves. The great sale of farm lands was still on. In 1836, 202,364 acres were sold. Everyone bought as near Chicago as he could, and thus Cook County, after a start was once made, was soon filled with farmers.

Israel G. Smith, one of the brothers who made the journey just described, was the father of Judge Smith, the subject of this sketch. Born in 1816, he was twenty years old when he settled in Illinois, and perhaps twenty-one when he secured his farm. Buying it at the Chicago land office, he held it by a warrant from the government, and the title is one of the few titles in Cook County that have been transferred but once during the last eighty-four years.

The Smith brothers were very fortunate in the location of their farms. They came early enough to buy near Chicago, and enjoy

the enhancement in values attending proximity to the future great city. No one, indeed, then dreamed of what Chicago has since become. But though a small town in the thirties of the last century, to the farmers who settled near, it supplied a convenient market for whatever they could raise and in its stores they could buy whatever they needed. They thus escaped many of the privations and hardships of those pioneers who settled far away from markets and centers of supply. They had another advantage. They were near neighbors, and other farmers soon occupied the surrounding country. Their father quickly followed them to their new home. In 1837 John Pennoyer and the following year his sons, Stephen and James Pennoyer, became part of the community. Mancel Talcott, later well known in Chicago, was also one of this pioneer group.

In 1838 the Smith brothers, Mr. Talcott, and others held a meeting at the house of John Pennoyer to consider their need of a school and after a full discussion voted that "all adult male citizens, including bachelors, should each contribute five dollars to purchase lumber for a schoolhouse." The assessment was paid, the lumber bought, and all the able-bodied members of the community assembled with their tools and built the schoolhouse, one of the first, if not the very first, erected in the county outside of Chicago. No sooner was it finished than a school was opened, the first teacher being Susan, a daughter of John Pennoyer, who was thus one of the earliest country school teachers of northern Illinois. She did not, however, long remain with the school, leaving it to become the wife of Israel Smith.

The Pennoyers were an English family some members of which were men of wealth in the old country. William Pennoyer, a merchant of London nearly three hundred years ago, is said to have been a liberal contributor to the funds of Harvard College. His brother Robert came to the new world in 1635 and from him descended the branch of the family to which Susan, the mother of Judge Smith, belonged. In 1648 Robert Pennoyer made his home in Stamford, in the southwest corner of Connecticut, and that place long remained the principal home of the family. But a hundred years ago John, the father of Susan Pennoyer, left the old home for the western frontier. He had within him the urge of the pioneer and in 1818 took his family to Cayuga County in central New York. But this did not prove to be near enough the frontier, and nineteen years later, in 1837, he joined the colony of farmers in Cook County, Illinois, and there tasted the joys and experienced some of the privations of life on the real frontier. He and his sons were men of intelligence and public spirit, apparently leading the

community in the movement to provide the first schoolhouse in which his daughter Susan taught the first school.

At about the time the schoolhouse was built, ground for a cemetery was purchased and the first burial in it was that of Henry, the father of the Smith boys, who survived his arrival in his new home only two or three years.

Israel Smith entered early into the public life of the new community. He was elected justice of the peace at the first election held in Jefferson township. He and his brother-in-law, Stephen Pennoyer, were prominent men for many years. In 1873, in connection with other citizens, they secured with much difficulty the organization of the new township of Norwood Park, now a part of Chicago. I say with much difficulty, for the townships out of which it was carved carried their opposition to the legislature of the state. Stephen Pennoyer was made supervisor of the new township and Israel Smith one of the commissioners of highways and treasurer of the board.

Israel Smith and Susan Pennoyer were married April 13, 1843, by Rev. C. Billings Smith, a well-known clergyman of that day, and pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church of Chicago. There was no church near them in the country and they became and remained for many years members of this church. Mr. Smith had a strong leaning toward business, and three or four times during the thirty years following his marriage yielded to this inclination. At one time he conducted a grocery store on State Street and at another a boot and shoestore on Lake Street. These ventures brought his family for brief periods to the city, so that the children were both country and city bred. The great fire of 1871 brought the last of these excursions in merchandising to an end and led to Mr. Smith's final return to the farm. These adventures in business were all of short duration and the farm was the real home of the family for sixty years.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith had seven children, four sons and three daughters, of whom one son and one daughter are now living. Edwin D. Smith still makes his home in Norwood Park, near the place of his birth. One of the daughters, Emma I., married Mr. Henry R. Clissold, a Chicago publisher and editor and one of the most prominent and useful Baptist laymen of Illinois.

The first of this large family of children, the subject of this sketch, was born February 11, 1844. He was named Frederick Augustus, but was generally known as Fred A. Smith. Israel Smith had accomplished his purpose of making the "Ridge" a part of his farm, and it added

wonderfully to the picturesque beauty of his hundred and fifty-odd acres. Owing, doubtless, to discrepancies in old surveys, the farm was a scant quarter-section. The "Ridge," long known as "Smith's Ridge," ran through the farm north and south a few rods from the east line. It was the outstanding feature of a wide region, as, of course, it continues to be. Covered with groves, mostly of oak, but with here and there stately elms and big cottonwoods, it transformed what would otherwise have been a flat, treeless prairie into a diversified and attractive countryside. The "Ridge" made a fine site for the family home, which was surrounded by stately trees and commanded east and west, through the oak openings, extensive views only limited by the distant forests. The surrounding country, except for the ridge itself, was destitute of those natural features in which a boy delights and which so minister to the joy of youth. There were no mountains or hills, no forests, lakes, or streams near at hand. The nearest water was the north branch of the Chicago River and this was three or four miles away. The Des Plaines River on the west was more distant still. The new country was thinly settled in Fred Smith's youth and there were few boys of his age. Their only common meeting place was the schoolhouse. There they found a way, after the manner of boys, to amuse themselves. The schoolhouse, the same in which Mrs. Smith taught before her marriage, was something more than a mile from the home. In the winter the small boy, who had come into the ownership of a pair of skates, often made his way to and from school by the "ditch route" which followed the improved roads, lengthening the distance by half a mile or more but making the journey a lark instead of a labor. Over the door of the 20×30 schoolhouse the boys inscribed in charcoal this legend: "Temple of Knowledge."

Two things unfamiliar to boys of this generation gave interest and variety to Fred's boyhood. Only a short distance north of the farm were the "reservations" assigned by the treaties of 1821 and 1833 to a number of Indian chiefs and their families, and many of the red men still lingered in the neighborhood or occasionally returned to visit their former hunting grounds. They sometimes appeared at the farmhouses and were familiar to the boy in his earlier years.

Then too, the country abounded in game. Prairie chickens and quail were almost without number, as were ducks along the North Branch to the east and the Des Plaines to the west. There were many deer, occasional bears, and the wolves, both prairie and timber wolves, were very numerous. The boy learned the use of a gun. He early developed enterprise and courage, and these experiences of his youth helped to make him the virile man he became.

Being the oldest of the seven children, Fred was the first to become his father's helper on the farm. All the farmwork became familiar to him. It was not altogether drudgery. He early developed a fondness for horses, which he never lost. He took great delight in breaking colts, in which he became very skilful. He was very much at home on the back of a horse and, naturally, fond of riding. His father raised stock and Fred became familiar with the care of all the animals about the farm. As he grew up, the plow and the mowing machine, planting, sowing, cultivating, and harvesting unfolded their mysteries to him. He was in a fair way to become a full-fledged farmer when an event occurred which gave a new direction to his life.

When he was fourteen years old the father took his family to Chicago, perhaps for one of his business ventures in that city. This was in the autumn of 1858. They found a home on the West Side on Jackson Street, between Des Plaines and Halsted streets, a part of the city which, now entirely overrun by business, was then a pleasant district in which to live. Only two blocks away was the old Scammon School, and there Fred had his first experience in a regularly graded school. Chicago's first and at that time only high school was less than a block away from the Scammon, and was an object of such interest and pride to the entire city that the boy, who had reached the age of youthful idealism, began to feel the stirrings of scholarly ambition.

Another event of that period deepened these aspirations. His parents were Baptists. The Tabernacle Baptist Church to which they belonged was only three or four blocks north of their place of residence. The Baptists during those years were engaged in founding the first University of Chicago. In 1856 Senator Stephen A. Douglas had given them a site of ten acres on the South Side at Cottage Grove Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, and in 1858-59 they were erecting the University building. The churches of the city and country were deeply interested in the movement. A great subscription, for that day, was being raised and every public-spirited Baptist was subscribing. Israel Smith, Fred's father, was among these. The mother had been a teacher and was deeply interested in her oldest son's education. The new University was a frequent subject of conversation in the family. Fred was more and more deeply stirred by an ambition for an education and it came to be understood that he was to be a student in the new institution. He pursued his studies with new interest and about the first of September, 1860, in his seventeenth year, he entered the preparatory department of the University of Chicago. It was then that I first met him. Two and a half years his senior in age, I had entered the University as a

Freshman just a year before. The south wing of the University building had been completed in 1859 and the work of instruction in it began in September of that year.

This south wing, later known as Jones Hall, was a four-story and basement structure of rough-faced limestone, designed for a dormitory, with an extension northward two stories lower. This north extension contained the chapel, three or four recitation rooms, the president's office, and apartments in which President Burroughs and his family lived. Some of the professors and their wives also lived in the building, giving it something of the atmosphere of a home. There was a dining-room in the basement which was entirely above the surface of the ground, well lighted, and spacious.

When young Smith entered the University he found it very much in the country. The street cars, then horse cars, ran on Cottage Grove Avenue only as far south as Thirty-first Street, nearly half a mile north of the University. On Thirty-fifth street, just west of the Avenue, was a small, dingy saloon, appropriately named "The Shades." There was but one building, a small one-story cottage, on Thirty-fifth Street between "The Shades" and State Street, nearly a mile west. There were a few houses to the southeast—Cleaverville—but none to the south or southwest, and only two or three between the University and Thirty-first Street. Across the Avenue from the University was "Okenwald," the Chicago home of Senator Douglas. A fine oak grove covered the ground for several hundred feet on both sides of the Avenue and the whole country south of the University was a region of oak openings, every slight ridge being covered with trees.

The University opened in 1859 in its new building with twenty men in its college classes—eight Sophomores and twelve Freshmen—and one hundred and ten preparatory students. The following year when young Smith entered he found himself one among a hundred and thirty-six in the preparatory department. There were thirty-seven men in college classes. Fred entered college as a Freshman in 1862 in a class of twenty-two. Meantime the Civil War had broken out and every year the army claimed more and more of his classmates, until in 1864 the class was reduced to six. Smith was one of the younger members of the class, having just passed his seventeenth birthday when Fort Sumter was fired on and the war began. Records of his college life are meager, but they are sufficient to indicate the serious way in which he went about it and his standing with his fellow-students. It was during the early years of his college course that he joined the church of which his parents were members. That great pulpit orator, Dr. Nathaniel Colver, was pastor

and welcomed the young collegian into the church. The religious and missionary organization of the University was the Berean Society and of this he became an active member. The largest literary society was the Athenaeum, and he was made its president in his first year. Honors, indeed, clustered thick upon him and he was chosen president of the Freshman class. College athletics were almost unknown and students had to content themselves with primitive baseball. A few adventurous spirits, the Neptune Club, maintained a boat on Lake Michigan. But there was a military company—the University Cadets, the first captain of which lost his life in the war. Fred Smith in his Freshman year was second lieutenant of the company.

In the spring of 1864 Grant began the campaign which resulted in the capture of Richmond and the surrender of Lee, and at the same time Sherman began his advance which culminated in the fall of Atlanta and the march to the sea. All the veterans in the northern armies were needed in these great campaigns, which were intended to end the war and did end it by winning it. To relieve them for this service the governors of Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Illinois tendered to President Lincoln a force of 100,000 men to serve for a hundred days and to garrison necessary posts, repress guerrillas, and maintain order in the occupied areas of the South. Fred Smith immediately volunteered in this force and on May 20, 1864, was sworn into the service at Camp Fry in the North Division of Chicago. It would appear that most of the University Cadets volunteered at the same time. Among them were five of the eleven members of Smith's class. The company they entered was so largely composed of college men that it was called the University Guards. Smith was mustered in on May 27 as a member of the One Hundred Thirty-fourth Regiment, Illinois Infantry, and on June 3 the regiment took the train for Cairo. Remaining there only a few hours, it went down the Mississippi to Columbus, Kentucky, where it remained on duty eight weeks, or more than half its term of service. Smith was made a member of the provost guard, which kept order in the town, arrested disturbers of the peace, and guarded rebel prisoners captured on Island No. 5. This was regarded as a distinction, the members of the guard being carefully chosen from the most reliable and intelligent men. While at Columbus the young soldier learned to swim in the great river, thus correcting one of the defects of his education as a boy.

The first of August the regiment was transferred by river to Paducah, Kentucky, and a week later marched twenty-five miles directly south to Mayfield. Thus by a journey of perhaps two hundred miles on the

Mississippi and Ohio rivers and a short march by land they reached a point less than thirty miles directly east of Columbus, which they had left a week before. Here they remained during the next five weeks of their service. They had some trouble with guerrillas, who were repressed with a strong hand. In these fourteen weeks of service their work had been to garrison and keep in order the western border of Kentucky while Grant was battling his way toward Richmond, and Sherman was driving the Confederate Army out of Atlanta in what his chief characterized as "one of the most memorable campaigns in history."

The hundred-day men had fought no great battles, but they had well performed the task assigned to them, which was considered an essential part of the grand strategy of the general campaign. But the progress of the war showed that they were needed for a much longer period than a hundred days. The genius of Lee and the valor of his troops delayed the final triumph of the Union armies for nearly a year. Every veteran was needed to fill up the depleted ranks. A new army had to be created to drive the Confederates out of Tennessee. It was found impossible to dismiss the hundred-day men at the end of that period. Even after the return of Smith's company to Chicago alarming reports that Price was threatening St. Louis took them posthaste to Missouri for another two weeks of service. As late as October 25 they had not been mustered out, but on that day Smith re-entered the University and resumed his studies. His hundred days of service became before his final release nearly two hundred.

The University of Chicago men who went into the army were not raw recruits. Before the war began, a military company had been organized. Its captain had drilled his command with the greatest zeal, and the students who entered the army were well trained and were prepared from the day of their mustering in for efficient service; many of them became commissioned officers. As has been told, Fred Smith had been a lieutenant of the University Cadets. He was, however, only twenty years old when he became a soldier. He was too young and his service too short to allow him to aspire to a commission in active service in the field. But brief as his experience in the army was, it both tested and benefited him. One of his friends and close associates in the service, now an aged clergyman, has assured me that he was recognized as one of the reliable, upright, Christian men of his company. As the oldest of a large family of brothers and sisters he had already developed self-dependence, manliness, initiative, and all these qualities his military service encouraged and developed. He had lost about three months

out of his university course, but in consideration of his patriotic service was readmitted to his class. He was a good student and was able to go on with his classmates without serious difficulty. The class, which originally numbered twenty-two, had been cut down by the war to eight, and all the classes in the University had been cut down proportionately.

Smith was graduated in 1866. The reporter of the daily paper in writing up the Commencement reveals the changes wrought since that day in graduating exercises. He wrote that the chapel was filled to overflowing and that "the oration on 'The Influence of Climate upon Thought,' delivered by Mr. F. A. Smith, Jefferson, was a truly original production. . . . At the conclusion of this gentleman's remarks he received the most violent applause and was literally showered with bouquets." Since that day the orations by the graduates and the bouquets have disappeared.

Smith did not belong to that class of ingrates who remember their instructors with nothing better than criticism and belittle the benefits received from their college studies. He looked back on his college course with grateful interest and was one of the most loyal of the alumni of the old University. Long after 1886, when it ceased to exist, he continued to be a faithful attendant at the annual reunions of its former students and was more than once elected president of the Alumni Association.

At the time of his graduation Smith was twenty-two years old. He had already chosen the law as his profession and in the autumn of 1866 entered the Law School of the University, of which Judge Henry Booth was dean. He received his degree of LL.B. in 1868, but all the records affirm that he was admitted to the bar on August 20, 1867, and opened an office and began practice at that time. His partner was Christian C. Kohlsaas, who later became a judge of the United States Circuit Court. The two young men had been students together in the University, where they had contracted a warm friendship. They had corresponded during Smith's service in the army. They were of the same age, members of the same church, and a little later Kohlsaas married Smith's cousin. The friends formed a partnership under the firm name of Smith and Kohlsaas. They remained together five years.

Meantime, during the years of this first partnership, events of great interest and importance to Smith outside his business had occurred.

When in 1864 by a union of the Tabernacle Church and a number of members of the First Church the Second Baptist Church was formed

with my brother, Dr. Edgar J. Goodspeed, as pastor, both Smith and Kohlsaas had become members of the new organization. Both entered vigorously into the remarkable activities of what grew rapidly into a great and strong church. Both were highly valued helpers of the pastor. Both were members of the great Union Band Bible Class and active in the mission work which made that class notable. In this class and its social and mission activities and in the great chorus choir of the church Smith became associated with Miss Frances B. Morey. She was a cultivated and attractive young woman of an excellent family. Her father, Rev. Reuben B. Morey, was at that time pastor of the Baptist Church at Merton, Wisconsin. A brother, William Carey Morey, has been professor of history in his Alma Mater, the University of Rochester, for thirty-seven years, retiring, as this sketch is being written, at the age of seventy-seven. He is an author of distinction, a student of rare scholarly attainments, a most successful teacher, a man greatly loved and admired in every period and activity and relation of his long life.

His sister Frances was worthy of her brother. All who knew her felt her charm. Fred Smith found her very attractive. Their association in musical and mission work resulted in mutual affection. They were married by Miss Morey's father in Merton, Wisconsin, in July, 1871. The bridegroom was twenty-seven years old. It was a marriage of affection and continued to be a happy one. They had no children. Mrs. Smith was devoted to good works. She was a member of many clubs and organizations of charity. She was active in the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Fortnightly Club. She was president of the Board of Managers of the Illinois Training School for Nurses and a member of the boards of the School of Domestic Arts and Sciences and the Chicago Home for the Friendless.

In 1872 Mr. and Mrs. Smith were my parishioners in the Second Baptist Church of Chicago. In the autumn of that year, the year after the great fire, they moved to the south division of the city and transferred their membership to the First Baptist Church. Smith and Kohlsaas married in the same year, 1871, Kohlsaas, as has been said, marrying Smith's cousin, so that the two young lawyers, both later to become judges, were related in manifold ways—by marriage, as partners, as members of the same church, as earnest advocates of the policies of the Republican party, and in all religious and political activities. I had renewed my early acquaintance with both of them during nine months of a student pastorate in Chicago in 1865. This acquaintance now ripened into a friendship that continued throughout the

lives of both these exceptional men. We recalled and lived over again our experiences in the old University.

From 1873 Mr. Smith conducted his law practice without a partner for twelve years. It was during this period that he began a kind of public service for which he developed exceptional gifts, in which he became highly useful and influential, and which in an increasing degree he continued to the end of his life, a period of forty years. This service was his trusteeship in educational institutions. It began in 1879 when he became a trustee of the Baptist Theological Union, located at Chicago. This corporation was struggling to maintain and endow the Baptist Union Theological Seminary. The institution was passing through a period of grave difficulty. Its future was uncertain. To be one of its trustees required a spirit of devotion and sacrifice and faith. Yet the foremost men in the denomination in Chicago were its trustees. Such men only were sought for its managing board. Mr. Smith was only thirty-five years old, but such was his weight of character even at that age, and such recognition had his abilities won, that he was elected a trustee of the institution. The position was an honor as well as a responsibility.

All that has been said of the Theological Seminary was equally true of the old University. The trustees of that institution followed the lead of the Seminary only two months later and appointed the same rising young lawyer a member of its board. He welcomed the latter appointment as a loyal alumnus who was devoted to his Alma Mater. The election to the trusteeship of the Theological Seminary he accepted as an obligation he owed to his denomination. With the University he remained six years. In 1885, recognizing the hopelessness of rescuing it from its overwhelming difficulties, he retired from the board and the following year saw the end of its educational work. With the Seminary he remained forty years, his connection with it ending only with his death. He was one of its most faithful and efficient trustees and had the satisfaction of seeing it gradually emerge from its difficulties, multiply its resources and attendance, and finally become the Divinity School of the present University of Chicago and one of the great theological schools of the world.

It was when Mr. Smith entered the Seminary board that he and I again became closely associated. I was a trustee and the financial agent and secretary of the board and I had every reason to become acquainted with his faithfulness to duty, his wisdom in counsel, his courage through long years of discouraging struggle, and his abounding liberality. I

was often compelled to call on him for contributions, and he never failed to respond with cheerful and, to me, cheering generosity.

In June, 1889, I left the service of the Theological Seminary to engage in the effort for the founding of the present University of Chicago. In the same spirit of devotion he always manifested, Mr. Smith assumed the duties of recording secretary of the Seminary board and performed them for nearly three years, until, the University having been founded and the Seminary united with it as its Divinity School, I resumed the duties of secretary of the Divinity Board and relieved him, he meantime having become a member of the Board of Trustees of the new University of Chicago.

This record of trusteeships has covered thirteen years. During that period Mr. Smith had continued to advance in his profession and in general reputation. In 1887 he had been president of the Law Club of Chicago. In 1890 he had received the high honor of election to the presidency of the Chicago Bar Association. As a good Republican active in politics he early became a member of the Hamilton Club and in 1891 and 1892 was its president. During this period also he had formed a partnership with S. P. Millard which continued for three years or more following 1885.

It was in 1890 that his most important partnership began. Together with Frank A. Helmer and Frank I. Moulton, both of whom were his juniors in age, he organized the well-known firm of Smith, Helmer, and Moulton, with offices for some years at 132 Clark Street. This partnership continued for above twelve years. In 1895, by the admission of Henry W. Price, the firm became Smith, Helmer, Moulton, and Price. The combination was a strong one and prospered. The election of Mr. Smith to the judgeship in 1903 led to his retirement from the firm, but Messrs. Helmer and Moulton are still associated after a partnership of thirty years.

Mr. Smith was not what is commonly known as a "jury lawyer." One who knew him well says of him:

He did not seek open court work, except in chancery matters, but did not seem to shun it, and was always thoroughly prepared in entering upon a trial. And, in a way, he was strong with a jury, as his plain common sense way of presenting his side of a case, his evident frankness and sincerity, his straightforward analysis and deductions from the evidence, often proved more convincing and effective with a jury than a more rhetorical effort.

The evident high character of the advocate was eloquent and convincing.

One of his partners makes the following revealing statement:

Judge Smith was imperturbable, patient, and courteous in his intercourse with men and attorneys and not easily disturbed under great provocation. I can recall but one instance in thirteen years of association with him in which he displayed anger or resentment. In that case he believed that the demands made upon his client were in the nature of blackmail, and he called the attorney for the claimant to his office and said to him in very plain language that he considered the demand blackmail, that if the threatened suit was filed, he, the attorney, would immediately be served with a warrant of arrest and prosecuted for blackmail; and then rising from his desk in anger he showed the attorney the door and told him never to show his face in the office again. It is needless to state that the demands were dropped and suit was not brought. He had eminently the judicial temperament. He found on the bench his real place.

In confirmation of this last statement Mr. Smith's unusual qualifications for the bench were early recognized by the Republicans of Chicago and in 1898 he was nominated for the position of judge of the Superior Court. It was, however, a Democratic year and he failed of election. In 1903 he was nominated for judge of the Circuit Court of Cook County. His election was recommended by a large majority in the Bar Association primary, a most flattering indication of the favorable opinion of the lawyers of the city. Once more it was a Democratic year, all but three of the candidates of that party being elected. Mr. Smith was one of the three successful Republicans.

An incident of the campaign illustrates the positive qualities and the independent character of the man. It was the period of the Lorimer régime and Judge Elbridge Hanecy was one of the nominees for the Circuit Court who was regarded as specially representing Lorimer. Feeling ran high and personal vituperation was freely indulged in by newspapers and candidates. In one of his speeches Hanecy lambasted the independent newspaper which was opposing him, and particularly its editor. The meeting was composed of his warm adherents, who gave him enthusiastic applause. Another candidate followed indicating his agreement with and approval of Hanecy. But this did not move Smith, who said, "I am not here to attack the newspapers. To indulge in such criticism is far from my purpose." He then went on to impress on the audience the importance of the business of electing competent judges. His immediate hearers shouted for Hanecy, but on election day the people voted for Smith and relegated Judge Hanecy to private life.

That Judge Smith had exceptional qualifications for the bench was soon made evident. In December, 1904, eighteen months after his election, the Supreme Court of the state conferred on him the honor of

an assignment to the Appellate Court of the Chicago district. In 1906 he was reassigned to that position and was later made Presiding Justice of the Court.

At the end of his first term in 1909 Judge Smith was re-elected, and again in 1915 was elected for a third six-year term. It is significant of the excellence of his record as a judge and the growing approval of the community that in his third election he received a much larger vote than ever before, his majority approaching fifty thousand. He continued his public service as a judge of the Circuit Court for sixteen years, the closing years of his life.

In looking up cases brought before our judges, the ordinary citizen is astonished to find how many trivial cases are carried up by appeal to the Supreme Court of the state. He may be pardoned for some disgust when he remembers that he is being taxed to permit litigants to carry to the highest judicial tribunal of the state insignificant quarrels that ought never to be permitted to go beyond the jurisdiction of a justice of the peace. Another thing that astonishes the ordinary citizen is the fact that in half the cases, perhaps more than half the cases, carried by appeal to the state Supreme Court, the decrees of the lower courts are reversed or the cases remanded for a new trial. No stronger argument than this can be urged for choosing competent judges. Highly intelligent men, indeed, often differ in their opinions, and the most intelligent and conscientious judges have their decisions reversed. But this has become so common in our courts as to be almost a scandal.

Judge Smith was more fortunate in having his decrees approved by the Supreme Court than many of his fellow-judges. In one of his campaigns, perhaps in both of those which resulted in his re-election, this fact was advanced in the press in his favor.

One of the interesting and important cases in which the decree of Judge Smith was sustained by the Supreme Court decided the question of the right of holders of real estate along the lake shore to accretions to their property thrown up by the waves. In 1909 the legislature passed a resolution reciting that the rights of the state to land along the shore of Lake Michigan had been usurped by private individuals and an investigating commission was appointed. The commission reported and the attorney-general was instructed to pursue the investigation and institute proceedings to regain possession for the state of shore lands rightly belonging to it. A test case was brought as to a tract of ground in Evanston where an acre or more of new land had been added to a lot on the lake shore by the construction of breakwaters and piers by other

parties than the owner of the lot. The decisions of the Circuit and Supreme courts agreed in determining the following points:

The line at which the water usually stands when free from disturbing causes is the boundary of land in a conveyance calling for the lake as a line.

The shore owner has the undisputed right of access from his land to the lake. This right cannot be taken from him without just compensation.

The whole doctrine of accretions rests upon the right of access to the water, and it must be convenient access. The right to preserve his contact with the water is one of the most valuable of a riparian owner.

Such owner cannot himself bring about accretions by artificial means and thus add to his lawful holdings; but the courts decreed that "the owner of land bordering on Lake Michigan has title to land formed adjacent to his property by accretions, even though the formation of such accretions is brought about, in part, by artificial conditions created by third parties." In the case in question it had been brought about by third parties and the state failed to gain possession of the accretions thus formed.

Another case establishing an important principle was the following: The wife of a drunkard had secured a judgment against a saloonkeeper for selling intoxicating liquor to her husband and thus injuring her means of support. Finding the judgment could not be collected from the saloonkeeper, she sued the owner of the building in which the saloon was located, to subject the premises owned by him to the payment of the judgment. Judge Smith gave a decision and entered a decree in her favor. The case was carried to the Supreme Court and the decree of Judge Smith was affirmed, that court deciding that the judgment recovered against the owner of the building was "a personal judgment, for the payment of which all of his property is subject."

The abilities and character of Judge Smith were so highly appreciated by the judges of the Supreme Court that they kept him, during a large part of his judicial service, "in the first branch of the Appellate Court of Illinois for the First District." During the closing period of his life he was the Chief Justice of the Circuit Court of Cook County. After his death his fellow-judges of that Court united in the following estimate of him.

Judge Smith's outstanding characteristics were his courteous, gentlemanly nature, his patience in hearing, his firmness and fearlessness in decision, his unswerving integrity, his dignified bearing on the bench, his urbanity with his associates and friends. He was a tower of strength in times of stress. He held the scales of justice with even poise. He was a light to the bar and an example to his judicial associates worthy of emulation. He was well grounded in the theory of law, and always abreast of the

decisions of the day. He was a learned and scholarly man and his opinions in the Appellate Court are monuments to his learning and legal erudition.

Judge Smith was a lovable, kindly character with a keen sense of justice and right. No maudlin sentimentality or sinister influence affected his judgments; they reflected the law of the land impartially administered. Friend and foe alike received justice at his hands, measured and circumscribed only by the law. His reputation as a safe, reliable, and sound judge was universally conceded by bench and bar alike.

Judge Charles M. Thomson, who succeeded Judge Smith as Chief Justice of the Circuit Court, said of him: "He was one of the ablest judges who ever sat on the bench of our county. His fine temperament and genial disposition were never absent and made it a pleasure either to be associated with him or to appear before him as an advocate." The following statement by a successful lawyer will be recognized by those who knew him as a true characterization of the man: "As a judge he became noted among the trial lawyers for his thorough independence and promptness in rulings according to his convictions of the law, regardless of individuals or interests before him."

The founding of the new and greater University of Chicago brought me into a new intimacy with Judge Smith. He was grieved and humiliated over the destruction of the old University. He lamented it as an alumnus, as a Baptist, as a citizen, as a friend of learning. No one rejoiced more sincerely when it began to appear that a new University of Chicago might be founded on a broader foundation and with larger promise. It gave him particular satisfaction that the alumni of the first University were to be recognized as alumni of the new one. He was among the early subscribers to the first million-dollar fund raised in 1889-90. Such was his interest, ability, and standing that as a matter of course he was selected as a member of the first Board of Trustees. I was secretary of the Board and of its committees and he became vice-president of the Board and chairman of the standing Committee on Instruction and Equipment, positions of importance and influence which he occupied continuously to the end of his life. Through his committee appointments of all members of the Faculties were recommended to the Trustees. As chairman of the committee he worked efficiently, first with President Harper and then with President Judson, for nearly thirty years, from 1890 to 1919. He was not a man of large means, but was a frequent and liberal contributor to the funds.

Faithful attendance at the frequent meetings of the Board and the various committees of which he was a member (the Board itself meeting regularly once a month), as well as in the performance of every service required of him, deeply interested in all the new questions con-

stantly arising, strong in his own convictions and frank in their expression, and at the same time considerate of the opinions of others, and supporting loyally every policy finally agreed upon; conservative in all matters relating to the great trust committed to him and his fellow-trustees, contributing freely the large resources of his special knowledge and experience, fitted by his training and sympathies to consider intelligently the educational plans and policies of the presidents, accustomed to do his own thinking but at the same time having a mind singularly hospitable to new views; devoted with never-waning zeal to the interests of the University, an excellent presiding officer, contributing the full weight of his large influence to the unity and harmony which has always characterized the University Board, it may be truthfully said that Judge Smith was an ideal trustee in one of the most remarkable educational origins and developments of any age or any land. He had the satisfaction of seeing the University he helped to found accumulate assets aggregating above \$46,000,000, and enrol more than 10,000 students a year, taking its place in the twenty-nine years of his trusteeship among the leading universities of the world.

Judge Smith's relation to the University made him a trustee in two other institutions. When Rush Medical College and the Chicago Manual Training School became a part of the University system, he was elected to the boards of both schools and served them continuously from 1897-98 for more than twenty years, as they gradually developed into the University's larger work in the Medical School and the School of Education.

Other positions of trust and honor came to him. In 1893 he was vice-president of the Chicago Law Institute and in 1913 was elected its president. He was vice-president of the Union League Club. He became an annual governing member of the Chicago Historical Society, in the affairs of which he took a deep interest. Among his clubs were the Marquette and the Chicago Literary Club.

The mother of Judge Smith lived to see the old farmhouse replaced by a fine brick mansion with wide verandas, which still stands embowered in trees on the "Ridge." She died in 1893, three years after the son she sent to the old University as a preparatory student in 1860 had become a trustee of the new University of Chicago. The father lived to the advanced age of eighty-eight, dying in 1904, a year after his son's first election as judge.

The crowning affliction of Judge Smith's life was the death of his wife in 1910. As he had no children he was left quite alone for the last

nine years of his life, except for the brother and two sisters who survived him, and the friends he had made. The year before Mrs. Smith's death he had been re-elected judge of the Circuit Court.

Sometime after the death of his father, acting for himself and the other heirs, he sold the old farm, and it became the home of the Ridgemoor Country Club. The Smith mansion, as has been said, still stands, and south of it, farther along the "Ridge," a very attractive clubhouse has been built and the fine natural advantages of the location have been happily adapted to the purposes of a golf club. Judge Smith was himself a lover of golf and during the closing decade of his life was accustomed to spend a month or more each winter with some congenial friend on the shores of the Gulf in Mississippi, at Summerville, South Carolina, Birmingham, Alabama, and other golfing resorts of the South.

The malady which ended his life was a slow and distressing one developing into cancer, and probably was, from the first, incurable. When death finally came, he welcomed it as a relief from suffering. He died July 31, 1919, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. He did not leave a large estate, but testified that his interest in the University, of which he had been a trustee for twenty-nine years, was real and profound by making the following provisions in his will:

My set of the Illinois Supreme Court Reports and my partial set of the Illinois Appellate Court Reports to be placed in and become a part of the Law Library of the University of Chicago.

I give to the said University of Chicago the sum of \$25,000 to be used by the Trustees of said University as a scholarship endowment fund and administered by the said Trustees in their discretion for the welfare of said University and the assistance of needy and deserving students of said University in obtaining an education.

The terms of the scholarship bequest, leaving large discretion to the Trustees in administering the bequest for the "welfare of the University," were evidently dictated by his long experience as a member of the governing board. The books were early placed in the Law Library and a year after his death the scholarship fund was paid into the University treasury.

In the memorial which the Trustees of the University entered on their records immediately after the death of Judge Smith they paid him this well-deserved tribute:

Our sense of bereavement relates not only to the kindly, courteous, and patient qualities that marked him in the long period of service on the Board, but perhaps more so to the conspicuous gifts of wisdom, prudence, conservatism, fidelity, and vision that he brought to the consideration of the University's affairs and problems.

His funeral was attended and in part conducted by the George H. Thomas Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, of which he was a member.

The judges of the Circuit Court, whose estimate of him as a jurist has been already given, also said of him:

A kindly Christian gentleman has gone from our midst. We revere his memory and mourn his passing away. He will be greatly missed by his associates for his sage counsel, his inspiring presence, and manly virtues. We thank God for the gift of his noble and exemplary life.

An attorney was once asked: "What manner of man is Judge Smith?" His answer was extraordinarily apt: "A physical portrayal of substantial justice." Of medium height, heavily built, his head big and bald, his face clean shaven except for a heavy mustache, broad of chin and firm of mouth, his appearance without the slightest air of pretention was dignified and impressive and his title fitted him perfectly. He was every inch a judge.

If I should attempt a further estimate of Judge Smith I should only repeat what has already been said on some page of this sketch. He rendered an important service to the great city by his sixteen years on the bench as a just and able judge. He once said: "It is my ambition to be a good judge rather than a great one." And as one of the best of judges, he was exceptionally useful to the community he served.

But he rendered a vastly wider service than to the community of the great city, a service that carried his influence far abroad and will perpetuate it through many generations to come. By his influential relation to the University of Chicago he ably assisted in the beginnings and the development of a movement that we may well believe will continue with increasing power to bless, not a single community, but the world as long as civilization endures. He aided efficiently in founding and shaping the policies of an institution that will train the minds and mold the lives of succeeding generations of students who will extend its influence to the ends of the earth. Such long-continuing and wide-extending influence, growing in power as it continues and expands, attaches inevitably to those who become by their services or their gifts a part of the life of a great institution of education. This is doubly true of those who, like Judge Smith, by both services and gifts become a part of that expanding life. On the foundation stones of the University of Chicago the letters of his name are cut deep.

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HIRAM W. THOMAS

HIRAM WASHINGTON THOMAS

Chicago has been generally regarded as a city wholly given to business, absorbed in material things, and quite destitute of interest in spiritual ideals. It may seem, therefore, a curious fact, but it is a quite unquestionable one, that the seventies and eighties of the nineteenth century formed a period of widespread and profound interest in that city in the central and fundamental questions of Christian theology. The character of God, the person of Christ, the atonement, sin, penalty, forgiveness, the inspiration of the Bible, were subjects much in men's thoughts and were common topics of conversation. This unusual interest in religion had its origin in the experiences of two prominent clergymen, Professor David Swing and Dr. Hiram W. Thomas. Professor Swing was a Presbyterian and Dr. Thomas a Methodist. They passed through almost identical experiences, Professor Swing in the middle seventies and Dr. Thomas a few years later. The public interest aroused in the career of the first was deepened and prolonged by that of the second, with whom this sketch has to do.

His parents, Joseph and Margaret (McDonald) Thomas named him at his birth Hiram Washington. He had three brothers and two younger sisters. His father was of German-Welsh descent and in religion a Quaker, while the mother was of Scotch-English blood and a Methodist. He was born April 29, 1832, on his father's farm in the Allegheny Mountains in Hampshire County, which is near the northeastern corner of what is now West Virginia. When he was a year old the family moved fifty miles west to Preston County, where he grew up as a farmer's boy. His early school advantages were slight, but the hard work of the farm was lightened by occasional terms in the district school. The region in which he spent his boyhood was a paradise for sportsmen, and young Thomas embraced its opportunities with such ardor that he early became an expert horseman and a crack shot. The family was poor and the life primitive. The boy, "in the summer plaited his own hats with rye straw that grew on his father's farm, and in the winter made his caps of the furs of the wild animals he captured in the chase." A story he told in a sermon fifty years later reveals the conditions under which his boyhood was spent. It told of himself, a boy of ten or twelve years, barefooted and clad in a cotton shirt and very cheap homemade trousers.

One summer day his father, returning from town, brought him a ten-cent straw hat. Hastening out of the house with this prized possession, he climbed the rail fence and sitting on the top examined and admired and exulted in his new hat. Looking over the unfertile acres of the hill farm and at the log house he said to himself, "How rich our family is. What a fine house we have. What a splendid farm we have, and what good horses and nice stock. We have everything we need. And now my father has brought me this new chip hat from the store, so much finer than I could make for myself, so much more stylish and elegant. I am a very fortunate boy. I can't think of another thing I want." He was a contented and happy boy, and if he lacked anything he was fortunate enough not to know it.

From his youth up he was physically frail, and no doubt it was to his early life in the open and to the tonic air of the West Virginia hills that he owed such health as enabled him to meet the sorrows and labors of his later life.

He reached the age of eighteen before he made a profession of religion and joined the Methodist church. It is curious, therefore, to hear him say, "I always had the conviction, without being able to explain its cause, that I should some day be a minister, if I lived. I was rather laughed at for the idea among my companions and in my family, but I could not shake it off. I am certain that it resulted in my being one."

Very soon after his conversion, with little education and without any preparatory theological training, he began, in his nineteenth year, to preach. His drawings toward the Christian life had begun several years before this time, but he yielded to them and made his way slowly. He says, "I had a hard struggle of it: it was a weary way finding the light; it was plod and plead and pray." This spiritual struggle had been attended by an intellectual quickening. It created in him such a desire for a better education that he left home and found his way on foot nearly a hundred miles to Hardy County, southeast of Preston, where he found a little village academy and supported himself by working mornings and evenings through a winter's study. His conversion and decision to devote his life to preaching greatly increased this desire for a better education. Full of evangelistic zeal, he began to preach wherever opportunity offered, and with such promise that at the age of nineteen he was admitted to the Pittsburgh Conference of the Evangelical Association, an organization of German Methodists. He preached and studied at the same time. For two years, from 1850 to 1852, he took private

instruction under a Dr. McKesson, of his neighborhood, who was a prominent German Methodist minister. Later he attended for a single term an academy at Cooperstown, Pennsylvania, and still later studied for a short time in the "Seminary" at Berlin, a few miles northeast of his home and across the Pennsylvania line. During this period of four or five years he continued to preach, for two or three years being assigned a "circuit" by the Conference with a salary of \$100 a year.

We get one interesting glimpse of the young preacher of those early years. He was in his twentieth year when he applied for a license to preach. The presiding elder of his district was a very able and eloquent man, Rev. Uriah Eberhart, a brother of Professor J. F. Eberhart, who was a prominent citizen of Chicago for many years, one of the early teachers of Dr. Thomas and his life-long friend. The presiding elder makes the following statement:

I was holding a quarterly meeting in Virginia in 1852, when there came in a young man of slender build, long red hair, dressed in a suit of homemade clothes, dyed with butternut bark. A brother near said, "That is Hiram Thomas. His case is coming up for license to preach." "Well," I replied, "I shall have to hear him try before I could sign a license for so unpromising a youth." I heard him that night, at my request. Long before he was through, my doubts disappeared, and he got his license and a God-speed.

On the advice of the presiding elder the young man went to the Berlin Seminary, which was in charge of Professor J. F. Eberhart, who says:

I will never forget his appearance as I first saw him. He was mounted on a bay horse, with saddle bags, long overcoat, leggings and boots coming nearly up to his knees, such as were worn in that day, and a bundle roll strapped on behind the saddle. Such was the full outfit for circuit preachers of that age.

In reply to my questions as to what studies he wanted to pursue he said mental and moral philosophy, logic and rhetoric, and he wanted to learn Greek so as to be able to read the Testament in the original. . . . His face was serious and looked a representative of the solemn, sincere and strenuous Christianity of that day. . . . When he got into the school his solemnity seemed to change. He was all attention and sparkling and bright in his nature. He was more intelligent and cultured than the ordinary students and, being attentive, took in every thought and fact of his recitations with great avidity. He enjoyed natural philosophy, metaphysics, mathematics, and mastered the Greek verb "to be" with all its many irregularities, in its various voices, moods and tenses, in less time than I ever knew any student to accomplish that feat of arbitrary memory. No one ever enjoyed his studies more and no student was ever more satisfactory to his teacher.

After he left school he was appointed to the Sugar Creek circuit near Franklin, Pennsylvania. It was while he was riding this "circuit"

that a great piece of good fortune came to him. He was holding a series of evangelistic meetings in Mercer, one of the extreme western counties of Pennsylvania, when one evening a hilarious company of young people came in and out of pure mischief nearly broke up the service. The leading spirit in the mischief was a girl of nineteen or twenty years, Miss Emeline C. Merrick. She belonged to one of the most prominent and well-to-do families in the village. The meetings continued. She went again, became interested, and was soon numbered among the converts. The young minister found the girl who had nearly broken up his meeting so attractive that he promptly fell in love with her. She who had first gone to his meetings to mock and then had remained to pray ended by giving her heart to him and promising him her hand. Born in Pleasantville, Pennsylvania, August 31, 1832, she had received her education at Ashtabula, Ohio, where the family had lived for some years. Her father died suddenly while on a journey through Illinois sometime between 1845 and 1850, and the family later returned to Pennsylvania. The daughter had meantime received a good education, which she supplemented by wide reading. She was very attractive, with a warm, sunny disposition, and at the same time she had a practical, executive mind and great force of character. Her forbears were from New England, and she inherited their practical characteristics. She was thus ideally fitted to be the wife and helpmeet of the somewhat dreamy, reflective, unambitious young preacher she was to marry. Dr. Thomas fully appreciated the part she had played in his life in the way of stimulus and driving power when he said of her after her death, "But for her I should still be riding the circuit in little western towns."

They were married near Franklin, Pennsylvania, March 19, 1855, when she was twenty-two years old and he not quite twenty-three. The railroads had reached Chicago three years before. They had crossed Illinois and entered Iowa. The great West lay open, inviting settlement. The rich soil of the prairies called irresistibly to the dwellers among the hills and mountains of the East. All the Atlantic states felt the lure of the new world in the valley of the Mississippi. Men by the hundred thousand turned their possessions into money and settled in Illinois and Iowa. Every year an army of new settlers invaded those states. The father of young Thomas, with his family, joined the army of 1854 and went far toward the border line of settlements in southeastern Iowa. He was an abolitionist and uncomfortable in a slave state.

More than fifty years later Dr. and Mrs. Thomas visited the old West Virginia place, which appears to have been still known as the

"Thomas farm." It comprised 400 acres, and when the Doctor, from an elevation commanding a wide view, pointed out to his wife the farm with its slaty, stony soil he assured her that for agricultural purposes it was not worth two cents an acre. This was probably a pessimistic view, as his father had sold it for \$10 an acre. A short time before this visit it had again been sold for the same price. Then came a change. The stony soil was discovered to be so rich in glass sand that glass was being manufactured. But this was not all. The surface was found to be underlaid with coal. The new proprietor had given up farming. The old homestead had been torn down, and a new and modern house had taken its place. The products of the old farm were no longer the meager and hard-won crops of hay and grain and potatoes of former years but rich royalties on the output of the coal mines and the production of glass. If the boy on the rail fence had only known, how right he would have been when he said, "How rich our family is."

Was it sympathy with his father on the slavery question or his mother's letters telling him of the need of preachers in that new land that moved the son to follow the family to the little Iowa hamlet of Pilotburg, sixty miles west of Davenport? However that may be, he joined them with his wife in their far western home in the spring of 1855. But his purpose of entering at once on the work of preaching in the new settlements was temporarily shattered by a severe, protracted, and well-nigh fatal illness. The change of climate from his native mountains to the valley of the Mississippi was too great a shock for his fragile body, and he "was brought to the very verge of death by a siege of congestive chills and fever." The physicians gave him up, the community awaited his funeral, but he began suddenly and rapidly to improve, and the whole country round about was, as he said, greatly excited over what seemed a miraculous recovery. But many months passed before he was able to enter on the work of the ministry.

He did not find German Methodists organized in the West, and in 1856 he was admitted to the Iowa Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church and entered on his work as an itinerant Methodist preacher, his full connection with the Conference dating from 1858. The capabilities of Mrs. Thomas began at once to appear. Referring forty years later to those early experiences Dr. Thomas said, "We had the experience of itineracy in a new country, not only its romance, but its hardships. My salary was \$300 a year for the first three years and the next year \$400. But we were happy. Mrs. Thomas was a fine economist. It seemed to be as easy to be six weeks ahead as six weeks behind; we were never in

debt, and only once were we without money in the house, and then only for a few hours." Mrs. Thomas early recognized her husband's unusual powers. She did this before he was himself conscious of them. Frail in body, naturally a student, an omnivorous reader, he might have yielded to his love for a quiet, sedentary life had he not felt the spur of her vigorous personality. She was ambitious for him if he was not for himself, and he said after her death, "One could hardly do less than his best under the pressure of such an intense life."

He therefore did his best and began to be known beyond the limits of his circuit. But there are almost no records of his Iowa ministry. He kept no diary and wrote no account of his life. In a sermon on the atonement delivered in the late seventies of the last century he said, "The world will never be troubled with a journal of my poor life; for I am writing none. Only the date of my birth and the day—the coronal day—of my marriage, have I committed to paper, save this: that a few points in my religious experiences so impressed me that I wrote them down." We have therefore no authentic record of his life and work in Iowa. We know only two or three facts. We know that while prosecuting his work he sought the help of two strong men to assist him in and direct his private studies. These were Dr. Charles Elliott and Dr. W. J. Spaulding, successive presidents of the Iowa Wesleyan University. This is only an indication of how essentially scholarly the young preacher was. He continued to be a most earnest student all his life. One has only to read his sermons to learn how broad his reading had been, how completely he had mastered what he had read, and how profoundly and independently he had thought on the great themes of philosophy and science and theology. Though his early educational advantages had been few he became an unusually well-educated man. And he was no ordinary student, who held himself to his task by force of will. He literally pursued knowledge. He had an extraordinary power of concentration. The subject of his study absorbed him so wholly that he was perfectly oblivious of what was taking place about him. No noise disturbed him. No interruption attracted attention for more than an instant, and his wife was sometimes compelled to resort to extreme measures when her necessities required his assistance. Whether the following story is apocryphal or not I do not know. It is declared to be a true tale, and its date is somewhere in this early Iowa period:

Mrs. Thomas was doing her own house work, and—expecting company for dinner—had put bread in the oven, when the fire went out for lack of fuel. She had

asked Mr. Thomas, who was intently studying near by, to go at once and cut some wood. He paid no attention to her request, and she spoke again and several times tried to impress him with the fact that the bread would be spoiled if there was not a fire immediately. Still he paid no attention, until, as a last resort, she took the remaining coals on a shovel, and, stepping behind him, held them close to the cane bottom chair on which he was sitting. The chair soon ignited and the flames made it uncomfortably hot. He then "raised" rather briskly for him, but still deliberately, and asked good naturedly, "Emma, what was it that you wanted?"

It was with this absorbing interest that he studied natural science in his early ministry when receiving a salary, in obscure charges, of from \$300 to \$600 a year, and he continued throughout life to follow the marvelous developments of science with the same devotion.

No doubt Dr. Elliott and Dr. Spaulding introduced him to the study of philosophy. Unlike most of us he loved it and pursued it with eager interest. He had the philosophic spirit, and when he stepped into the realm of philosophy one can imagine him recognizing his own country and saying with Rob Roy, "My foot is on my native heath," and there thenceforth he dwelt. Philosophy remained his favorite study. With the same intense interest, indeed, he pursued the study of history, but it was as a student of the philosophy of history. Where the pessimistic and cynical Henry Adams found only chaos in history Dr. Thomas discovered "Unity, Continuity, Purpose, Order, Law, Truth, the Universe, God." Philosophy remained a life-long pursuit. Of course theology did also, and he made himself familiar with the history of theological thought. But philosophy, "the application of reason to its legitimate objects," ruled his thinking in all departments of study and reacted powerfully on his preaching all his life.

Few young ministers give themselves to such a wide range of reading and study or become absorbed in it. Young Thomas was accustomed to study far into the night. As a result he slept in the morning until roused by his wife. "On the morning after the celebration of his silver wedding, in the spring of 1880, his wife waked him early, with the words, 'Come, Hiram, it is time to get up,' when he sleepily replied, 'Emma, that's the first thing you said to me, just twenty-five years ago this morning, and I have been hearing it ever since.'" There is a verisimilitude about this story that commends it. But it is worthy of note that his wife not only encouraged him in these studies and, perhaps, incited him to them, but that she was herself a student. From a child she had been a great reader. Her husband said of her, "In the lines of history and literature she was remarkably proficient, and in many things she was considered a critic." Thus intellectually husband and wife progressed together.

The twelve years of ministry in Iowa are illuminated by one other ray of light from a sermon of Dr. Thomas preached in 1895. This was a sermon, "In Memory of Our Dead," delivered in the People's Church. He refers at length to Judge Boyles, saying among other things:

I first met Judge Boyles when pastor of the Methodist church at Fort Madison, Iowa, in 1858. There was no parsonage, the church was run down, we lived in three little rooms, paid our rent, did our own work. I got \$400 a year and it was hard work to get that. The first we heard of Judge Boyles was a ten-dollar bill he sent us; and to help the church along we reported it on the salary. His family then attended the Presbyterian Church; but they came over to hear me and he encouraged me by remarking that "if that man's legs hold out, that head might be heard from."

Fort Madison was the young preacher's second appointment in Iowa. The first at Marshall, where the son, Dr. Homer M. Thomas, the well-known Chicago physician, was born in the summer of 1858, had ended. There he had received a salary of \$300. It was in the autumn of the same year that he was appointed to Fort Madison with a salary of \$400. One is at a loss to decide which is the most interesting fact of the year beginning in autumn of 1858—the promising young preacher, twenty-six years old, giving a year's service for this meager pay; this exceptional family of three living in three rooms; the gifted wife and mother doing her own housework and making her home a social center in the village; or the fact that she did this on that meager salary and not only did not allow her less careful husband to get in debt but managed to have money always in the house and to keep six weeks ahead of the expenses. Perhaps as interesting as any was the action of the husband and wife in turning in to the church treasury for application on his salary a large ten-dollar bill sent, not to the church, but to him personally by a stranger.

The man's legs held out and his head began to be heard from. The church prospered, and after the first year at Fort Madison salaries of \$400 became things of the past. In those years the Methodist itinerancy was a two-year term. At the end of his term Mr. Thomas was appointed chaplain of the state penitentiary, which was located at Fort Madison, so that his residence in that place was prolonged to four years. His reputation, however, was growing. Churches were asking for his services, and in 1862 he was assigned to the church at Washington. Mount Pleasant next secured him, and his last pastorate in Iowa was in Burlington. Meantime he was becoming every year more widely known. The churches he served prospered. The congregations increased, the membership grew, and his fame as a preacher crossed the Mississippi.

It reached Chicago, and in 1869 the Park Avenue Methodist Church of that city succeeded in securing his transfer from Iowa and his appointment to its pulpit. His old teacher, J. F. Eberhart, was chiefly responsible for bringing him to Chicago. He writes:

In 1869 he [Dr. Thomas] attended the General Conference in Chicago. I entertained him at my house. . . . About that time I met a leading lawyer from Burlington, Iowa, who said, in answer to my inquiry, that in the morning Dr. Thomas had the largest audience in Burlington, and in the evening he had all the people.

Very shortly thereafter I invited Dr. Thomas to make me a visit and sent him transportation. I was then a member of the board of trustees of the Park Avenue Methodist Church. Dr. Bayliss was then our minister. I told Dr. Bayliss that I had a country minister visiting me, and I thought he would preach for him if invited. . . . He looked quizzically at me and said, "I will invite anyone you recommend."

The official members of the church spread the news, and on Sunday morning the audience was larger than usual. . . . The evening audience packed the house.

Next morning Dr. Bayliss called at my house before Dr. Thomas was out, and I asked him his opinion of the "country preacher." He said, "There are few men living who can preach such sermons as he preached."

The official board at once made an application to have him transferred.

When he settled in Chicago he had been preaching about eighteen years. He had served his apprenticeship and had become a master-workman. He had supplemented the defects of his early education by wide reading and earnest study until there were few more scholarly men in the Methodist ministry. There were almost none who possessed an equal acquaintance with science and philosophy. He had developed into a preacher of very uncommon attractiveness and power. And he was still a young man, being only thirty-seven years of age. He went from a small town to what, even then, was considered a great city. It was a deserved recognition when in 1870 the Indiana Asbury University conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

In 1869-70 Chicago was a city of about 300,000 people. Its population was increasing at the rate of 40,000 every year. It was the metropolis of the Northwest, and ministers not unnaturally felt that a Chicago pulpit opened opportunities of influence and usefulness that could be found nowhere else in the West. To be called to Chicago was a recognition of ability and promise. To be appointed to Chicago by the bishops of the Methodist church was a similar recognition.

The Park Avenue Church, to which Dr. Thomas was called by the people and appointed by the bishop, was located on the corner of Park Avenue and Robey Street, which at that time was far out in what is known as the West Division of Chicago. It was in the midst of a community

of families belonging to the middle class. It had a membership in 1870 of 298. This increased during the pastorate of Dr. Thomas to 368. The great Chicago fire of October, 1871, did not reach within two miles of the Park Avenue Church, but many of its members lost their property, and the pastor surrendered \$500 of his \$3,000 salary to lighten the burdens of his people.

In 1872 Mr. Thomas was appointed to the Clark Street, or First, Church, which held its services in the well-known Methodist Church Block on the corner of Clark and Washington streets. The building was in the very center of the path of the great fire of 1871 and was of course utterly destroyed. The Church Block, as the Methodists called it, was a block of stores and business offices, with an audience room, classrooms, and Sunday-school rooms reserved for a free church. Here a church was conducted, \$1,000 a year from the income of the business block being annually appropriated to help pay its current expenses. All the rest of the income was devoted to aiding feeble societies in erecting houses of worship. Several thousand dollars a year were being appropriated for this purpose when the fire came and destroyed the building. The site being in the midst of the business quarter it was at once rebuilt in more substantial form than before. The new block was a "four-story building containing ten basements, eight stores, a pastor's study, lecture-rooms, parlors, and a large auditorium." It was intended to constitute a perpetual endowment of Methodist missionary and extension work in Chicago.

At the time Dr. Thomas took charge of the church it was entering the newly erected block and gave him an ideal field for his peculiar gifts. It was central, in the business district indeed, and far from any residence quarter, but at the point where all lines of transportation came together, equally accessible from the North, South and West sides of the city, as well as near the great hotels, thus inviting the mass of strangers always in the city. It was an attraction to many that the new pastor's views were spoken of as under suspicion by the rigidly orthodox, and he was soon preaching to large congregations.

Soon after he took charge of the Clark Street Church his interest in philosophy resulted in the organization in October, 1873, of the Philosophical Society, which held its meetings in the Church Block. This Society was composed of men and women interested in the discussion of questions of philosophy, social science, natural science in its broader aspects, history, and moral philosophy. The members were of widely

divergent views. The meetings were open and the discussions frank and free. The Society quickly reached a membership of nearly three hundred. Dr. Thomas was its second president, and for a time it was not only prosperous but received a good deal of public attention, too much indeed for the peace of mind of the pastor of the Clark Street Church. Occasionally public lectures were given under the auspices of the Society in the auditorium of the Church Block.

It so happened that two such lectures were delivered by two somewhat prominent skeptics, Gerald Massey and Judge Henry Booth. "This was thought to be a great outrage on Christianity—infidel lectures from a Methodist pulpit—and Dr. Thomas was held responsible for it."

Of course he was in no way responsible, as it was understood that all shades of views were held in the Society, and no one was responsible for the utterances of any speaker except the speaker himself. The breeze against the pastor blew over, but the incident awakened in some minds and deepened in others grave suspicions as to his orthodoxy. Two parties began to appear in the Rock River Conference, of which he was a member. These parties might be called the conservatives and liberals. The conservatives insisted that their preachers must adhere strictly to the Methodist Standards of Doctrine and Articles of Faith. The liberals held that theology was a progressive science, that Methodism was organized on a liberal basis, and that the pastors must, within somewhat broad limits, have freedom of thought and speech. There was undoubtedly a third party composed of those who believed in liberty and progress but hated trouble, deprecated theological strife, and hoped to achieve progress without sacrificing peace.

A number of incidents occurred during the three years of the Clark Street pastorate which awakened criticism, but none of them was of sufficient importance to imperil the pastor's position in the church. He remained in good standing in the Conference, but the bishop thought it best to remove him from Chicago to a less conspicuous post, and in the autumn of 1875 he was appointed to the First Methodist Church of Aurora, Illinois, where the salary was little more than half of what he had been receiving. The Centenary Church, the largest Methodist church in Chicago, paying a salary of \$4,000, double that paid in Aurora, had made strenuous efforts to secure him, but the authorities stood firm and sent him to Aurora. For many years his home in Chicago was at 535 West Monroe Street. It was convenient to the Centenary Church,

and that church wanted him, but Methodist discipline required obedience, and the man under authority obeyed, packed up his goods, and moved to Aurora.

His stay in that city was limited to two years, but it was one of the most fruitful periods of his ministry. He found the church with 296 members and left it with 434. He built up an evening congregation that filled the house. One of the notable things of his pastorate was the preaching of a series of sermons in the winter and spring of 1876. The sermons were all on great themes, such as "God or First Cause," "Origin and Antiquity of Our Race," "The Problem of Evil," "The Government of God," "Immortality," "The Resurrection," "Future Punishment," etc. They were delivered extemporaneously but were stenographically reported for the *Aurora Herald* and first printed in that paper. Congregations that filled the house listened to them with absorbed attention and growing interest. A year later they were published in book form under the title *The Origin and Destiny of Man*.

These sermons are interesting reading. The questions discussed are among the greatest in theology. They are presented with simplicity, sincerity, and ability. The sermons contain the germinal thoughts that made up the body of the preacher's later views. Save on a few points, such as a place of material hell fire, there is little dogmatic teaching. When he did not feel certain he confessed his uncertainty and led his congregation along lines of inquiry. Indeed one of the charms of the sermons was the fact that he talked with his congregation as a friend with friends. He said in the last of them, "In the beginning of this series I had no thought whatever that they were to appear in print. When the publishers of the *Herald* requested my manuscript for publication, I had to tell them I hadn't any, for to not one of these discourses have I ever done anything in the way of written preparation more than what might be noted on half a sheet of paper."

Few families are called upon to suffer the domestic afflictions that fell on Dr. and Mrs. Thomas. Of their seven children six died in childhood. This series of sermons was broken into by a succession of heart-breaking troubles. These were so many and so great as to draw forth a letter of sympathy from the Philosophical Society of Chicago. In answering it Dr. Thomas wrote, "We have indeed passed through no ordinary affliction. For eight long weeks we have had severe sickness in our house, prostrating each one of our family, and, what is saddest of all, taking from us our dear little Lollie. . . . For more than a week I was but partially conscious." He had been prostrated by typhoid

fever and was kept out of his pulpit for two months, having returned to life from the very gates of death.

At the end of his first year in Aurora the Centenary Church of Chicago renewed its efforts to secure him, but the Aurora church would not give him up. At the end of his second year the Centenary people insisted that they must have him, and at the Conference of October, 1877, he was appointed their pastor. This was at that time the leading Methodist church in Chicago. No other had half its membership, which was about 900. No other paid so large a salary. It was the best appointment in the Conference, and of course in the entire West. If there were places of larger influence the successful occupancy of this pulpit pointed directly toward them. Dr. Thomas was one of the ablest and most popular preachers in the denomination. He might have aspired to any pulpit. Had his ambition led him in that direction a bishopric was not beyond his reach. When he went to the Centenary Church in 1877 he was still a young man, only forty-five years old, with a quarter of a century of vigorous activity before him. There lay before him a plain path to certain and large success in the denomination to which he belonged. That was the path of conformity. The path to inevitable trouble was nonconformity, not so much in his views as in the promulgation of them, in his insistence in his preaching on the points in which he differed from his church.

The pastorate in the Centenary Church marked for him the parting of the ways. He had reached in his theological thinking views that differed, not so much from the Articles of Faith, but from other standards of doctrine of the Methodist church. The differences related principally to inspiration, the atonement, and future punishment, not as to the fact of inspiration, or of the atonement, or of future punishment, in all of which he believed, but as to speculative theories regarding them. A less conscientious and more ambitious man would have contented himself with preaching these great doctrines without explaining how his views differed from those held by others.

This, was, however, not the method of Dr. Thomas. He had a philosophical mind. He loved to turn a fact over, view it on all its sides and in all its relations, and reach a theory regarding it that satisfied his mind. Having done this he was so constituted that he must proclaim the result, and being a preacher he proclaimed it in the pulpit. His theories on the atonement, inspiration, and future punishment differing from the general Methodist view awakened criticism and alarm among the more conservative and became matters of popular interest.

His sermons were printed in the newspapers and created bitterness among the more strictly orthodox Methodist preachers.

He had not reached the views he held on these doctrines except through long-continued study and struggle. We get from his sermons an occasional glimpse into his inner life that reveals something of the experiences he went through in reaching settled convictions. In a Centenary Church sermon on the atonement he said:

For the sake of other struggling souls I would have this that I wrote in this city, January 11, 1870, live: "For years I have had the most painful and perplexing doubts on the subject of the Atonement, especially on its Godward bearings, as usually held in the churches accounted strictly orthodox. So uncertain, unsatisfactory and comfortless have these views seemed to me, so difficult to understand, and of so little power on my own heart, that I have had but little spirit to try to preach them to others. And yet I have felt that Christ must be preached; but not seeing my way at all clear, I have tried to do the best I could, often believing that I was more of a moral lecturer than a gospel minister.

"Thank God! My long agony—and none but those who have had similar trials can know how great it has been—has this day been removed by clearer views: and with them came such a feeling sense of the divine love as filled my soul and caused me to weep long and loud for joy. The light came while reading Bushnell's *Vicarious Sacrifice*. May God keep me in this peace and help me to preach it to the world."

That day I got the full view that God loved me; that he was in the sacrifice of a vicarious love to save me, and to save the world.

This moral-influence theory, or, as he always called it, moral theory of the atonement, he thenceforth held, rejecting all others.

He had the same sort of struggle over the question of future punishment. I have an impression that in his youth and in the somewhat primitive region in which he had been brought up Dr. Thomas had heard a good deal of preaching on the endless torment of the wicked in a lake of fire, and made the mistake of supposing that that sort of preaching still prevailed in a city like Chicago. Against this conception his heart and mind revolted. As a matter of fact other ministers had without any great mental struggle quietly abandoned these conceptions. It does not seem to have been so with him. These old views of a material lake of fire and brimstone caused him a world of trouble. In his farewell sermon at the Centenary Church he said:

The subject is so large that before it I stand almost speechless. I have looked into this question a good deal. I attempted to study it under a realization of what the subject was fifteen or twenty years ago. It was such a gloom upon my mind that *I scarcely smiled for years*. I was not conscious of the state in which I was. I read all I could get. I could not settle the question in argument one way or the other. I got relief in prayer.

He accepted the doctrine of future punishment but turned more and more to what was known as the "larger hope," that if in the future life men repented and turned to God there was hope for them. He did not know that they would, but he was not without hope that they might.

When he preached this farewell sermon in the autumn of 1880 he had not been tried but had for two years been under censure for heretical views and was about to go to the annual Conference in great anxiety and utter uncertainty as to what awaited him. The question of his orthodoxy had come before the Conference two years before, in 1878, and was quite certain to come up again.

His ecclesiastical troubles were really brought upon him by the Chicago newspapers, and this not because of their enmity, but because of their excessive friendliness. Discovering that his views differed somewhat from those of other ministers they began to print his sermons. The time came when these papers gave his sermons to the public every Monday morning. They gave out the impression, though the sermons themselves did not convey it, that the other pastors were preaching the doctrines of reprobation and a material lake of fire and brimstone. They held him up as, in addition to Professor Swing, the one progressive thinker in the Chicago pulpit, all other pastors being either not quite honest or ignorantly conservative. Dr. Thomas was not responsible for this impression, but it was made and other clergymen resented it. The wrath they ought to have directed at the press was visited on him, and the Methodist ministers were so wrought up by this excessive attention to and praise of one of their number, with the implied or expressed censure of themselves, that the time came when they were incapable of dealing with him wisely or justly.

This was the state of affairs when he went up in 1880 to the Conference. As the outcome of that meeting he was asked to withdraw from the church and was left without an appointment.

He declined to withdraw, saying, in the course of a written statement he submitted, "I cannot go out of the church at your request, nor should I be forced out of it unless it be under the forms of law and after such thorough investigation as shall settle definitely the points at issue."

It is worthy of note that on the motion asking him to withdraw, while 110 voted in the affirmative, 65 were absent or refused to vote, and 49 voted in the negative. Among the 49 were several men who were or became presiding elders and at least one who was later made a bishop. Measures were now taken to try Dr. Thomas for heresy.

For some reason action was delayed, and the case did not come up for trial until September, 1881. The case was then tried in a preliminary way before the presiding elder of the Chicago district, who reported to the Conference on October 5 that "a Committee of Inquiry had examined charges against him and that he had been suspended from the ministry." Whereupon "a select number" of fifteen was ordered for the final trial of the case. The trial took place immediately and was ended before the close of the Conference.

The result of the trial was that as to the doctrine of inspiration he was acquitted by a vote of eleven to four. As to the atonement and future punishment he was found guilty and was expelled from the "ministry and membership" of the church.

What were the views of Dr. Thomas on these great doctrines? They had been published in a hundred sermons, but he repeated them with fulness and frankness to the trial committee, concealing nothing. He then gave a brief summary of them as follows:

And now, what is the substance of what I believe and what I deny?

I hold to the inspiration and authority of the Scriptures; that in matters of doctrine and duty they are final; the authority of God. But I do not accept the "verbal" theory of inspiration; nor claim that all parts of all the 66 books of the Bible are of equal authority, inspiration, or value; nor that all parts of the Old Testament are critically infallible. And in these things am I not in accord with the best scholarship of our own church and of the world? Certainly I am. . . . I hold to the doctrine of a vicarious atonement; but I hold it in that form that is called moral or paternal; or in other words I hold to the governmental view with the penal idea left out. I deny the doctrine of a literal penal substitution. It is, I think, both unreasonable and unscriptural. The moral view finds a place and a necessity for all that is said of the sufferings of Christ. . . . He is the "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world"; the "Lamb that taketh away the sin of the world"; He is a "Mediator"; He is the "propitiation for our sins"; He is our "sacrifice," our "atonement"; we have "redemption through His blood"; He was "wounded," "bruised," "bore our sins in his own body on the tree"; "by his stripes we are healed"; "He died for us."

I hold to the strength and integrity of the government of God; that all sin will be properly punished; but I do not believe in a material hell fire; nor in the terrible ideas of future torment that have come down to us from the past. . . . I hold to the endlessness of the law by which sin must be punished, and hence to endless punishment for the endlessly obdurate, if such there be; but, assuming, as I do, the freedom of souls after death, I cannot affirm that any soul will, or will not, forever remain in sin, and hence I can neither affirm nor deny endless punishment for any soul. But, postulating endless punishment upon endless sinning, I am logically bound to suppose that, if the sinning come to an end, the suffering must also come to an end—unless, indeed, it be that suffering of loss that in the nature of things seems to be remediless. And I have a hope—a hope that has come to me through much suffering and prayer, and that seems to be strengthened by the nearest visions of God—that, somehow, all the divine

love and striving to win and save souls will not end with this poor, short life; but that the work of discipline and salvation may go on in the immortal world. And it seems to me that whilst there is upon some texts a surface look of finality, there is a deeper and a far-reaching vision of other texts, and of the Scriptures as a whole, on which this hope may rest.

It seems incredible that a man of the noble character of Dr. Thomas should for views like these have been expelled not only from the ministry but from *membership in the church*. It seems still more incredible that the Judicial Committee should have refused to hear his appeal, because having no other pulpit he was preaching for the People's Church.

The stormy period in the life of Dr. Thomas was now over. He was forty-eight years old when his ministry in the Methodist church ended, but he still had before him a peaceful, fruitful, and highly successful ministry of more than twenty years. Within two weeks after the Conference had placed him in the supernumerary list, without a charge, he was the pastor of a new church.

Immediately after the adjournment of the Conference in October, 1880, some of his friends met together to consider some plan by which he might be retained in Chicago. They decided to organize a church and call him to the pastorate. They worked fast. Twenty men signed a contract pledging themselves to a guarantee fund to the amount of \$250 each, and this continued to be done annually. These guarantors constituted the board which chose the trustees of the church. On October 28, 1880, the organization was completed, and the trustees wrote to Dr. Thomas, saying, "We, the trustees, as authorized by the board of directors, extend to you a call from The People's Church of Chicago, to preach the gospel upon such a broad and evangelical platform as to you may seem in accordance with the will of God and best promotive of His cause in the welfare of mankind."

Dr. Thomas immediately accepted this call. Hooley's theater was engaged and the first service was held November 7, 1880. The pulpit labors of Dr. Thomas were therefore interrupted for one month only, which gave him a very short vacation after the exhausting experiences attending his double trial.

The People's Church was established on the following basis, set forth by the trustees:

As its name implies, it is the aim of The People's Church to provide a place of worship for all; for strangers and those without a religious home, and those of much or little faith, and of different beliefs; and to unite all in the great law and duty of love to God and Man, and in earnest efforts to do good in the world.

In form The People's Church is independent Congregational, and requires no theological tests as conditions of membership. We think, and let think.¹ We hold that upon the great questions of the Christian faith and life, the freedom of reason should not be bound by the opinions of men, but that all should search the Scriptures and believe and do what they think is true and right; and The People's Church welcomes to its fellowship all who are in sympathy with its spirit and work.

At the opening service the pastor stated that they had no desire to start a new denomination. From the first Sunday the attendance was very large. In September, 1885, the Society removed to the Chicago Opera House, and in 1886 it was said, "It is difficult to obtain even standing room when Dr. Thomas preaches." At a later date the services were transferred to McVicker's Theatre.

The organization was not so much a church as a congregation. The "Articles" adopted November 4, 1889, lodged all power in the congregation, that is, the holders of seats. They chose the pastors, the trustees, the deacons, and the advisory council. They succeeded the guarantors in full financial responsibility for the enterprise. This change brought its anxieties, the trustees in February, 1890, in appealing for an increased rental of seats, saying, "With our uniformly large audiences—on many Sundays the capacity of our commodious auditorium is inadequate—it may be a surprise to many to learn that the number of sittings taken thus far in the current year is less than five hundred."

Dr. Thomas labored all his life under the handicap of frequent and serious illnesses. Perhaps Professor Eberhart was referring to the fourteen years spent in Iowa when he says, "He had a severe attack of typhoid fever almost every year." He also related the following: "At one time he and his wife both had a siege of sickness. He was in a house on one side of a small lake and his wife on the other side, where they could see each other when well enough to sit up, but neither one was able or permitted to visit the other for several months."

During his first year with the People's Church he was kept out of his pulpit four months by sickness. With all this sickness we do not wonder that it was said of him, "His body is frail, his walk unsteady, and there is a sort of Lincoln lankness about him. He has hardly enough flesh to cover his bones." We only wonder that he found the courage and strength to do anything. The amount of labor this frail man performed is astounding. He was an invalid who through fifty years performed the labors of a Hercules.

¹"We think and let think" was a quotation from the "father of Methodism," John Wesley.

His sicknesses were sore trials, but his sorrows were greatly increased by the loss of six of his seven children. In almost every pastorate a child was taken from the family. In his farewell to the Centenary Church he said, "We have buried our children in four cemeteries and two states."

The crowning affliction, however, came in 1896 in the death of the wife of his youth. Dr. Thomas had always considered her his main support and chief assistant. "Her active temperament, capacity for work, and old-fashioned common sense made her just the helpmeet needed when he organized the People's Church and much of its success must be attributed to her." She had a winning personality and she made her home a social center. She had a great fund of anecdotes and a keen sense of humor which made her interesting and attractive. She died on January 5, 1896.

Considering his physical frailty Dr. Thomas might very properly have confined his labors to the immediate duties of his pastorates. He found this, however, impossible. For many years he was in great demand as a lecturer in different parts of the country. When the *Alliance*, a semireligious paper, was started in 1875 he became one of the editors, and in his later years was an associate editor of *Unity*. He was president of the Congress of Religions organized after the World's Fair of 1893. For fifteen years he presided over the Chicago Peace Society. While, however, he was an earnest advocate of peace, he was not a peace-at-any-price man. In 1880 he was made chaplain of the First Regiment, Illinois National Guard, and served the regiment for more than a quarter of a century, being retired at his own request in 1908. In association with the young men of the regiment he renewed his youth. He went out with them to the rifle ranges, and they said of him with affectionate pride, "He wore upon his breast two medals of which he was supremely proud—the 'Long and Honorable Service' medal of our regiment, and the 'Sharpshooter's' badge of the Illinois National Guard."

The ministry of Dr. Thomas in the People's Church continued from 1880 to 1902, from his forty-eighth to his seventieth year. There could be no more convincing evidence of the unique quality and extraordinary ability of the man than he gave in maintaining a great congregation in the center of the business district of Chicago for twenty-two years. The wonder grows when it is remembered that he carried on this successful work, not in the vigor of physical strength, but in bodily frailty and precarious health, not in the morning, but in the afternoon and evening of life.

In 1899 Dr. Thomas married Miss Vandelia Varnum. She was of English parentage, was born in Lynden, western New York, was educated at Ten Broeck Academy and Alfred University, and later took graduate studies at Cornell. For some years she was a teacher in Ottawa University, Kansas, and Mount Carroll Seminary, Illinois. Having exceptional ability as a public speaker, she was called into the lecture field in 1887 for the Women's Christian Temperance Union and for five years averaged a lecture a day. For several years before her marriage she was connected with lyceum bureaus in New York, Ohio, and Chicago and was the only woman lecturer at that time distinctly in the popular field.

She came to Dr. Thomas with experience and understanding and in full sympathy with his work. Many burdens that fell heavily on his declining strength she was able to bear for him. Aside from the cares of the home, his large correspondence, social demands, and the like there were many pulpit and platform engagements which fell upon her to fill. It was an ideal union for the ten years of life that remained to Dr. Thomas.

The People's Church gave its pastor an annual vacation of two or three months. From his youth up he had been an expert with the shotgun and the rifle, and many of his vacations were spent in the northern wildernesses or the western mountains.

In 1900 he bought a home in De Funiak Springs in northwestern Florida, and thereafter all the winters and later all the summers were spent there.

In 1901, as president of the Congress of Religions, accompanied by his wife and others, Dr. Thomas toured the Pacific Coast, holding congresses in the principal cities from San Diego to Seattle.

Though very frail in the last years of his life he retained the keenest interest in all world-movements. In the words of Mrs. Thomas:

In his last sickness he said, "Women are coming into their own. I'll not be here, but you will, and you will be a part of it when all women will have the ballot." And a few days before, while he could still walk, he came down stairs with face radiant as the stars, and said, "I can see it, I can see it, a world congress, a world court of justice, a world peace."

He died after a brief illness at De Funiak Springs, Florida, August 12, 1909, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. This was seven years after he retired from the pastorate of the People's Church. These were not years of idleness. He continued to write and preach and lecture. A lecture was delivered by him at an Alabama Chautauqua in 1905

which was worthy of his best days. It was on "World Problems." I find in it many pregnant sentences, such as the following: "Henceforth the world problem must be the democracy of mankind." "Henceforth industrialism will be in the foreground. . . . World courts will arbitrate questions of dispute. . . . World peace is the first and most urgent problem of these great years." "One who has never worked must have a hard time trying to be religious." "Religion is the life of God in the soul of man."

The People's Church did not long survive the loss of the great personality round which it had gathered and which had been its real life. It cannot be doubted that Dr. Thomas was a unique man. An eminent Methodist minister recently said to me, "He was of a most attractive and winning personality. If he said to a person, 'Come to Jesus,' that person would feel at once that this was the most important and delightful thing in the world to do." Children loved him. Animals instinctively recognized him as a friend. The most vicious dogs became friendly on his approach. With him in the saddle horses that others could not ride became gentle. Walking on the streets of Chicago became increasingly difficult for him. Everybody knew him, and so many wanted to shake hands with him that they obstructed the sidewalk and interrupted travel. It was said of him by one who knew him well:

In trusting confidence in others he was childlike. Almost anyone could approach him and apparently deceive him, but in truth he was rarely deceived. He simply ignored the evidences by which the world judged and saw only the latent or possible good, or perhaps consciously allowed his sympathy to take possession of his judgment. But however gentle and peaceful he was tremendously strong and unyielding when the time and subject demanded, where great issues were at stake. Time was nothing, majorities were nothing, defeat nothing. There was the vision and the faith that never faltered.

In person he was about six feet in height, very slender, with dark auburn hair, worn long and with a natural and beautiful wave, and a mustache. His movements were slow, his speech deliberate, with a pleasant drawl, and he was never disconcerted. In preaching he was conversational, not declamatory. His voice was, like Lincoln's, a high tenor and had the same carrying power. He was a quiet preacher but spoke with earnestness and sometimes rose to impassioned eloquence. He preached without notes, though in his later years he wrote his sermons out in full. He was not rhetorical in his preaching, nor was he hortatory. His style was eminently didactic. He considered the preacher to be a

prophet, a teacher, yet his teaching was the farthest removed from dogmatism. The impression he made on his congregation was what it would have been had he begun by saying, "This is an important and interesting subject that we ought to know about. I have looked into it, but I would like to have you study it with me. Let us together see what we can make of it."

He made large use of the historical method. He would trace the history of science, or of philosophy, or of theology from the remote past down to the present. He would take up the origin and development of life on our planet, or of man, or of religion. Or he would take a single doctrine and follow its historical development. But all these lines of thought led to one great conclusion, the life and love of God in the souls of men. He himself said of his preaching:

My methods are different from some. I pursue as a rule, as you have all learned, the inductive method. I seek to lead the minds of those with whom I am talking, and I feel always that I am near to—with my audience—talking with them, not standing off and talking at them, but talking with them. I try to lead them along to the standpoints where truth seems evident to them, and where I do not have to proclaim and cry out, believe! believe! but where they see the truth and they want to believe, and they can't help but believe.

His sermons were not the traditional exordium, three points, conclusion, and exhortation. They were a growth, a development, an unfolding, one thought leading naturally to the next, the listener finding himself at the close in the very presence of the loving God and Father of all. Such preaching to those who heard it habitually was a liberal education, and it is not strange that some of the ablest thinkers in Chicago attended the People's Church.

Dr. Thomas preached for more than fifty years. More than five hundred of his sermons were printed in the daily papers. About one hundred were published in four volumes. These are among the most thoughtful, instructive, elevated in tone, and Christian in spirit that I have ever read. They are the sermons of a man who read widely, thought deeply and clearly, and was intent on leading men into the Christian life. The business center of Chicago is the worst place in the city for gathering a great audience to hear preaching. The fact that through more than twenty years Dr. Thomas drew together there a congregation of 1,500 or 2,000 is the best possible evidence that he was a great preacher. It was a marvelous achievement; and it was all the more remarkable because his preaching was the farthest removed from the sensational. His appeal was to the intellect, the conscience,

and the heart. He informed the mind, convinced the understanding, awakened the spiritual life, and brought the life and love of God into the soul.

The body of Dr. Thomas had been buried in Rose Hill Cemetery, Chicago, and on May 1, 1910, a memorial service was held under the auspices of the surviving members of the People's Church, the officers and friends of the Congress of Religion and St. Bernard Commandery, Knights Templar, "in honor of their Pastor, President, Frater and Comrade." Addresses were made by Rabbi Hirsch, Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, Professor G. B. Foster, Jane Addams, and Dr. R. A. White.

I cannot refrain from quoting a few lines from the noble tribute to his memory by the Veteran Corps of the First Infantry Regiment, Illinois National Guard, of which he was chaplain for twenty-eight years:

He was one of the great figures of the present generation, a many-sided man, great in mind, pure in heart and noble in character. . . . He has passed into history as one of the great souls of our day. . . . During his quarter-century of military service he preached to many thousands of young soldiers. . . . The keynote of his religious philosophy was love, the love of God for his children, the love of man for his divine Father, and for his brother-man.

Since her husband's death Mrs. Thomas has established three memorials of him. In Alfred University, New York, she has endowed the Dr. Thomas World Peace Prize Contest, providing for first and second prizes.

Largely through her benefactions and those of that life-long friend of Dr. Thomas, Professor John F. Eberhart, a church has been built to his memory in the southwestern part of Chicago, Chicago Lawn. "The Hiram W. Thomas Memorial Congregational Church." Located in a growing section of the city, where the people own their homes, it has a promising future. No more fitting memorial of a great preacher could be built than one designed to perpetuate the preaching of the gospel to which he gave his life.

This biographical sketch is written because of the erection by Mrs. Thomas of still another memorial. Dr. Thomas was one of the early friends of the University of Chicago. He often served the institution in sermons and lectures. In January, 1916, Mrs. Thomas wrote to the trustees the following letter:

GENTLEMEN:

It gives me great pleasure to transfer to The University of Chicago the properties represented by the accompanying deeds. The purpose of the gift is to found, when the income thereof is sufficient, a series of annual lectures in memory of my husband, the

late Dr. H. W. Thomas, of Chicago, Illinois, the same to be known as the "Hiram W. Thomas Lectures." I do not label these, for I would not fetter the future by the past, but they shall be given by representatives of the larger faith and express the ever growing thought of the world in religion and life—the universals that knit man to man and man to his Maker.

I ask that due publicity be given to each course that those with open vision outside as well as the student life may avail themselves of the benefits.

Sincerely yours,

VANDELIA VARNUM THOMAS

In a previous letter Mrs. Thomas had said that her husband was the University's "first minister," and that "he gave his last message years after in Chicago in Kent Hall."

Through these lectures we may hope, with their founder, that "the spirit in which Dr. Thomas lived and wrought and died" will find expression, and though dead he will continue to speak.

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JOHN CRERAR

JOHN CRERAR

This sketch begins and ends with the last will and testament of John Crerar. In more respects than one that will was unique. It had the following very unusual beginning:

My father, John Crerar, a native of Scotland, died in New York when I was an infant, leaving my mother, my brother Peter and myself his only heirs. My mother remained a widow for a number of years and was then married to William Boyd. The issue of this second marriage was one son, my half brother, George William Bōyd, who died unmarried in 1860. My stepfather died in 1864, and my mother was again left a widow with her two sons, Peter and myself. My mother died March 28, 1873, and my brother Peter died in 1883, a widower, leaving no children.

My mother's maiden name was Agnes Smeallie. She was born in Scotland in 1795 and a line of relationship on her side is clearly defined.

My first cousins are children of my late uncles, James and John Smeallie, late of Florida and West Galway, State of N.Y., brothers of my mother. Through them I have second cousins and third cousins. These cousins, first, second and third, can be readily traced: some I have seen, others only heard of by the hearing of the ear.

With these explanations it remains with me to make a disposition of my estate.

I am a bachelor and was born in New York City, but have been a citizen of Chicago since 1862.

It will be noted that in this unique preface to the will the slightest possible mention is made of the father, and none whatever of any relatives on his father's side, while much is told of the mother and of first, second, and even third cousins on her side. And yet so far as the records show the Crerars were a more ancient and numerous family than the Smeallies. The Crerars appear in the earliest Scottish parish registers of marriages and births. These important records seem to have been instituted, at least in the country districts of Scotland, by the Presbyterian church when it displaced the Catholic church in the beginning of the seventeenth century. The register of the parish of Kenmore records the marriage on May 14, 1637, of "John Dow Crearar" and again in 1640 of "John Dow Crerar," evidently his second marriage. This carelessness about the spelling of family names seems to have been common in Scotland. The Crerars were a numerous family and were scattered through many parishes. They belonged to the common people and appear, for the most part, to have lived in country districts and, probably, followed agriculture.

The parish register of Dull, County of Perth, from which John Crerar's father, John, migrated to the United States when a young man, records that a John Crerar, early in 1788, married Margaret McFarland. They had three sons, Peter, born late in 1788, James, born in 1789, and John, born July 2, 1792. Peter and James married in the same parish and each had a son named Donald. One of these Donalds will appear later in this story. The youngest brother, John, apparently left the old home unmarried and settled in New York City. There he met and married Agnes Smeallie, who had also migrated from Scotland to New York in her youth. Both were Presbyterians, and they doubtless found each other in the Scotch Presbyterian church to which their son, John, remained greatly attached to the end of his life. The naming of their other son Peter shows the family attachment of the father. Had there been a third son there would have been another apostolic succession, apparently, of Peter, James, and John.

Ancestors on the mother's side are not traced farther back than 1710. There are bewildering differences in the ways in which they spelled their names, as Smeallie, Smellie, Smaill, Smeal, Smalle, Smale, etc. These differences in spelling constantly occurred in the same family. In the record of the births of the three children of Alexander Smellie of the parish of Kirkliston the first-born was written Smeal, the second Smellie, the youngest Smeallie. The father of Mr. Crerar's mother, Andrew Smeall, born in 1748, was the son of John Smale. The daughter of Andrew Smeall was Agnes Smeallie, the mother of John Crerar. In his last will and testament he says she "was born in Scotland in 1795." The register of the parish of Kirkliston, however, records that she was born April 1, 1797. But this is only another evidence that the most devoted sons do not always retain in mind the exact year of their parents' birth. Where and when John Crerar, the father, and Agnes Smeallie were married does not appear, nor when they migrated to the United States. We are not told the father's business and know nothing of his circumstances at the time of his death, July 23, 1827. We only know that he left a widow and two sons, Peter, the elder, and John, an infant a few months old. As the will says the widow and the two sons were "his only heirs," it may, perhaps, be believed that the little family was not left destitute. This is rendered still more probable by the fact that the mother a few years later married William Boyd, a business man occupying the important and no doubt lucrative position of head of the New York branch of the iron and steel business of an English house. Whatever may have been the circum-

stances of the family before, they were no doubt much improved after this marriage, and all the boys were given such education as the schools of New York City afforded.

The mother must have been a woman of character, intelligence, and attractiveness. Her sons were taken to the Scotch Presbyterian church and certainly John early became a devout and zealous Christian.

Young Crerar was a diligent student. He did not carry his education through a college course, but did continue it long enough to conceive a love of books and a habit of reading which always remained with him.

The New York of Mr. Crerar's childhood was what would now be called a small city. When he was born, in the early part of 1827, its population was less than 175,000. While he was growing to manhood it increased to 300,000. When he left it to make his home in Chicago it had become a large city of 850,000 people.

Young Crerar continued in school till his eighteenth year and then entered the service of the house of which his stepfather was the New York manager. Here he remained for several years, advancing from one position to another, and about 1850 was sent to the branch house of the firm in Boston. He had become a bookkeeper, and was sent to Boston, perhaps, to organize, or reorganize, the bookkeeping. At all events he remained only a year or so and then returned to New York. It does not appear that he became again associated with his stepfather. He found a better position than that house had for him and became bookkeeper for another large iron firm. He continued this work, always on the lookout for something better, for perhaps three or four years, until he was twenty-nine years old. He must have been anxious to get into business himself. He could not but be conscious of the possession of business ability, but he was always a modest man, and being without capital his way into independent business activity seemed to be hedged up.

It was just at this time that a great piece of good fortune, the greatest of his business career, came to him. He made the acquaintance of Morris K. Jesup. Mr. Jesup was a little more than two years younger than Mr. Crerar, but he was already in business for himself. He had established himself in the business of dealing in railroad supplies in 1853, and during his commercial career became a man of very large wealth. He came to be one of the leading business men of the country. But it was his long life of philanthropy, a life devoted to the service of mankind in religion, in education, in charity, in encouraging exploration and scientific research, that made him one of the eminent men of our history. He lived till 1908, but retired from business in 1884 because,

as he said, "I found that both business and charitable work were becoming so absorbing that one or the other must suffer if I continued to do both. So, after careful consideration of the whole matter, I retired from business and have devoted my spare time to working for others and for the public interest." Mr. Jesup was then only fifty-four years old. He lived twenty-four years longer. He had lived during the thirty-one years of his business life for both his business and the public. It may be justly said that he devoted fifty-five of the seventy-eight years of his life to his fellow-men.

Commander Peary said in 1910: "To Morris K. Jesup, more than to any other one man, is due the fact that the North Pole is today a trophy of this country." His biographer, William Adams Brown, gives a summary of the official positions he held which indicates the wideness of his sympathies and the scope of his philanthropic activities:

He was president of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, a position to which he was elected in 1899 and which he held until a few months before his death. For more than a quarter of a century he was president of the American Museum of Natural History, of which he had been one of the founders. He was one of the founders of the Young Men's Christian Association, its president from 1872 to 1875, and at the time of his death, chairman of its Board of Trustees. For twenty-two years he was president of the New York City Mission and Tract Society. For more than thirty-five years he was president of the Five Points House of Industry. He was president of the American Sunday School Union, of the Peary Arctic Club, of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, of the Audubon Society of the State of New York, of the New England Society, and of the Board of the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut. He was first vice-president of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, and vice-president of the Board of Trustees of the Union Theological Seminary, of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and of the Pilgrims. He was one of the founders and for many years vice-president of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. He was treasurer of the John F. Slater Fund for the Education of Freedmen, and a member both of the Peabody and of the General Education Boards. He was a member of the Rapid Transit Commission, which built the first subway in the city of New York. He was one of the founders and for seven years a trustee of the Presbyterian Hospital. He was a trustee of the Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association, of the Society for the Relief of Half Orphan and Destitute Children, and of the Brick Presbyterian church, and a member of many other

scientific, educational and philanthropic institutions, in which he held no official position, but in the work of which he was actively interested.

This was the man with whom John Crerar became acquainted about the beginning of 1856, with whom he became associated in business, and whose partner he remained to the end of his life. The influence of this association on Mr. Crerar's life was very great. The way in which they came together was as follows: Mr. Jesup had started in business in 1853 with a Mr. Clark who had been a bookkeeper in a bank and had some capital. Mr. Jesup had no capital, but he knew the railway-supplies business from the bottom up. The partnership continued three years, during which time Mr. Clark was bookkeeper and office man, while Mr. Jesup attended to all the outside business. The firm prospered, but for some reason a dissolution was resolved on in 1856. Mr. Jesup would need a competent bookkeeper and office man and turned to his new acquaintance and friend, John Crerar. But let him tell the story:

I became acquainted with Mr. Crerar in 1856, then bookkeeper in the large iron house of Raymond and Fullerton in New York. I was then in business in New York under the firm name of M. K. Jesup and Co. One day, in the year 1856, seeing Mr. Crerar writing at his desk, I put this question to him, "John, would you like to better your position?" His instant reply was "Yes!" I said, "Come and see me at my office." All this resulted in my taking him into my employ as clerk, and within a very short time making him my partner in business. . . . In the year 1859 I established a house in Chicago under the firm name of Jesup, Kennedy and Adams, J. McGregor Adams who was then a clerk for me in New York being sent to Chicago to take the management of this business. In the fall of 1862 Mr. Crerar was sent to Chicago and the firm was changed to Jesup, Kennedy & Co. Some time in the early part of 1863, Messrs. Crerar and Adams succeeded to the business and established the firm of Crerar, Adams & Co.

My long and intimate acquaintance with Mr. Crerar gave me the rare opportunity of knowing of what stuff he was made. He was a man of sterling integrity, of strong religious convictions, a kindly heart and a true friend. He loved all men and all loved him. I never knew a man who had so many real friends. He was social, though at the same time retiring, modest and humble, and in life counting his chief pleasure the being in the society of, and intimate relations with, his friends.

Mr. Crerar was a frugal man, lived without display or ostentation, and I often used to tell him that he was too much so, and that he ought to be more among men, giving his money while he lived and having the enjoyment of seeing it well administered. His uniform reply was, "I am satisfied and content." . . . I could say much more about this good man; there lived none better.

It is evident that young Crerar possessed such an unusual combination of qualities for success in a business which he had been studying for eleven years that his early entrance into the new firm of M. K. Jesup

& Company was inevitable. The other member of the new house was John S. Kennedy. It must be remembered that the railroad-supplies business was then in its infancy in this country. The iron age and the railroad age had just begun. The firm of M. K. Jesup & Company was just beginning to get on its feet and its members were poor men. It had the advantage of starting at the outset of that period of unprecedented development which has covered the continent with railroads and made the last seventy years the Railway Age. Being men of great business ability they availed themselves to the utmost of the extraordinary opportunities of the new era, and the firm entered on a career of great and increasing prosperity.

Mr. Crerar did not long remain in New York after becoming a partner in the company. While he did remain, however, he manifested that enlightened interest in organized efforts for the good of the community which characterized his later life. He was a deeply religious man and constantly engaged in the activities of the Scotch Presbyterian church in which he had been brought up by his devout mother. He was much interested in the Mercantile Library Association and became president of that body. He was a member of the Union Club, the Union League, and the Century Club, and continued his membership in these organizations after leaving New York.

The first railroads from the East, the Michigan Southern and the Michigan Central, entered Chicago in 1852. Immediately that period of railway development began which within a little more than fifteen years gave Illinois a greater railroad mileage than any other state in the Union and made Chicago the great railway center of the country. It was inevitable that the city should become the chief distributing point of railroad supplies. Mr. Crerar and his partners were not slow in recognizing what this meant for a business like theirs. It meant, not merely that such a business was likely to be successful in Chicago, but that it was imperatively demanded there. Chicago became the one location on the continent for a business in railroad supplies. In 1859, therefore, as quoted above from Mr. Jesup, J. McGregor Adams was sent to Chicago to inaugurate the business, and became a partner in the Chicago branch, which was known as Jesup, Kennedy & Adams. It was so successful from the start that two and a half or three years later Mr. Crerar, then a member of the parent house, found it necessary to go to Chicago to care for the expanding business and the firm name became Jesup, Kennedy & Co. Messrs. Crerar and Adams were the junior partners. It will be recalled that Mr. Jesup says that "sometime

in the early part of 1863 Messrs. Crerar and Adams succeeded to the business and established the firm of Crerar, Adams and Co." Mr. Jesup is undoubtedly correct in this statement, but, on account of the business value of the old title, the new firm continued to do business under the name Jesup, Kennedy & Company for five years. The city directory of 1868 was the first to contain the name of "Crerar, Adams & Co., manufacturers and dealers in railroad supplies and contractors' materials, 11 and 13 Wells St."

Twenty-one years later, in 1889, the Commercial Club, an organization of the leading business men of Chicago, paid the following tribute to Mr. Crerar, who had just died:

The Commercial Club has met a peculiar and irreparable loss in the death of John Crerar. The death of a man who is both strong and good must always seem irreparable and probably always is irreparable. But Mr. Crerar was, besides, the most devoted and faithful member of the organization . . . and we who are his fellow-members have experienced a personal affliction such as can rarely come out of the intercourse and friendships of social life. He was not a recent friend nor one who could make a light impression upon his neighbors. We knew him intimately for many years; he was a part of ourselves, and he was such a man as must fill, by the importance of his qualities, a large place in the lives of his friends. He was remarkable for the way in which his character combined force with geniality. His strength and incisiveness seemed to find no contrast or opposition in his exceeding geniality, but these several qualities combined and mingled in him to the producing of a most delightful and unique man. . . . His conspicuous personal attractiveness, his fine and wholesome example as a gentleman, his constant, varied, most generous and yet most discriminated charities, his conspicuous business conservatism and judgment, so justified by success, and his steadfastness in his religious life, made him a man of rare value and usefulness to all circles with whom he closely associated, and to the larger circle of the great city.

Because we knew him so well and valued him so highly, and because we bore him so warm an affection we wish to make some expression like this which may be at least a slight evidence of the impression his life made upon us and the sorrow we feel at his death. And to make this expression as permanent as we can, we, the members of the Commercial Club, now resolve that, although any words we can use must seem inadequate and inexpressive, these be made a part of the permanent records of our Club.

What then was the life that John Crerar lived in Chicago for twenty-seven years that won for him such a tribute of admiration and affection from these hard-headed men of business who knew him so intimately?

From the first he had thrown himself into his business with great energy. He had partners, but none of them ever questioned his dominance. They were able men but they recognized his leadership. The terms of partnership were determined by him and accepted by

them without any written contract, as just and even liberal to the other members of the firm. In his last partnership, to which the other parties were Mr. Adams and Mr. Shepherd, he wrote out a partnership agreement, though the other partners never examined it till after his death. They were then surprised to find that no figures indicated the extent of their interest in the business. No difficulty, however, arose on this account. The matter had been understood between them and the estate was settled without trouble. Moreover, he had left \$50,000 to each of them as a token of friendship and confidence.

The business grew with the amazing growth of the western railroads. It soon became known as one of the most important business concerns in Chicago. The business had been originally started by Mr. Adams in a small place on Dearborn Street. In 1865 it was moved to much larger quarters at 11 and 13 Wells Street at the corner of South Water Street. The building was noted as being one of the only two iron-front structures in Chicago, but it was entirely destroyed in the fire of 1871. Immediately after the fire business was resumed in a "mere shanty" that had been put up for temporary use at the corner of Adams Street and Michigan Avenue, and in these makeshift quarters it remained for a year. At the end of that time the Robbins Building had been completed on the old site and the business was transferred to it and in it continued to be conducted during Mr. Crerar's life. The house soon came to be the largest concern of its kind in the Middle West. Edward S. Shepherd became a partner, and after the death of Mr. Crerar he became the sole owner of the business. In a great building at 239 E. Erie Street, on the north side of Chicago, overlooking Lake Michigan, Mr. Shepherd still carries on the business under the old name, Crerar, Adams & Company.

The business expanded so rapidly that a manufacturing department was soon found to be necessary. Such a department was therefore secured by the purchase of a business already existing, which was reorganized as the Adams & Westlake Company, manufacturers of railroad-car trimmings, lamps, lanterns, and sheet-metal specialties. It came to include brass and bronze foundries of the most modern type. Though founded earlier the company was incorporated under the laws of Illinois in 1869. Since 1872 the main factory and offices of the company have been on the north side and now cover the entire block bounded by Orleans, Ontario, Franklin, and Ohio streets. Before the death of Mr. Crerar, he and Mr. Adams had, to a considerable extent, divided

their interests, Mr. Crerar and Mr. Shepherd retaining Crerar, Adams & Company, and Mr. Adams taking over the Adams & Westlake Company.

Cook's *By-gone Days in Chicago*, referring to the year 1862, the year of Mr. Crerar's coming to the city, makes the following interesting statement:

Reference should be made to a group whose names are familiar to nearly every Chicagoan today, but who, for the most part, were wholly unknown in 1862; or just rising into recognition within the lines of their specialties, yet in a few years were to dominate almost every branch of commercial activity. . . . Marshall Field and L. Z. Leiter were merely rising junior partners. Wm. F. Coolbaugh and John Crerar were new arrivals. Lyman J. Gage had just been promoted to the cashiership of the Merchant's Savings Loan and Trust Company, and beginners with them were George M. Pullman, S. W. Allerton, A. M. Billings, John W. Doane, N. K. Fairbank, John C. Gault, H. N. Higinbotham, Marvin Hughitt, B. P. Hutchinson, General A. C. McClurg, Franklin MacVeagh . . . while Chief Justice M. W. Fuller was a rising young lawyer.

Mr. Crerar, modest and retiring as he always was, soon came to be recognized as one of the leading business men of the city. When the Commercial Club of Chicago was in contemplation he was invited to become one of the thirty-nine constituent members. Though not particularly addicted to clubs he was a devoted member of this one which was made up of the leaders of Chicago business. I have already indicated the admiration and affection in which he was held by his fellow-members. In John J. Glessner's history of the Commercial Club he says:

The Club was especially fortunate in the rare quality of its original membership, composed of men who easily stood out above their fellows in the community; men who not only made themselves and their own business, but made the town they lived in, and loved it. Pullman and Fairbank and Field and Doane and Stager and Crerar and Leiter and Farwell and the two Keiths and Armour, and men like these, would have made their mark anywhere and in any time.

And again he says:

Several of the most prominent of the early members never held office, though the chief executive position was at different times urged upon them—Field and Pullman and Crerar, among those who have gone, and others who still are here. They felt honored in the choice, but distrustful of ability to give time and attention to the work.

It was inevitable that, with Mr. Crerar's business ability and increasing prosperity, he should extend his interests beyond his immediate business. He did not make any considerable dealings in real estate. Other forms of investment made a stronger appeal to him. He was

no speculator, but very conservative in his views and methods. Yet he had a business instinct and an open and farseeing mind that led him to consider and enter into new and large projects, that, in his judgment, promised great development. When, therefore, Mr. Pullman laid before him his revolutionary palace-car plans, he listened, weighed, and, finally approving, engaged in the organization and financing of the Pullman Palace Car Company. It seems incredible now, but fifty-five years ago Mr. Pullman's projects were so new and strange and revolutionary that few believed them practicable, least of all perhaps railroad men. He had little capital himself and he found it very difficult to enlist capitalists in his scheme. He was a young man, only thirty-four years old in 1865. Mr. Crerar was also a young man of thirty-eight, just beginning to be a man of substance. Perhaps the nature of his business—railways supplies—enabled him to grasp the possibilities of the new sleeping-car and he entered so fully into Mr. Pullman's plans that when the Pullman Palace Car Company was finally organized in 1867 he became one of the incorporators and a member of the board of directors. He was one of the men who laid the foundations of that great industry which has had such an extraordinary development. He continued on the board of directors from the formation of the company to the end of his life, a period of twenty-two years and did his full share in promoting the success of the company.

Soon after beginning business in Chicago, Mr. Crerar became a director of the Chicago & Alton Railroad. His connection with this company had one very interesting result quite unrelated to business. It brought him, of course, into close business relations with the able president of the road, T. B. Blackstone, and their relations resulted in an intimate and delightful friendship, which was characterized by a warm affection. So strong was his attachment to Mr. Blackstone that, when he made his will in 1887, though his friend was a man of large wealth he left to him a bequest of \$5,000 "to purchase some memento which will remind him of my appreciation of his uniform and life-long kindness to me.

Mr. Crerar was long the Chicago director in the Liverpool, London and Globe Insurance Company. He was one of the original stockholders and a director of the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank. He was a director in the Chicago & Joliet Railroad and for a time president of the road. He had large interests in the Joliet Steel Company. These are only indications of the wideness of his business interests which continually reached out in new directions as his prosperity increased.

Mr. Crerar's independent business career was not a long one. It was restricted to less than thirty years. After becoming the head of the house of Crerar, Adams & Company it continued only twenty-six years, when death brought it to an end. He lived to be only sixty-two years old. He had been very successful. He was a conservative but astute business man, and, had his life been prolonged, his successes would have kept pace, doubtless, with those of his most successful associates who carried their large activities on into the new century.

In closing the introductory paragraphs of his will Mr. Crerar said, "I am a bachelor and was born in New York City, but have been a citizen of Chicago since 1862." Why he never married does not appear. He would seem to have been eminently fitted to give and receive happiness as the head of a family. He did not escape the raillery to which all bachelors are subject. He received it good-naturedly, insisting that he was not insensible to feminine charms. When rallied on the subject his usual answer was: "I am in love with all." Being a bachelor he lived in hotels, the last ten years of his life at the Grand Pacific.

We may be certain that one of the first things he did after reaching Chicago was to identify himself actively with the church. He was deeply religious. He had been so from his youth, and in Chicago entered the Second Presbyterian Church. He was soon made an elder and a trustee, and for more than twenty years was one of the pillars of that church. His religious interest did not diminish as his wealth increased. He regularly attended the church prayer meeting. He was a constant reader of the Bible. His favorite chapter was the eighth chapter of Romans, which he knew by heart. When the new building of the church was erected at Michigan Avenue and Twentieth Street, he contributed \$10,000 toward the extinguishment of the debt. All his friends knew him as a Christian man. He was outspoken in his faith and never hesitated to defend Christianity when it was attacked in his presence. "He has been known to exclaim in a tone of impatient disgust, at hearing some one ask if he really believed that Jonah was swallowed by a whale, 'Oh! bosh! What has that to do with religion?'" This is an illustration of what was said of him, that though he was very much of a gentleman "he was a singularly candid man and when occasion demanded could be abrupt." During the later years of his life the pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church was Dr. S. J. McPherson, between whom and Mr. Crerar a most affectionate friendship developed. Dr. McPherson was a lovable man, and Mr. Crerar indicated his strong attachment to him by leaving him a bequest of \$20,000. His will also

revealed his love for the church and the depth of his doctrinal convictions. He left to the Second Presbyterian Church \$100,000 "so long as said church preserves and maintains the principles of the Presbyterian faith." But he also left the church without reservation \$100,000 for its mission schools. He did not forget the church in which he had been brought up and to which all his family had belonged, the Scotch Presbyterian Church of New York City, to which he left \$25,000. He also left the Presbyterian League of Chicago \$50,000. He was a loyal Presbyterian.

But his religious interest was not confined within denominational lines. He was greatly interested in the Chicago Young Men's Christian Association and was one of its devoted adherents throughout his life in Chicago. He was vice-president of the Association and left it \$50,000 in his will.

He was for many years actively interested in the work of the American Sunday School Union.

Each year he gave cheerfully and liberally to the support of the work throughout his long and successful career. When he was disposing of his property by bequest he put these words in his will: "I give and bequeath to the American Sunday School Union, established in the City of Philadelphia, hereby requesting that said sum be employed in promoting the cause of said Sunday School Union in the Western States and Territories, the sum of \$50,000. . . . I should prefer that the legacies or bequests be used so that the interest would keep missionaries in the field, or would enable good to be done as opportunities present themselves."

This suggestion as to the general policy of the Sunday School Union of the use to be made of legacies has been followed in the use made of Mr. Crerar's bequest with remarkable results. Every year since 1893 a report has been published showing the work done by the missionaries supported by the income of the fund. At the end of twenty-five years it appeared that three missionaries had been employed each year. About 1,600 Sunday schools had been organized in remote districts of the North and West, with nearly 60,000 scholars. These missionaries had aided in various ways 10,000 Sunday schools in which there were 160,000 pupils. They had distributed 12,000 Bibles or portions of Scripture. Nearly 90 churches had been organized and about 7,000 converts had been led into a new life. These reports are documents of real human interest. They may truthfully be termed live stuff. They make these dry figures live and throb with tragic interest in the incidents they detail of the new hope and joy and life carried into many remote wilderness places. John Crerar still lives and goes about our world in the guise of these earnest missionaries doing good.

And this reminds me of what one of his partners has told me. As he sat at his desk in his office he kept in the upper right-hand drawer, where it was nearest his hand, a check book. When people came in asking his help for any cause he would hear them considerately and if they made a case that appealed to him he would reach for the book and write them a check, entering on the stub what it was for. When his effects were examined after his death these check books were found and proved to be interesting reading. For example on the stub of one check was found the following: "A woman going about doing good." It was said of him: "His philanthropy knew no bounds or limits, but was constantly active and progressive, without ostentation."

Religion and religious causes did not exhaust his sympathies. He was a director of the Presbyterian Hospital and bequeathed to it \$25,000. All the philanthropies that interested him in life he remembered with great munificence when he came to make his will.

The great relief organization for ministering to the destitute in his day was the Chicago Relief and Aid Society. He was one of its officers and took an active interest in its work, leaving it \$50,000.

He was particularly interested in the Chicago Orphan Asylum. When writing his will and leaving the asylum \$50,000, he added, "Of which I am now vice-president," as though that personal relation gave him satisfaction. In his early days in Chicago he was secretary of the board of the Hospital for Women and Children which then existed. It was only Mr. Crerar's modesty and distaste for public position that kept him from official connection with a score or more of the charitable and other institutions of the city. He was a liberal contributor to their treasuries. To some of them he belonged, as the Chicago Literary Club and the Chicago Historical Society. He aided the latter in securing its first building after the great fire and left it \$25,000 in his will, and to the Literary Club he left \$10,000.

To organizations with which he had no official connection the munificence shown in his will was only the carrying on of the interest he had manifested in repeated benefactions during his life. Here is the list, excluding those already mentioned and others to be mentioned later: the Nursery and Half Orphan Asylum, \$50,000; St. Luke's Free Hospital, \$25,000; Chicago Bible Society, \$25,000; St. Andrew's Society of New York, \$10,000; St. Andrew's Society of Chicago, \$10,000; Illinois Training School for Nurses, \$50,000; Old People's Home of Chicago, \$50,000; Chicago Home of the Friendless, \$50,000.

Among the many services the Commercial Club has rendered to the community not the least was the founding in 1882 of the Chicago Manual Training School, now a part of the high school of the University of Chicago. Mr. Crerar was much interested in the project. He was one of the subscribers to the fund of \$100,000 raised by the Club to inaugurate the work of the school. He was made a member of the committee to determine the plan of organization and was one of its board of directors to the end of his life. His belief in the work of the school was so great that in making his will he provided a bequest to it of \$50,000. He did not indicate in the will how this sum was to be used. His fellow-trustees, however, doubtless followed what they knew to be his preference when they established a John Crerar Prize to be given to the best student of each graduating class, and distributed the larger part of the income in free scholarships for poor boys needing such assistance.

Soon after the University of Chicago began its work the trustees of the Manual Training School opened negotiations with its representatives looking to the incorporation of the school into the University system. This was finally consummated in 1902 when the Manual Training School became a part of the University High School, bringing to the University funds and equipment amounting to about a quarter of a million dollars. A part of this was the Crerar Fund of \$50,000. In the Articles of Agreement it was provided that an annual prize of \$20 should be given to one member of each class in the Manual Training Department to be known as the John Crerar Prize; that a scholarship should be given to one member of the graduating class in the Department which should entitle the holder to free tuition through a complete course in any department of the University, to be known as the John Crerar Scholarship, and that the remainder of the income should be used in paying, either in whole, or in part, the tuition in the Manual Training Department of poor and deserving boys who would otherwise be unable to avail themselves of its privileges, to be known as the Crerar Aid. It was also provided that the principal of the John Crerar Fund should never be impaired or diminished, or the income in any way diverted from the foregoing objects or purposes.

Thus for thirty years in the School and the University between twenty and twenty-five boys have been helped every year to an education in which the hand and the mind have both been trained. Already, more than six hundred boys have been helped by Mr. Crerar to enter into life with the advantages of this sort of training. And he will,

through this endowment, continue to do this as long as the University endures. A little while ago we saw him as a missionary carrying light and life to those dwelling in wilderness places. We here see him as an educator training every year classes of boys for useful and successful lives.

Mr. Crerar was at one time a trustee of the first University of Chicago, but distrustful of its prospects withdrew from the board. Three years later the institution closed its doors. He did not live to see the present University established. The public movement for its founding was inaugurated in Chicago only four months before his death. He was one of the men before whom the plans for the new institution would have been laid, and who would have given them sympathetic consideration. The University may well feel honored in having the name of such a man as John Crerar enrolled among those who have established special funds for the benefit of those it is preparing for the business of life. For his life and character place him in the front rank among the foremost men of Chicago.

Mr. Crerar's life was not an eventful one, except in the rapid accumulation of wealth. He became Mr. Jesup's partner when about thirty-three years old and continued in the same line of business to the end of his life. He was in business for himself only about twenty-nine years. He was just beginning to make himself known in New York when he made the new departure in his business which took him to Chicago. His life in that city was restricted to twenty-seven years. Beginning at the bottom of the business ladder he climbed steadily and rapidly, but it necessarily took half of these twenty-seven years to gain a position of any considerable prominence. He was therefore a well-known and leading man of business for only a few years. He had no liking for prominence or desire for position; he would not accept the presidency of the Commercial Club. He was a strenuous Republican in politics, but once only took any public place. In 1888 he accepted a nomination and was elected a presidential elector in the Harrison campaign. A bachelor with no family life he might have been expected to seek society in the many clubs that were open to such men. But among social clubs he joined but one—the Calumet. He was enamored of a quiet life, but was a great favorite in society. He was not a great traveler, going abroad but once. He preferred the city to the country, almost never accepting invitations to visit his friends in their country homes. He was very regular in his habits. Summer and winter he retired and rose at the same hour. He was fond of reading, and read both books and

newspapers. In his newspaper reading he was always on the lookout for good stories and jokes. These he cut out and preserved. He had a keen sense of humor and would often inclose a humorous clipping in an envelope and sent it anonymously to some friend who would enjoy it. He enjoyed this all the more if it had some personal application his friend would appreciate. After his death a box of these newspaper clippings was found among his effects. He always had scholarly tastes, which he did not permit the exacting demands of a constantly expanding business to suppress. In his young manhood his interest in the Mercantile Library Association of New York made him its president. It was this Association that brought Thackeray to this country on his lecturing visits and it is said that Mr. Crerar was largely instrumental in these invitations being sent to the great novelist. It was this interest in books and literature that made this iron merchant a member of the Chicago Literary Club, who so appreciated its work that he made it a bequest of \$10,000, as already told.

To one who knew him we are indebted for the following personal glimpse of Mr. Crerar:

His demeanor to his fellowmen was the very type and example of equable, dignified gaiety, good humor, kindness and charity toward all the world. . . . His favorite attitude was standing firm and erect, the lapel of his coat thrown back and his thumb caught in his vest. To see him in this position was a signal for gay welcoming and recognition for friends.

And another says of him: "His dignified yet gentle bearing attracted the eye no less than his kindness and sympathy warmed the heart." I am told there was an air of distinction in his appearance that attracted attention in any company.

Mr. Crerar's mother did not live to see her son's larger successes. She died in 1873, nine years after he established himself in Chicago. He was always very tenderly attached to her. As he never married he continued to regard New York, where she remained, as home, as long as she lived. But after her death Chicago became home to him, and his attachment to the church, his interest in the things that made for a better city, and his friendships among the best and biggest Chicagoans of his day were such that he became devotedly attached to the city and often declared that he could not be happy permanently in any other place.

Few men have had a higher compliment paid them than came to Mr. Crerar after the great Chicago fire of 1871. He immediately entered with his characteristic energy into the relief work of the Relief

and Aid Society, and the New York Chamber of Commerce and other large donors sent their great contributions for the stricken city to him for distribution. He made on men the impression of unimpeachable integrity, of executive ability, and of sincere and wise philanthropy.

He had a peculiar genius for friendship. He formed intimate friendships with some of the foremost men in Chicago. His partners were his friends. Throughout his business career in Chicago he continued in the partnership which was formed at the outset. J. McGregor Adams said of him:

He was a high-souled generous man, liberal in all things, and one whose friendship was a thing to be prized and to be proud of. He was a philanthropist of the noblest type and did a wonderful amount of good in a quiet way. For twenty-five years he and I have been business partners and during that long period we never had a quarrel or dispute in any way. To his employes he was always the same, pleasant, genial, approachable. Frank and outspoken and decided in his views he never hesitated to express them, though it was always done in an affable manner. He had a vein of quiet humor that made him a very companionable man. Full of fun and anecdotes he dearly loved a good story.

Mr. Crerar retained his health till he had passed his sixty-second year. It began to fail in the spring of 1889. In August of that year Dr. Frank Billings went with him to Atlantic City, in the hope that the sea air would do him good. But on September 9 he suffered a partial stroke of paralysis in his right side. As soon as it seemed safe he returned to Chicago and to the home of perhaps his dearest friend, Norman Williams, and there died on October 19, 1889, in the sixty-third year of his age.

He had said in his will: "I ask that I may be buried by the side of my honored mother in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, N.Y., in the family lot. . . . I desire a plain headstone, similar to that which marks my mother's grave to be raised over my head." These requests were faithfully carried out by his friends. The "plain headstone. . . . raised over his head" bears the following inscription: "A just man and one that feared God."

On December 22, 1889, a great memorial meeting was held in Central Music Hall, which was then the great auditorium of the city. Rarely has such a tribute been paid to the memory of a private citizen. The great hall did not begin to accommodate the multitude who sought admission. It was found necessary to close the doors before the hour set for opening the exercises.

In one of the addresses it was said of Mr. Crerar that the use he made of his wealth caused him to rise from "a private citizen to the ranks

of creative men." And this brings us again to that remarkable document with which this sketch began, his last will and testament. Two introductory words should be said of it.

In the first place, it was not made in any immediate expectation of death. It was not the hurried work of the sick bed, but the well-considered, fully matured work of a man little past middle age, in the full vigor of health, with the possibility of many years of active life still before him. It was made in 1887, two years before Mr. Crerar's death, and was evidently the result of long reflection and final, deliberate purpose.

In the second place, it was not devised for the purpose of making amends, in the final disposition of his wealth when he could no longer hold on to it, for the shortcomings of his life. It was the final and natural expression of his character and the life he had always lived. His father, who died when he was an infant, he had never known and apparently knew nothing of any relatives on his father's side. He had been devoted to his mother, and anyone related to her, or who had been kind to her, was not without claims on him. The giving of money to religious and charitable causes had been the habit of his life. He had been a reader of books. He loved good literature. The Literary Club where books were the themes of discussion, he had particularly delighted in. Having no family his evenings had been devoted to books. They had formed a large element in his life. One can imagine him in these long evenings of reading and reflection, thinking of the many thousands in the great city who would enjoy books as much as he did if they had access to them, and of the unspeakable benefit great collections of books would be to them. And one can easily conceive the glow of satisfaction that filled his whole being when the purpose to establish a great free library was formed in his heart.

And, indeed, the greatest and most significant act of Mr. Crerar's life was the making of his will. He himself must have felt this to be true. He approached the task very seriously. After the prefatory remarks quoted at the beginning of this sketch he continues. "It remains with me to make a disposition of my estate."

He bequeathed, to begin with, something over \$500,000 to cousins on his mother's side, to friends who had been kind to his mother, to his partners, and to other personal friends.

Then followed bequests of nearly \$900,000 to religious, educational, and charitable causes as has been related in preceding pages.

He left "\$100,000 for a colossal statue of Abraham Lincoln." Of this bequest, Judge B. D. Magruder, speaking before the Chicago Literary Club, said:

With a modesty that bespeaks the greatness of his soul, he orders a simple headstone to be placed at his own grave, but that a colossal statue be raised to the man who abolished slavery in the United States. The millionaire is content to lie low, but he insists that the great emancipator shall rise high. . . . This contrast between the headstone and the statue indicates, as plainly as though it had been expressed in words, Mr. Crerar's estimate of true heroism. Doing good to others was his conception of greatness.

The heroic statue of Lincoln was practically the final creative work of the genius of Augustus Saint Gaudens. It was placed in the hands of the South Park Commission of Chicago, which proposes to place it in Grant Park. It was loaned by the Commissioners to the Panama Exposition and was seen and admired by the millions of visitors to San Francisco in 1915.

Grant Park is being constructed on the downtown lake front of Chicago which will extend from Randolph Street to Twelfth Street, or the new Roosevelt Road. It is being built up out of the waters of Lake Michigan. It is a part of the Chicago Plan which will transform the entire lake front from the river to Jackson Park into a dream of beauty, giving Chicago the most wonderful water front of any city in the world. The great statue of Lincoln is to be located a little north of the center of the Park, southeast of the Art Institute. In the center of the Park there will be a garden, and the statue will be placed just north of the garden. The funds have been provided, by the voter's approval of a bond issue, for the completion of Grant Park, and there can be no long delay in the placing of the statue of the great American in its permanent resting-place.

The final provision of Mr. Crerar's will reads as follows:

Recognizing the fact that I have been a resident of Chicago since 1862, and that the greater part of my fortune has been accumulated here . . . I give, devise, and bequeath all the rest, remainder and residue of my estate both real and personal for the erection, creation, maintenance and endowment of a Free Public Library to be called The John Crerar Library and to be located in the city of Chicago, Illinois, a preference being given to the South Division of the city inasmuch as the Newberry Library will be located in the North Division. . . . I desire the building to be tasteful, substantial and fire-proof and that sufficient be reserved over and above the cost of its construction to provide, maintain and support a library for all time. I desire that the books and periodicals be selected with a view to create and sustain a healthy moral and Christian sentiment in the community and that all nastiness and immorality

be excluded. I do not mean by this that there shall be nothing but hymn books and sermons, but I mean that dirty French novels and all sceptical trash and works of questionable moral tone shall never be found in this library. I want its atmosphere that of Christian refinement, and its aim and object the building up of character, and I rest content that the friends I have named will carry out my wishes in those particulars.

The friends referred to were Norman Williams, Huntington W. Jackson, who were the executors of the will and trustees of the estate, and Marshall Field, E. W. Blatchford, T. B. Blackstone, Robert T. Lincoln, Henry W. Bishop, Albert Keep, Edson Keith, S. J. McPherson (then his pastor), John M. Clark, and George A. Armour. These twelve men he requested to act as the first board of directors of the library. They formed a distinguished body of men. They were all personal friends of Mr. Crerar and assumed the responsibilities laid upon them as a labor of love.

It will be noted that the will makes no mention of relatives on his father's side and bearing the Crerar name. His father had died when he was a few months old. His mother does not appear to have had any acquaintance with his father's family and the boy grew to manhood without any knowledge of Crerars related to him. There were such Crerars, however, though they remained apparently ignorant of his existence until the press carried the news of his large bequests throughout the world. They were then heard from and in contesting the validity of the will their contentions confirm the view here advanced. The attack on the will was made by Donald Crerar and others who said that in his will, Mr. Crerar made no mention of his next of kin on his father's side and seemed to be ignorant of the fact that there were such next of kin; that he gave divers large bequests and legacies to his cousins on his mother's side; that he left no kin of nearer degree than first cousins and that complainants are his first cousins on his father's side and constitute all of his first cousins and next of kin, except the first cousins on his mother's side, who were named in and given certain legacies by the will; that all of the cousins to whom such legacies were given have accepted the same and have released all claims against the estate, and that complainants are entitled, as next of kin and heirs at law, to share in all property owned by Mr. Crerar at the time of his death and not legally devised by him.

The paragraphs of the will particularly attacked were the bequests to the Second Presbyterian Church, the Chicago Bible Society, the Literary Club, the Lincoln statue, and the John Crerar Library. A great legal battled ensued. A considerable array of able lawyers was employed on both sides, the will being defended by Williams, Holt and Wheeler, and Lyman and Jackson, the law firms of the two executors, assisted by

James L. High and John H. Mulkey. After failing in the lower courts the contestants carried the case to the Supreme Court of the state. It was not till 1893 that the contest came to an end and then the will was sustained in every particular.

It was characteristic of the careful business man that Mr. Crerar embodied in that part of the will leaving bequests to his cousins the following wise directions to his executors:

I fancy that my cousins have but little acquaintance with business matters, and I wish my executors and trustees to give them advice in regard to the legacies and bequests. For example, if a farm is mortgaged, suggest that the mortgage be paid off. If their farm is not mortgaged suggest that their respective legacies should be well invested.

It was supposed that the bequest for the free public library would amount to about two and a half million dollars. But the board of directors was a body of business experts, with the highest skill in the care of funds. They applied their financial genius to the care of the public trust committed to them. They started the library without undue haste and instead of expending a large part of the capital fund in a costly building, they rented commodious quarters and when they opened the library to readers April 1, 1897, began to create a building fund from the annual income, and in 1918, at the end of twenty-four years, had secured a valuable site and paid for it and had accumulated a building fund of \$1,300,943.39. Meantime the endowment fund had increased under the management of these financial experts and faithful stewards to \$3,500,000. The total assets, instead of being \$2,500,000 as first estimated, amounted at the end of twenty-four years, in 1918, to \$5,557,544. The books in the library now number about 500,000 and there are nearly or quite 200,000 pamphlets. In 1918 more than 14,000 volumes were added to the collection, which thus increases every year.

Before the opening of the library in 1897 the directors decided to make it "a free public reference library of scientific and technical literature." The librarian, Clement W. Andrews, says:

The special field of the John Crerar Library may be defined as that of the natural, physical, and social sciences and their applications. It is the purpose of the directors to develop the library as symmetrically as possible within these limits, and to make it exceptionally rich in files of scientific and technical periodicals, both American and foreign.

The reading-rooms are daily filled with readers, the numbers increasing every year, already aggregating much more than 100,000 annually.

In 1912 the directors purchased a site for the library building on the northwest corner of Michigan Avenue and Randolph Street, 128 by 135 feet, the longer front being on Michigan Avenue. That part of the building now already erected covers something more than one-third, possibly about one-half the entire site. The other sections will be added as the growing demands of the library require.

The funds managed thus far with consummate wisdom are sufficient to develop and sustain one of the great libraries of the world. As Mr. Andrews says, the decision of the directors

to establish a free public reference library of scientific and technical literature, seemed to them to accord with the particular business activities by which the greater part of Mr. Crerar's fortune had been accumulated, to exclude naturally certain questionable classes of books which his will distinctly prohibits and to favor the aim and object which it expressly points out. As personal friends who had been acquainted with his wise and generous purposes, and with his civic patriotism and gratitude, they believed that he would surely have wished his gift to supplement, in the most effective way, the existing and prospective library collections of Chicago, and to be of the greatest possible value to the whole city.

That wish has been gratified, and he has established in the heart of the city a great institution of education and enlightenment that will radiate ever-increasing light down through the ages.

It was Franklin MacVeagh who said of Mr. Crerar at the great memorial meeting in the Central Music Hall: "He has set us an example of the right use of wealth, the great uses of wealth, the permanent uses of wealth, and the final uses of wealth."

His will was the natural outcome and expression of his entire life. He was one of those men whose life and death glorify humanity and help us to understand something of the meaning of that word: "God created man in his own image."

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