

The
Woman's Club
of Evanston
celebrates
its Fortieth
Anniversary



March 26, 1929



CLUB HOUSE

Committee

Mrs. Charles W. Spofford . . . *Honorary Chairman*
 Mrs. John W. Meaker *Chairman*
 Mrs. Willard J. Dixon *Vice-Chairman*

Mrs. James B. Wescott
 Mrs. T. P. Stanwood
 Mrs. Malcolm G. Truman
 Mrs. Robert Grenelle
 Mrs. Francis Schieble
 Mrs. Walter Spry
 Mrs. John T. Stockton
 Mrs. Pierre G. Beach
 Miss Dorothy Lewis
 Mrs. O. E. Scott

MUSICIANS

Mrs. Robert Grenelle *Pianist*
 Mrs. Malcolm MacHarg *Violinist*
 Mrs. Russell Sullivan *Cellist*
 Mr. Lawrence Barr *Trumpeter*

The Musical theme used throughout is Melodie
 written by Gen. Charles G. Dawes

Lighting effects by Richard Hadley
 under the direction of
 Dean Farnsworth of the School of Speech,
 Northwestern University

Program



MRS. JOHN W. MEAKER
Author and Director

Four Decades

1889-1929

PROMPTLY at two o'clock Mrs. Spofford and Mrs. Stanwood walked up the center aisle and the broad steps that led to a fern-decked platform built in front of the footlights. They seated themselves in high-backed chairs at either side, and immediately the lights were turned off and a soft rose spot light was thrown on the President of the Past and the President of the Present.



MRS. ELIZABETH BOYNTON HARBERT
Our Founder and First President
1889-1897



MRS. T. P. STANWOOD
1897-1899



MRS. CHARLES W. SPOFFORD
1927-1929

First Decade

1889—

IN THE BEGINNING

SOFT music came from behind stage and the curtains parted just wide enough to disclose the well-loved portrait of Mrs. Harbert, resting on an easel which was covered with black velvet and banked with palms. Mrs. Spofford and Mrs. Stanwood rose and turned to face it, and the audience paid respect to the founder of the club by standing in silence while Mrs. Pierre Beach's full-toned voice read the greeting that Mrs. Harbert had sent from California at the time of the laying of the corner-stone. This was accompanied by an exquisite violin solo by Mrs. Malcolm MacHarg.

Beloved Co-workers:

MAY the foundations you have so faithfully laid in remarkable harmony, love and wisdom, result in a temple beautiful, from whose every window shall radiate the light of truth, and whose doors, as they have ever done for almost a quarter of a century, open quickly into every avenue of helpful service for the weak, the invalid, the child, the school, the Church of the Master, who went about doing good, the State and the home. The practical help received from the inception of the club, from fathers, husbands, brothers and sons is proof positive of the true womanliness of our members. May our work continue to be inclusive, rather than exclusive, interdependent rather than independent, and promotive of the highest spiritual interest of the entire familyhood of the Creator.

With love and gratitude,
Elizabeth Boynton Harbert.

After the curtains were drawn over the portrait, Mrs. Stanwood rose and spoke as follows:

FORTY years ago at the invitation of Mrs. Elizabeth Boynton Harbert a group of friends met repeatedly and informally at her home. Part of the group were of Mrs. Harbert's generation; the others married and unmarried were younger. Mrs. Harbert was a trained leader having given herself since early girlhood to the work of great causes; abolition, temperance, and suffrage. Most of her guests were quite ignorant of the power that lies in the organized group, but Mrs. Harbert foresaw possibilities and achievements. You may see in retrospect a glimpse of the beginnings of civic spirit.

The curtains were opened to disclose a scene representing Mrs. Harbert and her friends in the costumes of the early nineties.



The Beginning of Civic Spirit

A Typical Meeting in Mrs. Harbert's Home

by

Isabelle J. Meaker.

Time—Mid-winter in the early nineties.

People Impersonated

| | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------|
| MRS. HARBERT | Miss Dorothy Lewis |
| MRS. T. P. STANWOOD | Mrs. Morton Bassett |
| MRS. A. L. BUTLER | Mrs. Barry Gilbert |
| MRS. H. H. KINGSLEY | Mrs. Cranston Spray |
| MRS. C. H. ZIMMERMAN | Mrs. Joseph Pearson |
| MRS. JOHN E. SCOTT | Miss Virginia Helm |
| MRS. C. H. BETTS | Mrs. O. E. Scott |
| MRS. ROGER McMULLEN | Miss Dorothy Pearson |
| MRS. JOSEPH HUBBART | Mrs. Stanley Franzen |
| MRS. O. CLINTON FRENCH | Mrs. Hugh Beelman |
| MRS. GEORGE MOSELEY | Mrs. Kenneth Wilson |
| MRS. E. W. LEARNED | Mrs. R. R. Davy |

When the curtain rises ten women are discovered sitting in straight chairs wearing afternoon costume with hats and gloves. They are facing Mrs. Harbert who is seated at one side of the fire place dressed all in white. Their postures denote intense interest and their eyes are fixed upon Mrs. Harbert who is talking informally to them.

- Mrs. Harbert Oh yes, we were close to the feeling of the Civil War. You see we lived in Indiana, and once there was an exciting raid,—Morgan's raid.
- Mrs. Betts Do you mean that you ever saw Morgan and his men?
- Mrs. Harbert Yes, indeed, Mrs. Betts. (laughing) I always associate Gen. Morgan with the odor of frying doughnuts!
(murmurs of surprise and amusement)
- Mrs. McMullen That means a story, I'm sure. Do tell us!
Mrs. Harbert Well, if you would really be interested, Mrs. McMullen—
(murmurs of satisfaction)
- It was in 1863. The Confederate general, John H. Morgan had been ordered to destroy the railroads and public buildings in Louisville, but he exceeded his orders and crossed the Ohio River. Of course there was great excitement and fear of him, but when he came to our town, I said, "Let's feed his men and keep them in a good humor." So, my mother and I asked several of our friends to come and help, and we fried doughnuts by the hundred, and gave the soldiers all they could eat and carry away with them.
- Mrs. Kingsley On the principle, "Feed the brute," I suppose.
- Mrs. Harbert (laughing) Exactly, Mrs. Kingsley! But the joke was, that over the kitchen door I had hung the Stars and Stripes—and I laugh every time I recall Gen. Morgan munching doughnuts, quite unaware he was standing under our Union flag. (laugh-ter)
- (She is interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Butler coming from the hall. She nods her apology for being late and seats herself near Mrs. Harbert. She seems out of breath and a little flustered but tries to suppress her excitement as Mrs. Harbert continues.)
- (graciously) Good afternoon, Mrs. Butler. We know if you have been detained it is because you have been doing something for somebody. We were speaking of Morgan's

- Raid in the Civil War. All the local militia was called out. I remember hearing of groups lying all night behind wooden fences with their guns ready for the Morgan Raiders.
- Mrs. Zimmerman I don't recall what finally happened to him.
Mrs. Harbert Some of his men escaped across the Ohio into Kentucky, Mrs. Zimmerman, but the general was finally captured near New Lisbon, Ohio.
- Mrs. Butler (springing to her feet) Mrs. Harbert, will you allow me to interrupt you? I'm so full of something, I can't sit still, because every one of you should know what has happened right here in Evanston this morning.
- Mrs. Harbert Certainly Mrs. Butler. Tell us! You are always helping your neighbors. If we can be of service to you we should be very happy.
- Mrs. Butler This happened in the home of some one we all know. A young Swedish servant girl was found lying in a pool of blood on the basement floor, with a naked, dead baby beside her.
(exclamations)
- The husband of our neighbor had risen very early to stoke the furnace,—and there she was as close to the heat as possible, unconscious and very near death.
- Mrs. McMullen How dreadful! What did he do with her?
Mrs. Butler He called his wife to stay with her until he could get Dr. Bragdon.
- Mrs. Mosely How did she happen to be in the basement?
Mrs. Butler When the doctor finally restored her she told them that she awoke in agony and so frightened because she didn't know what was going to happen to her. She was chilled to the bone, so she crept down stairs to the furnace to see if she could get warm.
- Mrs. Learned What can they do with her?
Mrs. Butler That is the pity of it, Mrs. Learned. The girl has no friends—no place to go—except to Cook County Hospital miles away. Dr. Bragdon says it would kill her to drive over these rough, icy roads in her precarious condition. So poor Mrs.—I won't mention

her name now,—she is doing her best for her. And she has two children down with the measles!

(Mrs. Butler sits down.)

- Mrs. Harbert Friends, isn't it a disgrace that we have no place for sick folk in Evanston?
- Mrs. Stanwood (rising) Mrs. Harbert, right in line with this awful thing, may I tell of something that happened at the University recently?
- Mrs. Harbert Certainly, Mrs. Stanwood, we should be informed.
- Mrs. Stanwood A student was missed from his classes for two or three days. When he was found in his third story room, he was raving with delirium—critically ill with typhoid fever. It was just a rooming-house and the woman in charge had not reported his condition.
- Mrs. French What became of him?
- Mrs. Stanwood They had to take him to a Chicago hospital in a lumber wagon, Mrs. French, and they don't know yet whether he will live or die.
- (hum of conversation)
- Mrs. Butler Truly, I don't see how we mothers of families can sleep tonight knowing that such conditions exist next door to us.
- (Mrs. John E. Scott rises.)
- Mrs. Harbert Mrs. Scott, I am sure out of your great experience with the poor families of Evanston you must have an interesting story to tell us.
- Mrs. Scott (smiling) I have. And we are in such gloom over these distressing cases, I thought it might be in the nature of comic relief. How many of you know the Livingston family?
- (some laugh and nod and others look puzzled)
- Don't you know? they live along the railroad between Dempster and Lake, in that little brown house.
- Mrs. Mosely Oh yes, in that deep, bowl-shaped lot. Why, they have been accepting charity for years and years. They have nine children, haven't they?
- Mrs. Scott Ten. The week after Thanksgiving I made

my usual call to see if the new baby needed clothes and—

(she bursts out laughing)

There were three of the little girls playing noisily in their mother's room—dirty, disorderly—ugh!—and what do you suppose they were playing with?

Mrs. Harbert I'm sure it is beyond the range of my imagination.

Mrs. Scott Dead turkeys dressed up in doll clothes' (laughter and exclamations)

They had received seven or eight Thanksgiving dinners, and they had three turkeys left over for play-things.

Mrs. Stanwood (rising as Mrs. Scott sits down) Mrs. Harbert, amusing as that story is, it seems to me that it has great significance. Can't we in some way direct the benevolent feelings of this community, so that one family should not receive a half dozen Thanksgiving dinners while many other deserving families go hungry?

Mrs. Harbert There surely is need for such action, Mrs. Stanwood. Let us put on our thinking caps and see what can be done. You know, dear friends, if each one of us would help the one nearest him, we would soon have the millenium.

Mrs. Kingsley (rising) Mrs. Harbert.

Mrs. Harbert Yes, Mrs. Kingsley.

Mrs. Kingsley Since this has become an experience meeting I would like to say something that has been on my mind and heart for some time. Do any of you realize what lonely lives are led by the teachers of our children?

(murmurs of assent)

I know attractive women who go back and forth from boarding house to school, week in and week out, with no social distraction whatever, except for an occasional invitation to come home to lunch with the children.

Mrs. Harbert That is true, and each one of us thinks that her responsibility ends there.

Mrs. Learned I've been told that the teachers hate those luncheon invitations.

- Mrs. Kingsley It is because they are invited only as Johnny's teacher, Mrs. Learned, and our interest in them flags when Johnny is promoted to the next grade. They would like to be looked upon as individuals—women with some social grace and intellectual interest.
- Mrs. Zimmerman Let's give them a party!
- Mrs. Betts And invite all the men we can find!
- Mrs. Harbert You may have it in my house if you wish.
- Mrs. Kingsley You are always so generous, Mrs. Harbert. We accept with pleasure.
- Mrs. McMullen Providing that Mrs. Harbert has no trouble about the refreshments. Now, I'll bring a cocoa-nut cake.
- Mrs. Hubbard I'll bring the coffee and make it.
- Mrs. Mosely Mrs. Learned, can't I be responsible for the sugar and cream?
- Mrs. Learned Surely. How many teachers shall we provide for?
- Mrs. Kingsley Let me see. There are four at the Dempster Street School, at Hinman Avenue, you know—and about six at the Wesley Avenue School. At the Haven there are more—I think about eleven. Well, count on twenty.
- Mrs. Harbert If all who are willing to help will consult with Mrs. Kingsley, we will avoid duplications. (Mrs. French, Mrs. McMullen go out right.)
- Mrs. Butler That's fine. Now a party for the teachers and the parents is on the way. I wish we could take some action about the sick people in Evanston—find some place where they can be taken care of.
- Mrs. Zimmerman Now, ladies, as we are an aggregation of women from all the churches or from no church, it seems to me it belong to us to do this.
- Mrs. Harbert We can always count on Mrs. Zimmerman for the right idea.
- Mrs. Stanwood Of course we can do nothing about a hospital until we raise some money.
- Mrs. Zimmerman I heard recently of a new kind of entertainment that I think the people of Evanston would like. It is called a Kermesse.
- Mrs. Betts And what may a Kermesse be?

- Mrs. Zimmerman It is a program of fancy dances—in costume—oh, my friend in Orange, New Jersey will write us all about it. That is the evening entertainment. Then all afternoon they have a fair followed by a supper. They made an amazing amount of money running it three days.
- Mrs. Scott A sort of glorified church bazaar, I suppose.
- Mrs. Hubbard Held in a hall so that they could have all the dancing they wanted!
- Mrs. Harbert A very novel idea! I'm sure the young people would flock to it. But where could we have it?
- Mrs. French The only place I can think of is the third floor of the new City Hall.
- Mrs. Betts Oh, Mrs. French! in that barn of a place?
- Mrs. Learned Think of all the stairs we would have to climb!
- Mrs. French But isn't it the only place in town?
(Mrs. Mosely and Mrs. McMullen enter from door right bearing plates and napkins which they pass to every one present. Then they bring in large cakes which are cut into slices as they are served. The coffee cups are brought in filled on a large tray and sugar and cream are then passed. This service of refreshments continues to the end)
- Mrs. Harbert (accepting a plate and napkin) Thank you Mrs. Mosely. We are fortunate in having you and Mrs. McMullen for our refreshment committee. Well, ladies, to continue with this important matter—who will undertake to call upon the mayor and find out if we can rent the hall for such a purpose, and when?
- Mrs. Stanwood Madame Chairman, I suggest that Mrs. Joseph Hubbard take charge of all arrangements for the Kermesse.
- Mrs. Hubbard That is a rather large order! But I am always glad to do whatever Mrs. Harbert and Mrs. Stanwood suggest. Let me see—tonight is council meeting (rising). If I go now and get the mayor on our side, perhaps he will get permission for us to use that third floor.

- Mrs. Harbert Do eat your refreshments first.
- Mrs. Hubbard Thank you, no. It would be meat and drink to me to secure that room, and I would like to let you know his answer before you all go home. (goes toward the door) It will take only a few moments to walk up to Fountain Square. (exit).
- Mrs. Kingsley (laying down her plate) Ladies, I think I too will strike while the iron is hot. It has just occurred to me that Mr. Kingsley is holding a teachers' meeting this afternoon. It would be just the time to invite them to our party. Will you excuse me, Mrs. Harbert?
(exit)
- Mrs. Harbert (laughing) Are you satisfied with the activity you have started, Mrs. Butler?
- Mrs. Butler Yes, indeed. Only there is one thing more. Can we in some way find out the needs of the poor families in Evanston so that these absurd mistakes will be avoided?
- Mrs. Harbert An excellent thing to do. Mrs. Scott—no, I don't want you to go before you have finished your coffee—but before our next meeting, could you call upon the pastors in our village and see if they will help us make out a list of all the poor families that are being helped this winter?
- Mrs. Scott I'll do it gladly, then perhaps we can organize our giving in some way. We should do it for so far as I know, there is no other organization in Evanston except the churches that is interested in this charitable work.
- Mrs. Harbert (rising and laying aside her plate) I hope you all feel as I do that many good seeds have been sown today that may in time bear a rich harvest! And best of all, we women are learning to work together! Dear friends don't you see how unconsciously we are living our newly adopted motto—
"In essentials, unity;
In non-essentials, liberty;
In all things, charity."

CURTAIN

Second Decade

1900—

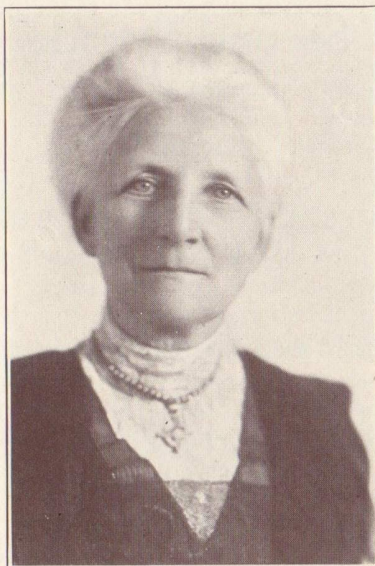
First Steps

GLIMPSES AND GREETINGS FROM SIX ADMINISTRATIONS

A GAIN were heard the soft strains of "Melodie" and the curtains parted showing a stereopticon screen ready for the pictures which were an attractive feature of this episode. The second decade had been arranged by Mrs. Malcolm G. Truman assisted by Mrs. Francis M. Schieble. Mrs. Stanwood spoke of this era as follows:

*M*RS. Harbert was president of the club for eight years; at the end of that time she refused a renomination and Mrs. Stanwood was elected president. In this time Mrs. Harbert had given the little club some form and substance. We had adopted a few simple rules of procedure; we had an executive board composed of officers and directors; we had outgrown Mrs. Harbert's beautiful library; and by the close of the decade we were occupying rented quarters in the new Y.M.C.A. building. These were comfortably furnished and were suitable for committee meetings and classes. We had begun the purchase of a grand piano on the installment plan. I wish it were to be my privilege to introduce to you Mrs. R. H. Wyman, who was the first president in the new decade, but in her necessary absence, you will receive a message from her. We might call this The Decade of FIRST STEPS.

Mrs. Truman, taking her place on the platform, read letters or recollections of the presidents while their photographs were thrown on the screen.



MRS. R. H. WYMAN
1899-1901

GREETINGS and congratulations and best wishes mingled with sincere regrets that distance prevents my being with you in the celebration of this anniversary.

In response to the request for a message from me as a past president, I would say: It was "When we were very young" that I had the honor of the office of president. The club was only ten years old, and I was no age at all in consideration of such a responsibility.

At the close of my second term in 1902, I was very much older. I had learned much by the rich experience, which has been an influence in my life during all the many years since. I hold my membership in the club one of my most valued blessings.

The time of my administration might be called the Moving Period. When the club was organized by that wonderful Mother of us all, Mrs. Elizabeth Boynton Harbert, it was sheltered and nurtured in her own home. In the atmosphere of that environment and influence it had a wonderful childhood which developed the characteristics and graces which have always distinguished it. Then came the time when it should step out, assert its own individuality and assume responsibility. Friends and neighbors extended hands of fellowship and welcomed the young club with open doors.

We enjoyed the hospitality of shelter in the Boat Club, the Country Club, St. Mark's Parish House and the Y. M. C. A. Building. Even with due appreciation of all this, we grew restive, longing to have a home of our own. That feeling loomed as the most desirable and desired object in our club life. So we went house-hunting. Blessed is the woman who knows not what that means. There are those among us who can recall the details of looking at rooms, halls, houses and buildings, at lots and "prospects"; of committee meetings and reports; of councils with our loyal husbands, with agents and "promoters"! The total result being recommendations, suggestions and advice handed down to succeeding presidents and Boards of whose wonderful achievements we are all witnesses.

Among the vital interests and activities of this period, was the fostering and entertaining of the Mother's Congress with which we became affiliated. This was largely due to our beloved member Mrs. Roger McMullen.

We paid much attention to Child Study, to school conditions, to milk, to preparation of food, to the helpers in our homes, to house decoration and management. Such fundamental matters interested and absorbed us in the Victorian Period! I well remember how during one of our meetings, there came to us the message of the passing of good Queen Victoria, an event which marked the transition into what we are pleased to call greater freedom, broader views, wider interests, and activities. God grant it may be to higher aspirations and achievements!

Faithfully, sincerely yours,

Ellen Lee Wyman

MRS. James A. Odell was a very dear friend of the next president, Mrs. Homer H. Kingsley and we have asked her to tell us something of Mrs. Kingsley and her work—Mrs. Odell.

IN the February Bulletin of 1924, Louise Ayers Garnett summarized the life and influence of Nellie Fitch Kingsley, a charter member of this Club and its fourth president, in the following beautiful tribute:

"To spend one's years in service, to give one's highest self to the life of home and community, to have the mere sound of one's name trail in a starry procession the thoughts of love, of hospitality, of reliability, of faithfulness to family and church and country, surely would represent a full, God-lifted span of days.

The name of Mrs. Kingsley holds the magic of such connotation, and Evanston will always hold the memory of the capable strength she so freely gave in time of war, of her Motherliness for



MRS. H. H. KINGSLEY
1901-1902

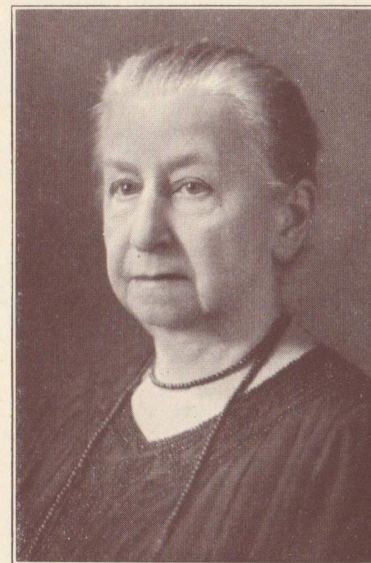


MRS. C. A. GOODNOW
1902-1904

thirty years to the children and teachers of District 75, of her connection with the Woman's Club as its president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, director and untiring member, and of her association, official and unofficial, with every high-minded enterprise in the community.

She has slipped from sight, but there remains that which cannot pass away—the indestructible beauty of a rounded character.”

WE had planned to have Mrs. Goodnow speak to you today but owing to a recent illness, she is unable to do so. It is our pleasure while showing her picture to read a clipping we found in the Index of January 2nd, 1904: “Mrs. Goodnow, president of the Club, again displayed her charming personality in her graceful address of welcome to the daughters. She said, ‘As you know this is the inauguration of Daughter’s Day, and in extending a very cordial welcome to our guests, I wish to express the hope that they will be with us as often as possible in the future, for in our daughter’s hearts abide the glory and the dream, and under the inspiration of their hopeful, instructive grasp of the future, our ideals can never fade into the light of common day.’”



MRS. T. K. WEBSTER
1904-1906

WE are more than happy to have with us today a president of this decade who will speak of her administration.

She is so well known to Evanston, both on her own account and because of her celebrated son, Henry Kitchell Webster, that she scarcely needs an introduction—Mrs. Towner K. Webster.

I FEEL lonely as I look back to the early years of the century and realize that I am the only one of the presidents of that decade able to appear on this platform today. And of my stout-hearted co-workers, how few are active among us now!

We were a serious group in those days, nothing so frivolous as having our pictures taken ever occurred to us and we never thought of giving bridge parties for revenue.

Speaking for my own period of service, the burning question was—What shall we do for a home? We wanted a home. The Y. M. C. A. rooms were inadequate and the Y. M. C. A. needed our rooms for their own activities.

Well—we formed Committees and investigated, we searched the town for a suitable place well located that we might rent.

There wasn't one. We looked at vacant lots with a view to building and considered several houses already built that possibly might be remodeled to suit our needs. We corresponded with other Woman's Clubs that had already built homes, and received some encouragement. We visited a few not too far away.

Then we consulted our own club members, we sent to each a card, a blank asking for her personal opinion. Should we undertake to build? Should we buy a house that might be remade to suit our purpose? Would she give financial support to either proposition?

I believe every member responded to this appeal. But alas! there was not enough unanimity of judgment to inspire us to go ahead.

Some said build, and expressed willingness to subscribe toward the enterprise. But even here some made their support contingent on the location chosen. It should be in the southern part of town to accommodate the population that seemed growing in that direction. It must be north of Davis St.

Some considered a remodeled building more within our means and preferable, while at least a few discouraged the idea altogether.

No body of women could be trusted to carry on such a business scheme and we should soon be on the rocks.

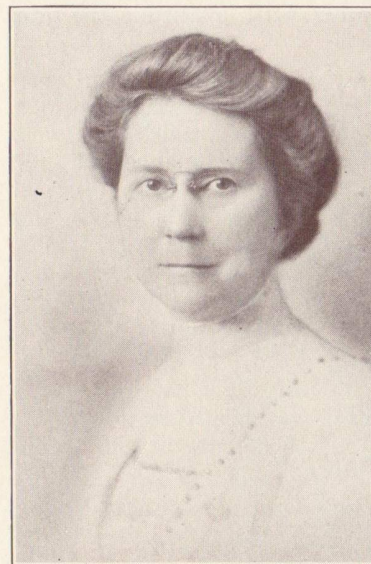
Woman's Clubs had probably reached the height of their usefulness and might be expected to die out after a while. Then where should we be?

Manifestly the consensus was that the time was not yet ripe.

Someone has spoken of that decade as a seed sowing time. No! It was not even that. It was early spring, the ground was hard and the winds chilly. It was a time to plough, to harrow, to dig but not to plant. I like to believe that though we may not have done much seed-sowing, we did stir the soil.

To change the figure, we Club members of the second decade had our faces turned and our feet set in the right direction, but it was misty ahead and the road was crooked. The light we had was only that reflected from a distance. Just around a curve of the road light shone more directly, the landscape broadened, the mist cleared, the path opened up and led straight to the achievements of the next decade and on.

We of today have not reached the end of the road. The path still leads on—to what?



MRS. B. A. GREEN
1906-1907



MRS. C. S. RADDIN
1907-1909

WE had hoped to have personal greetings from as many presidents of this decade as possible, so it came to us as a rude shock when the death of Mrs. B. A. Green was announced before Christmas.

Several of the Club members who recall distinctly her administration have spoken especially of her great tact and graciousness.

Her ability to handle any difficult situation, making everyone feel satisfied and happy, endeared her to her co-workers and she was very much loved by all. It was Mrs. Green who changed the name Philanthropy and Sociology Department to Social Service Department, truly a load taken from our minds.

THE next president, Mrs. Charles S. Raddin, is making her home now in Minneapolis, and we regret to report that she is so ill she cannot send a personal greeting.

When she became president in 1909, the Club was still struggling for a foothold among Evanston institutions. A meeting place was a problem of grave importance. It was necessary to move

from their quarters in the Y. M. C. A. building, because they were unable to pay the rent, and they accepted with gratitude the offer to meet in St. Mark's Parish House.

It may interest our guests of today who are waiting patiently to be admitted to this Club to learn that it was necessary for Mrs. Raddin to inaugurate a drive for new members which was very successful. Due to her capability in handling the finances, she left a substantial sum in the treasury. You have heard Mrs. Webster say that during this decade the Club leaders were feeling their way trying first this means and then the other to make the organization of use to the community. There were gallant attempts and a few failures but at the close of Mrs. Raddin's administration, it might be said in common parlance, that the Woman's Club of Evanston was a "going" concern.

Then followed a series of pictures lent by the Historical Society which were entitled "The Evanston Mrs. Harbert Knew" including scenes in Fountain Square in the seventies and eighties, the old Avenue House, the old Country Club and many others.

After a few measures of music had marked the close of the Second Decade, Mrs. Stanwood spoke as follows:

LEADING spirits of the decade about to be revealed had sensed the fact that as no family can realize its own best while sharing another's home, so the Club could achieve greater results if housed in its own Club House. The idea charmed everyone, but the task of financing any scheme for buying or building a home seemed overwhelming. But woman's pluck and determination began to work. It is my honor to introduce to you the leader of this movement in the person of this decade, Mrs. U. S. Grant.

Third Decade

1910—

Adventurous Youth

THE BUILDING OF THE CLUB HOUSE



MRS. U. S. GRANT
1909-1911

IT'S a bit hard to make you see the Woman's Club as it was in 1909. Though we numbered only 300 or 400 our audiences were, I think, nearly as large as the usual audience of today—Please tell me why! We met in the Y. M. C. A. building and I can plainly recall the occasion when the mayor of our city, at his own request, addressed our members, urging them to urge their husbands—does that carry you back to the Dark Ages?—to vote for the bonds to build our city building on Maple Ave.

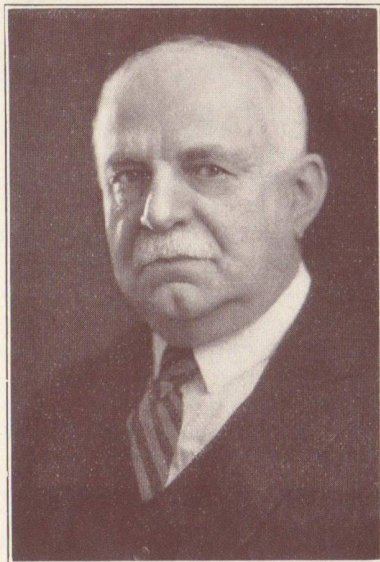
That room, too—that room which now houses the rug department of Lord's store—saw the birth of our present club house. From the very beginning our club had had an altruistic heart, was always doing and giving for others. For a year or two an entertainment to raise money especially to give away—similar to our annual card party now—was given by the club. To one member especially this seemed a haphazard thing to do. Mrs. Thomas I. Stacey recommended to the Board and the Board recommended to the Club that in lieu of this entertainment with its uncertain out-

come, the club give away each year its tithe—one tenth of its income from dues and initiation fees. It was when this motion was under discussion that Mrs. Sanders struck fire by remarking that while she approved of helping all good causes she really wished that we would work and plan for a home of our own. Applause, hearty and immediate, expressed the warm approval of this desire and led to the first steps at once. Forthwith we were in the stress and activity of a money-raising campaign. All the usual methods were used, bazaars, operettas, kermesses, dinners, etc., but we especially stressed the "certificate" method by which each member subscribing was awarded a beautiful engraved certificate naming her a "Builder of the Woman's Club." Nearly every member of the Club bought one of these, ranging in price from \$10 to \$500.

As the campaign for funds progressed we grew bolder and under my successor in office we bravely went out to the people of the town and asked for help. Members went in twos to people assigned to them and by so doing added \$14,000 to our fund.

We had many warm friends and helpers. Dear Madame Streeter was the first to show her faith by her works by offering to be one of ten persons to buy our first lot. We bought two, you know, outgrowing the first before we had owned it six months! Her gift inspired others and our friends grew steadily. But one staunch friend stands out, pre-eminent—

Councillor, prophet, supporter and benefactor—writing us, at the end, a check for one-third of the total cost of our house—Mr. James A. Patten.



MR. JAMES A. PATTEN



MRS. CHARLES E. CLIFTON
1911-1913

THE years 1911 to 1913 might be termed years of accumulation, migration and construction. Of the continued accumulation of funds by fair means or foul Mrs. Grant has spoken. It was a good thing for the Club that we had to inveigle our friends into parting with their worldly goods for the sake of our new building, because it kept us awake and pepped up—we had to work together, and together we worked—everything and everybody. A united group with a determined spirit.

The migratory life of the Club you know so thoroughly I will not dwell on that. It was because of our homeless state that the Bulletin sprang into existence, a necessary, meager little pamphlet, to keep the members informed of the wanderings of the Club.

While uppermost in our hearts and minds was the erection of our building, we did not neglect constructive work along civic and philanthropic lines. Some of our present city ordinances are the result of club activities at that time.

Our chief accomplishment naturally was the construction of our club house. During the year 1911, building plans and contracts were studied, adopted and let, the building committee working early and late and long. Finally in February 1912 the first dirt for the foundation was flung and we were off. Quick-sand and a few little difficulties like that were readily overcome, and progress became more and more evi-



LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE

dent each day. Then in May came the eventful day—one of the proudest days in the life of the then president, when she was granted the honor and privilege of laying the corner stone. A festive occasion with an interested group of spectators.

Gathered upon the platform, erected at the corner of our lot, were men of distinction, happy to honor the women by their presence and words of felicitation. Before you stands Dr. David Hugh Jones, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, who gave the invocation. Mr. William S. Harbert, husband of our beloved founder, who brought a message of greeting from Mrs. Harbert. President Harris, not visible in this picture, but nevertheless there, extended greetings and good wishes from Northwestern University. Mr. E. A. Mayo, our architect, on hand to see that all went smoothly and that the president did her part correctly. Above all our chief benefactor and well-wisher, Mr. James A. Patten. I hope in the many happy years of our enjoyment of our club home, we have never failed to live up to all that Mr. Patten expected of us when he said: "You women say you are building for humanity. This is your opportunity to show us. Society has the right to

expect more of women than men in humanitarian pursuits. Evanston needs this building, as well as the women who conduct this club. It is a meeting place for yourselves and your daughters and at times your sons and your husbands. We expect great things from this center of club life."

In the picture before you, you who are "way back wheners" will recognize friends and members, some who are no longer with us in person, but who worked diligently to give us our club home. As you will see from the pictures which follow, the building was really growing and our dreams coming true. Every Monday morning at 8:30, the committee met the architect at the building, to say nothing of frequent conferences on other days of the week. Strict supervision was given even to minor details. Specifications were carefully studied and we insisted on their being carried out to the very letter. More than once the architect was astounded at our knowledge of building construction. To be sure we were aided by the advice of experts to whom we frequently turned, and it would have been indeed a difficult task for us as women had it not been for the generous backing we received from husbands and other men who aided and abetted us along all lines.

As the building neared completion the attention of the committee was turned to equipment and furnishings. To different members was assigned special equipment to be investigated and prices secured. Hours, days and weeks were spent in choosing wisely and carefully the furnishings which we have enjoyed the past sixteen years.

On March 11th, 1913 came the eventful housewarming, when we welcomed our friends and citizens of Evanston to a veritable fairyland. The house never looked more beautiful, brilliantly lighted and decorated, and the praises sung by those attending warmed our hearts so that we were fairly bursting with pride. We had accomplished what three years before had seemed impossible, we owned our own club home.

Who were the women to whom was given the honor and opportunity of serving the club on this building committee? Foremost among them was the chairman, Mrs. U. S. Grant, who had had the vision and to whom the club owes an unbounded debt of gratitude that the vision became a reality. The older and wiser element of the club was represented by our dear Mrs. Bundy, faithful at committee meetings, ready to climb ladders to the roof and to walk beams, nothing daunted in doing her part. Mrs. A. D. Sheridan, in whose memory we pause, the first break in the committee. Mrs. Sheridan was the club's treasurer and acted as the secretary-treasurer of the building committee—not an easy task hers to keep accurate records of all action taken by the committee. Mrs. Robert Berry Ennis, who gathered samples of hardware of all descriptions, and who with Mrs. C. P. Whitney studied plumbers catalogs and supplies. Assisting Mrs. Ennis in the selection of electric fixtures was Mrs. Wirt E. Humphrey, who also spent hours with Mrs. W. W. Buchanan interviewing Carson, Pirie's, Field's and other firms, picking out rugs and draperies and choosing the most suitable furniture

for the interior of our club home. To Mrs. Grant was given the equipping of the kitchen, and to the president was assigned the task of investigating vacuum cleaners. A harmonious group of women, these eight, differing at times audibly and vigorously but always in a friendly spirit. Perhaps you can visualize the workings of this group better if we show you a movie of the committee in session.

When the curtains parted again the members of the Building Committee were shown in action. Grouped around the table were Mr. Mayo, the architect of the building, who was making notes upon some plumbing fixtures which Mrs. Ennis held in her hands; Mrs. Grant paced off the width of the room as she went over the specifications with Mrs. John Bundy; while Mrs. Buchanan on her knees beside Mrs. Whitney's chair examined samples of brick and tiling. It was indeed a "movie" representing one of the many meetings that faithful group attended over a period of two or three years.

Mrs. Clifton continued

AS a child I was taught that it was wrong to be envious of another, but my youthful teachings went astray when I thought of turning over the joys of my office to my successor, not but that she was a most worthy successor. What a wonderful home was to be hers in which to preside, how I envied her! But by-laws are by-laws, and my days were numbered, so to Mrs. Rufus C. Dawes I reluctantly surrendered the gavel. Some one has facetiously termed her two years as the "meddlesome period." That doesn't sound like Mrs. Dawes, does it? But I will let her tell you about them and you can judge for yourselves.

TO speak of the first ten years in the new club house as the "meddlesome age" is to do an injustice to a very useful and harmonious era in the Club's history.

However, it is a snappy subject and is accepted for the purpose of calling attention to the fact that meddling is not always impertinent and that much of the meddling of the Evanston Woman's Club has been both kindly and helpful.

Our first piece of meddling was suggested by the mayor, who asked us to take part in Evanston's first Fly Campaign. A committee appointed by the Board was called "The Mayor's Fly Committee." A whole generation of school children has been educated since then on the harmful nature of the fly, and it is difficult to realize today how great was the ignorance of the general public on this subject less than twenty years ago. One citizen advised the women not to meddle with the flies. He declared that flies were healthy; "I was brought up with flies," he said, "and see how healthy I am."

We have a piece of meddling bequeathed to us by the preceding



MRS. RUFUS C. DAWES
1913-1915

administration. It had to do with methods of handling foods exposed for sale in the Evanston markets. A drastic reform was needed and we began a campaign for new ordinances applying to this question. In the fall of 1913 we appropriated money from our treasury with which to pay Evanston's first food inspector. Later the city created a department of inspection and a system calling for paid inspectors, taking up the work where the pioneer efforts of the club women left off. New ordinances were written into the code of the City of Evanston as a direct result of the activities of our Committee.

Again it is difficult to realize how much such meddling was needed. Those who took part in it remember that we were directly credited with the prevention of an epidemic of typhoid fever in Evanston. This might be taken as a proof of Arnold Bennett's saying that it is sometimes the duty of a good citizen to make himself disagreeable. Our Committee ended, however, by establishing a tie of friendship and mutual interest with the merchants of Evanston that has influenced the policy of the Club from that day to this.

It irked us somewhat during those first two years in the new club house, to have it intimated that because the hard work of building and equipping this beautiful home was finished, we who followed had only

to sit about on flowery beds of ease. The flowers often bore thorns and sitting was sometimes a painful process.

Beside the usual business of Club administration, we were almost overcome at first by the burden of new problems laid upon our shoulders and we were deeply concerned over our responsibility in establishing precedents. We had to refuse to let needy people display their fancy work or pictures for sale to our members; we were besieged by merchants who wanted to advertise household supplies and by the proponents of a thousand good causes, who wished to speak from the Club platform. We had to request our own members to cease selling tickets here for charitable entertainments. There was never such a paradise for ticket sellers, and the social hour was threatening to become the hour for tickets instead of for tea.

Indignant protests were heard from many quarters when a by-law was adopted requiring that every statement issued to the Press in the name of the Woman's Club should pass through the hands of the Press Committee. We caused much unhappiness, also, to well-meaning but impulsive members by ruling that no Committee or Department could commit the Club to any policy without first bringing the matter before the Board of Managers. All of these safeguards seem now to have been born with us, but many of them were first worked out in those two years, and were established only after painful experiences and heated arguments.

Our early rentals caused us much anxiety. Once, through a misunderstanding, the Club was rented as headquarters for a political organization working to elect a candidate for mayor whom most of our members were working against. A roll-top oak desk, a filing cabinet, telephones, and other office equipment had all been established in our beautiful new parlor before the mistake was discovered and the renters were asked to move out. Our attitude in the matter caused one citizen to express his regret that our Club members were so narrow-minded.

The fact that we had a mortgage hanging over our heads when we first took over the new Club House disturbed us very much. We exerted ourselves to pay it off as speedily as possible and were greatly surprised to get word from the Bank that we were paying it off too fast. That was when many of us learned for the first time that a mortgage sometimes represents a respectable investment. We substituted more reasonable payments and invested our surplus income in the lot adjoining our property on the north. Even in quarters that seemed to us truly palatial, we already foresaw the time when we should need room for expansion.

Considering the topic assigned to me, it is amusing to remember that one of the policies which we sought to establish was that we should attend strictly to our own affairs. We believed that no matter how much we might be interested in such causes as Woman Suffrage, Prohibition, or any question of religion or politics, we should work for them as individual members of their own organizations, but we should

not commit our Club as a whole to any of them. In the face of much criticism, we held to this policy until the precedent became firmly established. In my humble opinion, we thereby steered clear of the rocks of dissension on which many an organization has gone to pieces and we are stronger and more useful today as a result of it.

Our members were so occupied in those days with working for the poor, for greater educational opportunities and for civic betterment that we were in danger of overlooking the importance of the Club's social side. We resolved that the social standing of the Woman's Club in the community should be as high as that of any of its individual members, and we set ourselves to establish here a center of cheerful but dignified hospitality that should be worthy of this beautiful home presented to us by the citizens of Evanston. From the beginning of our occupancy of this building, the Club has held itself responsible for the character of the social affairs held in it, whether given by the Club or by organizations or individuals renting it.

We celebrated our silver anniversary during the first year in the new Club House. Some of our activities in those twenty-five years may have expressed a meddling spirit, but there was a certain woman mentioned in the book of Proverbs who might have been called meddling too, and we are told that her price was above rubies. We know she was domestic, for she looked well to the ways of the household and saw to it that her family was warmly clothed. But this model for all women did not confine her activities to the four walls of her home. She sought out the poor and helped them and she took an active part in civic affairs, for we are also told that she sat with the elders in the gates.

Today we have behind us a long record of usefulness in working out helpful plans for mothers and housekeepers, in organizing and helping to maintain many charities, in keeping up our interest in art and music and in working at all times for civic improvements. It is because of all of these sympathetic and helpful activities that on this, the fortieth anniversary of our beloved Club, her children rise up and call her blessed.

Mrs. Dawes then introduced Mrs. Philip Huston, a representative of the administration of Mrs. Leslie E. Hildreth, who read the following letter:



MRS. LESLIE E. HILDRETH
1915-1917

YOU have asked me to recall some of the achievements of the Evanston Woman's Club during my administration from 1915 to 1917.

They were two years of great activity, as there was a general desire on the part of the club members to be of real service. In consequence, many shy, retiring women developed into capable, efficient workers, along broad lines. Three hundred and fifty women were on working committees.

Remarkably large attendance marked all meetings, including business sessions.

Infant Welfare work included a census of all the babies in Evanston under one year of age and an investigation of prenatal conditions. Classes were formed in several languages, Arts, Music, Science, Physical Culture and Parliamentary Law.

Through the Woman's Club much interest was aroused in the Boy Scout movement. The organization was re-established on a solid business basis and fourteen thousand dollars raised, enabling it to run for three years.

Our Club Bulletin was revived and became a financial success.

Co-operation with the Business Men's Association brought us in touch with civic affairs.

In preparedness for war, the Club House was opened Sunday afternoons for meetings with distinguished speakers.

Many hundreds of dollars were voluntarily contributed to assist English women in war relief work, and much clothing was sent. Classes were formed and largely attended in First Aid to the Injured, Surgical Nursing, and the making of Surgical Dressings. Later this work was taken over by the Red Cross.

Four beautiful paintings were added to our Club House. The Club indebtedness was reduced, and a generous surplus left in the Club Treasury.

These are some of the incidents I recall of my administration.

WHERE I AM TODAY

In the State of California,
In the County of Marin,
Stands the pretty town of Kentfield,
And the home we now live in.

From out our casement window
We've a broad and glorious view
Of Tamalpais Mountain
Within a mile or two.

As I sit here by my window,
Many things do I recall,
Of the days we worked together—
Splendid team-work of you all!

Though now I'm "past" as president—
I'm up and coming, too,
And really awfully sorry
I can't celebrate with you.

But I'll send this word of greeting,
Though as poet I'm a "dub."
Thanking you for all past honors,
Wishing long life to the Club!

Loyally yours
Martha White Hildreth

Mrs. Huston then introduced Mrs. Long, who talked on "The Woman's Club in War Time."



MRS. JOHN HARPER LONG
1917-1919

IT has always seemed to me that it was by some curious anomaly that in 1917 I became the so called "War President" of the Woman's Club for I am sure that if the membership had been thoroughly combed from end to end, none other could have been found so committed by birth, education and temperament to the ideal of peace as I.

Hence my inaugural day found me in a state of considerable consternation and bewilderment for war had just been declared. Certainly no president had ever been faced by any such new and unexpected situation. There were no precedents to guide, no rules of club conduct to follow. The whole world was in turmoil and the Woman's Club likewise.

However, like all the world, we adapted our life to new conditions and had soon struck our stride. War work was at once the order of the day. Who does not remember the hive of activity our house became almost immediately?

In the ball room the Young Woman's War Relief organization was working under Mrs. W. S. Gilmore and the National Surgical Dressings Committee under Mrs. E. L. Middleton. The Red Cross with Mrs. James A. Patten at its head, was untiringly active in one corner of the basement. In another, steam arose from the kettles of the Community Kitchen, canning fruit and vegetables and making soup

for the sick and needy. Across our platform passed an army of teachers and speakers on every variety of patriotic subjects.

Heretofore our beautiful clubhouse had been *sacro-sanct*, a place carefully guarded, devoted to hours of profound repose and darkness between the dates of club or social affairs. A scratch on the mahogany was in those days a tragedy. But now the good old green carpets shrank in astonishment at the pressure of mailed feet as men in uniform poured into our home to attend our Blighty.

So urgent was the business of the day that the Board met every week, often for all day sessions. We paid for an ambulance to send to France; we bought Liberty bonds and War Savings stamps. It would be impossible in this short space to recount all our activities. Each day brought a new problem, a new duty.

What a blessing that we were all so busy! I do not remember it as a sad time, although over us all hung the shadow of that frightful conflict which might bring disaster and bereavement any moment.

Well, the end came sooner than we expected it, thank God! The most thrilling moment of my life was when I ran all the way from Davis Street to the club house and burst in crying: "William, William, quick! Get out the flag! *The War is over!*" I helped him put it up and I think I wept tears of joy on William's faithful shoulder.

During my second year there was still war work to do as there always is during a period of reconstruction. I have always been glad to remember that through it all we determined to follow our normal club life as far as consistent with our war work. We gave our usual tithes to the poor and unfortunate who had always looked to us for help and comfort. We had our club programs, we had our teas and evening parties, nothing so grand and sumptuous as those of today but solace to our weary bodies and burdened souls. We paid off some of the club debt; we bought the property next door west; the Young Woman's Auxiliary, our beloved child, was conceived.

I hope and have faith to believe that we shall never have to go through another war. If the Great War taught us anything at all, it was that disputes can never be settled that way among nations any more than they can among individuals. A great wave of this conviction is sweeping over the whole world today. My hope for my beloved club is that when love, justice and peace shall abide upon and rule the earth, it shall have had its part in bringing about this millenium.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Long's speech, the lights were flashed on and the sound of band music was heard coming from the back of the hall. Great was the surprise of the audience when twenty-five members of the Great Lakes Band playing "Over There" marched up the aisle and on to the stage where they played several selections of music familiar during the war, while the audience enthusiastically sang the words. Finishing their program with "The Star Spangled Banner", they swung into marching step once more, playing "Over There" until they disappeared down the stairs.

Fourth Decade

1920—

Womanhood

THOSE WHO HAVE CARRIED THE TORCH

*A*FTER two minutes intermission, the lights were turned off, and in the soft rose glow of the spot light Mrs. Stanwood continued the program. As she spoke she held in her hands a torch made of flowers.

The curtains parted disclosing Mrs. Kaufmann on the stage. Mrs. Stanwood placed the floral torch in her hands, saying;

*N*OW the war was over; all the glow of enthusiastic patriotism that had warmed the whole country had faded. Commercial business, manufacturing, and transportation had been nearly paralyzed by the strain of wartime service. The Woman's Club faced its fourth decade with deflated spirit. The interior of its beautiful clubhouse had been made shabby by wartime activities which had been hospitably housed, and regular club work had been lessened by the pressure of war service. But the torch of club life which had been almost extinguished at the beginning of the war was re-lighted by the flame of loyal service. The president who lifted that glowing torch at the beginning of this period with faith in the Club with courage for the future was one whom it is a great pleasure to introduce, Mrs. G. W. Kaufmann.

*I*N looking back to the spring of 1919 I recall that a new day had dawned, for the war was well over. For a long time we had centered our thoughts and activities on the needs of war-time. Our members had done their patriotic duty and given generously of their time, money and service to the many demands of those days. Sacrifice and economy were the order of the day.

Our beautiful club-house had seen hard service for it had been used as a meeting place for gatherings large and small. The Womans' Club was headquarters for the many patriotic activities that needed housing. Some of us will recall the Sunday evening affairs when young men in service in army and navy came by hundreds to the club for supper and entertainment, and this was kept up for many months.

After all this hard wear our furnishings had become worn and shabby and besides this the clubhouse itself needed thorough and radical repairs. After years of rigid war economy we had to look after our own property and put our house in order. All this, while not spectacular, was a very necessary policy.



MRS. G. W. KAUFMANN
1919-1921



MRS. R. B. ENNIS
1921-1923 •

The important event of that time was the successful launching of our daughter or young-sister club, The Young Woman's Auxiliary. Much had been done in preparation for this in the year just preceding but the actual start came that spring. The young club has been of great value to the parent organization. We love their courage and enthusiasm and we are helped by the well trained young women who come from them to us.

To summarize, the years 1919 to 1921 were years of adjustment from conditions of war-time to those of a world at peace. It was a time of gradual preparation for the enlargement of our club life that came with my successor, our able and beloved Mrs. Ennis, to whom I now pass the torch.

*W*HEN I look back on the two happy years when I was your president, I have vivid memories of new adventures in acquaintance, friendliness and cooperation both among ourselves and with the community in its various units of organization. Through the help of the Boards and the response of the club members we came on a long way in the deepening of the feeling of club unity and in the wider recognition by the community of our club house as a center of community interest and helpfulness.

Mrs. Ennis introduced her successor, Mrs. Alexander and placed the torch in her hands.



MRS. WILLIAM G. ALEXANDER
1923-1924

THE good fairies were very busy during the year 1923-1924. Of their activities seven events come to our memory today.

In the early summer they brought to our platform one of our townsmen, who later became the Vice-President of the United States—Gen. Charles G. Dawes.

From far and near they brought us articles and ideas that made up an interesting Home Exhibit. They led a group of women from Social Service Department to south-western Evanston, where a Boy's Club was organized that has continued and has exerted a lasting influence in the moulding of good citizens.

For our enjoyment during the years to come they have left for us in the Members' Room a Portfolio of the Charter members.

On the walls of our lecture room they placed a lovely picture of "The Marshan Gate" at Tangier, Morocco, which was painted by an Evanston woman—Ethel Louise Coe.

In the Tea Room they installed the attractive drinking fountain, also the work of an Evanstonian.

And as the year was closing they played for us right merrily "The Chimes of Normandy."

I do not wish to-day to remind you of just one bright spot, but rather to leave for your remembrance from my co-workers and myself this "seven-branched candle stick."

I pass the torch to the seventeenth president, Mrs. Betts.



MRS. CHARLES H. BETTS
1924-1926

“WHEN the last Club certificate's issued
And the last dollar's honestly earned,
When the Club's last debt has been cancelled
And the bonds are redeemed and burned
We shall rest; and faith we shall need it
Lie down for an aeon or two
Till some other good leader of women
Shall put us, to work anew.”
I don't know who wrote that poem
But I do know it came true
And in nineteen hundred and twenty-five
That very thing we did do.
We were so proud and happy
And felt so big and grand
To think that it should have happened
In our day to pay the last bond.
We did more paying than that,
For the State was after our gold,

And we cleared that debt of endowment
 The banner of white to unfold.
 The Tuberculosis people too came to us
 And asked us to see them thru',
 So we shouldered the burden for them,
 Every Fall sees us at it anew.
 And the movies how they did stir us
 When they planned for the Sabbath day
 To open the houses and fill our streets
 With mobs that would drive us away.
 But the women took council together,
 And each to her neighbor said
 We will not allow this encroachment
 We will get in our vote ahead.
 And they came and filled the Club House
 And with one voice voted **nay**,
 They shall not come here on Sunday,
 And, as yet, we hold the day.
 One day we had a party
 And the Federation Prexy came
 And Mary Sherman's dress was blue
 And mine was just the same.
 The flowers were scattered everywhere,
 The tables made to shine,
 And music sounded softly
 And everything was fine.
 And oh! what famous artists
 Trod on these very boards
 And heard our introductions
 (Tho most of them were bored.)
 Sometimes we turned the tables
 And did things our own way,
 For unwritten laws were sacred
 And they could not have their say.
 We can't forget the lunches
 With learned folk as guests
 And Tillie Scott to plan such meals
 That in our best we dressed.
 And brought our husbands to the feast
 Of viands rich and rare
 To let them know that we knew how

To play with them so fair.
 And then there was one sad day
 When the news flashed from the West,
 That our Founder had crossed the border
 The woman we loved was at rest.
 To us are left her ideals,
 The glory of liberties won,
 Her beautiful spirit of loving
 And living and helping every one under the sun.
 Perhaps if I live for a century
 And we honor our birthday again
 I will get more than two minutes
 And complete this wild refrain.
 There were never such wonderful Boards,
 Never such loyal help,
 Never such esprit de corps—
 But alas! my two minutes are up.

Mrs. Betts spoke with regret of the absence of her successor, Mrs. Humphrey, who had been called away because of the death of her sister. She passed the torch to Mrs. Warren Williams who read Mrs. Humphrey's greeting.



MRS. WIRT E. HUMPHREY
1926-1927

I AM the last past president. But my memory goes back to the first president.

I have known every past president and take great pride in them all. My own administration is so very close to you that I have no need to boast or brag because you, having done the work with me, know it was an administration of achievement. Ours was the first administration after all the bonds were paid and we were entirely out of debt,—but we did not “lie down and rest” as Mrs. Kingsley said we would have a perfect right to do. Instead, because every one wanted to, for the very joy of it, we did all of the charity work and all of the civic work that other administrations had done.

Because the new by-laws instructed us to do so, we placed the first thousand dollars in the first sinking fund.

Because our program committee seemed almost inspired in its understanding of what you wanted and in its ability to secure it for you, and because our social program was planned and carried through by a large group of women whose chief object was to make you feel that this club house was your second home, because of these things, our audiences were outstanding in the club's history having capacity houses, week after week.

Because we were very modern, we did much of our work in the

“Spirit of Play” and some few found it difficult to realize that while many things were labeled “play” the real purpose was educational. Because of all these things and many more of which I would like to speak, your last past president will carry with her throughout her life, a memory of courtesy, harmony, happiness and accomplishment during her administration.

So the torch was held high—

Because of love for our founder

Because of admiration for those who followed her

Because of respect for ourselves.

Mrs. Williams then handed the torch back to Mrs. Stanwood.

The curtains fell upon the presidents of the Fourth Decade,—those who had carried the torch since the troublous days of the World War, and the musicians off-stage played “Auld Lang Syne.”

Mrs. Stanwood presented the torch to Mrs. Spofford with the following tribute:

I PLACE this symbol of our club spirit in your hands to represent your service.

The history of the Club in the persons of its presidents or their representatives has been unrolled before you.

The torch cannot remain with the past; it must be held by the present. But the past seeks to appraise the qualifications of the present before confiding the symbol to her hands. We find her equipped with good business judgment. She has a disciplined mind and spirit, is not puffed up, is not easily provoked, seeketh not her own, is well poised and as true as truth. The appraisal is satisfactory.

Lift high and carry on.

The curtains parted showing the stage set as usual for the Tuesday club meetings, with the recording secretary, Mrs. Wheeler, and the corresponding secretary, Mrs. Good, in their accustomed places. Mrs. Spofford stepped up on the platform, laid the floral torch upon the reading desk and called the meeting to order.

After the reading of the minutes of the February meeting by the recording secretary, Mrs. James W. Good, the corresponding secretary, Mrs. John A. Wheeler read from Article 6, Section 3 as follows:

At the Club meeting held on the fourth Tuesday in March, the Corresponding Secretary shall present the ticket prepared by the Nominating Committee, and not less than twenty days before the annual meeting she shall mail to each member of the Club a printed copy of said ticket.

After which she read the ticket in accordance with this by-law.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------|
| <i>President</i> | Mrs. Robert L. Elliott |
| <i>Second Vice-President</i> | Mrs. H. S. Philbrick |
| <i>Third Vice-President</i> | Mrs. F. M. Schieble |
| <i>Recording Secretary</i> | Mrs. Ward Davidson |
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BOARD OF DIRECTORS 1929-1930

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| | Mrs. W. G. Alexander, Mrs. George Olmsted |

After one or two announcements by the president, the business meeting as such gave place to the continuation of the program of the 40th Anniversary.

At the close of this business meeting Mrs. Spofford stepped down to her seat on the platform again and the curtains were drawn.

Once more the stereoptican screen was dropped, and upon it faint cloud-like effects were thrown—mystical, illusive—until there seemed to appear a vision of a towering building—perhaps—who can foretell?—the Woman's Club of the Future.

As the vision grew Mrs. Spofford, holding in her hand the floral symbol of club life, read this poetic message:

YOU have seen unrolled before you our past. We have shown you the material growth of the Club and its record of service. I, the present, stand as the link between that past of which you all are proud and a future which is as yet shrouded.

The growth of our city is a challenge which must be met and this may bring the same changes to the Club that we have seen in Evanston herself. Business has crept to our doors—we are now a downtown club, occupying property whose value has been increasing rapidly, and the time is nearly upon us when these values will force us to consider sources of income other than those we now possess. What this will mean we can surmise. At the present we have dreams, we have glimpses and visions—but only that.

It has been said—"Our grand business undoubtedly is not to see what lies dimly at a distance but to do what lies clearly at hand." That, we are doing, and while we are so concerned and so

acting, let us not close our eyes to what the years may bring. Perhaps the loss of this loved home and a reestablishment in another, a loss of a feeling of intimate associations—a gain in power and ability to recognize service and to perform it. We do not know where the future will carry us but we do know, that without the vision of continued service to a growing community our club life must perish. "Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt."

"Blossoms, with rare and thin and reaching smell
 What is it you would tell?
 You draw us down all woodlands that have been
 Since first the world was green.
 Draw us with ache thru graves of all the days
 To grasp what beauty stays.
 What Permanence behind all perishings
 What Spring behind all springs."

As the last words were spoken the lights flooded the house once more, a bugle note rang out, and to the inspiring strains of the Soldiers' March from Faust, Mrs. Spofford and Mrs. Stanwood led the past presidents and charter members down the aisle, and the celebration of the Fortieth Anniversary of the Woman's Club of Evanston became a happy memory.



PAST PRESIDENTS

Mrs. C. E. Clifton, Mrs. R. B. Ennis, Mrs. C. H. Betts, Mrs. Rufus Dawes,
Mrs. C. W. Spofford, Mrs. U. S. Grant, Mrs. T. K. Webster, Mrs. W. G.
Alexander, Mrs. G. W. Kaufmann, Mrs. John Harper Long.

*In essentials, unity
In non-essentials, liberty
In all things, charity*

