



western, was a man whom merely to meet was instinctively to like. He made one feel that one's interests were his. His paper, *The Secularization of Domestic Relations: Nineteen Centuries of Church versus Sex*, read to the Club a year later, was a sociological study of considerable import, as we who heard it well remember. The Club published this paper as Number XXXVI in its list of publications. Professor Todd read three other significant papers before he felt constrained, because of overwork, to resign.

A startlingly formidable topic confronted us one evening during this season. It was this: *A Trilogy of Essays in Outline: Institutions, Their Functions and Instruments; The Near and the Remote Aspects of Liberty; Publicists, Their Characteristics and Functions*. There is no note or comment in the record to indicate the listeners' reaction to the reader's intellectual struggle to cover hectare with a bull's hide without cutting the hide into strips. The record says merely: "For purposes of elucidation special charts were used," which struck some of us present as like piling Ossa on Pelion. But our recollection is that the reader came through bravely, having made some headway at least against a wind of hurricane proportions. A belated credit is his due for his courageous effort.

At the end of the year the Secretary in his report began by waiving his usual rhetorical sublimations:

"Then hence, begone, the cunning metaphor,  
The pretty trope, the artful orator,  
For nothing must our minds (alleged) detract  
From stale statistics and from frozen fact."

These were portentous words, for the statistical report that followed immediately seemed to imply that the Club's euphoria was being threatened by something malignant. It was stated that the Club had lost during the year twenty-four members, a record number, the causes of this social dissolution being, besides the natural one, death, voluntary resignation, and involuntary decapitation administered legally by the Electoral Committee (which furnishes no

cerements). Tragic are the misfits that occasionally and paradoxically find themselves lost in our Club. They are bound to us by a mere filament, which soon breaks. Fewer and fewer, we are happy to say, as recent years have passed, have been these cases requiring drastic action. We took in seven new members that season, ending with one hundred and sixty-eight resident members, a net loss of only seventeen. This purgation proved beneficial, as the report for the following year clearly shows.

Lyman J. Gage, for forty-three years a member of this Club, died in retirement at Point Loma, California, on January 26, 1927, at the age of ninety-one. He was so well known in the world of finance and politics during his *floruit* (the final decades of the nineteenth century and a few years thereafter) that most of us are familiar with his name at least. This eminent financier wove his remarkably useful and successful career into the tapestry of our city's history. Chicago was then in a rapidly growing stage of development, and Mr. Gage was a large factor in that growth. He was President of the First National Bank of Chicago for a number of years, and, as Chairman of the Board of Directors of the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893 (which those living few of us who saw it regard as second to no other before or since), was largely responsible for its phenomenal success. Mr. Gage was also Secretary of the Treasury under President McKinley, and then President of a New York Trust Company until he retired in 1906. Mr. Gage is said to have nurtured a personal interest in *Things of the Spirit*; it may be, therefore, that his selection of Point Loma in Southern California as a place of retirement, where various cults of the Occult were much in evidence, was more than a coincidence. As showing Mr. Gage's lasting interest in the Club, we quote from the Secretary's report last mentioned:

"In December, only a month before his decease, Mr. Gage subscribed most generously toward defraying the expense of publishing Sigmund Zeisler's paper on the Anarchist Trial."

As the fifty-fifth president of the Club Frank J. Loesch assumed office on October 10, 1927, and after the dinner read his Inaugural address before an audience of eighty-one members and guests, his topic being *Four Pedagogues and a Boy*. This was the eleventh of sixteen papers read by Mr. Loesch before the Club during his membership of thirty-five years, and the fourth coming within the purview of this twenty-year history. He was to write four more *sui generis* papers before his death in the summer of 1944, at the advanced age of ninety-two. These latest papers were all based on events and scenes of his earlier days, his recollections of which, as we have already seen, were so clearly stamped on his memory as to be almost photographically accurate. Mr. Loesch's next paper, presented a little over eight years later on April 27, 1936, was unforgettable—*A Domestic Tragedy*. Let us look at the Secretary's note of that meeting:

“For one hour and thirty-five minutes, which passed altogether too quickly, the reader, hale and hearty at eighty-four, in a clear and resonant voice, and in effectively dramatic fashion, entertained the Club with an account of the notorious Leslie Carter divorce case of the late eighties, in which Mr. Loesch had actively participated as counsel. The paper was received with great applause.”

That scandalous story, that had rocked Victorian prudery off its feet, was told without reserve and with rich humor. A year and a half later, on Ladies' Night, November 29, 1937, “an exceptional occasion,” as the record states, Mr. Loesch was the reader on the topic *Gleams from the Glimmerglass*, another set of recollections, colored by fancy and delivered with poetic feeling. This meeting was held in the main dining room of the Chicago Woman's Club, then situated on East Eleventh Street, the unusually large mixed audience numbering one hundred and sixty-two. Mr. Loesch, still vigorous, read his next paper on April 22, 1940, his subject: *Memories of the Chicago Bar in the Seventies and Eighties*. This was of special interest to our legal members, who were familiar with the names and traditions of the well-known

lawyers, and judges of that earlier period. One more paper was written for the Club by Mr. Loesch while he was confined to his rooms a confirmed invalid—a non-agenarian faithful to a commitment made months before. Unable to appear in person to read his final contribution on May 10, 1943, Mr. Loesch asked Bernadotte E. Schmitt to read it for him, which was done most acceptably. The title of this paper was *Some Leading Chicago Business Men in the Eighteen-nineties*—more from that capacious bag of memories. In July of the following year this long and active life came to its close, and the Club lost a stalwart member, a man of striking appearance, patriarchal in his latter days, commanding instant respect, a type of citizen altogether too rare. During his incumbency as President of the Club (1927-1928) rich and nourishing pabulum was served to the Club by fifteen of our best writers of that period, who have since died. Ten men still living contributed papers of the highest quality; eight of these men are members today (two non-resident, six resident). Twenty-five of what Horace calls "*Noctes Deum*" (nights of the gods) out of thirty nights mark the season with a double asterisk of excellence. It is a difficult and delicate matter, without seeming to be unfair, to single out certain papers for special mention, but since a few here and there stand out more clearly in memory than others because of some particularly noteworthy feature, we venture to particularize with no shadow of intention to make invidious distinctions. Two eminent historians occupied the desk on two successive evenings, William E. Dodd and James Westfall Thompson, the former reading us *A Chapter from American History*, written with characteristic clarity and emphasis, the latter distinguishing *Hell* from *Dunkel* with only a faint reference to beer. Thompson had a great flair for belaboring a welter of apparently unrelated facts, gathered from many sources, and moulding them into a consistent and logical historical sequence. He was a master of research; he had an inordinate knowledge of

historical events, chiefly mediaeval and ancient; he also knew men and books of all ages. He became a member of the Club in 1899, was Professor of European History at the University of Chicago until about 1934, when he went to the University of California, where he died in September, 1941. During the thirty-five years he was in Chicago he read twenty-eight papers to the Chicago Literary Club, two of which the Club printed, *The Last Pagan*, his presidential address in 1916, and *Cain*, read in 1926. Thompson was a conscientious and indefatigable worker, a prolific writer, an accurate historian. We miss a truly gifted member.

*Some Further Samples of the Drama of Today* was a lively discussion of three modern (*modern* in 1927) plays by George Packard, who, according to the record of that evening, laid special emphasis on the apothegm: "Drama is the Right Hand of Literature, and Must Not Die." Plays and play-acting were and still are one of his hobbies; he always reads with dramatic effect and vigorous intonation, which makes for easy listening on the part of the audience. George Packard joined the Club in 1894. He and Lessing Rosenthal (1898) share the high honor of being our only living pre-twentieth-century *resident* members. Packard was President of the Club for the season of 1918-1919, and has ever been a faithful attendant and a ready and able contributor to the exercises. In the course of his fifty-two years of Club activity he has prepared and read *thirty* papers. If the record has been correctly read, this number exceeds the number of papers read by any other member during Club history. Several memorials to deceased members show his delicate touch. He has the gift of saying just the right thing in appropriate words and in the proper tone. George Packard has done much to preserve the ideals and the traditional atmosphere of the Club. He entertains strong and well-defined convictions, which he does not hesitate to express when occasion arises; but he is never contentious; those who differ with him respect his views and opinions, and any argument that may ensue always ends peacefully if indecisively.

*Revenons à nos moutons.* In a little "box" on the page giving the account of Henri David's *Motoring with Belphegor*, we find this quotation:

"*Je vois où mon sort me mène, sans me plaindre ou m'effrayer,*"

an attitude of mind proper to an adventurous traveller.

Francis M. Arnold's paper on *Our Greatest Composer*, as he termed Edward MacDowell, was a musical treat to those who heard it that night, November 28, 1927. Either this paper or one similar to it had been heard or seen by Mrs. MacDowell three months before, for in another "box" in the record we read the following excerpt from a letter to Arnold from Mrs. MacDowell dated September 29, 1927:

You have made a very human and lovable figure of my husband, and also given a keen and appreciative review of his work and his place in the musical world."

Arnold used the piano to illustrate MacDowell instrumentally, while an outside friend sang some of MacDowell's choice songs.

We forsook our own rooms to meet in another place on December 19, 1927. An invitation had been extended to us a month earlier by the University of Chicago to hold this meeting at the University in some suitable room to be duly designated. As the record has it,

"This meeting was held in Room 32, second floor, of the Ryerson Physical Laboratory (the birthplace of three Nobel Prizes in Physics). Before the exercises a number of our members dined at the Quadrangle Club by special arrangement."

The paper of the evening was by Professor Harvey B. Lemon, the title being *Stars and Atoms*, and was copiously and beautifully illustrated by many rare experiments.