

# “More Than Ninety-Five Years Later”

Three Papers Read at a Centennial Celebration

of

The Fortnightly of Chicago

with

The Chicago Literary Club

on February 16, 1973

Chicago, 1973

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## Foreword

During its Centennial Year, 1972-1973, The Fortnightly of Chicago held a series of festive events to mark this milestone in its history. One of these events, held at The Fortnightly on the evening of February 16, 1973, was a joint meeting with The Chicago Literary Club which will celebrate its centennial in 1974. The Champagne Party and literary essays that made up this delightful program also marked the first time since 1876 that these two organizations had shared a meeting.

Preparations for the meeting on February 16, 1973, were carefully developed by a joint committee so that an enjoyable evening would result and so that there would be no danger of entangling alliances for the future. Each group selected a member to read a short paper commemorating the occasion and these papers form the first and last of the three essays contained in this publication.

The middle of this literary sandwich was the direct result of a typical incident in Chicago's erratic weather. A small blizzard began early on the afternoon of the meeting and by late afternoon traffic was almost at a standstill. Overcoming consider-

able difficulties the presidents of the two groups, Mrs. Edwin P. Vanderwicken and Mr. Thomas Boal, fought their respective ways to The Fortnightly and were on hand to greet the other intrepid members and their spouses.

Because of the necessarily late arrival of The Fortnightly's speaker the program committee made an on-the-spot decision to re-read the paper read at the first meeting of The Fortnightly held on June 20, 1873. This essay, somewhat shortened, was presented in a lively manner by a speaker who has close relationships with both groups. It quickly became apparent to those present that this essay was no mere time-filler, but that many of its ideas were as pertinent today as they were one hundred years ago, and so it appears as the second paper in the trio presented here.

These papers, presented here in the order in which they were read on February 16, will both bring back pleasant memories to those who were able to be present on that evening and will bring enjoyment anew to those who were prevented from attending this historic and literary event.



## “More Than Ninety-Five Years Later”

*by Douglass Pillinger*

A careful reader of the Chicago Times for April 22, 1874, would have found on page 15 the following news item under the heading “Chicago Literary Club”:

“Such is the name of an aesthetic association of prominent literary luminaries, including clergymen, lawyers, doctors and men of letters which met last evening.

“This city seems to be as prolific of clubs as Proteus was prolific in forms. The latest organization of this kind is the Chicago Literary Club which held a meeting on last evening in the Sherman House and discussed the adoption of a constitution and by-laws. The Club will only be composed of men of well known literary ability and character”.

Lest I appear immodest to you, our gracious hostesses of the Fortnightly, in offering such a sweeping characterization of the predecessors of those of us who are your guests on this happy occasion, I would hasten to add I am dealing in history. Any resemblance of the present to the past in this connection may, I fear, be merely coincidental. As Emily Dickinson once wrote: “After a hundred years nobody knows the place”.

But let me return to our reader on that spring day. Before reaching page 15 he would have learned on page 1 that the House of Representatives in Washington was concerned with a bill appropriating

\$3,000,000.00 for holding a national celebration and international exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876. There was, said the reporter for the Times, unexpected strength for the bill which he characterized as the "Philadelphia Centennial Grab".

Sharing the front page news of that day on the national scene was the account of the continuing civil war in Arkansas — a war between the followers of the two gubernatorial candidates in the recent election. Joseph Brooks who had lost the election to Elijah Baxter had seized by force of arms the State capital. The fighting was to continue for another month, ended by President Grant's proclamation recognizing Baxter as governor.

Although the paper for this particular day carried no account of any new scandal in Washington, even a careless reader of the news that day would have found references to past scandals and hints of new ones to come. President Grant had just begun his second term — the fifth year of eight years which someone once summarized in ten words — "years marked by few achievements and tarnished by many scandals". One living in 1874 need not necessarily have been as bitter or as pessimistic as was Henry Adams about this period to have known that all was not well in Washington. Said Henry: "No period so thoroughly ordinary had been known in American politics since Christopher Columbus disturbed the balance of American society. The moral law had expired". Yes, Henry, but the Fortnightly and the Chicago Literary Club were born.

Life in 1874, as today, was made up of the trivial as well as the important and the newspapers report both.

The 60 Yale graduates who had attended the meeting of the Yale Alumni Association the night

before to honor Professor Noah Porter, the new president of Yale, were undoubtedly pleased to find that the meeting was covered in the news, and particularly to have recorded for all to read the assurance of the President made at the meeting that Yale was not really as radical as it appeared.

James Murphy was, however, probably not as pleased to read on that day in a column of happenings in Chicago:

"James Murphy and Mary Upham were kissing and embracing each other on Sunday afternoon on Webster Avenue in a very affectionate and also in a very public manner. A policeman cut short their billing and cooing and Justice Scully fined them \$10.00 each".

Early shades of Women's lib — equal rights and privileges engender equal responsibilities. At least so thought Justice Scully.

Finally, to conclude these lighter touches, one cannot help wondering whether the young widow ever received a satisfactory answer to her advertisement published in the paper on that day:

"A young widow about to furnish a house desires a loan of \$100.00 from a party who would let the same apply as room rent. None but first class parties need answer".

But by far the most important local news reported that day in the Chicago Times as well as in the Chicago Tribune — one full page in each paper — was the report of the proceedings before the Presbytery of Chicago held the day before on the charges of heresy brought against the Reverend David Swing then the minister of the Fourth Presbyterian Church.

One wonders how much space, if any, would today be devoted to a report of similar proceedings.

News of heresy in 1973 is not exactly in the forefront of the public interest.

In our brief glance back this evening to another century there is, however, for us a dimension of interest — not at all theological — in this heresy trial.

The Reverend David Swing who on April 21, 1874 had spent all day listening to attacks on the orthodoxy of his faith spent the evening on matters less heretical — discussing, considering and joining with others in adopting, the constitution and by-laws of the Chicago Literary Club. He was one of its founders.

On this festive occasion, dedicated to matters not pensive, one can perhaps be pardoned for wondering which of the news stories about David Swing on that day — the seven columns on page 2 or the half column on page 15 was really the most important — after a 100 years.

What was Chicago like in those years when the ladies of the Fortnightly and the gentlemen of the Literary Club were bold enough to add two clubs to the Chicago cultural scene?

Its population was about 450,000 and growing. The evidences of the disaster of October, 1871, had all but been erased through the incredible energy, dedication and courage of its citizens. Visitors to the city in this period commented on many aspects of the city's life. Invariably, however, they commented first upon the vitality of the city after the fire and the great energy of its citizens in rebuilding a city in which less than three years before practically every building in an area of more than three square miles in the heart of the city had been destroyed, in which 300 had lost their lives, 90,000 had been left homeless and property worth \$200,000,000 had been reduced to rubble.



The captain of the Irish Rifle Team who had participated in the International Rifle Match in New York in September, 1874 (incidentally viewed by 100,000) and who visited Chicago in the fall of 1874 wrote:

"It is difficult to realize the fact that the busy thoroughfare through which we were passing with its beautiful buildings, constructed of immense blocks of marble, exquisitely chiseled was but three years before a heap of charred ruins".

The new Sherman House, now a century later to be made new again, was opened in April, 1873, and the Palmer House, then billed as "the largest and costliest hotel in the world", opened the next year. This was the era of hotels and hotel living.

Visitors did not always make profound observations about the city. Some were impressed by what might be classed as trivia, but which nevertheless often completes the picture of another day. Thus, one visitor to Chicago during this period in referring to the new Pacific Hotel — wrote:

"I hear that amongst other improvements, the Pacific has a new kind of stairs, which are warranted not to creak when the gentlemen of the resident families return home late" and then added: "I cannot answer for the fact, but if such stairs are there, they will doubtless prove an attraction".

A visitor to Chicago from England in the years these clubs were organized, commented, in a lecture when he returned, upon what he referred to as the peculiarities and eccentricities in the manners and customs he found in this country. One of these he said was "the great American Institution of the spit-

toon". He described having found them everywhere — on the floor of theatres, on pulpits, at the entrance to handsomely furnished drawing rooms, in bedrooms, in every sitting room and, in his words, "in every form of size, make and material from the gutta percha tub, as it were, which you find in the entrance hall of a large hotel to the nicely constructed and embellished porcelain article you find even in the grand bridal chambers of the Palmer House at Chicago".

The spittoon, he said, was a necessity because of what he described as the unfortunate habit of expectoration. With the exception of this habit which he found wide-spread and with the exception of equally wide-spread corruption among public officials, there was, he said "nothing of a general character which he could consider as a national discredit". In a 100 years we've made considerable progress in eliminating one of the items which our English friend found to be a national discredit. The elimination of the other item — corruption in public office— may, however, take a few more hundred years.

These two clubs, of which some of us here tonight have the privilege of being members, were new in 1874. We tend to forget, however, that Chicago itself then was also new — a new, young, vital city which had arisen from the ashes of the most destructive fire in American history.

This newness was apparent to every visitor to the city during this period. One of these was Henry Sienkiewicz — the author of *Quo Vadis* who recorded his impressions in his *Letters from America*. He was disenchanted with New York, but Chicago made "a favorable and even majestic impression on him".

It was evident, he said, that the city was new, built in accordance with the needs of modern living.

Having read somewhere a fantastic description of such cities and how they would look in the twentieth century, he said Chicago reminded him of this description.

He wrote:

“In Chicago there are no stone or marble ruins to conjure up memories of a historic past. Everything is new and contemporary. Everywhere people look to ‘tomorrow’. ‘Yesterday’ to them means only deserts, primeval forests and the vast silence of the prairies”.

Into this new city were born these two new, now ancient, clubs, whose birthdays, in number 100, and whose continuing newness despite their age we are about to celebrate.



# Culture for Women

*by Mrs. Ellen Mitchell\**

Though born and bred in republican simplicity, I cannot resist the temptation of this opportunity to go down in history as First Essayist to Her Most Royal Majesty and Queen of Clubs, "The Fortnightly", of Chicago. The woman would be more than mortal who could. My gratification at this appointment is only equaled by the consolation it will be to me all the days of my life that it was not bought of monies, or houses, or lands, but was made on the true principle of Natural Selection — showing the advanced state of the scientific mind of the club. My sisters! I am inspired by this to hope that in the glorious future we may be the discoverers of the "missing link".

In deference to this turn of mind, and in order that we may not begin in any wild, discursive manner, I will derive my first information for your benefit from the writings of Noah Webster. You will recollect that the privilege of access to the works of this writer has always been freely accorded to women; and the fact is well authenticated that, from a perusal of his pages, women have become neither too tender of heart nor too tough of brain. Turning his leaves, I find that "to essay" is to make an effort."

Perhaps, by a desperate effort, a few words might be spoken on Culture for Women. So much has been and is said against it by many women, and most men, that if there be a safe ground on which to consider the subject, its discovery might well repay the search.

\*Read by Mrs. Francis H. Straus (Lorna Puttkammer)

Burning desires, accompanied by a mighty faith and a martyr's courage, alone make discoveries possible. Search sometimes seems to consist of prayers not to find. Matthew Arnold says culture is to know the best that has been thought and said in the world, and adds that the valuable thing in culture is the judgment which forms itself in a fair mind along with fresh knowledge, and that this judgment almost any one with a fair mind, who will but trouble himself to try and make acquaintance with the best which has been thought and said in the world, may hope to attain. Although written for the "himselves", can there be any objection to the acquisition of good judgment by the "herselves"?

The best that is known in the world, of the way the different organs of the body perform their functions, will prove invaluable knowledge to the woman who commences the work of rearing the family. A thorough acquaintance with physiology and hygiene will give her a judgment which will place her out of the reach of the harmful, meddlesome hand of old superstitions. It is not to be denied that women who rear families get good judgment without much knowledge of these subjects, but how many little graves are wet with blinding tears before it is acquired! "I do not know what makes my children so cross", said an intelligent, lovely woman to me not long since. "Are you quite sure their diet is adapted to them?" I suggested. "Oh, yes", she replied, "their food is very simple". Having seen them refuse the roast beef, potatoes and bread, and dine wholly on lemon pie, spiced currants and pickles, I could not be surprised at their irritable, unhappy condition. With due deference to the loveliness of childhood, which makes it the delight of every woman artistically constituted to linger over the snowy ruffles,

dainty laces and brilliant ribbons of her darling's wardrobe, better the children never had been born if the mother, absorbed in their outward adorning, neglect their delicate physical and mental needs and conditions. While the bad, stubborn fact is before us that only one-half of all Christendom, and but one-eighth of all heathendom, have vital power enough to carry them through the first five years of life, women may not dare to be indifferent to culture in physiology, chemistry, hygiene and the philosophies of eating and drinking. Nitrates, phosphates, carbonates, proximate principles then are not to be studied and considered pedantically, but in order that we may acquire that knowledge which shall assist the world in regaining that magnificent health and sound vitality which is the birthright of the race. The bold statement that this right belongs by inheritance to women as well as to men will not, I trust, cause total disbelievers in woman's rights to turn toward me the finger of scorn.

Let us turn from the houses not made with hands to the houses that are, somewhat at the risk of our necks though it be. It would seem that architecture, the science of building, would greatly concern and interest women, and that its study might profit them much. I don't expect the club at once to become designing women, but if any be such we prefer rather to have their designs inspected than suspected. When the Creator so largely endowed woman with the constructive faculty, doubtless He was not ignorant of her proper sphere; and should she use this God-given talent to find other ways into her parlor than by a winding stair, or ways into her kitchen less dark than those of Ah Sin, the world would not be likely to suffer a lasting injury. In a letter recently published here Dr. Mary Safford states that at the free exhibi-

tion, given the first week of June in Boston, of the free drawing schools of the State of Massachusetts, she noticed with especial interest the patterns for calico prints, carpets and laces designed by girls, and says many of them were exquisite in combination and shading. She adds that the various branches of drawing were creditably represented by the feminine hand, save those of architecture and mechanics. In these departments girls are as yet excluded from free instruction. Culture in architecture involves patient, laborious effort on the part of its seeker, since the best that is known and said in the world on this subject fills an alarming number of volumes and involves an intelligent understanding of many other topics. Yet plinth and monolith, gargoyle and caryatides, studied in connection with the history of the people that created them, and from whose ideas and life they sprung, are no longer dry, unmeaning terms, but are filled with interest when we find them to be the thoughts and deeds of Greek or Egyptian expressed in wood or stone. The study of architecture has been much simplified, and those of us not particularly industrious or persevering can acquire valuable information without entering its severer realms. The best definition of architecture the world has, a woman gave it. Mrs. Childs says, "architecture is frozen music". We sigh, shake our heads, and whisper ominously, "Her 'walks among the churches' must have been different from ours".

Should not her exquisite definition inspire us with a desire to see a harmonious architecture, and stimulate us to use all the effort possible to help on the time when "walks among the churches" shall in nowise disgrace the civilization of the nineteenth century? I do not know that any amount of study would make Chicago architecture comprehensible,

but study might give us the reason of its incomprehensibility. A St. Louis man came to see us last week, and wrote a very laudatory letter of us to the "Tribune". In it he said that the architecture of Chicago was a constant surprise to him. I quite agree with him, and I like surprises, but it must be a very ardent lover of surprises who can dote on Chicago architecture.

Thus culture in its widest sense can be the only wise preparation for the unknown future. When it will avail, how it will avail, we need not trouble ourselves to know. Acquired in a true spirit, its treasury will be drawn from every day by the needs of humanity, and drawn from so largely that only the most patient labor on our part will enable us to supply the demands. Knowledge avariciously acquired and selfishly hoarded will dry the heart and sear the brain; but to this danger women at present are little exposed. *Les nouveaux riches* always spend their money freely. Were the wonderful intuitions of woman directed and guided by that good judgment which she would gain from a knowledge of the best that has been thought and said in the world, what miracles would be wrought! How deftly and delicately her fingers would help in clearing the tangled snarl which fast binds humanity today. Would that the aims of woman for culture — spiritual, moral, mental and physical — might be as high as the everlasting hills, as broad as the fields of Paradise, and as deep as the fathomless sea! My sisters! in these times that try men's souls, ye know not the day nor the hour when ye may be called to sit in judgment on the Court House plans, or to decide the fate of Captain Jack, or how soon the office of Peace Commissioner to the Indians may be as open to you, and considered as valuable for you, as is your present



office of missionary to the heathen. Take heed when that time comes ye be as free from the opprobrium of "blue memorandum books" as of blue stockings.



# More Than Ninety-Five Years Later: An Irreverent Perusal of Intellectual and Social Culture

*by Mrs. Albert Crewe*

It was an evening in October, 1876, that the members of the Chicago Literary Club, or to be precise, "the committee on arrangements and exercises for the Literary Club", planned a Ladies' Night Reception.

It was not unusual in those days for men's clubs to consider it both pleasant and desirable to invite their ladies to an occasional special meeting; and in fact even the Apollo Club, founded by Ben Jonson in London in 1616, admitted ladies on special nights!

Not *all* the members of the Literary Club agreed that a Ladies' Night would be pleasant and desirable. One member in particular was vehemently opposed to such a gathering. However — *he* was outvoted; the event is described as "very enjoyable," AND a contingent of ladies from the Fortnightly attended!

The tradition of "Ladies' Night" was therefore established for the Literary Club, but there is no record that the ladies of the Fortnightly were ever invited again. Rather than speculate on this — one wonders why they were invited in 1876? Could it have been because the Fortnightly had recently arranged to rent rooms from the Literary Club? The Fortnightly ladies had certainly helped to furnish the rooms. They had donated a statue of Dante, a bust of Homer, and "other sundry embellishments".

I believe it was a warm, kindly, generous gesture on the part of the gentlemen, to invite them to the party as a way of saying "thank you". BUT — (and for whatever reason) the Fortnightly was not invited again!

In spite of this, (or maybe *because* of this?) the Centennial Committee of the Fortnightly felt that it would indeed be pleasant and desirable to invite members of the Literary Club to a joint meeting to share in our Centennial celebration. No vote was taken; no objections are recorded; and we are delighted that you have joined us this evening.

I doubt if on the former occasion there was an opportunity for the ladies to speak. We therefore consider it important to remedy this, and take the opportunity to share with the Literary Club some aspects of our one-hundred-year history — our *raison d'être* — some aspects that may not be revealed when THE BOOK by Fortnightly member Muriel Beadle, entitled "The Fortnightly of Chicago, The City and Its Women: 1873-1973", becomes available from your favorite bookstore at the end of April.

And hence, the subtitle of this essay —

"An irreverent perusal of intellectual and social culture".

I use the word "essay" for two reasons. Firstly because I understand it is the term used to describe papers presented to the Literary Club; and secondly because the O.E.D. gives the early meaning in relation to writing as:

"an irregular undigested piece".

Why the Fortnightly of Chicago?

Its genesis coincided with the great occasion of the Chicago Jubilee, and on the very day when the first officers of the Fortnightly were elected, June

4th, 1873, the City of Chicago was bustling with activities to celebrate that event. An enthusiastic reporter, writing for the Chicago Tribune, and describing the events of June 4th, 1873, writes:

"Our re-building Festival is a great success. The City is thronged with visitors from abroad; between 50,000 and 75,000 strangers are in town; and the musical concerts are patronized by immense audiences, the Great Depot packed almost to suffocation".

And when the visitors to Chicago were not packing the Depot to suffocation . . .

"they wandered around the streets, those long streets of noble structures, the palaces of trade unsurpassed for beauty and magnitude on the face of the globe . . . newspaper offices finer and more beautiful than the best corner building in ancient Rome: streetcars whose comfort and elegance are unknown in the luxurious capital of Russia; policemen armed in this peaceful city with nothing but clubs; a fire department full of heroes and noble horses: a river, not very broad or rapid it is true, and not very clear, spanned by the best swivel bridges and almost chocked by ships, steamboats and saucy tugs, the servants of commerce . . . and a Lake, on whose undulating bosom the produce they raise hundreds of miles from here, is borne to consumers still further away. How they looked and gazed with astonishment at the architectural beauties".

And how *we* may pause and wonder at the fantastic energy of the Chicagoans of 1873 who could reconstruct such a city after the devastating fire of 1871! And — (oddly enough?) the image holds for today! We have only to substitute a few minor words:

"C.T.A. buses" for "Streetcars", "fire-trucks" for "fire-department horses", police "guns" for "clubs", and the story could have been re-run in this morning's Tribune!

And to help us further reconstruct our image of Chicago on that auspicious day, June 4th, 1873, what about the weather? "[it] behaved like a gentleman". (my apologies to women's libbers, and *we* know that even the Tribune could not get away with that remark today!) "and the distinguished luminary which furnishes heat for summer consumption, did not supply more than was bearable and pleasant. Then the wind blew a tempering breeze which licked up the dust and cooled perspiring brows".

How simply marvellous! and how like Chicago!

And how different from New York,

"where the rain is persisting and causing floods in some areas".

And so it is no wonder, that on this sunny day, the city teeming with famous national and international personages, in Mrs. Kate Newell Doggett's drawing room, where several ladies had been meeting regularly since April, the first officers of the Fortnightly of Chicago were elected, and the Club was formed for the purpose of "intellectual and social culture".

The word "club" connotes a masculine image even today. The very early clubs in Greek and Roman times were associations of MEN with common interests in religion, politics, trade, athletics, eating, etc., etc.; and then later the guilds were established in Europe. And finally, the popularity of the 17th Century coffee-houses, especially in England, led to the establishment of the "gentlemen's club". The easy elegance of White's and Brooks', the Carlton, and later in the 18th Century when gambling be-

came the "in-thing", Watier's. Deep leather arm-chairs, soft smoke-scented rooms; a place for gentlemen to pause after luncheon, join a friend for a brandy and pleasant masculine conversation. And later in the evening, some cards, and who knows? A little harmless gambling maybe? Oh yes — a club was a man's world; and a "club" in 1873 was obviously NOT what the ladies of the Fortnightly had in mind.

A more respectable and appropriate word for a gathering of ladies was "society". But we would be naive to believe that through the many centuries of the development of the gentlemen's club, the ladies left at home had only been content with sewing, making quilts and twiddling thumbs! Under the guise of missionary societies, and Church sewing circles, we suspect something more may have been accomplished. Certainly, during the last years of the Victorian era, women throughout the United States and Europe decided to form their own clubs or societies, independent of the Church. And for what lofty reason? For "intellectual and social culture", or as we may term it today, ADULT ED. — a step toward the liberation of women.

There were limited opportunities for women to pursue an education. In 1873 the poor attended the public elementary schools. Public high schools were only just beginning to be established. The wealthy attended private schools and academies, but the role of woman was to marry and raise a family, and therefore little serious attention was paid to educating her, beyond the most basic instruction in reading and writing and the feminine frills usually associated with "finishing schools".

So for the intelligent woman in 1873 in Chicago, who had completed her studies at an academy by the

age of 17, and had then married and started to raise a family, there was little opportunity for the female mind to become enriched! It had only been titillated. Imagine this world: no T.V.; no Channel Eleven; no radio; and no extension courses at Northwestern and the University of Chicago! *NO* University of Chicago! What was a poor, well-established woman to do?

And thus there was *every* reason for the Fortnightly of Chicago, a literary society formed for intellectual and social culture; a small group of ladies enthusiastic about knowledge; an association for the purpose of study.

And study they did! The first paper by Mrs. Ellen Mitchell (papers were then termed literary exercises at the Fortnightly!) was entitled "Culture for Women", thereby setting the style for the 100 years that have followed. Greek philosophy, Western civilization were tackled in turn; reading, writing, researching. They also took advantage of any outstanding visitors to Chicago, and would persuade and arrange for such a person to present a program. Historians, statesmen, poets, artists — they somehow found their way to the Fortnightly.

Throughout the years, the membership list has included women who have made an outstanding contribution to the growth and development, not only of the city of Chicago, but of our great nation. In the early days the Fortnightly was described as, "the most truly highbrow of the many women's organizations in this amazing city". (The original meaning of "highbrow" is of course the one applicable.) It has provided a meeting-place for women dedicated and in pursuit of certain clearly defined goals, who are continuing to make an indelible mark on society.

What, therefore, are the requirements for mem-

bership in the Fortnightly? What kind of a person has come to be known as "Fortnightly-ish"?

I think it only fair to share the criteria for success with the gentlemen of the Literary Club. We are not of course suggesting that you follow these guidelines, but we want *you* to reach a Centennial too!

The criteria that give the Fortnightly its unique style are referred to, affectionately, as the three B's. Firstly, BLOOD, on which I hardly need elaborate or qualify. Of course we all have good blood! And then, BRAINS. Consider if you will, the development of the Society from a small group, meeting in the drawing-rooms of individual member's houses; to the large groups renting rooms and acquiring furniture and furnishings; to the purchase (albeit with help from the Bank) of this house in 1922; to the decision to hold on to it in 1960; the wise handling of investments; the plans for the future. Such tasks through the years and into the future *can* only be accomplished by a very brainy bunch! Thirdly, BULLION. Regretfully, all good things carry a pricetag and the Fortnightly is no exception. The dues have increased somewhat substantially from the modest sum required to maintain the society on June 4th, 1873, in Kate Doggett's drawing room. And, over the years, through many crises, the additional dollars and cents required to handle certain irritating emergencies (as for example when we lost our cornice in a storm last year!) have been forthcoming.

I am tempted to add a fourth B, but it would be more Fortnightly-ish to leave that to the gentlemen!

And so, a toast to the style that *is* the Fortnightly — and a closing thought . . . (not original I confess) . . . is Fortnightly enough?



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