

CHAPTER VI

THE influence of agreeable surroundings is not negligible. To say that the club took on new life when it moved into the rooms in Portland Block would imply too much; but certain it is that it steadily grew stronger and became more firmly intrenched in its hold upon its members as long as it remained in those quarters.

Perusal of the records of the five years calls up memories of many brilliant papers, so many indeed that it would be difficult to pass over them without particular mention did I not realize the impossibility of putting these memories into concrete form. A few events, however, stand out so clearly as to be worth recounting.

For the season of 1881-1882 Edwin Channing Larned was chosen to be our president. He was a man whom we all looked up to and loved and revered. No other citizen was held in greater esteem in the community. In all that goes to make a man he measured up to the highest standard, and when in September, 1884, he left us forever it was truly said of him that his life had been a benediction. George Howland was our next president in 1882-1883. He also had a deep hold upon our affections and upon our admiration and respect. His unfailing good nature, scholarly attainments, and unassuming manner endeared him to us all. So clubable was he, and so much was he a part of the club during its first eighteen years that it is impossible to think of it as it was then without bringing

DINNER TO SEYMOUR HADEN

him well in the foreground of the mental picture. He signaled his term of office by attending every meeting during the year. No previous incumbent of the presidency had achieved this distinction; but he set an example that most of his successors have endeavored to emulate.

One of the notable events of Mr. Howland's administration was a dinner and reception to Francis Seymour Haden, on December 9, 1882. I remember that Mr. Howland made a very gracious and effective address of welcome to which Mr. Haden responded most happily. Other speeches followed. Dr. Hyde who was one of the speakers has set down his recollections of these. "Some of us who were of Mr. Haden's profession were asked to say a few words. Naturally Dr. Charlie Smith was among the number. We felt a trifle of reserve in the presence of the eminent etcher. But Smith was equal to the occasion. He described in an airy way the progress and development of the artistic ideal in the home of the Western man from the period of the chromo first seen in the parlor, to that of its gradual progression to the bedroom floor and finally to the attic. It was brightly and cleverly done and Mr. Haden laughed heartily at the doctor's hits."

Mr. Howland's successor was Major Henry Alonzo Huntington who was our president in 1883-1884. To picture Harry Huntington to those who have not had the pleasure of knowing him would be an impossible task. Among all of our members he alone at that time was a gentleman of means and leisure. In the Civil War he had distinguished himself by his bravery and his soldierly qualities. When the war was over he remained for some years in the army. Then he resigned his commission and

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turned to literary occupations, but, having a fortune sufficient for his needs, which were not extravagant, he lacked incentive to sustained effort and became a typical dilettante. No man ever had keener enjoyment of neatly turned phrases, and he was fond of juggling with words when he felt disposed to make the effort. His strong sense of humor and flashing wit made him a most agreeable companion, though his inability to resist an opportunity to say a good thing, let it hit wherever it might, sometimes alienated those who failed to perceive that his witticisms were all pure fun and quite free from any trace of malice. It must be said that they did occasionally hurt. But, be it said, he never minded a joke at his own expense and could enjoy it quite as heartily as if another were the victim. His greatest weakness was his pride in his own *bons mots* which he relished so greatly that he could not resist retelling them afterward. It is easy to forgive him, however, for many of them were clever enough to be worth repeating. And we were proud of him as a member and fond of him as a friend. A few phrases extracted from his inaugural address will perhaps serve to introduce him. Note carefully the sequence of ideas in the opening paragraphs. This was the way he began.

“At the last meeting of the club, when I arose to make a few remarks complimentary to my predecessor—and to myself—I said, ‘This is the supreme moment of my life.’ It was a mistake. *This* is the supreme moment.

“Nine years’ service in the army left me thirty years from a full majority. Nine years ago I enlisted in this club and tonight I am the commander-in-chief. Four essays and a dozen lesser contributions have done more for me

HUNTINGTON'S INAUGURAL

than as many pitched battles and skirmishes. 'Beneath the rule of men entirely great, the pen is mightier than the sword.'

"The first essay to which, in the autumn of 1874, I listened as a member of this club, I afterward had the pleasure to read in a magazine of earlier date, for I am ever behind with the periodicals and always lisp in back numbers. It was signed, I regret to say, with a name other than that of the member whose graceful periods had been my envy and despair. From that time until the present there has been no more constant attendant upon our meetings than myself."

Despite the implication of the last sentence, it may safely be said that the *post hoc ergo propter hoc* suggestion does not really explain the frequency of his attendance. But Huntington was not always flippant, and these words which occur further along in his address are well worthy of our attention:

"Hitherto it has been the custom for incoming presidents to prophesy a golden future for the club; briefly to describe its ideal library, to gaze in imagination upon its admirable collection of pictures and statuary, and to dream of the stately building which should contain all this magnificence. The oracles have deceived us. Ten years have brought none of these splendors. Be mine the task to point out some of the advantages we already enjoy."

These he proceeded to set forth. His descriptions, though diverting are too long to quote; but not the summing up: "For my part I am content with what we have. The vision of a tall club-house where a thousand members shall grow indifferent to each other has no charms for

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me. Better the half Bohemian life we have thus far led together, with its merry unconsciousness of Newton's law, with its friendly emulation, its gentle companionships."

And what could be more beautiful than the tribute, which in his closing words he paid to the memory of Judge Lawrence, whose death a few months earlier had brought grief to our hearts. "We begin," he said, "to have our memories too. Of my nine predecessors two have carried the banner of the club into Eastern lands." These were Mr. Collyer who had moved to New York several years before, and Mr. Herford whose departure from Chicago in June, 1882, caused such keen regret to his many friends and admirers in the club that it found expression in a resolution spread upon the records of the meeting at which they bade him good bye. "And," Huntington went on to say, "one has left us forever. Sweet to us all is the recollection of perhaps the only man we knew whose dignity was of that sort, serene and rare, which needed no assertion because it rested on a noble life."

The season of 1883-1884 when Huntington was the president, was one of the most enjoyable we have ever had. It was marked by the large attendance at the meetings, the excellence of the papers, and the enthusiasm of the members, of whom there were two hundred and thirty-five on the resident list at the end of the year. It will always be a season memorable in the annals of the club because of the dinner to Matthew Arnold on January 19, 1884, and the famous newspaper hoax that was its sequel. The dinner was attended by eighty-three of our members, and was a delightful affair. President Huntington made the address of welcome to which Mr.

THE MATTHEW ARNOLD HOAX

Arnold made a gracious response. Then Edward Mason and Franklin MacVeagh followed with speeches in their happiest style. The hoax which was perpetrated in April, after Mr. Arnold had returned to England, was conceived and in large part executed by one of our members who is still on the resident list. It was a brilliant performance cleverly designed to trip up The Chicago Tribune, which, for some time previously, had been suspected by journalists on the staff of The Chicago Daily News of appropriating without acknowledgment special dispatches printed in the earliest edition of The New York Tribune. What purported to be an article contributed by Mr. Arnold to The Pall Mall Gazette was concocted by our member who displayed much ingenuity in imitating the eminent English author's literary style. It is too long to be reprinted here in full, but the following extracts have such literary distinction as well as pertinency that they should not be left out of a history of the club.

"That which most impressed me during my stay in Chicago, as well as in other American cities of the larger sort which I visited, was a certain assumption of culture, which, upon close observation, I found to be very superficially varnished over a very solid basis of Philistinism. This affectation of concern for the things of the spirit, which may very easily be seen to be nothing more than an affectation, is chiefly observed in its æsthetic aspect. Of ethical culture there is hardly any pretense. From sheer stress of habit the members of the clergy dispense from the pulpit their weekly modicum of diluted moralities, and from sheer force of fashion the more respectable classes of the population give apparent heed to what is

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said to them. But it would be safe to say that the condition of the trade in tinned meats, or in pork, or in grain has the largest share of their thoughts, even during the hour of ostensible devotion. The inevitable curse of the money-getting spirit is writ large, as it were, in the action of this population of half a million souls. It is an easy matter to know the heart of such a community as this, when its actions are so open to the view of all men.

"During my stay in Chicago I attended a very pleasant little reception given by *the* Literary Club of that city. I call it the Literary Club because that is the name by which it is known, and not in any way to imply that in so large a city as Chicago there is but one society of that character. I should judge, indeed, that there must be many similar nuclei of persons who are sufficiently released from the demands of the rushing business life of the city to be thus drawn together by the bond of culture, and as far as my recollection serves me the greater number of persons of literary pursuits whom I had the pleasure of meeting were not included among the members of the particular association of which I am speaking. This evening afforded me a curious illustration of that combination in the person of the individual of business ability and cultured tastes which I so often had occasion to note while in the States. A pleasant little paper on the subject of 'Philistinism' was read, and, as the subject is one in which I have taken some interest, I naturally gave it close attention, for which I felt fully repaid. Wishing to learn the profession of the gentleman who had so intelligently handled the subject, I made inquiry of a friend, who informed me that the essayist was the owner of a large

THE MATTHEW ARNOLD HOAX

grocery business. I learned also, upon making further inquiry, that besides members of the clergy and of the legal profession, whom I should naturally expect to find in such a society as this, there was a very large element consisting of successful tradesmen, such as mercers, iron-mongers, and packers, which latter term is applied to dealers in the class of food products derived from the hog.

"I was especially interested at Chicago, as I was throughout my stay in America, in observing the various religious bodies and in trying to get some insight into their spiritual life. . . . I attended one Sunday morning the chapel in which services are conducted by one of the most popular of the dissenting ministers of Chicago." This minister, it may be remarked in passing, was David Swing, who had entertained Mr. Arnold at a dinner party when he was in Chicago. "The chapel was really nothing else than the large hall in which most of the more important concerts and lectures are given, and in which I had myself lectured but a few nights before. The audience in attendance upon this service seemed to be made up of a well-to-do and intelligent class of people, and I afterward learned that regular attendance here stands in Chicago as a sign of cultured taste. So when afterward I tried to put my recollections together in some sort of order, I came to the conclusion that from all I had heard I should be justified in assuming the tone of the services to be fairly typical of the ideal of culture prevailing in Chicago. I heard so much of the language of culture in the higher classes of Chicago society that I was almost prepared to admit that I had been unjustly prejudiced in the statements which I have made from time to time concerning

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America: but if the discourse to which I listened on the morning of which I speak stands in any way as an expression of the Chicago ideal of culture, that ideal is, I regret to say, a low one. I shall venture to say that it is chiefly lacking in definition of aim, and yet, alas, I know how little right I have to indulge in such a criticism, for have I not been accused of being sadly to seek, myself, in 'a philosophy with coherent interdependent, subordinate, and derivative principles?' There was something quite pathetic to me in the thought that this discourse, with its dreary waste of unctuous commonplace, its diluted rhetoric, and its judgments, many of them so ludicrously commonplace, should be to such an audience as I saw about me, the embodiment of cultured thought, and from time to time I could not help thinking that Philistinism in its frank English expression was a less unpleasant sight than was afforded by the thinly-disguised Philistinism which was here imposing on itself and making pretense of culture.

"Chicago society, I should say, although no one can be more painfully aware than myself of how inadequate were my opportunities for observation, has just reached the stage of development at which the incompleteness of the commercial ideal of life is beginning to make itself keenly felt and is somewhat uncertainly groping in search of the larger and finer things whose existence it dimly apprehends. But it has not yet reached the stage of clear discernment and is easily satisfied with the appearance of culture, even if the substance be wanting. . . . The prevailing attitude of Chicago society toward things of culture has about it an air of patronage. It seems to say:

"THE TRIBUNE'S HEAVY FALL"

'These things are desirable, and we will make them the fashion.' All that need be done is to build costly chapels, to purchase expensive pictures, to make the concert and the opera places of fashionable resort. How different is this from the humble attitude of the one who knows that to be genuine it must grow up silently with the life. 'The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation.' Nor, I fear, will the sweetness and light of the cultured life come to Chicago at the beck of the rich man."

It was arranged by the conspirators that this should be printed in just one copy of the earliest edition of The New York Tribune on Sunday, April 6, 1884, and that this copy should get into the hands of the New York representative of The Chicago Tribune. Naturally he lost no time in telegraphing such a choice morsel to this city, and it appeared in the next morning's paper adorned with the headlines:

MATTHEW ARNOLD

ENGLAND'S INCOMPARABLE EGOTIST GIVES A FEW
OF HIS IMPRESSIONS OF CHICAGO

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SURPRISE AND CHAGRIN
THAT COMMERCIAL MEN SHOULD INVADE
THE REALM OF CULTURE

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The statements made were so sensational that reporters were sent out to interview many prominent citizens, and among them several members of this club. Few of them, alas, recognized the spurious character of the

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article. As Major Huntington wrote, fifteen years later, "McClurg should have been the historian of this episode. He alone in a trying moment, faced the interviewer without loss of self-command, and stood by the apostle of sweetness and light whom Poole had bitterly denounced." David Swing was among those whose comments were printed the next morning. "I do not care to say much," he answered the interviewer; but he did, and at the end remarked: "The Pall Mall letter reminds one of that limburger cheese which Mark Twain traveled with. Its wonderful odor coming from a hidden cause led the brakeman to remark: 'Not much heliotrope in the air.' All one can say is that Matthew Arnold carries in his soul a limburger cheese that does not resemble the heliotrope." Franklin Head, who was not interviewed, detected the hoax as soon as he read the article, and made a small bet with Nathaniel K. Fairbank that it would turn out to be such. At the meeting of the club held on the evening of the day that the article appeared, Bishop Fallows expressed the opinion that it was probably a hoax. Thereupon Slason Thompson rose, and, without cracking a smile, called attention to the fact that although The Tribune pretended to have received the article from London, it was not mentioned in any of the cable dispatches to other newspapers, and that critical examination would reveal many flaws in it. And he pointed out in particular that Mr. Arnold could not be credited with such bad taste as to criticize in harsh terms Professor Swing whose guest he had been. The members present were not surprised therefore, when on the next day The Daily News showed up what was described as "The Tribune's Heavy Fall."

DR. SMITH ELECTED PRESIDENT

For the presidency during the season of 1884-1885 David Swing was nominated but because of the precarious state of his health he felt obliged to decline, and, much to our regret he could never afterward be persuaded to accept the office, always refusing for the same reason, which, he said, made regular attendance at the meetings quite impossible for him, though he always came when he could and felt able. The choice then fell upon another well-beloved member whom we were glad to honor—Dr. Charles Gilman Smith. Commenting upon this Major Huntington wrote in 1899: "Shortly before his election appeared Gillam's striking caricature of the tattooed man after Gerome's 'Phryne Before the Tribunal.' Of this I was reminded when called upon for an informal account of my stewardship. I vaguely remember saying that the budget had been so adjusted that the burdens of the poor had been borne by the rich and the burdens of the rich had been borne by the poor, and boasting that no candidate for membership had been blackballed because none had passed the committee, which I likened to the landlord who exulted that no guest ever died in his house for the excellent reason that he had always put the sick out on the sidewalk. These remarks were perhaps funnier at the moment than they seem in retrospect, but if I did not deceive myself, the club was somewhat amused when I said: 'Finally we have nominated for president a man, who, if he be tattooed, is so punctuated with bons mots and epigrams that it will always be a pleasure to peruse his person.'"

One of the meetings during Dr. Smith's administration stands out conspicuously in the club's history. On the

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evening of December 15, 1884, eighty members gathered to take part in or to listen to the Conversation, never to be forgotten by any one of them—eleven of the number are still living—when James Norton juggled with the question “What Was the Matter with Hamlet?” Charlie Smith, as he was always affectionately called, was in the chair, seated at Norton’s right. Well do I remember how Norton turned to Smith “with a face as guileless as one of Raphael’s cherubs and asked the chair as a medical man, whether it was not possible that disorders of the liver might be in some way the cause of mental derangement?” We are indebted to Dr. Hyde’s excellent memory for the phraseology of this question and the reply of Dr. Smith “who responded rather learnedly that he thought it possible that severe and continued hepatic derangement could lay the foundation for a nervous disturbance which might by accident be precipitated toward the insane state.” With imperturbable gravity and slowly measured speech, Norton went on to say that, as the Commentaries of Cæsar, with which we are all familiar, declare that “all Gaul is divided into three parts,” and as Hamlet had declared that he was “pigeon livered and destitute of gall,” he would like to ask the doctor whether, if Hamlet had lost two parts of his gall, might not that explain his insanity? The laugh that followed and that fairly shook the room, was in part *only* due to Norton’s ingenious pun; it was due in large measure to the stunned expression upon Dr. Smith’s face as he gradually grasped the situation and realized the dilemma into which Norton had so dexterously decoyed him.

From the time when the question of the appropriate-

A STANDING CLUB JOKE

ness of the name of the club was first raised the criticism was often made that although it was called a literary club it had among its members not a single man to whom the designation "literary" could properly be applied. This ignored the fact that the published work of our distinguished first president had won the admiration of many thousands of readers; that Major Huntington's only activity was writing and that the literary quality of all that he wrote insured him a ready market for it; that several of our members earned their living as editorial writers on the staffs of newspapers; that others were authors of some note, and among these one had written two books that had a large circulation. As Dr. Hyde said some years later: "In that day the 'Club Papers' were still in embryo; Head had not produced that striking series of historical romances which have since made the name of this club famous the world over; many of the later literary works from the pens of our younger members had not been printed, and the several treatises written chiefly for the learned professions had not seen the light, among which may be named as facile princeps and destined to survive the most of its fellows, 'High on Receivers.' Our one literary man was William Mathews, then the author of 'Getting on in the World,' later, of 'Monday Chats.' Many of us remember him as one with a brain stuffed as full as a sausage with miscellaneous odds and ends of literary data and possessed of features that suggested that they had survived a railway accident without attaining that sort of composed expression which results chiefly from a successful suit for damages. No one appreciated more than he any chance reference to his lack of physical

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comeliness. He used to tell of himself that when barely able to talk, he was one day lost in his native town, and when a stranger asked him what he was called, he promptly responded: 'I am called the mos' boo'ful boy in Boston.'" Here it may be noted that in March, 1899, Mr. Mathews, then in his eighty-first year, wrote the secretary of the club: "I confess that when, in 1880, I was contemplating a removal from the Garden City to the 'Hub,' the one thing which, more than any other, gave me pause—which tugged hardest at my heartstrings—was the thought that I must bid adieu to the Literary Club. Even today, after nineteen years have passed, whenever I receive the Year-Book of the Club, or Memorials of its members, I feel some 'compunctious visitings' regarding the change, and a kind of homesickness unlike any other."

The saying that our club was a literary club without a literary man in it, after it had been repeated a few times, became a standing joke. Its effect upon an English university member of parliament, who, on a journey around the world, found himself in Chicago on a Monday evening in the spring of 1885 and was brought to the club, was well told by Judge Brown at the celebration of our twenty-fifth anniversary in 1889.

"Those of you who were present, say fourteen years ago, and heard the little speech made by 'the sitting member from Cambridge,' will not, I think, fail to be amused by being reminded of it, and I do not think you can have entirely forgotten it. And those of you who are newer and younger members of the club will see that in the 'consulship of Plancus' we had things happen unpremeditatedly almost as amusing as those which our admirable exercises

MEMORABLE SPEECH BY A GUEST

committee furnished a year or two ago in its carefully prepared art exhibition. The meeting was one of those informal affairs in which all the members were invited to participate in a conversation upon a given topic, and among others, our valued and beloved fellow member Bishop Cheney had spoken admirably. Toward the end of the evening our guest was invited to make a few remarks. It is perhaps proper to say that he was an intense conservative. Why the liberal university had returned him I do not know. He seemed to me a better representative of Oxford with its extremely high church and tory convictions. In his opening remark he alluded to something that Bishop Cheney had said, as having been 'spoken upon very high, nay *almost*,' with very strong emphasis upon *almost*, 'episcopal authority.' Then he went on to say, almost in these words: 'When I return to my native country from the journey that I have just made around the world, I shall then tell them that the most remarkable sights I have seen are, I think, two cities which closely resemble each other. One may be called the frontier outpost of the civilization of Europe toward the East, the other, so to speak, the frontier outpost of the civilization of America toward the West, each stretching out as it were, its hands to the other. I remark a most singular resemblance between them in their inner life, and as it were, in their spiritual, mental, and moral characteristics. The other city of which I speak is Nishni Novgorod. Nishni Novgorod and Chicago! These are the cities which I shall describe to my friends and my family, when I return, as the two most interesting and remarkable cities which I visited. I have seen in Chicago many remarkable

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things. I have been to your stockyards. I have seen the wonderful procession of slaughtered animals which leave the abattoirs of that immense industrial organization to feed the armies of the world. I have seen what you call your parks and boulevards, but of all the things that I have seen, as I shall tell my people when I return, the most extraordinary and remarkable thing which has happened to me in this most extraordinary and remarkable city is that I have participated in the exercises of a literary club in which there is not a single literary man.'"

James Norton was our president during the season of 1885-1886; Henry T. Steele and Dr. Nevins Hyde were vice-presidents. Major Huntington relates: "It was my privilege not only to propose James Norton for membership in the club, but also to nominate him for its highest office. The night of his election to the latter he turned to me and asked, 'Is it really such a great honor to be president with Steele and Hyde for *vice*-presidents?' Merely to mention Norton who, stricken with a mortal disease of the large intestine could yet make jokes on his semicolon, is to evoke countless good things of his. Old members will recall his clever distinction between performing reformers and reforming performers, nor will they have forgotten his paper on Hamlet's madness."

This is perhaps as good a place as any to insert the only remaining items of Huntington's reminiscences that have not already been quoted:

"The club 'Conversations' in my time were not the most exhilarating of the exercises, but they were sometimes a source of inspiration. One particular paragraph in a Dial article of mine is so directly traceable to a

MORE HUNTINGTON WITTICISMS

conversation on 'Literary Men in Politics,' led by Ezra McCagg, that to quote it here will hardly seem impertinent: 'On the third of October, 1849, dragged by electioneering ruffians, Edgar Allen Poe was made to vote in eleven different wards in the city of Baltimore. Four days later he died in a hospital, the earliest victim to the popular demand for the literary man in politics.'

"Not long ago I was asked what was the object of a certain society, and thoughtlessly answered: 'The same object that every society has had since Cain founded his—to exclude somebody.' I had for the moment forgotten the Literary Club, which is founded on the principle of inclusiveness, restricted only by its purposes and the qualifications of character and culture exacted of those desiring admission. Among our earliest companions was a dealer in men's furnishing goods, the contrast between whose social obscurity and intellectual distinction spurred me to the making of what passed for an epigram, 'He knows everything and he knows nobody!' There is, however, a point where inclusiveness ceases to be a virtue and becomes a peril. That such was the opinion of the club in my time was shown by the cold reception of kind Mr. Cleveland's serious proposal to admit the public to our meetings, which I supported with the ironic suggestion that, as the public would doubtless find us dreadful bores, the revenues of the club might be increased by demanding an exit fee from any outsider trying to escape."

The major might have added had he not forgotten it, that he then drew a picture of meetings open to the public as degenerating into "forlorn assemblages of long-

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haired men and short-haired women," before going on to say:

"This want of sympathy with mistaken philanthropy is, I think, the only indication of exclusiveness that stains the annals of the club. To its membership poverty has been welcomed and wealth has been no bar. In an age given over to the worship of the ignorant 'smart,' when the wool sack is a seat of lesser honor than the coach-box, and he that drives for women has almost eclipsed him that died for men, too much stress cannot be laid upon these facts in our history, that no man was ever turned from our doors for any mean social reason, and that we have always been rich in poor men."

For a graphic account of an amusing incident that occurred not long after Norton was inaugurated, we are indebted to Dr. Hyde. In November, 1885, Archdeacon Frederick W. Farrar visited Chicago and the club tendered him a reception which was held in our rooms late on an evening after he had delivered a lecture in Central Music Hall. "Of the fun enjoyed at the receptions given by the club," said Dr. Hyde, "one may well doubt whether any equals that which some of us shared when Walter Larned afterward told us of his experiences as chairman of the entertainment committee" at this reception. Having escorted the distinguished guest to the club rooms, the assembled members and guests were duly presented to him. "Of the line of hand-shakers introduced to the archdeacon only a few attempted conversation. One of our members ventured on the remark, 'Archdeacon Farrar, I learned from one of your books the only Greek word I know.' The witty woman on the speaker's arm instantly

RECEPTION TO ARCHBISHOP FARRAR

added: 'You can scarcely appreciate, Archdeacon Farrar, what a great task you have accomplished in teaching my friend a single word of anything in *any language!*' 'Quite so!' was Mr. Farrar's laconic response.

"Larned was on the spot as the last shaker had satisfied his conscience, and immediately escorted our guest to the supper room where he had provided everything with a view to English tastes and an English appetite. Said he, 'Archdeacon Farrar, will you permit me to offer you some Bass's ale right from the wood; or some sherry; or some hock, or some champagne; or some Scotch whiskey?' 'Excuse me,' returned the archdeacon, 'you know I am a total abstainer, and came to America to lecture on temperance as well as upon Browning.' But Larned was not daunted. 'Well then,' he went on, 'let me offer you some beef-steak pie, or some game pie, or some venison pasty?' 'Thank you,' said our guest, after surveying the entire table critically through his glasses, 'I think I will take nothing.' 'Will you not at least,' urged our chairman, 'have some ice cream such as the ladies are enjoying?' But the archdeacon would have naught. I saw him a little later sitting at one end of the room, looking as though he had lost his last friend. Finally an idea occurred to him and he beckoned with a significant finger to Larned, who hurried to his side. 'Would you,' said the archdeacon, 'mind fetching me a glass of ginger ale?' Larned ran to one of the waiters and handed him a dollar. 'Go out,' said he, 'and buy a bottle of ginger ale or die!' And so at last the archdeacon secured his refreshment; but no one has yet revealed who ate Larned's beef-steak pies and venison pasties at the midnight hour at the top of Portland

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Block." To those of us who did not overhear this by-play the reception seemed a lamentably dull affair. Not for many years afterward did we again venture to offer hospitality to a distinguished man from overseas.