

CHAPTER XI

WHEN the season of 1893-1894 opened with the annual reunion and dinner on October 2, 1893, the new club rooms on the second floor of the University Club Building were ready for occupancy. The dinner was served in the large room on the Dearborn Street front. This room which was nearly square had windows on its east and south sides, and in the center of the north wall there was a large fireplace with an elaborate yellow birch mantel designed for us by Joseph L. Silsbee, which with its paneled chimney-breast covering extended to the ceiling. Ordinarily this room was the assembly and reading room, and the great round table, described in an earlier chapter, was placed near its center and was covered with periodicals. The audience room which was of not much more than half the size of the other, extended across the building at the rear, and by a dumb-waiter in the northwest corner, was connected with the University Club kitchen. Opening from the corridor that connected these rooms were, at the south, a small committee room and a commodious coat room, and, at the north, the elevator and staircase entrances.

In these rooms we were comfortably housed for thirteen years. Only toward the end of our tenancy did they, for special reasons, become no longer desirable. To recite in detail all the occurrences of these years would fill a large volume. Some of them, however, call for specific mention. Among the notable meetings of the season when

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Major Wait was our president, was the "short-story night" in charge of Major Joseph Kirkland when he delighted us with a tale entitled "The World's Congress of Cripples," Dr. Emilius Dudley gave an account of "A Historical Gambling Debt," and Professor Swing read "A True Love-Story": others were the meetings when Henry Sherman Boutell read his paper entitled "A Deserted Village," and when Ingolf K. Boyesen talked about "Some Norwegian Story-tellers." At the latter, the plan for selecting and printing papers read before the club, which has since been followed, was presented. Then on March 19, 1894, the club celebrated its twentieth anniversary. Several members gave reminiscences of early happenings and Edward Mason read a short paper, nearly all of which by free quotation has been incorporated in this history. Two poems were written for the occasion. One by Charles Norman Fay was entitled:

THOU ART TWENTY YEARS OF AGE, MY LADY LITERARY

INVOCATION

And thou art twenty years of age,
My Lady Literary,
And didst thy slaves turn down the page,
And fall to making merry?
Well, so we will. Have thou thy way—
Give me a glass of wine
And let my fancy backward stray
My reveries divine.

QUESTION

How trips the light fantastic toe
Of twenty years away!

POEM BY NORMAN FAY

How green the summers come and go,
While men grow old and gray!
Dost thou not mind those good old days
When Huntington was here—
Those early Masons and MacVeaghs,
Whom once thou heldst so dear?
Art not ashamed, thou lissome lass,
Whose twenties come to-night,
To look so boldly in thy glass
And blush with such delight
To see thyself still young and fair,
Still full of joy untold,
Nor feel one pang, nor own one care,
For lovers growing old,
For lovers dead, for lovers gone,
For lovers all forgot?
Canst thou not make one little moan
For friend remembered not?

ANSWER

Full well I mind those ancient flirts
Who tried to toy with me,
And gave a hundredth of their hearts—
('Tis much the same with thee.)
I never was their only love
In all this flaunting town,
Nor were they mine, by heavens above,
So cease that jealous frown.
The Greeks, thou knowest, had their "Lit"
Two thousand years ago.
They're dead and gone, and what of it!
Their rhythmic measures flow
Through lips and minds of many men,
Therewith they woo me still,
And sing their love songs o'er again,
Just as they ever will.
I'm not a woman, tho' my heart
Hath room for millions more;
I am not owned by this small part

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Of earth, within this door;
No walls shall be my narrow bound,
No century my age;
But while the wheel of heaven goes 'round,
And all the world's a stage,
Till from the scene of time and sense
All actors pass away,
I am the eternal Audience
For whom you puppets play.
And still men worship at my shrine,
Still am I young and fair,
Still do they hail me as divine
Or curse me in despair.
Changeful perhaps from day to day,
Unchanging in the end,
Wouldst *thou* be actor in the play
Then hear me, fretful friend.

When thro' long years I've marked thee well,
And thou a loved thing art,
Not all the gates of heaven and hell
Can bar thee from my heart.
So doubt no more. Reel off thy rhymes,
And when years hence, some say
These are not like the good old times
Of Mason and MacVeagh,
When Macdonell was here and Swing
And Harry Huntington,
Tell them it's quite the same old thing,
And even better done.
The literature will be no worse,
The fun will be as good.
The chap that furnishes the verse
Must then, as now, saw wood.
That portraits of your honest selves
Will terrify the hall,
And even books surprise the shelves
That patient line the wall.
That Gookin still will come to mind
In script, vignette, or text,

POEM BY DR. NEVINS HYDE

That, lost in this world, ye shall find
Your Furness in the next.
That Dante's dead, and Sophocles,
And no one makes ado,
That what befell such swells as these
Is good enough for you.
And last, to sum my sermon's sense,
And give all comfort, say
That where there is an *Audience*
There'll always be a play.

REVERIE

Ah gentle lady, sayst thou so,
Good night then; All the same
It does me wondrous good to know—
Thou'rt such an ancient dame.
And yet thou look'st so very fair
And seem'st so very young—
But I have talked too much, I swear,
Give me a drink that's strong.

The poem by Dr. James Nevins Hyde should also have
a place in this chronicle.

A SPRIG OF ROSEMARY

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance!"

At evening, in the mart of the great town,
Where the Lake meets the land,
My newest friend, the Year, with me sat down;
I held him by the hand.

"Go not" I cried, "for all the rest have passed—
Twenty were they, all told—
How swiftly from me sped! till at the last
Only this hand to hold!"

"Defer for but a space thy speedy flight!—
Pause on the murmurous stream

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Which bore the others toward perpetual night—
Give me an hour to dream—”

“To bring again in dreams these that were mine,
The friends each twelvemonth told;
Some read; some sang; some brought from forth the mine,
Ore finer than fine gold!”

“And some—but now, the voices of the dead
Spoke to me in their wise!
But now, I gathered truth of what they said!—
Asked of their answering eyes!—”

“Drank, ate at the same board, here in this place—
Shared in their hopes and fears—”
Speech failed me further; and from my wet face
My comrade wiped the tears!

He led me forth and straightway for me found
What friends the others knew;
Some read; some sang; they sate the board around;
They digged the mine anew!

Passed then a queen with visage fair and meek;
Beneath his casque, the face
Shewed of a knight; in Sparta a proud Greek
Harangued the populace!

Jurists wrote law; and there were fought again
Battles on land and sea;
Ophelia with a tender face of pain
Offered her rosemary!

The twenty lived; and to the lettered page
Of books my steps they led,
With a charmed company of every age;—
And I was comforted!

No less than thirty-two members were admitted during this season, a record equaled only in the earliest years. And for the only time in our history the number

FIVE DEARLY BELOVED MEMBERS

on the resident list reached the full quota of two hundred and fifty. This was not long maintained, for, before the season ended we had lost by death five dearly beloved members: Thomas W. Grover, Fletcher S. Bassett, Dr. William F. Poole, Dr. Charles Gilman Smith, and Major Kirkland. Even after the lapse of thirty years we cannot think of these men without a pang that they were called from us so soon. The club owes much to them, and especially to Dr. Poole, for his influence in shaping its original policy. As Edward Mason said of him in the memorial biography printed by the club:

"If he was a man to be admired for his attainments, still more was he to be loved for his character, which was formed for friendship. Impatient of shallow and trifling natures, it was not easy for all to approach him on familiar terms, but those once admitted to his friendship he held in a life-long intimacy. His personality still seems to pervade this place and all the places where he was best known, so that one thinks of him as of a friend absent on a journey. When death shall have extinguished these personal memories and associations he will continue to be known as he rightfully expected finally to be known, by the writings which he published."

To those of us who knew the club while these men were living this will not seem an overstatement. And with memories of Dr. Poole there will come to mind equally vivid recollections of Dr. Charles Smith and Major Kirkland. Both were men of unforgettable individuality. As unlike as possible in personal appearance, bearing, and manner of speech, as well as in vocation, they were yet alike in that both were distinguished by innate force

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of character, gentleness of spirit, and remarkable freedom from rancor. Both also were endowed with a keen sense of humor and capacity for strong friendship. They were indeed good comrades, tried and true, whom their many friends in the club missed sadly when they were taken away.

Lieutenant Bassett was also a man of fine character and social charm but his connection with the club was too short for the formation of the deep ties that doubtless would have bound him to many had his life been spared a little longer. Of Tom Grover, the writer can only say that no words could possibly put him before those who never knew him, and that his memory is enshrined in the hearts of those who did know him.

In May, 1894, William Eliot Furness was elected president. A few days before the meetings were resumed after the summer recess, death took from the club another of its most loved and honored members, Professor David Swing. The story of his life is briefly told in the memorial biography printed by the club. In it the authors while expressing the admiration we all had for his rare intellectual endowment, for "the breadth of view, the profound scholarship, the exquisite mastery of language, the literary touch, the dainty wit and sarcasm and the sovereign poetic fancy which irradiated all" of his writings, well said that to his many friends "it was his heart that was greatest. These knew most the breadth of his love and charity, the purity of his thought and life. They saw most of the genial wit and sarcasm, exquisite and unique as that of Charles Lamb, but ever without sting or bitterness. For them a great light has gone out, and the

TRIBUTES TO SWING AND NORTON

world which has been enriched and made beautiful by this benignant presence can to them be nevermore the same." Well may we be proud that his name is inscribed upon our membership roll, that he valued the association with congenial spirits which this club gave him as among the greatest joys that he knew, and that for the club much of his finest literary work was done.

The only notable thing about the season of 1894-1895 was a marked increase in the attendance. For the first five months of the next season Rev. Dr. John H. Barrows was our president, but at the end of February, 1896, having decided to make a trip around the world he resigned and Ephraim A. Otis was elected to fill the vacancy for the remainder of the year. The most striking feature of what was a most successful season was a series of symposiums by business men, lawyers, architects, clergymen, physicians, journalists, teachers, and gentlemen of leisure, one on each of the eight months of the club year, an innovation that gave much appreciated variety to the literary exercises.

In 1896-1897 General George W. Smith was our presiding officer. It was a season that passed smoothly and without any occurrences out of the ordinary. Mention must be made, however, of the meeting held in March, 1897, in memory of James Sager Norton who had died on the 17th of the preceding September after a long illness attended by great suffering. At this meeting many tributes were made to his noble qualities of mind and heart and many of his brilliant and witty sayings were recalled. This it was felt was in keeping with what he would have wished, for even while racked by agonizing pain his

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humor and sparkling wit did not desert him, and "to the end he retained his clear intellectual faculties and his interest in his friends and their affairs." It was not only the brilliance of his intellect that made us so fond and so proud of him. To quote the language of the memorial biography printed by the club: "Beyond his quaint humor, keen wit, and good fellowship, his sound judgment, absolute integrity and the justness of his views endeared him to all those who knew him well." The club will always be under deep obligation to him for his part in its continued success and the maintenance of its high literary standard.

Under the presidency of General Joseph B. Leake the club had another highly enjoyable season in 1897-1898. A paper by Frederic W. Root entitled "The Real American Music" gave so much pleasure when he read it in October that by special request he repeated it at the ladies' night meeting a month later. On November 1 our first president Rev. Robert Collyer made us another visit, gave a few recollections of the founding of the club and presented to us the portrait of himself which has ever since hung upon our walls. It was painted by Percival de Luce and is a replica of another that he painted in 1882 and therefore represents Mr. Collyer as he was at the age of fifty-nine.

In arranging the Scheme of Exercises for this season it was thought that it would be well to enliven the programme by injecting a little fun into it. Accordingly one evening in November was devoted to the telling of "Fish Stories," in which seventeen members took part. For this meeting, instead of the usual post-card announcing the

ENLIVENING THE PROGRAMME

exercises, a special card of larger size was mailed to the members. It was printed on pink cardboard and bore a sketch by Irving K. Pond, of a whale swimming in a sea of lies, and, standing on the beach in the foreground, a modern Jonah shouting the tale of his deliverance. This shocked the sensibilities of a few of our members who regarded it as sacrilegious; but by most of our number it was rightly looked upon and enjoyed as only a bit of pure fun.

On February 28, 1898, "Ein Schmierer-kunst-bildfest" was held. This took the form of an exhibition of more or less comic "Expressionist pictures" drawn or painted, with only a few exceptions, by members of the club. After listening to three whimsical papers on "The Entire History of Art," "Some Local Discoveries and Applications of Art," and "The Last Expression of Art," the members and their guests adjourned to the assembly room to view the pictures which were displayed upon screens that had been erected around three sides of the room. A catalogue called an "Exposé of Exceptional Expressionism" had been printed and copies were given to all present. In it the pictures "not to be spoken of elsewhere lest the dignity of the club be derogated," were all attributed to members who had nothing to do with their making, and the descriptions were accompanied by facetious comments with the names of members who did not write them appended thereto. To give a little idea of their character one of these descriptions is here reprinted. It is regrettable that with it a reproduction of the picture cannot also be given. It was a standing figure of a gorgeously dressed woman.

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POND, IRVING KANE

Pupil of Angelo and Wrenn (now dead): has been known to speak well of the works of these gentlemen and of Ictinus (who also is dead). Elève du Gymnase Y. M. C. A., where he received a black eye and other decorations at the January Salon, 1898.

30 AN ELIZABETH-ANN MANSHUN.

"This is the principal exposé of one of our most notorious painter architects. While as a picture it may be a work of art, as an architectural composition it is a flat failure. The fenestration is frivolous and the massing mountainous. The pattern in the frieze is too warm in tone and besides it is misplaced. It would be more appropriate under a bay window or just above the underpinning. Manshun! Why shun? Why not 'pity, then embrace?' That is the attitude of the public toward architecture—not pity, but embrace—swallow with relish any truck, however tasteless. Elizabeth-Ann! Wherein lies the appropriateness? Why not, rather, Yvette-Susanne? Pooh, Pooh, Pah!

—*Clarence A. Burley.*"

This exhibition was so successful and caused so much merriment that it was kept in place for a fortnight and was visited daily during that period by many of the members and their friends.

The outstanding feature of the next season, that of 1898-1899 when Judge Henry V. Freeman was the president, was the meeting on March 13, 1899, when ninety-five members and two guests gathered to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the club. Personal recollections of the members and happenings in the bygone days were given in papers by Dr. James Nevins Hyde and Judge Edward O. Brown, in addresses by William M. R. French and Franklin H. Head, and in an amusing letter from Major Henry A. Huntington. All of these have been utilized in the preparation of this history and whenever possible the writers' and speakers'

IN MEMORY OF EDWARD MASON

words have been quoted. Alas, neither Edward G. Mason, James L. High, General George W. Smith, Lewis H. Boutell, nor Daniel L. Shorey were present at this meeting, all of them having died earlier in the month or in the preceding October and January. The death of Ned Mason did not come to us as a surprise for he had been broken in health for some time, but it sorely grieved his many friends in the club which he had such a large part in founding and which he loved so dearly. Mason was pre-eminently a clubbable man. He was truly a prince of good fellows, intellectually alert, keen, quick witted, widely read, scholarly in his tastes, deeply appreciative of the niceties of literature, and not lacking in sense of humor. He was always ready to do his full share in writing papers for the club and in making addresses when occasion required, and this he never failed to do in a way that shed luster upon the club and upon himself. His interest in the history of Illinois led him to undertake most thorough and careful investigation of imperfectly known early periods and happenings, and it is much to be regretted that business cares and responsibilities left him insufficient leisure to carry these investigations further and to make possible the complete history of the state he was so well fitted to write. But when he passed away it was not because of the unfinished tasks that we mourned; it was because the tender ties that bound us to one that we loved and esteemed had been severed, and we should never again be cheered by his kindly presence at our Monday evening gatherings.

In what regard the members of the club held Mr. High has already been related. General Smith, Mr. Boutell, and Mr. Shorey were also men whom we revered and had

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honored with the highest office in our gift. Their sterling qualities and genial presence bound us to them by the strongest ties. This can be said also of Colonel Charles Wilder Davis whose name with theirs had to be transferred to the roll of members deceased in the same year. And he too had many warm friends in the club which he had joined only the year before. To Daniel Lewis Shorey the club owes much. He was one of the earliest and always one of the most faithful and devoted members. From the beginning he strove to hold the club to the highest standard, and in his own life he exemplified the value of the things of the spirit, of worthy and inspiring thought, and of the joys that the best literature holds for those who have learned to appreciate it.

During the next seven seasons the club pursued "the even tenor of its way," giving great pleasure to all who were connected with it. Many brilliant papers were read and there was no flagging in the rare good fellowship that has ever been its charm. But of events that should be specially mentioned there were very few. Of the season of 1899-1900 it may be noted that toward its end an amendment to the by-laws was adopted shortening the club season by doing away with the June meetings. And at the meeting held on October 9, 1899, the streets adjacent to the University Club were so blocked by crowds of people waiting to see a procession that only twenty-one members succeeded in getting to the club rooms. Many others failed in their attempts, and the essayist, Henry Sherman Boutell, reported that he made several futile efforts before he finally managed, with a policeman's assistance, to reach the alley at the rear of the

CHERISHED COMRADES

building and then with some difficulty crawled through a small window into the coal cellar from which after pausing at one of the lavatories he made his way upstairs.

In this year when Major George Laban Paddock was the president, we lost by death only one member, Norman Williams, but he was another of the good fellows and cherished comrades of the early years. In the succeeding year we were saddened by the death of five choice spirits to whom we were deeply attached: General Alexander C. McClurg, Colonel Huntington W. Jackson, Charles W. Fullerton, Aldace F. Walker, and Samuel H. Wright. Better friends than were these men we never had. Fullerton's love for the club found expression in a bequest to buy books for our library. McClurg and Jackson were first-year members who were ever eager in their efforts to promote the welfare of the club in all ways that they could. Until they were incapacitated by mortal illness they were most constant in their attendance. To come to the meetings whenever possible was recognized by them as an obligation that every member owes to his fellows. And it was because they and others of their kind did come, that the meetings were so delightful. The five whose names have just been mentioned were all rare men. It is regrettable that of Colonel Jackson alone, a memorial biography was printed. The omission does not signify failure to appreciate the worth of the others nor any lack of affection for them, but only this, that after the tribute to Jackson had been printed it was found necessary for financial reasons to give up the custom of printing these biographies. At that time no one had thought that they might without much expense be printed in the year books.

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In what regard General McClurg was held has been related in a previous chapter. Colonel Jackson also was greatly beloved. His manly qualities, courtly yet modest bearing, inflexible integrity, and gracious manner could not fail to impress all who were brought in contact with him. In the Civil War he had served with distinction. As a lawyer he attained high standing. The reason why his name does not appear in the list of presidents of the club is that he always declined to accept the nominations that were tendered him again and again.

In 1900-1901, Samuel Sewall Greeley, another of our early members, a man of noble character, who by his sturdy independence, simple dignity, and unfailing courtesy won the hearts of many friends and held their allegiance through the exceptionally long span of his life, was president of the club. The winter of 1900-1901 was a severe one. In February a great accumulation of ice was piled high by the waves along the west shore of Lake Michigan. The fantastic shapes of some of the ice mounds afforded enterprising photographers an unusual opportunity, and some of our members will recall with pleasure the "Report on Recent Explorations in the Sub-Polar Regions of Cook County, with Ethnographic Notes upon the Tribes Inhabiting the Mountainous Portions Thereof," illustrated with views, maps, and specimens, by Frederick Greeley and Dr. Charles Gordon Fuller, which was presented at the meeting held on April 22, 1901. The next meeting was a ladies' night when Clarence Burley read "An Essay in Æsthetic Culture," illustrated with lantern slides from pictures drawn by two members of the club caricaturing the titles of all the papers read or

A GIFT FOR THE CLUB LIBRARY

still to be read during the season. An illustrated catalogue was printed and the pictures were exhibited in the club rooms, but the exhibition was not as successful as the one held in 1898.

Until 1901 the club library which had been started in 1888 at the instance of Dr. William F. Poole when we moved into the rooms in the Art Institute Building, consisted chiefly of works of reference and bound volumes of periodicals, with a few books by members of the club presented by their authors. When, in December 1900, Charles W. Fullerton who had been a faithful member for nearly twenty years, passed away, it was learned that by his will he had given the club a legacy of five hundred dollars "to buy books for the library." This led to the purchase from time to time of desirable works, and a little later, to the making of an effort to form a collection, as complete as possible, of books and pamphlets written by our members. This collection, though far from complete, has now grown to quite respectable proportions and is rightly regarded as a treasured possession. It should be added to whenever books by our members, of which we do not have copies, can be acquired.

Edwin Burritt Smith was president of the club in 1901-1902. His inaugural address entitled "The Confused West: a Literary Forecast" was printed in the memorial volume of his "Essays and Addresses" published by A. C. McClurg & Co. in 1909. No very notable events occurred during that season or the following when Clarence Burley was the presiding officer. In 1903-1904 Judge Arba Nelson Waterman was our president. An innovation that proved highly successful was a series of four

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informal dinners in as many months. These were served in what had heretofore been the audience room but had then been turned into a supper room, the large assembly room being used for the literary exercises notwithstanding the annoyance of street noises which were much in evidence. In that front room twenty-nine members were assembled on the evening of April 25, 1904, and William Morton Payne was reading a paper on "Literary Criticism in the United States" when fire broke out in the shaft of the dumb-waiter in the rear room. The blaze was a threatening one but fortunately it was extinguished before much damage was done. In the few minutes before the firemen arrived, and when it appeared that the building was doomed, an effort was made to save some of the club property. George C. Howland carried to the Tribune Building for safety the large portrait of his uncle George Howland, which had been given to the club by him and his uncle Walter M. Howland in 1894. The portraits of ex-presidents Collyer and Larned were by Morton Hull and Irving Pond carried across Dearborn Street to a saloon where they were bestowed for the night. So far as the Literary Club was concerned, the damage caused by the fire and the firemen was confined to the rear room. The decorations were ruined, the carpet was badly soiled and wet, and various small articles were lost or injured. Chief among the things lost was the historic gavel made from a piece of the keel of the U. S. ship "Kearsarge" which was given to the club by Lieutenant Fletcher S. Basett and had been used at our meetings for fifteen years or more.

Among the members taken from the club by death

IN MEMORY OF HENRY LLOYD

during 1903 and 1904 were two ex-presidents, Clinton Locke and Brooke Herford, who had removed from Chicago in 1882, first to Boston and thence, in 1892, to London. And in September, 1903, we had suffered another grievous loss in the death of Henry Demarest Lloyd, who had been a member since June, 1874. Lloyd was a man who was animated by high aims which he pursued with unflinching devotion and to which he gave his life. His heart went out in deepest sympathy to those of his fellows whom he looked upon not as sufferers from their own shortcomings but as the victims of a wrong social system; and he felt it his mission to plead their cause with all his might. He was an earnest student, a close thinker, and an effective writer and speaker. His style was vigorous and incisive and he was a master of telling phrase. These qualities alone were enough to gain for him a wide audience. His fame, indeed, was world-wide. In the club he had many warm friends and admirers. All of the members respected his integrity of mind and purpose so highly that whether the remedies for social ills that he advocated seemed to them worthy of consideration or hopelessly futile, they were always willing to listen to him attentively. His absorption in a serious purpose did not prevent him from being a delightful companion but it did undermine his health and caused him to pass away when he should have been just in his prime.

The season of 1904-1905, when Frederic W. Root was president, was a brilliant one. At the ladies' night on October 31, 1904, Hiromichi Shugio, the Japanese Commissioner for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition held that year in St. Louis, was our guest and read a paper

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on "The Japanese Exhibits" at that exposition. Another ladies' night meeting was held on January 30, 1905, when William Rainey Harper read a paper entitled "Semitic Legal Literature as Illustrated by the Code of Hammurabi." The informal dinners of the preceding season had given so much satisfaction that the custom was continued during this season and the next. At one of them, on November 7, 1904, a silver loving cup was presented to the club by George H. Holt. The next dinner, on December 5, was made memorable by the symposium on "Religious Views" which followed it: President Root made an introductory address; Edward O. Brown read "A Catholic's Contribution"; L. Wilbur Messer set forth "Fundamental Religious Truths as Applied in Life"; Louis F. Post gave "A Non-ecclesiastical Confession of Religious Faith"; and Joseph Stolz offered "The Message of Judaism to the Twentieth Century." These papers attracted so much attention that in April they were printed by the club. In May we were saddened by the death of Julius Rosenthal, a member whom we all held in the highest regard and affection. He was a man of the purest character. His devotion to the higher things of the spirit was constant throughout his life and was an inspiration to all with whom he came in contact. No one who was privileged to know him can ever forget his gentle manner and personal charm, nor the quiet dignity that was the outward expression of the inner man, and which always commanded both admiration and respect.

The last meeting of the season was devoted to consideration of the affairs of the club and its policy past and present. The movement then on foot for a new build-

MR. COLLYER'S LAST VISIT

ing for the University Club had progressed so far as to make it probable that before long it would become necessary to seek other quarters for the Literary Club. In the discussion of club customs and policy one member aroused a storm of protest by advocating a radical change which should take the form of more active participation in public affairs, and Sigmund Zeisler was warmly applauded when he expressed the sentiment of almost all who were present, that "the greatest charm and value of the club is that it does not stand for any idea or propaganda whatsoever."

The season of 1905-1906 was, like many others, notable for the variety and interest of the papers that were read. And the annual reunion and dinner on October 9, 1905, when George H. Holt delivered his inaugural address as president, was made memorable by the presence of Rev. Robert Collyer who had come from New York by special invitation to attend the meeting. "With all his old time pathos and fervor" he addressed us "making us feel that we were still the comrades and friends of the bygone days" of which he gave delightful reminiscences. He was then nearly eighty-three, but mentally and physically vigorous, and his stalwart figure, rugged features, engaging smile and contagious enthusiasm made the same impression upon his hearers that they always did when he was with us. As it turned out this was his last visit to Chicago though he lived for seven years thereafter.

At the informal dinner on November 6, 1905, President Holt announced that the speakers would be limited to exactly five minutes each and he introduced what he

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called "the automatic chairman" a clock which could be set at the beginning of a speech and would ring an alarm bell when five minutes had elapsed. This helped to make the discussions lively. By this time the University Club Building project was well under way and our committee on rooms and finance was seeking other quarters for us. At the business meeting in November, Frederick Greeley, the chairman, reported that it had not succeeded in finding any that would serve. On the evening of March 12, however, when Bishop Cheney read his paper on "The Second Norman Conquest of England," President Holt announced that the space (about 2200 square feet) on the sixth floor of the Orchestra Building on Michigan Avenue, occupied during the past year by the McCormick estate, had been leased by the club at a rental of \$2,900 a year for four years. He also announced that negotiations were pending for the exchange of this space for other space on the eighth floor of the building.

The last meeting of our thirteen years' occupancy of the rooms in the old University Club Building was the ladies' night, April 30, 1906, when Paul Shorey read a paper entitled "Some Modernisms of the Ancients." On account of our removal to the new quarters, the meeting scheduled for May 7 had to be omitted; but a week later thirty-five members gathered in the rooms in the Orchestra Building which were not yet in order, and President Holt announced that negotiations with the agents of the building looking toward an exchange of the space on the sixth floor for equal space on the eighth floor and the construction during the summer of an assembly hall for the joint use of the Chicago Literary Club and the Cax-

DEATH OF EDWIN BURRITT SMITH

ton Club had progressed so far that most of the details had been arranged. He then made the sad announcement of the death of Edwin Burritt Smith and stated that a memorial meeting in his honor would be held on Sunday May 20, at the University Congregational Church.

To many of our members the death of Mr. Smith brought poignant sorrow. Their relations with him had been unusually close and the friendship thus engendered was founded upon deep affection and esteem. The club had been glad to honor him with its highest office. He was a singularly self-sacrificing, courageous, and public-spirited man. The best that was in him he gave freely and fully to the service of the community; his early death was a public misfortune as well as a severe blow to those privileged to know him intimately. His firm grip upon abiding principles gave enduring value to the papers and addresses upon municipal and national affairs which he wrote, and the volume in which they were published in 1909 deserves to be widely known. A copy of it is in the club library.

On May 28, 1906, by invitation of President Holt, the meeting which was the last of the season was held at the Onwentsia Club in Lake Forest, where seventy-four members were his guests at dinner. At this meeting Franklin MacVeagh was elected president for the ensuing year; Eugene E. Prussing read "Some Personal Reminiscences of Edwin Burritt Smith" and Horace Martin read a paper on "American Literary Criticism."