II

FRANCES CRANE LILLIE

(1869 - 1958)

A MEMOIR

BY

MARY PRENTICE LILLIE BARROWS

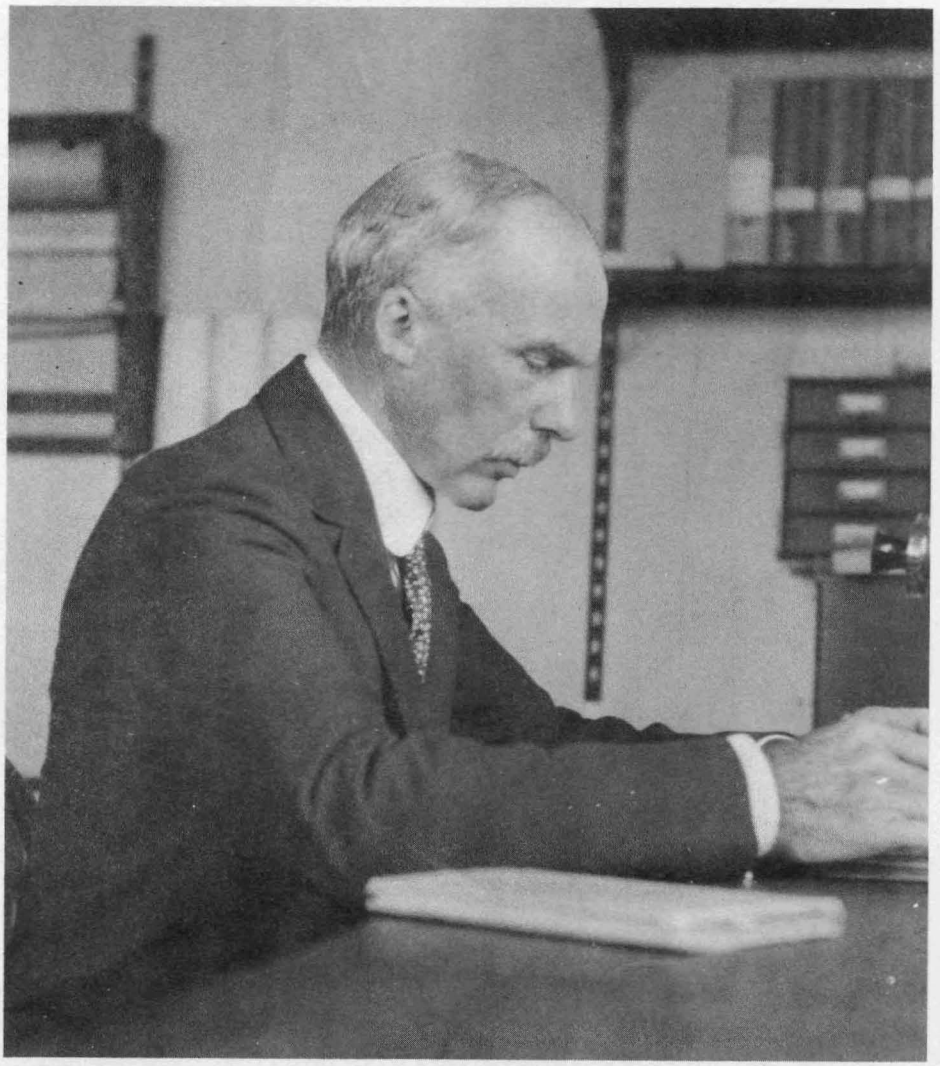
For Virginia and Victor
with love from
Penty
August, 1969

Belongs to
Lorraine Haber
June 1988

Fannie Crane — ca. 1875
"I was a desperate character."

Dr. Frances Crane – 1894
"The most happy year of my life."

Frances Crane Lillie – 1907
"A gray maternal owl."



Frank Rattray Lillie — ca. 1922
In his laboratory or study

Frances Crane Lillie with Mary Sherman – ca. 1922
"I want to go to church with my cook."

F. C. L. with Charles Crane — ca. 1936
Traveller's tales

FRANCES CRANE LILLIE

(1869 - 1958)

A MEMOIR

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Mary Prentice Lillie Barrows

FRANCES CRANE LILLIE
1869 - 1958

Concerning her own mother, F. C. L. wrote a very touching tribute on the occasion of the seventh anniversary of the founding of the Mary Crane Nursery in Chicago, a day nursery for children of working mothers that she had persuaded her father to endow:

> What is there left to be said about a good mother? She has always been as close and familiar as the air we breathe; as warm and comforting as the fire she undressed us by, unconscious of the wonder of her as the children at her knee were unconscious.
>
> Mary Crane was that kind of a mother; and we remember the fun she was, playing games in the big parlor after supper, or laughing at our laughter from the chair on the veranda.
>
> We remember her dressed and beautiful in her black velvet, when we stood on chairs to kiss her magnificence; and we remember her ordinary mother clothes that were very approachable.
>
> We remember her young and happy and remonstrating when one big brother, to show his prowess, picked her up and ran up and down the long flight of stairs without stopping.
>
> We remember when the terrible disease claimed her and she uncomplainingly slipped from our agonized grasp.
>
> "How much nicer to stay at home with you, my little children, than to go to the grandest party in the whole world," she said; and now that she has to stay at a heavenly party all the time, I am sure she must be running constantly to the window to see what her children are

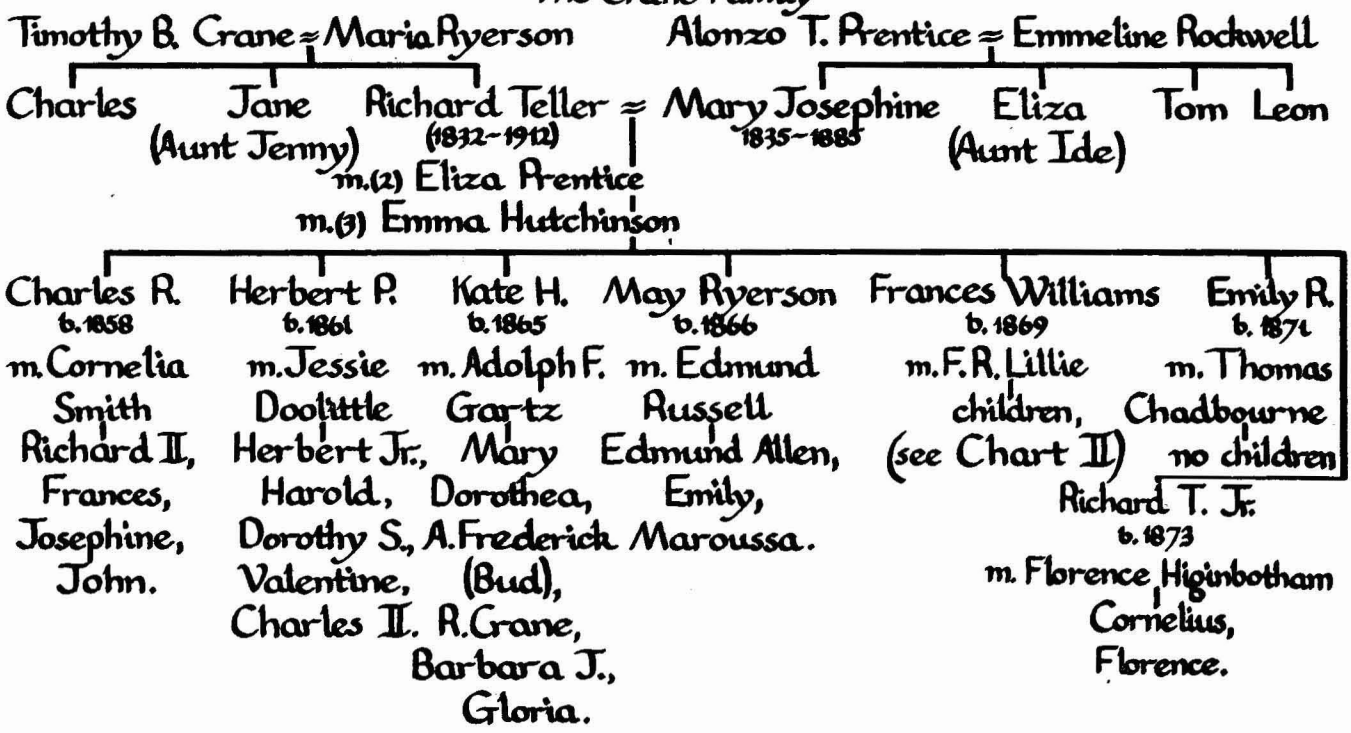
> doing, and she would care very much for other mothers' children who are sheltered for a while beneath this roof.
>
> It is very noble to consecrate one's self before God and the world to a great cause, but what would the world do without the unconscious patience and the hidden consecration?

F. C. L., as I remember her, was not this kind of a mother at all. Most of the warm caring-for that we got was from our dear Irish Mamie who cooked our meals and looked after us children - although I do remember Mother warming my long winter underwear (at least once) before the gas fire in the nursery on a cold winter's morning. I remember her teaching me to sew on buttons and to darn a stocking. I remember once at the Farm, when I was mulling over my favorite story of Jack and the Beanstalk, and thinking with fascinated wonder about what the giant said of Jack: "I'll grind his bones and make me bread!" - how I asked Mother if we could make some bone bread. She rose magnificently to this challenge - got out the coffee grinder and some barley, and we ground the barley and mixed it with some egg and baked the resultant dough in the lid of a baking-powder can. This just about covers my memories of a homely domestic type. Mother did at times play the peasant-mother, cooking hearty soups, baking bread, shelling peas, or doing the laundry (at Woods Hole, and there only); but this was a kind of dramatic performance, for she was seldom concerned with the practicalities of the household.

On the other hand, I have no memories of her in grand clothes for parties. Her name was Frances; and she must early have become conscious of her patron saint, St. Francis of Assisi, since as far back as I can remember her favorite word

I

The Crane Family



The Lillie II Family

Adam Lillie ≈ Elizabeth Waddell

James (several others) George Waddell ≈ Emily Ann
(Uncle James) 1837-1897

Thomas Dick Rattray ≈ Emily Ann Thompson

Emily Ann 1843-1924 — Alice, m. G. Wheeler — Lizzie m. T. Marshall

Wilfrid, Arthur, Blanche. I. Newman, M. Gigger

- **Alice Maud** b. 1868 — m. Robert Mahr — no children
- **Frank Rattray** b. 1870 — m. Frances Crane — a son, unnamed, b. & d. 1896, Catherine Crane, b. 1899, Margaret Halsted, b. 1903, Mary Prentice, b. 1906, Alice Rattray, b. & d. 1909, Emily Ann Rattray, b. 1913
- **George Cooney** b. 1872 — m. Marie Murphy — Geo. Waddell.
- **Emily (Millie)** b. 1874 — m. W. Wheeler — Wilfrid Jr. (Boysie), Charles Lincoln, Richard W.
- **Ralph** b. 1877 — m. Helen Makepeace — Frank, Walter.
- **Charles W.** b. 1879 — m. Hazel Gurd — Charles E., David.

Albert Reed Trenholm, b. 1892, adopted 1897

Ethan Aiken, b. 1899, fostered 1902

Karl Chistopher b. 1904, fostered 1907.

was "Franciscan." This saintly image lay behind her idea of the "simple life," - a picture which included plain food, architecture, and clothing, for us as for herself. Consequently I remember her either in the austere blue or brown cottons that she had made for her household role (of the best fabrics imported from England at great expense: "We could never afford Frances's simple life," I have heard her friends say), or else in severe black or Oxford gray for church. There had been grand clothes in her past - a whole trunk full of them in a big upstairs closet, and we were allowed to take them out and dress up in them. There was a pale-blue "coming-out" dress with an incredibly tiny waist, with matching satin slippers and silk stockings, that had been acquired in Paris in about 1888; there was her gorgeous wedding dress with its Venetian lace bodice and heavy ivory silk skirt; there was a "Japanese" kimono (with leg-of-mutton sleeves) which must have been part of her trousseau. There was a little ermine capelet with black tails, just like the ermine in pictures of royalty, and there was also a little black sealskin muff in its own elegant cylindrical box. So we could play at being princesses as long as we didn't demand fine clothes in our everyday life. That would not be Franciscan.

I am sure that the idea of St. Francis was not in Grandmother Crane's mind at all when she named her baby, the fifth of the family to survive infancy. The new child was in fact named "Fannie Williams" after a relative on the Prentice side, and it was only later that she decided that it was undignified to be called by a nickname and insisted on being called "Fran-

ces." Anyhow, this baby was born on August 30, in the year 1869, in Chicago, where all the Crane children were born, in one of a series of increasingly large houses illustrated in Grandfather's Autobiography. August 30 was, as it happened, also the birthday of Aunt May, who was three years older exactly. "What a horrible birthday present!" she is reported to have said, I am sure more than once.

The oldest of the family was Charles, eleven years older than Fannie. He came to stand in an almost paternal relationship to her, especially after the death of their mother, and always remained her favorite. But he was often away from home on account of his poor health. It would appear that Grandfather worked him too hard in his ambition to have his eldest son grow up as his successor in the business. As a result, the boy's health broke down and his doctor ordered a long sea voyage. This was the beginning of Uncle Charles's lifelong interest in travel and world affairs.

Bert, the second, was a handsome boy, who made a kind of niche for himself in the family as general black-sheep and trouble-maker. But his vitality and love for horses and dogs made him a center of fascinated interest for the younger children, in the halcyon days before his father "cut him off with a penny." He and Kate, the eldest girl, were alike in that they were both rebels against authority, but they somehow conceived it their duty to keep the younger children in line. This naturally occasioned of a good deal of resentment and friction among their victims. Outside the home, Kate's rebelliousness turned to defiance of school authorities, and became

the cause of many changes of schools; hence of a spotty sort of education for all the Crane children. They went to five different schools by the time Fannie was ten, according to her report.

May, the next in line, was somewhat crushed by the explosive energy of her family, and once in later years confided to her mother, "I am an awfully wicked girl, I hate every one of my brothers and sisters." But she was not able to express this feeling often, and so she took refuge in illness until she was sent for a time to visit a cousin in Lockport, New York, the home of the Prentices. After that she seems to have learned to get along, but she grew up to be domestic and dutiful, the only member of the family with no striking or eccentric character traits.

But Fannie had the family vitality and turbulence in double amounts. In so large a family, with so many characters assertive in different ways, she early learned to fight for her rights, sometimes with bitterness. "I was a desperate character," she used sometimes to say. "Odd that my youngest (Emily Ann) should be such a desperate character, too." Remembering E. A.'s childhood tantrums, I can easily reconstruct little Fannie Crane's.

Fannie was a handsome child, in a vigorous, almost boyish way, with large grey eyes, olive skin, and straight black hair. How she resented the golden curls that her younger sister, Emily, was endowed with! She tried at times to eliminate each and every one of these goldy-locks, though unsuccessfully, while poor little Emily stood there crying and exclaiming over

and over, "Hope you're sassified! Hope you're sassified!" In spite of Fannie's attacks, Emily kept her blonde curls and grew up to be the beauty of the family, sensitive and artistic, with an innate sense of style, but never as much of a favorite with the boys as her much less pretty sister Kate, since Emily was shy and withdrawn, while Kate was lively and outgoing.

Finally there was Dick, a plump loveable baby, who seems to have had less trouble in life than the rest, and who eventually was the one to take over the Company, since both of the older boys had defected in their different ways. He managed the business competently enough, but without his father's brilliance or initiative. I never knew him, as Mother had quarrelled with him over Crane Co. labor policy when I was a small child, and they were not on speaking terms for years. I saw him only once in my life, at my sister Catherine's wedding.

The family portrait, which now hangs in the Chicago Historical Museum in Lincoln Park, presents a solidly Victorian picture, all arranged in a careful pose in front of a palatial backdrop: the father, handsome in full beard; the mother, comfortably plump; the children all dressed in their best: Charles, the dreamer, with a faraway look in his eyes; Bert, the playboy, sitting on the ground near a croquet mallet, holding a ball in his hand with a look of suppressed mischief; Kate in pink, solidly self-possessed, but paradoxically holding up a soap-bubble pipe (her Utopian socialism?); May, next to her, in blue, her delicate neck slightly tilted; Fannie in yellow with a Roman-striped scarf over one shoulder, holding out a bunch of red flowers with her characteristic expression, at once shyly

eager and puzzled at the world; Emily, standing by her father's knee, elegant in white satin and lace, holding up an orange and looking up with a faintly apprehensive smile, the golden curls in perfect order; and finally little plump Dick, the baby, in his carriage next to big brother Bert. The fact that the older girls had appropriated to themselves the properly feminine colors, blue and pink, was a source of irritation and almost tragic feeling to little Fannie. She remembers screaming in desperation over a pretty pale-green chambray dress that she had once, since it was neither pink nor blue, and no doubt she felt the same about the yellow dress of the portrait.

The artist, Mr. Pine, lived with the family for a month or more while he was painting this portrait, and learned to know his sitters well, even to the two invisible but highly important aunts. "Where are Aunt Jenny and Aunt Ide?" May asked when the picture was nearly finished. He replied, "Why, dear, they are right up there at the top of the stairs, just out of sight." The little girl was apparently satisfied, knowing that the indispensable aunts must of course be present. Aunt Jenny (Jane Crane, Grandfather's sister) and Aunt Ide (Eliza Prentice, Grandmother's sister) lived with the family for many years, and since Mary Crane had trouble coping with her large and various brood, the children were divided between the two aunts (Mother "belonged" to Aunt Jenny though she seems to have been much influenced by Aunt Ide as well.). So it was somehow possible for them to grow up without being completely neglected.

In spite of the lush decor seen in the portrait, the Crane family lived relatively simply. Grandfather suffered a good

deal from "dyspepsia," and naturally felt that every kind of food that did not agree with him must also be bad for the children. Consequently they were never allowed any pork products - ham, sausages, or bacon - and almost never cake, pie, or candy of any kind. This deprivation led the children to have an almost unnatural passion for food - forbidden sweets - or even such forbidden sours as pickled limes and walnuts, favorite delicacies among little girls of the period. These could sometimes be obtained by borrowing or wheedling from schoolmates or friends. Another source of cheap sweets and bakery goods was a kind man who came to clean the stables. Fannie liked to hang around back there in hopes of getting handouts. It is a wonder she did not run into more trouble.

Since the Crane children were not given much pocket money, either, Fannie would often pinch a nickel or two from her older brothers' or even her father's dresser, if any loose change happened to be lying around. "That child will end up in the penitentiaree!" Bert was often heard to exclaim. Fannie did not have the art of committing her sins discreetly, so she often felt she was the scapegoat of the family. At one time she made a list of the names her brothers and sisters called her. These include "Little Disaster," "Big Disaster," and "Awful Disaster." "Do you wonder that I longed for an ideal family that would appreciate me at my true worth?" she once wrote to me.

One escapade she used to like to tell about took place at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, where Grandfather Crane had his summer home. There was a railroad trestle that ran across

a deep ravine not far from their house, and so one day she and one of her friends decided to cross it, although of course this was strictly forbidden. There was no walkway or any means for getting off at the side, so when, half-way across, the children saw a train coming, they started to run, and ran and ran as fast as they could, until they finally reached a place where it was not too dangerous to jump. Landing on a rough, stony embankment, Fannie got a nasty cut on the leg. When it became infected, she did not dare to show it to anyone. Fortunately she did not get blood poisoning, but when the cut healed, it left a deep pit-shaped scar, which she would show us, and tell us this tale when we were children.

There were, of course, happy times too, with her father and big brothers. When there was snow on the ground in Chicago, the children would be allowed to tie their sleds to Father's horse-drawn cutter, and ride half a mile or so with him towards the factory. On some of these occasions he would give them a little parting gift of money to treat their friends. He was not a complete ogre, it seems, but he never thought of giving the children an allowance. Fannie was all of eighteen when she got up her courage to ask for one, and was amazed at the generosity of his response. Her mother and aunts always realized that Father could be made to respond favorably to a request, in spite of his sudden tempers and usual preoccupation with his business. "When will you children learn that you have to smooth your father the right way?" they sometimes asked. Apparently only Emily learned the trick.

New Year's Day was the one big social occasion when the

ladies of the Crane family entertained. It was customary in those days for ladies of good society to remain home to receive the gentlemen who went from house to house to pay their annual calls. No wine or other alcoholic beverages were served at the Crane home, however, as the family was strongly in favor of "temperance," and were in fact sometimes criticized by their friends for being so strait-laced. The men from Crane Co. were invited to the home on New Year's Day, and it was a great occasion, even without the customary strong punch, with the tables covered with good things to eat and the children running excitedly around. Sometimes the gentlemen left fancy engraved New Year's cards behind, and the children fought over them as soon as they could lay their hands on them after the party.

Aside from this one holiday, there was practically no company at the house. The parents went out occasionally, but not often. Mary Crane I think enjoyed these rare excursions, and was always beautifully dressed for them, to the wonder and awe of her children. She was apparently well-liked, gentle and refined, but her many children and her frequent exhaustion made an active social life impossible for her. And naturally Richard Crane's life was filled with his business interests and the many male social contacts that he enjoyed both through his business and his active interest in civic affairs. I am sure he did not realize that his wife and daughters may have felt left out.

On a summer evening, the children sometimes went over to the factory to ride home with Father. It was on one or more of these occasions that both Fannie and Kate had experiences that

marked them deeply. Aunt Kate's account of these experiences (in a letter written in 1923 to Mrs. Fremont Older) gives a vivid picture of what both girls saw and felt so deeply that much of their adult activity was directed towards helping the poor and trying to correct social injustice, especially towards working women. She wrote:

> For a long time I took life for granted, until I was hurt by the sight of poverty; especially at the sight of mothers going out nights to scrub floors in downtown offices, leaving their children at home alone. I resented it - that men permitted it and walked right through the soapsuds without any thought of the degradation to their own mothers, wives and children. I simply could not stand it. I wept, and my throad ached - as it does now when I even think about it. I have been protesting about it ever since; and about other injustices that confront me from day to day.
>
> Another event in my life which made a deep impression on me was in going to my father's factories as a small child to play in the sand with girls who were making the "sand-cores" over which molten metal is poured. Then I thought it great fun - but when I grew older and saw the same girls, or other girls, sitting there day after day and year after year, I began to say, "Why should they have nothing but work in their lives, make economic freedom for me, while they are chained forever to their jobs?" Then I realized I could never look them in the face again, and I never have.

Mother has also told me of these or similar experiences and feelings, and in this respect she and her sister Kate were much alike. The difference between them was that in the end Mother turned towards a religious solution, while Aunt Kate kept up her efforts strictly on a secular basis all her life, angry at God as she was at society for the human suffering she observed but was unable to cure.

Of all the Crane children, Fannie seems to have been the only one to be drawn to religion, and this at an early age. The whole family went to church as a matter of course, but as far as she could see, this was a purely conventional observance. The family belonged first to the Presbyterian Church, and later, when Grandfather quarreled with the minister, they moved over to the Congregational. Fannie remembered these churches as lovely, big and spacious, and warm, with red cushions and a homey, hospitable air. She had no memory of being disturbed by hell-fire-and-damnation sermons such as frightened my father so much when he was a boy. She went regularly to Sunday School, and also enjoyed going to prayer meetings with her aunts during the week. But she never remembered anyone speaking of religion at home. Her private thoughts and emotions went completely unshared.

She said her prayers regularly at night: "Now I lay me down to sleep," followed by a long list of "Bless Mother and Father . . . " and so many others that she sometimes went to sleep on her knees in the middle of her blessings, and woke up with a start to begin all over again. She never was taught to use the Lord's Prayer, nor were there any morning prayers or daily Bible reading in her family. It seems odd and rather sad to me that her family never had a Christmas tree. The Christmas trees at her Sunday school therefore seemed particularly wonderful to her. She remembered

> . . . the utter happiness of walking up and receiving a book and a little net stocking filled with pop corn and candy. The book especially entranced me, for I did not have enough books. We were a shy family and did not

> seek friends easily, so books were dear to me, but unfortunately, either I did not have the appropriate ones or I had not a sufficiently intellectual taste, for I read nothing but the most childish books. I read Pilgrim's Progress once and was much alarmed at the prospect of meeting wild animals in my life, but was quickly reassured by my aunts explaining allegory to me. My aunt, Eliza Prentice . . . used to talk more to us than the other aunts did.

This aunt was a clever and well-educated woman who had been a school teacher for a while before she came to live with her sister and help with the children.

In the same memoir, Mother went on to say:

> I was very responsive to religious ideas but the effect (the moral effect, she must mean) never lasted long. A famous tale is of my hearing a sermon on "Blessed are the peacemakers." As we younger children frequently quarreled among ourselves, there opened to me a splendid field for my freshly acquired ideals. I arrived home to find Emily and Dick quarreling so I rushed right in and said sweetly, "Little children, you should not quarrel." This remark, so unwonted in their lives, filled them with amazement, not to say fury. "Mind your own business," I quickly got in reply. Thereupon I bit my tongue; as I always did in a fight, took them both by the neck, and hit their heads together, until they turned on me and there was a free-for-all. Another memory is of being done out of precious pennies, so rare in my life, too many times by the appeal of the minister for alms, and one day deciding to empty my pockets before going to church.

But the idea of almsgiving had a strong appeal to her, and she did not always protect herself so prudently. One anecdote tells of her having heard of a poor family in the neighborhood, and being troubled at the thought. So she got up very early one morning, crept down to the kitchen before anyone else was awake, and filled a basket with stolen fruit, bread, and whatever else she could lay her hands on; then ran down the street

and thrust it on the astounded, and no doubt sleepy, poor family. All the next night she lay awake trying to decide whether she had done right or wrong.

Characteristic, too, is a story of her being taken to a revival meeting near Lake Geneva one summer. I think she was about ten years old at the time. The preacher called for testimonials, and little Fannie stood up in the midst of the congregation and announced in a clear voice: "I have worshipped Baal all my life, but I now renounce him and henceforth will give my life to God." What she meant by this I have no idea, and I suspect that she did not know either, but was carried away by the drama of the occasion.

Although she writes of having read very little as a child, one book that made a deep impression on her was Little Men. She was captivated by the picture of Jo's family, made up partly of her own children and partly of poor boys that she had taken in to care for. This ideal was one she never forgot, and she tried to realize it in her own family, as well as in her larger projects, the Crane Fund for Widows and Children on our farm, and the Mary Crane Nursery, which I have already mentioned. In our own home, I remember her acting out the role of Jo, "flitting around the house at night like a gray maternal owl" to look out for the children. I well remember her gray flannel bathrobe with its three-tiered cape-sleeves for this role. Mother would always rather get up at night and wander around the house to see if the children were all right than to give us much attention during the day. It was on account of these nocturnal habits that she justified her habit of taking

a long nap in the afternoons. Anyhow, she hated afternoons. "Hell is three o'clock in the afternoon," she sometimes said; but which came first, the love of night flitting, or hatred of afternoons, I cannot say.

Other than the sketchy reading done at home, aided occasionally by Aunt Ide's explanations, the regular attendance at Sunday School, and the enlightening glimpses of life at the factory, the Crane children did not get much systematic education. Grandfather was not a strong believer in formal education, since he had done so well with next to none. In fact, he wrote a book on The Evils of the Higher Learning, which I have seen but never read, but the title of which gives one a clear enough idea. Therefore, the boys, except for Uncle Dick, did not go to college, and the education of the girls was spotty, to say the least. Since Kate's rebelliousness broke up many attempts at schooling, many schools were tried, but none lasted very long.

Mother spoke with gratitude of being sent away to boarding school in Glencoe, just north of Chicago, when she was quite small, because for once her mother had noticed that the big family was a burden on this turbulent child. Perhaps the child was a burden to the family as well. I do not know how long the Glencoe experience lasted, but it was an interlude of peace and quiet, much needed, as was also Fannie's later experience at Ogontz, where she was sent with one of her sisters, after their mother's death. She tried to keep a diary at Ogontz, in emulation of her Aunt Idie, but she did not seem equal to the effort: "It will not be crammed with such enor-

mous words as hers," she wrote, "for I haven't been brought up on a dictionary." Her brief notes describe her room, her roommates, her crushes, and a few other details, but do not give a picture of much intellectual life.

Her mother's death from cancer, which occurred in January of 1885, when Fannie was only fifteen, was a serious blow to the young girl. For some reason, she seems to have undertaken more care of her mother during her long illness than anyone else in the family, or at least she so remembered the situation. Why the aunts and the older sisters did not protect this younger one, I do not know. However, Aunt May by this time was helping with the house-keeping. It may have been that the mother preferred her ministrations. Or time may have distorted the memories. Anyhow, Mother often spoke to us of these dreadful days, the worst part being the times when her mother, seeing the regular doctors hopeless and helpless about her illness, insisted on being taken to all sorts of "witch doctors" (as Mother called them) or faith-healers in the neighborhood. But finally these expeditions, too, had to be given up, and nothing was left except the daily nursing and agonized waiting for the end.

In a letter to me written on January 20, 1925, while I was at college, Mother wrote:

> Dearest Mary Prentice:
>
> Your grandmother-namesake died forty years ago yesterday at three in the morning. I well remember kneeling all the night until the silence of her death came, praying for her to die! She was groaning and crying out. Afterwards I was immensely consoled seeing her sweet and contented face, as if it had all been explained to her.

This experience, which she had to face so young, was, I believe, the beginning of Mother's lifelong involvement with the mystery of death, and the origin of her more mature and serious concern with religion.

After her mother's death, it became clear to the family that Fannie was much shaken and not at all well. Her thoughtful brother Charles (who by now was married to Cornelia Smith) decided to take her East with him. On the trip she became worse, she writes, "and in Washington I had such a headache that he stayed up a good part of the night keeping cold cloths on my head. The next day he took me over to see President Cleveland, but I had such a horror of his gross looks that I was glad when Charles's back was turned and I did not have to stay in the line to shake hands with the President."

Actually she was coming down with typhoid fever, but at first this was not clear, and she was taken to the Catskill mountains, where her Aunt Lucy Prentice joined her and then had to stay on to nurse her through her six-weeks' long illness. During the illness, her long heavy black hair had to be cut off. I remember seeing a picture of her at about this age, leaning against a tree with a boyish haircut, oddly modern looking.

After she had thoroughly recovered, Charles arranged for her and Emily to go to school at Ogontz, near Philadelphia. The two years at boarding school, while a welcome respite from problems of home life, did not serve to bring Fannie out of her depressive tendency, and so Charles again took a hand in her development and arranged with a Miss Ellen Halsted, an aunt of

one of her best friends, Edith Foster (later Mrs. Flint), a well educated and much traveled woman, to take her abroad. Miss Halsted of course had no children of her own, and informally adopted Fannie as her very own child, adoring her with an almost unhealthy passion - though of course no such ideas crossed the minds of ladies in that day and age. Fannie reciprocated, being delighted at having some exclusive attention for the first time in her life, and the trip to Europe was a landmark in her life. She called Miss Halsted "Mother," and later, after Frances was married, and even had children, she lived in our household, and the older children were taught to call her "Grandma Halsted." I have no personal memories of her, as she and Father apparently quarreled in about 1907, so she left our house then and died shortly afterwards.

Anyhow, it was under Grandma Halsted's tutelage that Mother's real education began. Miss Halsted not only shepherded her around Europe for fourteen months, through all the churches and galleries, but also, by Mother's account, taught her to read. That is, she encouraged her to read good books, and was always saying to her, "Fannie! Stop mooning! Read something!" They read together not only English books, but also some French and German, and it may have been at this time that Mother discovered Tolstoi, who became another important formative influence, confirming her in the idea she had already vaguely formed that it was wrong to be rich, and one would do better by giving everything away to help the poor.

On her return from this trip, Charles encouraged Frances in her newly conceived ambition to study medicine. This seemed

to her (she was nineteen by now) the best way to realize her aspiration to serve society, and to use her experience with her mother's illness for humanity at large. Although she had had no college education, this was not a prerequisite for medical study in the 'nineties, and Frances had had some biology and chemistry in a school in Lake Geneva that she had attended for a while. Perhaps she had studied more of the necessary subjects at Ogontz, and she had acquired good reading knowledge of French and German on her European trip. There was by now a medical college for women in Chicago, which later became affiliated with Northwestern University. Perhaps twelve ambitious and aspiring young women attended the school at the time my mother was there. She became a kind of leader among the students, conspicuous partly because of her family's position, but also on account of her quick mind and high spirits. She led some kind of student rebellion in the small school, and was in trouble with the administration for a while - an episode I have read of in one of her sporadic diaries which I cannot now locate, but she did not say what the issue was.

In the course of her medical training, she was sent as a young interne to deliver babies in the Chicago slums. Her big brother Bert became concerned about this, and sometimes followed her at a fairly discreet distance with a revolver strapped to his waist - in plain sight so that he would not be arrested for carrying concealed weapons. It must have been at this time, also, that Mother came to know of the work of Jane Addams and her friend Ellen Starr at Hull House, which was founded in 1889, and, as a new and revolutionary venture, could

not help attracting another ardent young feminist, such as my mother was at the time. I have no records of the beginnings of this association, but she and Miss Addams, and more especially Miss Starr, became good friends for life.

Her diaries from the period 1890 - 93 are so vivid and give such a human picture of her life as medical student and young woman that I shall quote some of them verbatim at this point. (The punctuation, or lack of it, is her own.)

Feb. 13, 1890

I am horribly lazy and haven't studied a bit today. Dr. Meigler's coming tonight is an excuse. I see so much of Charles (her brother) in me. Especially in my love of books, for their covers more than their contents, since I have 169 volumes, not counting my medicine books, nor those in my book case up at the lake and I have read through 32 more or less, less the rule, more the exception, in all. So many unfinished that it just tires me to look at them, and yet with such a fascination for them that I am always delighted with a new one or was until this winter and now it seems to oppress me the weight of so many unused books. Getting ready to begin uses up my stock of persistence wonderfully. Infinite pains to get together my chemical laboratory ended in three or four useless experiments. Running around for Charles's microscope has ended equally disastrously and I am afraid his fine present of all his medical books will be equally disastrous. The girls (at the medical school) envy me my advantages. I envy them their persistence. It seems as if Charles were slowly giving up his reading. God keep me from such a fate and yet it is such a struggle to study and I seem to grow worse instead of better. . . .

Truly to be rich is an awful thing to fight. Having more advantages than all the other girls I lack what brings them success an active persistency. I look forward to studying in Zurich this summer the anatomy of the brain. . ,

I fairly shuddered when I faced my weakness the other day and thought "suppose I do not gain this battle with my

> brain what would happen would I end in leading the vegetative lives of the rest of the family with its unhappiness petty worries vexations gossippings, etc.

She continues with a long passage about choosing the pine tree as a symbol of her aspiration, and being torn between the ideas of aspiration and humility, for which she chooses "lillies" as a symbol - an oddly prophetic misspelling! On March 5 she continues:

> Thank God I am not a boy. I never appreciated my blessings until tonight, as papa asked Dick if he did not want to stop school and go into the shops to learn the trade. He is only 16 years old and no matter what his inclination is that is his fate whereas nothing is expected of me and I have the blessed blessed liberty of pursuing whatever work is pleasant for me never being interfered with. If I accomplish anything papa will be proud and satisfied if I do not he will think "she is only a girl" and go on supporting me as he has heretofore without its making the slightest particle of difference to him. . . .
>
> I do look with a horror not to be described upon the lives of the women around me, Aunt Ide, May, Kate, etc. I feel too that marriage at this undecided period would be fatal unless I married an immensely interesting man. I have not seen one as yet. A girl has not the temptation to unchastity that a man has. And a mother has closer ties to her children than a father can. I never never was so thankful. All I am I owe to my adopted mother (Miss Halsted) and it is only because of her support her loving trust in me that I have been sustained so far. . . I cannot and will not live without her although the family hate her except Charles and Cornelia.

At this time she is apparently reading some Ibsen - the girls at the medical school were putting on The Doll's House,— but she has not read it yet. "Mother" Halsted encourages her in her reading and in her ideas of social reform, and tells her

not to get discouraged by Ibsen. At this point there is a long gap in the diaries. She and "Mother" went to Europe in April of 1892, with the intention of studying at Zurich, but Frances was too ill with the grippe in Paris to carry out this intention.

The next entry is undated, and entitled simply "Memories":

> When I was ten or eleven I read about Sister Dora and the visiting nurses in New York and a story about a "New York philanthropist" who was in a street car and a poor tired wash woman got on and when the conductor came along and she was handing him her nickel it suddenly dropped and she tried so hard to find it in the straw on the car floor. Suddenly a man leaned forward and pretended to hunt, too, and at last he said 'here it is' and giving her the coin left the car. She presented it to the conductor who said "Why! this is a five dollar gold piece." This made a deep impression on me. One day I was calling on an old lady near the Seminary. She said "Well little girl what are you going to do when you grow up?" "I'm going to be a philanthropist," I replied, and was very much disgusted when she said "That's a very large word."

In the spring of 1893 she seems to be doing some graduate work at the University of Chicago. Her diaries of this period consist mainly of personal impressions, principally of her professors:

> March 25, 1893
>
> Impressions of the University of Chicago. Edwin O. Jordan. He is my professor of biology, about 28 years old. My impressions of him are as follows. He seems bright, gentlemanly, refined, timid, sensitive. . . . Besides he has beautiful brown eyes and a delicious forehead. . . . Mr. Jordan is getting out his doctorate thesis and I shall be very interested in reading it. . . .

But, alas, Mr. Jordan seemed to have noticed her interest, and one day was actually guilty of acting flirtatiously towards her after class. This was indeed a shock:

> I have had a surprise about Mr. Jordan. . . . It is the first time anything like that has happened, and I shall take care it does not occur again.

But the following Sunday, April 11, Mr. Jordan, undaunted, came calling with one of his colleagues, a fellow in the Department, named Mr. Lillie. She comments:

> The contrast between them is marked. Mr. Lillie is a blonde a little shorter than Mr. Jordan but with such a frank boyish honest face. His appearance is bashful but strong, not graceful and timid like Mr. Jordan. He is a Canadian evidently, and very polite and grave towards me when he meets me. I see him quite often as his room is right off of the Biological Library and I met him at the Medical Society one night though I have never been introduced to him. Dr. Watase is the one who knows the most of all the Biologists I have met. Mr. Lillie has the awful name of Frank Rattray. . . . How true it is that every one has virtues and every one has faults.

Apparently Mr. Jordan's faults were gradually outweighing his virtues, though there is some wavering back and forth. Finally she learns that he is engaged to be married in June to a Miss Pratt. "I rather fancy he was flirting with me. However, I flatter myself I did not betray any unseemly regret at his information," she confides to her diary. A picture has evidently been torn out from the next page.

The summer of 1893 is apparently a happy one, with old and new friends described. But she has not dropped her tendency towards serious thought: "I have evolved a new motto," she notes:

"I am of God, therefore nothing he has made is foreign to me."

In the fall she is back at her medical work, and describes incidents at the Policlinic, both humorous and serious. Her "Mother's" sister, Miss Margaret Halsted, for whom my second sister was named, has expressed disapproval of her behavior, but the high spirits continue. She is meeting more University of Chicago people, though she is no longer studying there but apparently working at the Policlinic. During the Christmas vacation of that year there seems to be an unusual amount of social life. Her brother Charles and his wife are having interesting "At Homes," which Cousin Martin Ryerson describes to his friends as "regular French saloons."

She has her friends up to Lake Geneva for a house party, which was great fun, and the experience is repeated in May of 1894. At this party there are some new young men, a Mr. Thatcher and Mr. (Ferdinand) Schwill, of the University of Chicago History Department. On the way home:

> Mr. Thatcher promised to carry the state of Ohio for me when I ran for President of the United States. . . .
>
> (And) Mr. Schwill was a never-ending source of delight with his enthusiasm and happiness bubbling from him all day long and all night too. He never walked, he always ran or danced. . . . Mr. Thatcher was very nice, too.

There is another story about her and Mr. Schwill which she used to tell. One of her aunts, taking notice of Frances's obvious interest in him, said, "Fannie, if you marry that man, be sure you make him change his name!" Later, when Frances was engaged to Mr. Lillie, her aunt commented: "He really did not have to go that far!" As a matter of fact, Mr. Ferdinand Schwill and his brother Rudolph took the curse off their unat-

tractive name by spelling it Schevill, under which form they and other members of their family have attained fame.

The summer of 1893 was also notable for the birth of her sister Kate's first son, Adolph Frederick Gartz Jr., known as Bud. The newly graduated young woman doctor delivered her sister's baby - a fact that perhaps says more about Kate's courage, loyalty, and feminism than Frances's skill. Fortunately all went well. Years later, when Bud Gartz died under tragic circumstances, I remember Mother going around saying with deep grief, "I borned him! I borned him!" It was almost like the death of one of her own children. Kate Gartz was perhaps the only private patient Frances ever had. She hopefully hung out a brass shingle reading "Dr. Frances Crane" on the door of her family's Michigan Avenue home, but the patients did not come flocking in. There is a story of a man coming up to the door one day during the World Columbian Exposition, complaining of a stomach ache. The doctor was not in her office, but her brother Bert obliged with a dose of baking powder, which seems to have satisfied the patient. But I have never heard of another.

It was hard for a woman doctor to get started in those days. Frances Crane would probably have been interested in obstetrics, but the family did not think that suitable, and on this point she gave in. Someone suggested that ophthalmology would be a better field for a young lady, and it was towards that end that she was persuaded to take graduate work at the University of Chicago. That was when she met the delightful young men mentioned in her diary, Mr. Jordan, Mr. Schwill, and Mr. Lillie.

The summer of 1894 saw her, chaperoned by Miss Halsted, going to Woods Hole, where a splendid course in embryology was offered at the new Marine Biological Laboratory, to be taught by the well-known scientist, Dr. Jacques Loeb. Something happened at the last moment to prevent Dr. Loeb from teaching the course that summer, and when Dr. Crane entered the class room, what was her surprise to see a younger man in charge - the same shy, grave Canadian with the awful name, Frank Rattray Lillie, who had already caught her eye at the University of Chicago.

It must have been a happy summer, between interesting studies and the pleasant, informal social life of the Laboratory. A member of the class who was attracted by the beautiful Miss Crane was a dark, handsome, bearded medical doctor, a little older than the others - Charles Sumner Bacon, who later became a fateful figure in the lives of our generation. But Frances Crane had eyes only for the young Canadian instructor.

It was the custom at the M. B. L. for each class to celebrate the end of the summer term by a beach picnic, which was always an enjoyable occasion, and I believe is still a living tradition. Thus there are Invertebrate Picnics, Botany Picnics, Protozoology Picnics, and the like. When the day came for the Embryology Picnic, Frances was apparently torn between the desire to be one of the congenial group of young students, and the perhaps stronger desire to bring herself more definitely to Dr. Lillie's attention as an individual, and not merely as a member of the class. She had apparently made certain efforts along this line during the summer, staying after class to ask questions, and so forth, but had not yet been able to break

through the hereditary shyness of her instructor. So, acting on Miss Halsted's advice, she played sick and missed the picnic. She stopped by Dr. Lillie's desk the next day, and said, "Mr. Lillie, you owe me a picnic!" explaining why she had been unable to come to the regular class event. He was more than a little astonished, but willing enough to accede to the request.

It was a classically moonlit night, and they took a long walk through the woods, far past Nobska Point. The route they took now bears the sign "F. R. Lillie Road," for when the suggestion was made in after days that a road should be named for him, his hidden vein of romanticism came to the fore and he chose that particular one for its joyous memory. On their way back, they turned into an open field near the Point, where there was a picturesque stone water tower, and climbed the tower, "to rest," as the excuse was. "The moon was full and shone on the beautiful ruffled Sound. It was there we pledged ourselves." So Father wrote in his brief autobiographical memoir.

Shortly afterwards, Frances returned to Chicago, and Frank went on to take up his first University position at Ann Arbor, Michigan. During this long academic year of separation, they wrote to each other almost every day. These letters present a beautiful picture of a Victorian engagement, with all its exalted idealism and high aims. In F. R. L.'s first letter, dated August 19, 1894, he wrote: "Is it possible that an affection born of such few hours should last a life time? . . ." and continued:

> Two persons who have thoroughly learned to bear and to forbear can live happily even though they think dif-

> ferently on many subjects; for it is not right for anyone to ask of anyone else to agree in all things, but merely trusting the other's honesty to regard his or her views of the question with sympathy. . . .
>
> I have told you several times, you will remember, that you were a strange girl; but what I now know throws so much light on the things that seemed strange to me, that I should not tell you that again. Three or four weeks ago I found myself thinking so often, "What is the meaning of this action of Miss Crane's?" but I could not explain it. . . . Each time it seemed to me that there was a possible (?) explanation, which I always forced myself to reject, because it seemed so absurd. But it turned out to be the true explanation; and now you know what it was that I thought.

The strong affection between these two very different young people lasted and grew stronger through the year 1894 - 95. Once during that year, I do not know just when, Frances Crane had the opportunity to introduce the young zoologist to her own father. Richard Crane had perhaps been skeptical of the impractical young scientist as a suitor for his daughter's hand. Mother often spoke of this meeting late in her life when her youth was more vivid to her than the present was. "It was in front of the Field Museum in Jackson Park that we were to meet your father. How I remember his running eagerly down the steps of the Museum, with his fresh complexion and clear blue eyes! Father was taken with him immediately, even before they had a chance to talk. 'Finnie, you have chosen a very fine young man,' he said."

She noted in her diary, under date of March 18, 1895 - (there are not many entries for this year; she was too busy and too happy to write) - "Life is too short and my pen too feeble

to adequately describe the happenings of the last and most happy year of my life. I'm going to give up trying to keep a diary. At present I'm trying to learn things by heart (these endeavors included Wordsworth's "Ode to a Sky Lark," which she said she liked very much better than Shelley's) and aid my dreadful memory. When I get anything especially good I'll write it down. Perhaps." Her letters to F. R. L. were full of the same high spirits. Indeed, she tended to tease him a little, and he, being very sensitive and serious, was sometimes hurt by her sharp wit.

They wrote not only about their feelings, but about their ideas. One of his letters tells much about his high ideal of science:

April 28, 1895

> I think, Dear, that we have learned a great deal since the time when Müller wrote his immortal "Physiologie." It is so easy to fall into the mistake of glancing at some of the most fundamental of problems, and, seeing that little advance has been made beyond the old ideas, to conclude hastily that all the boasted "advance of Science" is insignificant. It is not so! The past fifty years have been the greatest of all time in achievements of science, because men have left on one side those problems which they could not profitably attack and worked from the known. We have worked a long way into the previously unknown, gathering the raw material of the coming philosophy. We have built for the future. There may not have been much philosophy written, but much has been done for philosophy. The time might have been spent with little profit or none in going over the same old screeds; I believe in scientific methods. Even if I were to grant, which I do not for a single moment that we have made little advance in that way, it would only confirm me in the belief that what we need is more science, not less. . . .

Together they planned a life of scientific endeavor. As things turned out, however, this never succeeded, for their underlying interests and approaches to life were too different. Other couples of this era - the Thomas Hunt Morgans, for example - were able to be scientists together for as long as they lived, with some interruptions for raising a family. But Mother's heart was never truly in science. Her quickness of mind and responsiveness as a student perhaps led her teachers to expect too much of her. Her real goals were religious and humanitarian; but perhaps even she was not aware of her true bent at the time, and only learned this painfully and later.

During the year, Frances paid a visit to Ann Arbor, to meet some of her prospective husband's friends and colleagues, and to find a house where they could live in the fall. She seems to have been depressed by this trip and apprehensive about having a home of her own to care for, as she was not naturally domestic. Finally the long academic year was over, and the wedding took place at Lake Geneva on the 29th of June, 1895. It was a magnificent affair, and has been described in great detail in a letter to her sister by my Grandmother Lillie, who, with her husband, her son George, and a friend, Miss Jaques, came from Toronto for the occasion. Her daughter Millie (later Emily Wheeler) was already at the Lake, to be one of the bridesmaids. I quote part of the letter:

> When we arrived we found Frank, Frances, Millie and several members of the Crane family to meet us and we had a warm welcome from all. We steamed off for "Jerseyhurst" in the "Passaic" the Crane's pretty launch, and our first view of the place was about six o'clock when the lights

are so lovely. I have seen many beautiful homes on lakes and rivers, but none fairer than "Jerseyhurst" or more perfectly kept. The lawns sloping down to the Lake are like green velvet carpets and trees and flowers are everywhere. The Lake itself is a lovely sheet of water, nine miles long and from two to three wide, and all around it are the lovely residences of Chicago citizens differing in architecture and style, but all beautiful, and having a great amount of wealth. At "Jerseyhurst" there are four houses: the Great House, "Jerseyhurst" par excellence; then "Mariposa," Mrs. Gartz' house; "Cloverbank" Mr. Chas. Crane's house, and Mr. H. P. Crane's, the name of which I forget. We stayed at "Cloverbank" and were entertained by the sweetest and loveliest of women Mrs. Chas. Crane! To look at her is to love her, and she made us very happy. Dear Frank was with us, and the days of that week as they passed too rapidly away, I shall never forget. . . . Thursday, the 27th, was dear Frank's birthday which we celebrated by a dinner at Mrs. Chas. Crane's with a birthday cake, candles, etc. Before cutting the cake we each took a candle, blew it out, and wished a wish aloud or otherwise as we liked. If all the good wishes come true, "Frank and Frances" have a happy life before them. . . . On Friday evening we had a rehearsal in the little church, and every detail of the procession, etc. arranged. The weather, throughout the week, was most lovely and not too warm. On Thursday we had a heavy shower with thunder and lightning which "washed the sky" as Frances said, and made everything fresh for the wedding. Saturday dawned bright and clear, (Is it only a week ago?) and everyone was on the alert early. At half past eight the dear Bride went to her Mother's grave and took some lovely flowers. She brought a piece of myrtle from the grave which she wore on her dress in the evening. The day was spent in various ways; we had dinner at half past one, and at half past four everyone went to dress, as the launch was to leave at six sharp. The Bride with her Father and Aunt and the little children of the bridal party with their mothers, drove the four miles to the church in closed car-

> riages, while the Groom and his Groomsmen, the Bridesmaids and guests from the houses went in the launch. This was gaily decorated with flags and the cabin seats covered with white, with white muslin curtains at the windows. Carriages were waiting for us at Geneva to drive us to the church, and Frank drove with his Father, myself, and Miss Jaques. On the way Miss Jaques asked him if he didn't feel like a lamb being led to the slaughter; but he replied, "No, I feel like a conqueror." . . .

The young couple departed in the usual shower of rice for a honeymoon in Wisconsin; after which they went on to Woods Hole, as F. R. L. could never miss a summer there - he never did, in fact, for fifty-five years.

It is hard to turn from the happy engagement year and the triumphant note of the wedding to the serious side of life that soon descended on them. Their first sorrow was a miscarriage in August of that year, an event which pulled Frances down both physically and emotionally, so that when the time came for them to take up the business of life in their little home in Ann Arbor, she was not really equal to the challenge of running a home by herself. She often fell into periods of depression, and her young, inexperienced husband would have to take her for long walks in the evenings until her wild sobbing was calmed.

By the middle of the winter, she found herself pregnant again, no doubt to her great joy. And yet very soon a shadow fell over that happy expectancy, for the young wife, with her medical training, realized that she had uremia, posing a grave threat to her life and the child's. Many years later, when I was visiting her in Chicago one winter, she suddenly turned to me and asked me, "Do you know what Gethsemane means?" I was

somewhat taken aback, and of course I said I knew about Gethsemane in the Gospels. "No," she said, "What I mean is a thing that happens in everyone's life. A Gethsemane is something that you think you can't possibly stand. And yet, somehow, you do. I have had three Gethsemanes in my life." One of these concerned this event, first the fear, then the actual horror, of the birth of her first and only son. I leave her to tell it in her own words; from a letter written October 8, 1943:

> Our first son's 47th birthday. Father and I began to talk about the awesome day when he was born, so long ago in Ann Arbor, Michigan.
>
> I had known since the previous spring of the uremia and what it might mean, and was horrified. Father said, when I first realized what might be my fate and was thrown into an uncontrollable agony of mind for one terrible day, that he never expected again to see such mental suffering. To perhaps lose my child, leave my husband and my home and die a horrible death! Well, that mental agony passed and never returned. Of course I was highstrung, but was comparatively quiet and even hopeful.
>
> We spent the summer at home in Jerseyhurst, Lake Geneva, Wis. After our return to Ann Arbor, Grandma Halsted and I drove a good deal in those last weeks. She always carried a spoon in her pocket - she said to try to get between my teeth if a sudden convulsion came on, but I never guessed that!
>
> Preliminary pains began in the morning of the 8th - nothing much, though. Lunched as usual and then we thought we'd better call the Doctor and he came at one o'clock. He started to examine me and at the first touch of his hand a terrible convulsion came on and my last memory was of my teacher of obstetrics saying, 'The most dreadful thing a doctor can experience is to hear a woman in labor cry, 'My head, my head!'
>
> I knew nothing more for nearly a week.
>
> No one in Ann Arbor apparently knew what to do, cer-

tainly not Dr. Darling who had attended most of the births of our neighbor's children. He called in the Chief Surgeon, Dr. Nancrede, and apparently others. They told Father he must decide between the baby's life and mine. A fearful choice!

For six hours they pulled on the hapless little one to get him born. Father said today, for the first time, he has always hated to even think of those hours. He was so young and inexperienced. Then the doctor actually squeezed the little head, all out of shape. At seven o'clock it was over and they were piling hot water bottles and jars around me, trying to induce a sweat.

By Saturday night I asked the time and on Monday asked what was the matter. Father said I had had a baby and was very sick, so could not see him. On Wednesday I said, "I don't hear any baby," and then he told me the truth and I lapsed off again. Soon I was quite myself, but blind, cross-eyed, and with my tongue bitten through. A neighbor, Mr. Lloyd, Catherine's godfather, screwed down a carpet in the hall and stairs for quietness - working all through one night. Mrs. Lloyd insisted on having the baby photographed. (I remember that picture of the shrouded little figure, hanging in their bedroom in Chicago.) Aunt Cornelia took him to the photographer. She and Aunt Jessie had arrived and had gone home before I knew of their presence.

Of course Father rarely left me and every decision was his. We had engaged an oldfashioned practical nurse, a Lutheran minister's widow, who was wonderful after our trained nurse left. She was so gentle and told me all kinds of pleasant stories of her life, and was a great consolation to me. Father taught me how to play cribbage and everyone was very kind.

When I finally got up no trace of any baby things was anywhere about, and all was as if he had never been. Grandma Halsted said once she went into the back room where he lay and Father was on his knees by the bed. His only son and his own decision!

Today he said, "What a comfort he would be to us now!" "Yes, and I've always thought he'd be just like you." "They said he was like me," he replied and left me, with his eyes full of tears. Later I said, "He has not

left us forever. He and his sister walk hand in hand in the fields of Paradise." The two babies are buried at Lake Geneva with their grandparents.

Then Albert came in November. I could wait no longer and Father understood. Then the other boys all were welcomed and cared for as only he can care.

Of his four daughters he would not spare or change a single one. When Emily Ann was born I shall never forget his tenderness to her. It never wavered, did it, girls?

This noon I was reading some notes he had made of his life and work and realized more vividly than ever what manner of man your father is - his complete devotion to us day and night, and every day. Rarely did he leave us, even for meals. Though he had his study and laboratory he was often reading in the midst of seven children and not quiet ones either, apparently undisturbed.

With all this, what he accomplished for science and his loved students you will all know later. Then, too, there was much business to do over my money, so intelligently and carefully handled that all admitted his extraordinary ability. Now for years he has been on the Board of Crane Company, the only member of the family to hold so honorable a position. . . .

My religion has always been staunchly upheld, and when need be, defended. No one is more intelligent than he is about it and all connected with it - more so than many who come and go in our life.

In her distress over the loss of her son, it seemed that only another child could be any consolation to her. Fortunately their friends knew of a little orphan boy, Albert Reed Trenholm, then being cared for by an aunt, Miss Katherine Reed, who was doing graduate work in English at the University of Michigan. Miss Reed was finding it hard to care for a four-year-old while carrying on her studies, and gladly received the suggestion that he be adopted by the Lillies. He was a sweet and attractive little boy, and was a great comfort to my mother

in her grief. His aunt, whom we learned to call Auntie Kay, did not lose him irrevocably, for she often came to visit, and later to stay with us for extended times, doing secretarial and library work for my parents during her vacations. She became a librarian at Lombard College, at Galesburg, Illinois.

It was during this period at Ann Arbor that the cleavage between science and religion began to come into the lives of the young couple. Father encouraged his bride to undertake some scientific work, and she conscientiously tried to comply. But her heart was not in it, and it became more and more of a burden. One day (Feb. 7, 1898) she wrote to Grandma Halsted:

> Last Friday I could not read at the Laboratory and the worst fit of the blues I've ever had came over me. I walked, alone, all around the boulevard and cried and fell and sprained my thumb and had a generally mournful time. I declared I'd never go back there again, and that I had struggled with science ever since I began to study medicine, and though I'd held on with grim despair, I had no more love for it or interest in it than when I started.
>
> I shall not go back tomorrow. My head is too tired and I don't want a fit (she used this term regularly for a spell of depression and weeping) I'm so worried about it. It's so hard to keep on at a thing when I'm not, nor never have been, interested in it. I mean never so interested that I wouldn't gladly stop. So I'm puzzled about it. I don't know what to do.
>
> My Sunday School class is getting on nicely. I give out there what I get. That may be the secret of my interest and probably is. I never mention science to a living soul, and if one never gives out there cannot be interest.
>
> Frank says I'll give out if I write a paper, but that is so far away and vague.
>
> (Under date of Feb. 10)
>
> Wasn't that funny that the very day your letter came

saying that I was capable of a great influence on people and I needed something of that in my life, Frank said, "You are a born leader, and need for your happiness some expression of that part of you.". . .

I think I'll go back to the laboratory and grind away some more. Perhaps my two classes will meet that side of my nature, and I'll get up a little interest in science.

There is no doubt that I love <u>people</u> more than anything else. I'll come close to them teaching the German girls and I feel that that is a good and humble beginning.

I know nothing of the venture with the German girls, but the interest in science never came back in much strength, and eventually she gave up any attempt in that direction. She never did much teaching, either, but found her fulfilment in other ways.

The issue of what to do with her life was deferred for a while by the birth of her first daughter in June of 1899, named Catherine Crane, after her sister Kate. There seems to have been no difficulty in the birth of this child, but she was not a strong baby, and needed much care. The next year, Father took a job at Vassar College, and adjusting to the new home and caring for the sickly baby took up all Mother's attention. The baby had scurvy, owing to a lack of Vitamin C, as we would say today. But then the cause of scurvy was not widely known, and when the college doctor recommended orange juice, and the baby recovered as by a miracle, everyone was astonished.

Another miraculous event in the Poughkeepsie year was the arrival of our family angel, Mary Sherman, whom we called "Mamie." Mother had advertised for help in the local papers, but probably without much hope of success. One day there appeared a fresh-faced young Irish woman, who simply rang the doorbell

and announced, "I've come to work for ye, Mrs. Lillie - " no questions asked on either side. Mamie remained with our family, forsaking all others and never so much as taking a day off, as long as Mother lived. After that she worked for my sister Margaret, until she was ninety-five, and then announced: "I'm feeling a wee bit rickety, Mrs. Gildea, I think I'd better retire." She had five years of happy, though dull, retirement in a St. Louis nursing home. I visited her there, and said to her, "Mamie, isn't it nice, with all these lovely nuns here. You can go to Mass every day!" "Ah, it's not necessary at all," she replied. Legend has it that she had once tried being a nun, but this was not a success, and so she left Ireland and came to Poughkeepsie, where her brother was a postman. She adopted us as her family, and gave scarcely a thought to her own brothers and sisters, throughout her long life.

Father stayed at Vassar for one year only, and then was called back to the University of Chicago, where he remained for the rest of his life, advancing regularly through the ranks, until, under President Hutchins, he became Dean of the Biological Sciences, one of four men working directly under the President. Every summer he went to Woods Hole, with all the family, and there is not much more to recount about him, except to say once and for all that he was a very great man. But a great and a good man is not easy to write about, and so I leave him here.

In September of 1900, then, the Lillie family was established in a little house on Ellis Avenue, near the University. There were two children now, Albert and Catherine, and Mother, remembering her heroine, Jo of Little Men, decided it was time

to take on the care of another poor little boy. So in November of 1901 she went to the Chicago Children's Home, which was also on Ellis Avenue, and picked out the most helpless-looking child she could find. His name was Ralph Aiken and he was about two years old. "His brother Hubert aged 4½ years . . . looked much brighter than Ralph," she noted. Therefore Hubert was not to be chosen. Any of God's children, she felt, was as valuable in His sight as the brightest and most attractive; so Ralph it must be. She continued in the same diary:

> When Ralph came he could only say "yep" and "no" and "me" and had a heavy cold and a chronic and very stubborn diarrhoea. The result was a very quiet sober boy who looked not only melancholy, but very heavy and stupid a large part of the time.

A couple of months later she noted:

> He has rapidly increased his monosyllabic vocabulary under Catherine's painstaking tutelage. He is very loving now after 8 weeks and kisses people. Father thinks he kisses too promiscuously, but he did not offer to caress till he was here 6 weeks or more and the present ebullition is due to his feeling so happy and at home.
>
> His first three words were in answer to the question "are you Mamie's boy?" when he answered, "No, Mona's [Mother's] boy."
>
> His mother's name was Adelia Hill.
>
> April, 1902. Aged nearly 3 yrs. We have changed his name to Ethan as there are so many Ralph's in the Lillie family.

This last strikes me as a curious observation, as I only know of two Ralph Lillies, Father's younger brother, and a son of his cousin Will, who lived in California, and would not be likely to be confused with the Chicago child. My guess is that

the Lillie relatives did not accept the little foundling in the spirit that Mother intended. Catherine and Ethan, being the same age, played together in identical blue denim overalls. People used to ask, "Which is the boy and which is the girl?" "Which is the real one and which is the adopted one?" Catherine said later that these questions later gave her the idea that boys were somehow not real.

This year, 1902, was a full and active one. Her step-mother aunt, Eliza Prentice Crane, died at Lake Geneva during this year. Mother remembers her crying out so in her last illness that all the family could hear her even out in the garden, and were deeply distressed. Young Cornelia Crane held the hands of her distraught sisters-in-law and soothingly said over and over, "Dear Auntie!" Mother never forgot this.

In Chicago a new house was being built, at the corner of 58th and what was then Monroe Avenue, later called Kenwood. Mother worked very actively with the architect on the design of this house which was to carry out many of her ideas of the simple life and of child care. It was an austere, three-story brick building, with fifteen rooms. An important feature of the house was a set of inner corridors upstairs, arranged so that she could go about from room to room and visit the children at night without going out into the central hallway where there might be burglars. She forgot one connecting link in this system, the result of which was that she later had to add a little door through her clothes closet for access to the back bedrooms. This little secret passageway, which could not be seen from outside (our side), fascinated me when I was a child,

and I liked to creep behind her clothes and find the hidden door.

Mother was original but often forgetful. In building the Woods Hole house, which was more purely hers, with only the help of a local carpenter, Mr. Bowles, she entirely forgot to put in stairs. So the stairway in the Woods Hole house was added as an afterthought, and fit rather awkwardly into the living room. There was a certain awkwardness about the stairs in the Chicago house, too, in spite of the help of a well-known Chicago firm of architects, Pond and Pond. I believe both houses were built in the same year.

That year she was pregnant again, and my sister Margaret was born in the new house in Chicago in February of 1903. She was somewhat premature, and apparently had to spend some time in an incubator - just like a baby chick, I thought when I heard of this fact. But she grew into a very pretty child, with the closest approach to curls that any of us had. She seems also by nature to have had a natural resistance to Mother's Franciscanism. "Monkey awful stylish baby," was one of her frequently quoted early remarks about herself.

In these first years of the century, Mother was active in other ways than home and family. She was a member of the Unitarian Church in the University neighborhood, the pastor of which was a Dr. Swing, the father of the journalist, Raymond Gram Swing. Feminism also grew into a strong movement into which she joined. I have heard that she wore her skirts shorter than was considered proper, to keep them sensibly out of the Chicago dirt, and Father had to protect her from little boys

throwing stones at her when they went out walking. Father was also drawn into the "new family" picture by wheeling the baby buggy, sometimes even on walks through the campus. A visiting professor from Germany once remarked to him in his stuffy German manner: "In Germany ve vould not respect a man who vould do zat." Father rose magnificently to that challenge, responding: "In America, we would not respect a man who would not!"

Mother marched for Women's Suffrage in those days, and I remember the sonorous names of Emmeline Pankhurst and Carrie Chapman Catt echoing in the tea-table conversation, but I cannot date these activities. Her interest in education was expressed in the founding of the John Dewey School, in which she joined with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Charles Crane, and Mrs. William Kent, later of California. Dewey's ideas of learning by doing were congenial to Mother, with her belief that the children of the rich should be involved in housework, carpentry, and the like. This school was later taken over by the University of Chicago as the training school of its Department of Education, and became much more academic in its orientation, while remaining advanced and progressive for its day. Its new buildings soon went up on the same block of Monroe Avenue between 58th and 59th Streets where we lived, and of course we all attended this school (hating it vigorously, for some reason).

The next child to come along to help fill up the big brick house was myself. I was born in Boston, as it happened, since I was due in August (of 1906), and Mother spent several weeks wearily, drearily (favorite adverbs of hers) dragging about

Boston in the heat of the late summer waiting for me to move. I was not actually born until September 27th. The place of my birth was significant: it was a little nursing home on Louisburg Square, run by an order of Anglican nuns, the Sisters of St. Margaret. By this time apprently Mother had left Unitarianism far behind and was an adherent of the high branch of the Episcopal Church. Unitarianism in any case seems to have been a compromise made in the hope of getting Father to go to a church with her, but he was clearly not interested. He preferred not to concern himself with things he could neither understand nor solve by the methods of science, although he was never anti-religious like many of his colleagues. So Mother joined her friends Edith Flint and Ellen Starr in Anglicanism, a phase that lasted for some fourteen years.

Her account of my christening gives a good picture of Mother's religious position at this time. I was to be named Mary Prentice after Mother's mother, whose death was still on Mother's mind. Since I was born with lots of black hair, my mother thought I might look like her. Unfortunately I turned blonde as I grew bigger, and so this wish was not to be realized. On the christening she wrote:

> [It] occurred on Epiphany Sunday 1907. Rev. Mr. Blum of the Ch. of the Redeemer baptised her. The Godmothers were Emily H. Crane and Ellen G. Starr, and the godfather was Wilfrid Wheeler. [Emily Crane was Grandfather's third wife, a young woman no older that Mother, whom he married shortly after the death of Aunt Ide. Although his daughters had introduced Emily Hutchinson to their father, they were not at all pleased when he married her. In fact it was this deep dislike that made Mother nominate her for one of my godmothers - a clear example of her tendency to

bend over backwards to be nice to people she did not like. Ellen Starr, on the other hand, was her closest friend by this time and for long afterwards. Wilfrid Wheeler, a first cousin of my father's, was the husband of his sister Millie, mentioned earlier as a bridesmaid at the wedding.]

The Rector allowed us to bring the Memorial Candlesticks from the church and they were placed in a row three on each side of a photograph of the Madonna holding up the Christ Child for adoration from the Cathedral at Kief (Cornelia lent it to us with many candelabra and candlesticks large and small.) In front of the candlesticks were four box plants, a lovely dark green. In front of them were bunches of lilies and roses, the Virgin Mary's flowers. Aunt Cornelia also lent us a Russian silver bowl for the christening. This made a very beautiful altar-like table.

On the piano was her grandmother Mary Prentice's photograph with pink roses and two large Polish candelabra. Her Uncle Nott's picture [Edith Flint's husband, who had recently died of a brain tumor] was at one side of the piano and her Cousin Barbara's at the other end with a white rose in front of it. [Cousin Barbara Gartz and her sister, Mary Dorothea, had both died in the Iroquois Theatre fire which occurred during the Christmas vacation of 1903, during a performance for children. Many children of prominent Chicagoans died in this terrible disaster.]

In the corner of the room was left from Christmas the Roman Catholic Manger set lighted with tiny white candles.

In the dining room was the Christening Cake, a huge one with a baby in a cradle on top. That interested the children very much.

The baby wore the Lillie family's christening robe that her Grandma Lillie had worn before her. She was the twenty-seventh baby christened in it. Her sisters both wore it. . . .

She was an angel baby and slept all day before and after the half-hour down stairs and while she was down stairs she was as sweet and quiet as could be.

There were twenty-seven children and over forty-five adults, neighbors and our family. Uncle Wilfrid and Aunt

Emily came on from Concord for the event and spent a week.

Grandpa Crane was ill and could not come. Grandma Lillie was in Boston and did not come. Godfather gave her a handsome silver spoon. Godmother Starr gave a photograph of a "St. Mother" (the children, who have their saints' pictures, wanted me to have a St. Mother), Fra Filippo Lippi's in Berlin. Godmother Crane gave her a beautiful dress, saque and wrapper. [Pencilled note of later date: "Some Christening!"]

Another notebook from about this time gives a picture of this "Saint Mother" in more of an Earth-Mother vein:

> Bowels. Constipated now. Movement secured with small enema in red rubber ear syringe. Her first on a chamber (kitchen bowl) was the triumph of her Aunt Cornelia and Aunt Elsabeth amidst wild hilarity. Aunt Cornelia held bowl and baby insecurely on a small diaper covering a fine silk dress. The baby looked so solemn and busy. No accident happened to the dress. Aunt Cornelia, getting more venturesome, also gave her her first drink of cool water with a spoon - she's been taking hot water from a bottle. No colic happened after that either a little to my surprise. . .
>
> She grows a great deal and several times has laughed from tickling when my hand has rested lightly on her naked abdomen. . . .
>
> Temperature of Room. She doesn't seem to mind a temperature of 62-64 at all. I have often rubbed her before the fire with the room at 68 and the window open so I could feel a distinct breath of air every few seconds in my face and yet she did not catch cold tho the air passed over her naked body. I wondered if it were not good for her skin, the first cool air and rubbing before the fire watching carefully that she should be plenty warm, the abdomen especially not to be chilled a particle.
>
> [A year or more later] Catherine says "Aren't you <u>glad</u> she's <u>our</u> baby! You know everything that's lovely seems like her, soft cotton to feel and worsteds and pretty things to look at." Darling big Sister!

The year 1907 was another big one in Mother's life. With

a happy and almost trouble-free baby at home, she seems to have had energy to spare for some large-scale projects that she had been thinking about for a long time, ever since she and her sister Kate had become aware of the hard lives of working women at their father's factory. One of these projects was the Mary Crane Nursery, which I have already mentioned. I have heard that this was the first child-care center for working women in Chicago if not in the entire United States. It was directly across the street from Hull House, and its work was coordinated with that of the older institution. Mother's friendship with Jane Addams and more especially with Ellen Starr, her colleague and co-founder of Hull House, had been growing throughout these years since she had come to know them as a medical student working in the Chicago slums. As a family, we had little contact with the work of the Nursery, however, and I remember it only as a façade and a name associated with myself, as we were both named in memory of the same person.

The other project begun in the same year was closer to us, in a personal way. This was Buffalo Creek Farm. My father has left some notes on the history of our involvement with this place and its activities:

> The history of Buffalo Creek Farm began in 1907. At this time Mrs. Lillie became interested in establishing a place in the country for the benefit of our children, with the idea that they should learn country life in a practical way and that the farm we proposed to develop should furnish outlets for the foster sons.
>
> At that time William Hill was Professor of economics in the University of Chicago with a special interest in agricultural economics. He had rented a couple of farms

> totaling about 500 acres at Wheeling, Illinois [about 30 miles northwest of Chicago], and had options for their purchase which he had not the means nor the intention of taking up, and he interested us in the acquisition of these farms. He also had an idea that the University should be interested in agricultural economics and that a series of farms under private ownership in the Chicago region might furnish a basis for certain experiments in agricultural economics and education. The problem of operating the farms was to be met, in Professor Hill's mind, by the formation of an Agricultural Guild . . . The Guild did not last long . . . and so in two or three years it broke up and each individual proceeded on his own. . . .

Mother and Father accordingly bought the farm, or rather the two farms, which were divided by the little stream, Buffalo Creek, that ran between two low rolling hills and separated the two old farm houses that were about a mile apart. Mother was captivated by the beauty of the gentle landscape with its black velvet soil, green sprouting corn, and lines of bluish trees in the distance. "We are buying land, not landscape," Father told her, but he himself enjoyed walking around the broad acres and developing a model dairy farm, with pigs, horses, chickens, and all the appurtenances. The South Farm was taken up with the agricultural processes on the practical level, and later it was there that Father did his important studies in cattle embryology, leading to the discovery of the male hormone.

Both of the original farms had fine old yellow-brick residences; the South one in my time housed the farm hands and was presided over by a Scotch-Manx woman of great character, Miss Janet Castell, who later came to us as housekeeper, but in the old days she kept the South Farm house and a row of bee-hives.

The North Farm house became our family home, until it burned down in 1910, when the former superintendent's house was enlarged and remodelled for our growing family.

Mother soon began to think of another use for the North Farm as a small way of making amends to the working women, and particularly the widows of Crane Co. employes, to whom she felt so deeply indebted. Father's account continues:

> Quite early in the history of Buffalo Creek Farm, about 1910-1912, Mrs. Lillie began the care of widows and their children on the farm by building two semi-detached cottages on the North Farm. Shortly afterwards Mrs. Russell [Aunt May] contributed to the building of two other similar houses. Mrs. Lillie's father became interested in this work and left instructions under which the so-called "Crane Fund for Widows and Children" was established after his death by Charles R. Crane and R. T. Crane Jr. After the establishment of the Fund, 30 acres containing the original cottages for the women and children on the northwest part of the North Farm were deeded to the Crane Fund by Mrs. Lillie and on this subsequent buildings of the Crane Fund were erected. . . .

These buildings included a school-house for the children of the Farm, and another group of cottages for more families. Another residence was built for Mother's friend, Miss Elsabeth Port [whom we called Aunt Elsie], who was to be superintendent of the Fund for Widows and Children, and her mother, Mrs. Port, who was to be head of the school. Aunt Elsie later adopted five children, and supervised the Crane Fund project until her death in 1926.

But in 1907 the idea for the Widows' and Children's settlement was still embryonic. In that year, another idea took shape and came to birth in Mother's mind - to adopt a blind

child. More people have expressed curiosity about this action of hers than any other, and so I shall go into it in some detail. For a long time she had been troubled about the problem of being rich and comfortable in a world with so much suffering. She felt, further, that we children ought to be prepared to meet suffering, but not in such a way as to terrify us. A letter which she wrote to her four daughters in later years expressed these thoughts:

Woods Hole, Massachusetts
August 5, 1943

Dear Children:

Karl has been with us now thirty-five years and I have just got around to writing down what I had in mind when I prevailed on Father to let us have a blind child in our family. I knew that your lives would be protected as carefully as we could possibly do it from sight or sound of suffering or death. That is the way American children are brought up, and that is the way all the children in Woods Hole were brought up, mostly among neighbors and relatives. But of course that isn't real life such as children in primitive communities know it. Since it was unreal and untrue, what could we do about it? To have you know and understand and experience some of the other side of life, and yet not be overwhelmed, was what I had in mind.

We knew of families where handicapped children were brought up, and we were warned that too much responsibility about them sometimes seemed to be very bad for the ones who had to care for and be seen with the handicapped children. I talked the matter over with Aunt Cornelia and she suggested our taking a deaf child because we already knew a good deal about the problems of a deaf child in Josephine [her second daughter who was completely deaf]. But I did not like the effect Josephine had on her cousins. To be seen in public with them was quite conspicuous because in trying to have her understand and read their lips

they made grimaces that irritated her very much and which she used to imitate herself with fury.

I had also known families where they had mentally defective children that the parents insisted on keeping in the home. Then it suddenly struck me that a blind child would be the answer to the question, and so I went to Boston and inquired at the nursery for blind babies if they had a little one we could take. They were very much astonished at such an inquiry and said they had never heard of anything like it before. But they did have a very attractive little boy, 2½ years old, to whom I took a great fancy. They gave me the address of his mother and I went out to see her. She had a large family and a sick husband and could not take care of the baby herself. At first she was unwilling to let him go, even though she could see him very rarely at the institution, but after while I prevailed upon her and she put her head down on my shoulder and said I could take him. I asked her if he had been baptized, and when she said no, I asked if I might give him the name of Christopher. [i.e. "bearer of Christ. He was actually named "Karl Christopher" - "Karl" was his original name and the one he was known by. But Mother always had St. Christophers for him.] She said yes, that it was one of their family names. And of course you know from that name what I planned for him to be in the family.

It seemed to me that in order to have it come out as I would wish for him and for us, he should be very much a family affair, and so none of you were allowed to take him on the street very much [I took him out often, in Woods Hole, especially]. When he went out he had older people to take him, because he is so conspicuous. Of course, the neighbors knew him and shared him with us. His blindness was to be a revelation to you of the mystery of life, and yet his sunniness kept it all from being too overwhelming. He would reveal things from day to day without any intention on his part. What it has meant to his sisters, only God will know in the end.

Of course, I planned that we should all, father and mother and children, treat him perfectly, but that never

happened. We were constantly stumbling and groping our way along with him, he with us and we with him. But one of the most beautiful things about him was that he never left after having been dealt with unsuccessfully. The next day he was there to give us another chance. One of the results was that the family got to be more expert in handling him, where strangers would overdo and get all worn out and leave him high and dry. You children, without realizing it, gradually learned to help him without unnecessary fuss. He loved it. He loved being back in his home whenever he had been away. Outsiders were so emotional and would do things badly, and it irritated him. You children would attend to your own affairs, but when the necessity arose you also arose and did for him what was needed, and then went back to your work. You gave him the companionship that you gave each other. It gave him a sense of freedom.

It has always been a very great annoyance to him to have people stop him and discuss his blindness, which is one reason that he never wanted to go out alone on the street. Of course, we made every effort to make him independent, the way some other blind people are, but we were never very successful. He has always wanted someone with him because he resents being spoken to by strangers. And of course he gets on much faster and more like other people if he has the touch of another person's arm. He prefers people to his [seeing-eye] dog, although after he got the dog about six or eight years ago he became a little more independent about going out. The dog is so attractive that Nell [Karl's wife] says he will talk blindness to anyone so that he can talk about the dog. At least, that is the way it was when the dog first came from the Seeing Eye.

Of course, I have always been interested in children's education, and I had my plans for Karl. Education through his hands was the greatest of all. To my astonishment and dismay he refused to use his hands. They said

at the Perkins Institute that it was the worst case they had ever seen, though the blind naturally have some fear in their hands because of their experiences. He had it very much worse than the other children, and very early we had to give up getting him to know the world in that way, except very casually. He would not investigate anything with his hands.

His passion, and he has one, is to make as close an imitation of a man as he can through careful attention to all the sounds that emanate from a real man and imitating them. He succeeds remarkably. Many people have spoken of his being an extraordinarily natural person compared to most blind men. He has a lovely sense of humor but dislikes to be handled as much as he dislikes handling others. When the children get too near him he is quicker than they are in picking them up and turning them away, always with so much fun that they do not know what is happening. It has made him a lovely person in the house, never a morbid moment, sunshine and gaiety and humor most of the time--very attractive to children.

When he was still quite a little fellow, perhaps about ten or twelve years old, I asked a psychiatrist what one should do about his attitude of assuming the experiences of other children without experiencing things himself. It seemed very untruthful to me and I wondered whether we should let it go on. He said, "I don't dare to touch it, Mrs. Lillie. It is the attitude that keeps him going and I think we'll have to leave it." That is what we have done. Once in a while an outside person will roughly tell him that he has not done the things that he is assuming, but Karl passes over it lightly and it does not disturb him. It is easy to be cruel to a blind person in speech and act, and outsiders who are young or cruel in their natures frequently try a hand at it. But it is too easy, and after while they drop it.

The second astonishing thing is that though he never, as far as I remember, blamed God for his blindness, and

never complained of his handicap, he seems to have no interest whatever in organized religion. Though I talk a great deal of my religion in his presence, he never makes comments upon it. Perhaps he resents regularized religion from resenting Perkins Institute, where he went for two stays, at eight or nine years old for three years and again at seventeen or eighteen for one year. He said a few years ago that he always said his prayers.

So there he was, always in the house or in our lovely out-of-doors, the question mark, and could a question mark be in a more attractive form and more tragically mysterious?

Mother

There may be much of hindsight in this letter as well as some details that are wrong; but Mother's contemporary notes, as found in letters she wrote to Ellen Starr in 1907 and -08, confirm the general idea while being more immediate in tone:

Woods Hole
Sept. 10, 1907

I really ought to go west this minute, but <u>how</u> to do it! . . .

I picked up a blind baby in Boston and brought him home with me.

The decisions to be made daily and hourly about him keep me very busy and the whole household is pretty complicated to leave. . . .

We may return the little man but I hope F[rank] will decide that we may keep him over the winter at least. It has been in my heart to have one for nearly a year and St. Francis' saying anent the leper fixed me in the resolve. Last winter I made a few feeble efforts to get one [i.e. a blind child].

The boy is two and a half and <u>so</u> beautiful. . . .

I cannot <u>write</u> about that precious child. <u>Perhaps</u> you'll see him soon and then you'll know how marvellous

he is. Karl is his name.

Apparently in the early summer of 1908 she returned Karl to the children's home in Boston where she had found him for a check-up and estimate of how he was doing in his new home before the decision to keep him should be made permanent:

[June?] 29, 1908

> Friday I got Karlie and was glad to have Miss Russell say the change was almost miraculous in him and that the five-year-olds who went to Perkins Institute Kindergarten at the time he came to us showed no such marked change as he did.

July 5, 1908

> Father Powell [an Anglican priest, member of the order of Cowley Fathers. I well remember him, as he was the first man I had ever seen going about the streets in a cassock] comes today. I hope K[arl] behaves properly. His language now-a-days is awful. Quite unfit for polite society and there seems no way of heading him off.
>
> Strange and sensitive young men are asked such intense questions about their functions at tea, - in a loud voice. I shall hold my breath while Fr. P. is here.

A digression in this letter treats of another subject - her fears concerning the evanescence of life, especially of a child's life - speaking of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Ralph Lillie, who was expecting her first baby:

> She is so precious in her joy and confidence and gratitude. She sits and looks across the nodding flowers and waving grass of her hill and says "This seems to me to be immortality enough, having a child born of such love as ours, so perfect a consummation of our lives."
>
> Then I kiss her and say "Does it, dear? It certainly is very lovely."

In my heart I remember when I felt as she did and my little baby was taken way way off and I knew that that kind of immortality couldn't suffice for a babyless mother. . . .

P. S. Cheer up about K.: "Don't take me away to see Miss Russell any more. I don't want to go. I want to stay with you all the days." All out of a clear sky - I'd not threatened.

The following summer she was to experience again a loss which confirmed her in her fears about life - her third Gethsemane. In the spring of 1909 another little girl was born to her and named Alice, for Father's older sister who had gone to live in Germany. I do not remember this baby, as I was only two and a half years old myself, but I remember a picture of a pretty dark-eyed infant in a baby-carriage hanging on the dining-room wall at Woods Hole, and being told that she was my sister Alice. And of course I have no memory either of the dreadful day when Alice died. I shall give an account of it as told me by my sister Catherine, who was ten years old that summer:

Mother used to leave Alice in one of the little bedrooms - the one that was Mamie's afterwards - just leave her lying on the bed asleep while she (Mother) took her own nap. I was worried about it, because there was no crib, only a plain bed in that room. But Mother said it was all right because babies can't turn over till they are three months old. But she kept on leaving Alice there even after she was three months old, and I was more worried than ever, but I didn't say anything more about it.

That day Mother went to get her after their naps, and didn't see her lying on the bed. So she started running all over, looking for her, thinking that she had been kidnapped. I was the one who found her. She had fallen be-

tween the bed and the wall. I looked under the bed and saw her feet dangling down. I was so upset I couldn't think straight, so I called out: "Mother, Alice is walking!" Then I remember how Mother came in and just threw herself over the bed and pulled her out and cried out, "My baby's dead! My baby's dead!" I didn't say another word but went and took my bicycle from the porch, down the stairs - I can still feel that bump-bump-bump down the steps - and rode as fast as I could down to the Lab to get Father. I suppose we didn't have a telephone then - or I never thought of using it if we did. Anyhow, I burst into Father's room and said to him: "Father, promise me you won't commit suicide!" So he promised, and I told him, and he got a horse and buggy from the livery stable and we drove back as fast as we could go. Going around the corner we nearly tipped over and I was afraid I'd be killed, too. Then, coming up the hill, we saw Uncle Sam puffing along. He was coming to get Father because nobody knew I had gone. So I begged Father to let me out and I walked home with Uncle Sam.

Oh, it was awful, and I think the reason Mother was so upset by it was that she felt guilty of causing the baby's death by her carelessness - she had said herself that a baby could turn over when it was three months old, but did nothing to protect her at that time - and so it was clear to me that she had been warned. She was never the same after that, and gave up pretty clothes and all that sort of thing, and thought more and more about religion.

My second sister, Margaret, had this to add about that summer: "Mother would wrap herself up in that dark blue Scotch cape with the hood - the one we called the witch's cape - and would sit on the beach by the hour, just staring out to sea."

The sea was somehow connected in her mind with the loss of that baby. Some years later (I think in the summer of 1916)

she had a shrine built in Alice's memory on the brow of the hill to the north of our house, overlooking Buzzards Bay. She had gotten the idea from shrines she had seen in Europe, but the design was her own. A ledge was cut into the hill and lined with the local granite, rough-cut, to hold up the soil at the back and sides, and the ground was paved in the same gray and rosy stone. There were two levels, the outer, lower level had thyme planted between the stones, for fragrance, and the upper level, just below the altar, was laid smoothly, with cement between the blocks, so that the priest would not stumble as he went back and forward saying Mass. At that time Mother was still Anglican, but very High Church. Set into the niche above the altar was a Pietà by Alfeo Faggi, a Florentine sculptor, now living in the United States, whose work she admired. Later Mother commissioned other works of his, first a series of saints for each of us girls, of which mine was the best, since my name was Mary, and Faggi would have wanted to do a Madonna in any event. The saints Catherine, Margaret, and Anne were all more sketchy. Later, after Mother became Roman Catholic, she commissioned other works of his, a St. Joseph door for the bell-tower she had built for St. Joseph's Church next to the Eel Pond in Woods Hole, a series of Stations of the Cross for the Church of St. Thomas the Apostle in Chicago, and another, more beautiful, Pietà for the same church. She also had Faggi make a statue of St. Thomas himself - the agnostic saint, she called him - but this was one too many for Father Shannon, who was not yet prepared for so much modern art. So she gave it to the University of Chicago, instead.

Inscribed on the face of the altar at the Shrine was a verse from the Psalms that she was particularly fond of: "Thy way is in the sea and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known." "Agnosticism in the Old Testament!" she would exclaim, with an air of satisfaction. For she was equally High-Anglican and agnostic, at this time and for some years to come.

But this is getting ahead of the story. In the fall of 1909, still distraught by Alice's death, she threw herself into the organization of the Farm Settlement for Widows and Children. At first three double cottages were built, one to be occupied by Mr. Glandt, the superintendent of the physical plant, on one side, and an Irish family named Bowler on the other. In the other two were widows with their children, two German families named Berg and Werner, and a Scandinavian family named Anderson. I forget the other family's name. But I remember "before and after" pictures of the Andersons which appeared in the Chicago papers: in the first, Mrs. Anderson, gaunt and near death from tuberculosis, with her crew of six raggedy, thin children; in the second, all the family fat and prosperous, after a year at the Farm. At this time, the Farm families followed the characteristic national picture of poverty: the Irish, the Germans, the Scandinavians. Later there were Poles, Czechs, and Italians. Some of the families at the Farm were widows and children of Crane Co. employees (Mother's original intention); after a while families were found through the United Charities of Chicago, since Crane Co. did not provide enough widows. Some years later, six more cottages were built, so there could be

ten or a dozen families at the Farm at one time. Each cottage had its vegetable patch and room enough to keep a few chickens for eggs. I suppose the South Farm, with its splendid herd of prize Holstein cattle, provided milk for all, and turkeys were also raised communally. I remember them roosting like strange, heavy fruit, in the apple trees in the orchard near our house.

Thanksgiving Day was one of the two great annual festivals out at the Farm. The dinner was held in the big upstairs assembly room of the school building, filled with trestle tables. Each family cooked and brought over its own turkey, with cranberry sauce, mince and pumpkin pies, mashed potatoes, creamed onions, squash, and the good old-fashioned relishes that nobody makes any more - piccalilly, green tomato pickles, corn relish. The families from the South Farm attended, too, and our family, and usually the Russells as well. Uncle Ed Russell always provided a huge box of hard candies that he threw out among the children after dinner, creating a regular riot, and then, after we had all run around for a while to settle the feast, he also introduced a magician to entertain the crowd.

The other high point of the Farm year was the May Festival, held on the Saturday nearest to May 15th, Grandfather Crane's birthday. At that time of year the old apple trees (I have never seen such big ones anywhere) would be covered with pink and white blossoms. Mother had a friend, Cordelia Kingman, who had studied English country-dancing with Cecil Sharp in London, and she prepared the maypole and other dances and coached the children in some sort of play or pageant as well. I remember taking part in one of these, since as long as we were young

enough not to miss the special educational advantages of the Chicago school (like French and German, which started in fifth grade), we children stayed out on the Farm during the fall and spring, going to the Farm School (The Elsabeth Port School for Country Children, as it was called). Grandfather died in 1912, and I do not remember his ever being at the Farm.

In the middle of the apple orchard stood a chapel, which Mother had created out of an old log cabin, the original farm building. She used to say it was the oldest building in Illinois. Anyhow, in the spring of 1910 she had it moved into the midst of the orchard, had the chinks plastered up, an altar installed, and a walled garden built onto one end for private meditation. I remember Mother and Godmother (Ellen Starr) burning the name of the chapel into the door with a hot poker: The Little Chapel of St. Francis-in-the-Orchard. Inside over the window was another verse from the Psalms: "For Thou shalt light my candle." Near the door hung a plaque with a picture of St. Francis and a rather frightening legend:

> The Lord gave to me, Brother Francis, thus to begin to do penance. For when I was in sin it seemed to me very bitter to see lepers, and the Lord Himself led me amongst them and I showed mercy to them. And when I left them, that which had seemed to me bitter was changed for me into sweetness of body and soul.

I must have stood often before this picture with inward horror, for I had a great fear of leprosy, coming not only from reading Ben Hur and from hearing Nanu (Grandmother Lillie) read about lepers in the Bible, but also from the fact that the island of Penikese near Woods Hole (the original site of the Marine Bio-

logical Laboratory - Agassiz' foundation) was later used as a leper colony, and I wondered if the waves could still carry the infection across.

But other memories of the chapel are happier. Sometimes Mother would have Father Hopkins from the Church of the Redeemer out to say the Eucharist on a Sunday; and regularly, on Sunday evenings, Mother would gather the family for Evening Prayer. I remember these Sundays as always being cold - November, characteristically - and we would stand around in the farm-house parlor, often on the hot-air-heater grills where the rising heat blew out our skirts in a delightful way, waiting for Mother to pin white voile caps over our hair and to see that the boys were neat and clean. Then we would form a procession with candles and march through the dark orchard to the Chapel. The black branches of the apple trees stood out dark against the starry sky. In the Chapel, each child had a particular function. Albert would light the candles on the altar; Ethan would hold and dispense the incense; Karl would swing the censer; and the older girls would take turns with Mother reading the versicles for Evening Prayer. "Let my prayer be set forth in thy sight as the incense; and let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice." And "O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness; let the whole earth stand in awe of him." This last verse I always associated with Mother as I remember the rapt expression on her face in Church or in the Chapel. I was deeply impressed by the beauty of the Anglican liturgy and ritual; and I never remember being oppressed by Mother's religious practices, as my older sisters say they were.

During the school days at the Farm we had another religious influence from Aunt Elsie, who was Swedenborgian. The verse I associate with her is "The Lord bless thee and keep thee, the Lord make his face to shine upon thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." She had the children chant this at the opening of every school day. Under her tutelage we also sang Blake's "Little Lamb, who made thee," and learned to recite Christina Rossetti's "Who has seen the wind?"

After a few years, Mother became dissatisfied with the name of the Farm Settlement: "The Crane Fund for Widows and Children." This was informative, but was awkward, long, and cold. She wanted something more attractive. So she went to Aunt Edith Flint (now, since her husband's death, a member of the English Department at the University of Chicago), her advisor in literary matters, and they went through a gazetteer of English place names looking for names having to do with children. The list included: Childerditch (unattractive!), Childrey, Child's Ercall, Child's Wickham, Childwall (sounds like a detention home!) - and going a little farther afield, Aunt Edith was attracted by Chiddingfold, which she thought could be modified to Childerfold; but Mother thought that sounded a little sentimental. Finally they decided on Childerley, a village near Cambridge, actually; and so Childerley it became and still is. Its present function is quite different and has nothing to do with children any more, but the name remains.

While the farm was growing and developing under Aunt Elsie's watchful eye, Mother became interested in new activities in Chicago. The influence of the third of her great friends,

Ellen Starr, now became dominant. By this time Miss Starr had become active in the labor movement. She could not help noticing the oppression of the working women in Chicago who came to Hull House for help. So far as I know, Jane Addams never took any interest in helping working people form their own labor organizations, but Ellen Starr did.

In the fall of 1915, the drive to organize the International Ladies' Garment workers began. This movement was strongly resisted by the employers, but soon found backing in the intellectual community, members of which had come to realize how dreadful were the sweatshop conditions under which the women who made their clothes were working. In November a strike was called by Sidney Hillman, president and organizer of the union. Miss Starr began to go out regularly on the picket line in front of the big Chicago clothing stores, and Mother and a few others joined her.

Mother had already been writing to papers and magazines expressing her horror of our industrial system that brought so much luxury to a few of the rich and so much misery to so many of the poor, who, after all, were the producers of the goods enjoyed by the more privileged classes. She now began to get full coverage in the press for her unexpected activities, and by the time she started picketing, the flow of newsprint became a torrent. I can only quote a few excerpts from the scrapbook that she kept of that year:

from Harper's Weekly, Nov. 1915

> The number of Americans who can think outside their class increases. The following observation is from a

wealthy woman residing in one of our great cities:

"We have a fine, lusty strife on now, between the rich and powerful Jews and their poor and defenseless co-religionists in the clothing trade. I go down occasionally, when I can, to watch the paid sluggers and bribed policemen riding with motorcycles and horses into crowds of little underfed Jews. . . . I'm going to join the Socialist Party."

Then she passes on from conditions in her city to conditions in the world and asks: "Who knows what tyranny may be fastened on Europe by the war? Can America serve the world better than by safeguarding and enlarging her own liberty?"

The answer is: It cannot. And it is a pleasant thing to witness more and more of the well-to-do and powerful learning to think spiritually. The camel can get through that needle if he is seeking the transit for the glory of God.

In Europe, of course, the first World War had begun, and it seems that at this time Mother was taking the pacifist line, as did Jane Addams. One remembers the Peace Ship in which she joined with Henry Ford and others in an attempt to prevent the spread of war. Many people laughed at it at the time and some were scandalized, but it might have been well for the world had it succeeded.

This article from Harper's Weekly published in November, must have been written considerably earlier, possibly before Mother had become actually involved in the Garment Workers' Strike. By the first part of the month, however, she had joined Ellen Starr in the picketing, and the newspapers were having a field day:

MRS. LILLIE DEFIES POLICE

The Daily News exclaimed on Nov. 7, 1915, and continued:

"We'll fix you," an Officer told her, says daughter of R. T. Crane.

But she kept right on picketing with the Garment Strikers.

"You didn't arrest me because I am rich. You arrested the others who walked by, but you knew who I was, and you thought it discreet not to arrest me."

This was the charge made by Mrs. F. R. Lillie, daughter of the late R. T. Crane, against the officer who appeared today against Miss Ellen Gates Starr of Hull House at the Maxwell Street police station. Miss Starr [a tiny woman] was accused of "inciting to riot" when on picket duty with striking garment workers. With Mrs. Lillie and Miss Starr were Mrs. Dunlap Smith and Mrs. George Packard.

MRS. LILLIE ORDERED AWAY.

"I ought to be home with my seven children this minute, but I must watch you; I do not dare leave my friends who are picketing in an orderly way, for fear of what you may do," continued Mrs. Lillie. "Yesterday when I was picketing an officer ordered me about and told me to 'get away.' I told him I should continue to walk quietly by, arm in arm with a woman who was as peaceful in behavior as I was. She was of foreign birth, and could not understand what we were saying.

"He said to me, 'We'll fix you up when you come past here again; you'll see what you'll get.'

"But in a few minutes when I came back he paid no attention. I told him then that his reasons for not arresting me were that he had found out who I was."

GROTESQUE, MISS STARR INSISTS

"This whole affair is grotesque; the opera bouffe is not to be compared with it," declared Miss Starr. "They arrest us over and over again. Our cases come up and would probably be dismissed, but we insist on a jury trial that

our friends have a chance to find out from our evidence what the real state of things is. Our cases have piled up until there are over a thousand of them.

"It is an absurd and laughable circle - arrest, bail out, return to picketing the next morning; arrest, bail out - and so it goes.

"Every time I am arrested, I ask the officer by whose authority he is acting. He usually replies, 'The boss.' I tell him always that his boss is not my boss - that there is no law or ordinance to prevent my walking quietly past a building, that the public highway is mine as well as his."

Miss Starr again asked for jury trial.

The Chicago Herald carried a signed article by William L. Chenery in his column, "The Guide Post," under date of Nov. 10:

ARE THE RICH ARRESTED?

Long after the garment strike is forgotten the policeman who arrested Miss Ellen Gates Starr of Hull House will doubtless remember her ironic words - "What an extraordinarily docile and peaceful riot this is!" But even more awakening than Miss Starr's artistic comment was Mrs. Frank R. Lillie's challenge to the police.

To the policeman who ordered her to move on Mrs. Lillie said:

"You do not dare arrest me because I am rich. You do not arrest the rich."

Mrs. Lillie was not boasting. She was merely stating what she believed to be a social fact, a condition which, as it happens, is substantially supported by a city hall document. The council crime commission, the author of the document, was not concerned about strikes of any sort. Arrests, imprisonments, fines and other penalties were its business. Yet the impartial figures which the committee gathered afford a basis for Mrs. Lillie's taunts to Chicago. . . .

By this time Jane Addams, who had a more influential voice

than the others', had entered into the fray to the extent of heading a committee to appeal to the mayor [from the Herald, Nov. 17, 1915]:

JANE ADDAMS TO MAKE "LAST PLEA" TO MAYOR

Heads Committee in Attempt to Persuade

Thompson to Settle Strike.

ARBITRATION WANTED

A final effort to induce Mayor Thompson to take a hand in settling the garment workers' strike will be made today by a committee of business men and social workers, headed by Miss Jane Addams.

The mayor was severely censured yesterday at a meeting of Ald. Henry Utpatel's strike committee for his refusal to act. . . He said he would not do anything "till the strikers went home and behaved themselves."

"We are going to make one last plea," Miss Addams said. "We believe he can bring about arbitration, and we see no reason why he should not use his influence in that direction." . . .

Judge Harry M. Fisher told the Utpatel committee that the mayor's course "is inviting murder."

"Entire families are starving, and there is little time to waste; the mayor should act," said Rabbi Julius Rappaport. "The strikers have met the conditions; why does he still refuse?"

In the picket lines of Kuppenheimer's plant at Western Avenue and Twentysecond Street yesterday afternoon appeared five new faces. The five new picketers drove up in an automobile. Two of them - Mrs. F. R. Lillie, daughter of the late R. T. Crane and wife of the head of the biology department of the University of Chicago, and Mr. Edward Hutchinson - carried a sign bearing the following legend:

WE ARE PICKETING

FOR THE PICKETS

DRIVEN FROM THE LINE

The other "substitute picketers" were Mrs. Frank Churchill, Miss Ellen Gates Starr of Hull House, and Edward Ames Scribner, professor of theology at the University of Chicago. . . .

"The police are decent enough tonight," Miss Starr said, "but you just come around here at 6 o'clock tomorrow morning and you'll find them clubbing the people around and offering every kind of indignity to these poor girls."

Miss Starr wrote an open letter to Mr. Jacob Abt, president of the Wholesale Clothing Manufacturers' Association. This letter said in part (as quoted by the Chicago Tribune of Nov. 26):

> It was with a sense of bewilderment that I was made aware of your identity with the young man of that name who was a resident of the Maxwell Street Settlement years ago when we were all young and had ideals, and, if we were sincere, hopes for ameliorating the sordid conditions of the homes surrounding our own comfortable and even then relatively luxurious abodes.
>
> Now that I am convinced that you are the same person, it is "laid upon me" to speak to you of the past and the present, but, as I know from the experience of others that you would refuse to see me or talk to me "until after the strike is over," if at all, there is nothing left me but to address you publicly. . . .
>
> God (if I may mention God, whose name sounds strange in this connection) seems to have determined that my labors should be associated almost wholly with the Jews. A lad of the strikers called Abe said to me one day, "You are Jewish, aren't you, Miss Starr?" "What makes you think so, Abe?" "Because you are always fighting for the Jews." "Against them, too, Abe," I would naturally have answered, but I only replied, "That is because they are

people, Abe, not because they are Jews. I would help any other people fighting for freedom and human rights just the same, whatever they were.". . .

Mother, too, was concerned about this struggle between rich Jews and poor Jews, with its Biblical overtones. An account of her attitudes was given on December 9th by Carl Sandburg in the Day Book, a small radical daily that was then being issued in Chicago:

"Come with me and hear the Jews scream. I have heard them scream. Come and see their blood staining the pavement. I have seen Jewish blood.

"Two strikers have been killed; how many more do you want killed?"

This is the heart-cry of Frances Crane Lillie in an open letter to the Jews of Chicago. The letter takes two inches of newspaper column space. It was sent Wednesday afternoon to the editors of all seven of the big daily newspapers in Chicago. It was printed in pink and green extras of afternoon newspapers. No morning paper touched a line of it.

Mother of four children of her own, foster-mother of three adopted children, this woman, Frances Crane Lillie, wanted to reach the soul of Chicago. It is a mother's cry she sends out.

Eleven weeks she has gone out almost every day on the picket lines in front of garment shops where police and sluggers have beaten men, boys, girls, and women, and where 1800 arrests have resulted in no convictions and no indictments to date, with the police failing of proof in every jury trial of strikers.

Owner of a million dollars, gifted with health and good looks, Mrs. Lillie has the open door to all the gayeties of the social crush [to which I can only say "Ha!" for the Cranes were never great for "gayeties" - but journalists - even Sandburg - love this kind of rhetoric].

But instead of rushing to red dresses and red slippers for the Spanish ball next week, she writes to newspapers about red blood of Jews spattering the sidewalks of Chicago.

Instead of sitting easy and quiet with her books and music out at her beautiful country home [the Foundation for Widows and Children], she goes onto the street at a Kuppenheimer clothing shop and raises the outcry:

"I call on everybody to witness that the private police of Chicago can beat up strikers while the city police look on and take no action."

About one-fourth of the strikers are Jews. Nearly all of the garment shops where strike is on are owned by Jews. Louis and Jonas Kuppenheimer, Morris Rosenwald, Alfred Decker and other names widely advertised in the clothing trade are among Jews whom Mrs. Lillie holds in part responsible for conditions that have caused the strike. Payrolls of these and other Jews are the basis for figures in U. S. labor bureau bulletin 91 and the Illinois bureau of labor statistics:

"In men's ready-made clothing industry in Chicago in 70 large establishments 29.5 per cent of the women earn less than $5 a week, 42 per cent earn less than $6, 53.3 per cent earn less than $7 a week."

Sixty per cent of the strikers are women and girls. They want a union, collective bargaining, a chance for redress against decisions of foremen and examiners who pass on their work. The Jews who own the big garment shops won't arbitrate nor meet committees from strikers or citizens. Such is the background from which Mrs. Lillie yesterday sent this open letter:

"Never again call Americans together to protest against the Russian government and its persecution of the Jews. Jews of Chicago are persecuting their poor and defenseless co-religionists now. And why? Because the strikers are fighting for what they conceive to be liberty.

"Come with me and hear the Jews scream. I have heard

them scream. Come and see their blood staining the pavement. I have seen Jewish blood.

"Two strikers have been killed; how many more do you want killed?

"Come and see those whom the employers have succeeded in terrorizing - Jewish boys and girls, young, brave, defenseless!

"O Jews, who taught the world religion, where is your religion now?

"FRANCES CRANE LILLIE"

She was also concerned with the brutality of the police in a more general way, while knowing that the employers and city officials were more guilty than the individual policemen who wielded the stick. Again the Day Book quotes her as saying:

"I can't blame Patrolman John Baumgartner when I know that Baumgartner is only taking orders from officials higher up, said Mrs. Lillie to The Day Book today [Dec. 8, 1915]. "Jacob Abt, the president of the employers association, and Chief of Police Healy are nearer the root of the trouble in this strike."

But she did have one confrontation which affected her more personally. There is an account of this in the Chicago Herald, Dec. 2, 1915, which quotes her as saying:

"A police sergeant whom we questioned before the wagon came told me the man who arrested us was Detective Edward Tuohy. He boasted repeatedly that nothing we could do could separate him from the force--that we couldn't get rid of him, I am going to have something to say about that later, but I don't want you to refer to that now."

"It was an awful thing," said Mrs. Lillie. "I got all excited and said the most terrifying things which I never would have thought of ordinarily, and so did Miss Starr, but the officer didn't take us at all, though I was dragged down the street with Horn [one of the strikers], who begged me not to desert him. Mr. Waterman had been

absolutely quiet."

The article continues:

ARREST ATTORNEY
IN STRIKE ZONE

Social Worker Taken to Station for
Remonstrating With an Officer
REFUSED TO "MOVE ON"

Mrs. Frank R. Lillie, 5801 Kenwood avenue, wife of a University of Chicago professor and daughter of the late R. T. Crane, the iron master, took George W. Waterman, an attorney, and Misses Alice Temple and Mary Martin of the school of education of the University over to the Kuppenheimer clothing plant yesterday to study the garment workers' strike.

As a sequel to the trip Waterman, who is a prominent member of the Church of the Redeemer, was given a ride in a patrol wagon to the West Chicago Avenue station, and this morning must face charges of disorderly conduct. Mrs. Lillie was badly shaken up in a "run-in" with the police and they have asked Alderman A. A. McCormick to bring the matter to the attention of the council committee investigating the strike.

MRS. LILLIE ACCUSES POLICE.

Mrs. Lillie's version of the happenings was given at her home last night:

"When we arrived at the Kuppenheimer factory we found the police jostling people on the sidewalk," she said. "First Deputy Superintendent Herman Schuettler had told me that groups of twelve might congregate and we remonstrated. A burly man approached us and told us to move on. Mr. Waterman asked him who he was and he said a policeman. He was then asked to show his star and insultingly told us he wouldn't show it nor would he give us his name.

"About that time a Russian, Sam Horn, who was standing by, said he thought the alleged policeman was a slugger. Almost immediately he grabbed Horn by the collar and

shook him like a rat. I objected and grabbed Horn, who was shivering and seemed badly scared. The policeman, he was in plain clothes, started dragging Horn, and for two blocks we went.

TAKE WATERMAN ALSO

"When we reached the patrol box I told him he was the worst brute and bully I had ever seen. Mr. Waterman then objected in a mild way and as the patrol wagon came up one policeman said, "Throw him in, too," so he and Horn were taken to the station.

"At the police station we found out that the name of the plain clothes man was Detective Sergeant Edward Tuohy. We tried to give Lieutenant Michael Loftus a report of what had happened, but he sent out word he wouldn't see us. We have laid the matter before Alderman McCormick and he will bring this case of brutality up before the council committee."

Sergeant Tuohy declared that he had not been brutal and had arrested Waterman only because the latter "persisted in causing trouble."

"I used only necessary force in taking Horn into custody and Waterman was arrested because he persistently tried to prevent me from making the arrest and was inciting trouble," the sergeant said.

MINISTERS ASSAIL MAYOR

A lively row developed yesterday as a result of Mayor Thompson's utterances at a meeting of the Chicago Church Federation Council Monday.

The council sent a letter to the mayor expressing resentment because the mayor charged that the ministers' meeting would have a tendency to provoke violence and murder in the garment workers' strike and repudiating the charge.

After reading the letter, Mayor Thompson reiterated his charge.

At the meeting Mayor Thompson refused to make any

move to end the garment workers' strike unless violence ceased, and added: "I believe the former meeting had the tendency to provoke murder and I believe this meeting will be followed by others."

THREE SIGN LETTER

The council's letter, which was signed by the Rev. Melbourne P. Boynton, president; Charles Bayard Mitchell, chairman of the meeting and W. B. Millard, executive secretary, said in part:

"The Chicago Church Federation Council would respectfully call your attention to the fact that the inquiry conducted into the garment workers' strike at our ministers' meeting was in every way fair, comprehensive and judicial. All parties to the strike were invited to present their case.

"Violence was denounced by every speaker. The ministers took sides with neither party. No resolutions were adopted nor even contemplated. The net result of such an inquiry must of necessity make all parties more reasonable, temperate and law abiding.

"When the Mayor of Chicago makes such a charge against the clergymen he has been invited to address we feel called upon to repudiate the charge and to pronounce it unworthy of the chief executive of 2,000,000 people."

I have included so much of this material because it seems so very topical today - the picketing, the charges of police brutality, the action and attitudes of the Mayor of Chicago, and the racial issue (but in this case involving Jews, not blacks).

Mother continued her activities, sending out open letters, postcards of appeal, and pleas for money to aid the strikers, as well as making substantial contributions herself. One of her letters reads:

His Imperial Highness Czar Edward Tuohy, Detective Sergeant of the Chicago Police force, says:

"Get out of here. Never mind who I am. I give my name and number to no one and I do what I want to do when I want to do it. You can't make me lose my job, either, whatever I do."

Witnesses:

G. W. Waterman, 5314 Blackstone Ave. (Attorney)
Alice Temple
Katharine Martin, University of Chicago
Ellen Gates Starr, Hull House.
Frances Crane Lillie, 5801 Kenwood Avenue.

O sleepers awake!

Ministers of Religion, Mothers of Daughters, Members of Women's Clubs, Settlement workers:

Sixty per cent of the workers in the present Garment Workers Strike are women and young girls. They are perfectly helpless before the brutality and the obscenity of the Chicago police.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

Dec. 2nd, 1915.

Although ministers of religion, Jewish, Catholic and Protestant, had expressed sympathy with the strikers, Mother did not feel that they were doing enough. She was especially troubled by the inaction of her Bishop, Charles P. Anderson of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Chicago. She wrote another letter of protest a few days later:

I protest: -

Against the Mayor of Chicago and the President of the Wholesale Clothiers' Association for using the Chicago police force to crush the desire for liberty in working people by terrorism;

Against my Bishop, because when the poor and defenceless were suffering a great injustice, he was not

their champion.

I protest against the power that seeks to perpetuate industrial slavery.

AMERICANS, WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THIS? LET US ARISE ONCE MORE TO PUT DOWN TYRANNY IN OUR REPUBLIC.

Frances C. Lillie
Dec. 5th, 1915.

Bishop Anderson, however, protested in his turn: "I am and always have been on the side of the strikers, and I am doing and feel that the church is doing everything possible to aid their cause. Justice, fairness and rightness are on their side." But Mother did not feel that he or her church were doing enough.

A couple of days later, she managed to get herself arrested, in spite of her wealth and social position. She then publicly announced that she had become a socialist. The Chicago American carried the story under date of December 7, 1915:

DAUGHTER OF CRANE DEFIES JAIL THREAT
Mrs. Lillie says, "glad to serve if it will aid garment strikers"

Mrs. Frances Crane Lillie, wife of Professor Lillie of Chicago University, and daughter of the late Richard T. Crane, steel and iron magnate, has turned socialist.

She so announced in the West Chicago avenue court today when her case came up, following her arrest while investigating garment strike conditions. She demanded and obtained a jury trial.

"From now and ever afterward I shall be a Socialist," Mrs. Lillie declared to a group of newspaper reporters after the brief court hearing.

"I have been on the verge of it for some time, and now I am convinced that true Socialism is what we need.

"I am not satisfied with the present society, as they are always conniving and conspiring."

RAPS POLICE METHODS

"I am against the methods used by the police in trying to prevent disorder among these striking garment workers who are seeking justice."

Mrs. Lillie was accompanied by her husband, who is a professor of biology and assistant curator of the zoological museum at the University of Chicago, her sister, Mrs. E. Russell, Miss Ellen Gates Starr of Hull House and Attorney George Waterman, who drove the motor car in which they went to the station.

Attorney Waterman was arrested a few days ago while doing duty with the strikers and took a jury trial.

Mrs. Lillie stood in the center of the broad living room at 5801 Kenwood avenue, buttoning up her high-throated jacket before going to court.

"Now I'm ready to go to jail," she said, with an assured smile. "I will go joyfully if by going I can help the striking garment workers. If I'm not sent to jail I'm going back on picket duty."

INTERESTED IN STRIKE

"I've been interested in the cause of the strikers through my friend, Ellen Gates Starr," said Mrs. Lillie. "About three times a week I've gone on picket duty. Yesterday I was marching up and down with a group of girls. Some of the policemen and hired sluggers were playing cards in the basement of the Kuh, Nathan and Fisher factory.

"About the time the nonunion employes left the building, as they came out I saw Policeman No. 3,095 - his name is Henry Baumgartner - and a hired slugger. They bowed to me. Then Baumgartner turned to two of the girls. 'Clear out of here, now,' he ordered. I called to the girls: 'You'd better obey him; he's a dangerous policeman.' Baumgartner turned to me and said: 'You'll be ar-

rested before the day is over.' That ended that incident. It was utterly quiet. Miss Port [Elsabeth Port, superintendent of the Childerley Farm] and I walked along.

HEARS SCREAM; RUNS

"Then from the other side of the street came a horrible scream. We ran over. The slugger was standing over a young striker. The striker had his hands over his face and blood was pouring from a terrible wound. Policeman Baumgartner asked the slugger: 'Have you any complaint against this man?' The slugger said he had none, and they walked away.

"I called on everybody to note that a hired slugger had beaten a striker before the police without any interference."

I still remember vividly the evening after this court hearing. Mother, Miss Starr, and Aunt Elsie Port were in the living room, and talking excitedly about their experience. Father had gone down to the police court to bail them out (how well I remember all these odd new words - strike, picket, bail, and the like!). The ladies were especially amused at the ignorance of the judge. "Are you an arnachist?" he had asked. "Do you believe in the dictatorship of the politerat?" "Are you members of the politerarian party?" I did not know what these words meant, or why it was so funny, but I remember the laughter and the judge's mispronunciations to this day.

There was to have been a jury trial, and Mother and Miss Starr wanted to insist on their right to a public hearing, but I have no clippings on this subject, nor any memories, so it is my belief that the case was dismissed, and that Father had persuaded the ladies not to insist further. Mother, however, remained a socialist for many years thereafter, backing labor

organization and other radical movements, cheering for the Russian Revolution of 1917, and about the same time becoming involved in a bitter quarrel with her brother Dick, President of Crane Co., over the organizing strike of Crane Co. workers, in which Mother of course supported the strikers, but Uncle Dick held to Grandfather's old paternalistic line. Grandfather had been a generous and forward-looking employer, but like most men of his day, had believed that the owner of a business had the right to set up his own employment practices. He had introduced the eight-hour day, profit-sharing, employee pensions, etc., in his company, but neither he nor his son and successor wanted to be forced to be generous, or to give up their absolute control over the Company's policies.

The newspapers had a field day over Mother's new socialist stand, but a certain amount of cold water was thrown on her by some of the labor leaders at whose side she wished to stand. The Chicago Post (Dec. 8, 1915) carried this story:

SOCIALISTS SEE SLIGHT AID FROM MRS. LILLIE
Leaders Assert Party Depends on Working Classes and Expects Little Help From the Rich.

"One of the little factory girls down on the picket line is of a great deal more importance than Mrs. Lillie," said W. D. Haywood, Secretary of the Industrial Workers of the World.

"The conversion of a capitalist is of no especial value to the Socialist party. The movement has to depend on the workers, not the capitalists." - CHARLES H. KERR, PUBLISHER OF THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.

Thus do leaders of the two great organizations which seek to set worker against employer and promote class consciousness greet the defection of Mrs. Frances Crane Lil-

lie, daughter of the late Richard T. Crane, millionaire manufacturer, from the ranks of those favored by fortune and the casting of her lot with the workers.

DEPENDS ON WORKERS

"The people likely to be influenced by her action are the people of her own class," said Charles H. Kerr. "The Socialist movement has to depend on the workers and not on the capitalist class. Her conversion is of no especial importance. However, the Socialist party is always ready to welcome a new voter. Mrs. Lillie seems to be an able woman, and ought to be of help to the movement."

"Mrs. Lillie has learned the lesson that all will learn if they get on the picket line," said Mr. Haywood. "Any one of the little factory girls down on the picket line is of more importance, however, than Mrs. Lillie. The officials of the union have made a mistake in this strike by dropping their demands and asking only arbitration. The strikers are good fighters, and, if properly led, would win the strike."

SISTER WIRES CONGRATULATIONS

Mrs. Lillie today was the recipient of many letters and telegrams of congratulation for the stand she has taken, she said at her home. Among them is one from her sister in California [Kate Crane Gartz, who had similarly been converted to socialism, and was a great writer of protest letters].

"I actually became a member of the Socialist party two months ago," she said today. "I have been interested in the movement all my life, and while I have read deeply on the subject, I realize I have much to learn. Of course, I must continue to administer to the best of my ability the big charity fund left by my father, but I intend also to go deeper and get down to things more fundamental than charity."

Her intention "to go deeper and get down to things more

fundamental than charity" was to lead her in two directions at once. She was to express this dual aim in her characteristic slogan: "Religion and radicalism!" which for her summed up what the world needed. I have already spoken of the building of the Shrine at Woods Hole in the summer of 1916, which chronologically should come in next. As I remember it, the two activities were carried on concurrently and almost equally for the next year, varied by a couple of excursions into the field of education. It was about this time that she founded two more schools, in Chicago a Nursery School primarily for children of University of Chicago people, and partly for Emily Ann, born in March of 1913, who, being the youngest in our family by nearly seven years, was somewhat isolated and needed to be with other children. At Woods Hole, Mother started the Children's Summer School of Science. Her idea was that the townspeople should learn something about what the great institution in their midst was up to, and this would best be accomplished by introducing their children to science. It was her thought that the children of the year-round residents and the children of the scientists should attend together a summer school that would give them as much knowledge as they could take in of the branches of biological science that were being studied at the Laboratory. The classes were to be held in the village school, for six weeks of each summer. As it turned out, the school became a great success - but only among the children of the scientists and summer visitors; the village children took part very little or not at all. The school is still in operation, directed now by rotating committees of mothers. I believe the Chicago Nur-

sery School is also still in operation.

Throughout these years, during and right after the War, there was a constant flow of visitors representing both sides of Mother's double interest. This was, of course, in addition to the eminent scientists from all over the world who came to pay their respects to Father, at Chicago as head of his Department, and at Woods Hole as Director of the Laboratory. Sunday afternoon tea was always the time for these callers. At Woods Hole Mother also had her ladies' reading group that met every Thursday morning over the years at the homes of the different members, where books bearing on each one's interests were read and discussed. I remember her radical visitors chiefly at Chicago. An old diary of mine (1920) speaks of "red radicals" coming to dinner on several occasions. Among these I remember Upton Sinclair, who was also a friend and protege of Aunt Kate's in Pasadena, Earl Browder, who I think was a conscientious objector during the war, Norman Thomas, and William Z. Foster - who probably came into the picture later. There was also a young man of great wealth (whose name I do not remember) who had given all his money away and was living on odd jobs. I wondered why Mother did not do likewise. Later I learned that Father had to take vigorous steps to prevent this. There were also foreigners of various stamps, some of them protegés of Uncle Charles - there was a fifteen-year-old Czech boy who appeared in Chicago in 1918, having made his escape from the Front via the Trans-Siberian Railroad. He was blond and handsome and wore a huge pistol strapped to his side, with which he claimed to have killed five or six Germans.

In the fall of 1918, my sister Catherine was offered a trip to the Orient with Uncle Charles, who had been appointed Minister to China by President Wilson. She was to be chaperoned by a Chinese woman doctor, Dr. Yamai Kin, whose charm and beautiful English I well remember. Uncle Charles' appointment as Minister did not last long, as he made some indiscreet remarks about the Japanese, which, prophetic as they were, got him into hot water, so he was quickly recalled. As soon as the war was over, Wilson sent him on his well-known but ultimately fruitless mission to study the problems of the Middle East.

Along about this same time (I think in 1918), Mother began to be a little disillusioned with Communism, if not with Socialism. She had put up bail, a sum in the neighborhood of $10,000, I think, for a couple of communists who had been arrested in a labor dispute. They jumped bail and escaped to Russia - and this fact gave Mother the impression that the morals of communists were no higher than those of capitalists. She did not, however, lose her interest in social reform, but was somewhat less impressed by the personal disinterestedness and heroism of communists than she had been.

Among the religious visitors - aside from Father Powell of the Cowley Fathers, whom I have already mentioned - I remember chiefly Canon Winfred A. Douglas, who was then in charge of the revision of the Episcopaliam Hymn Book. I guess I remember him because I thought "Canon" was a funny title. He was going around the country, in these years during or immediately after the War, training Episcopalians to use Gregorian Chant in their liturgy. So Mother and her Anglican friends were practising

singing the chants. My sisters joined in, and we heard much of "Lo-o-o-o-o-o-ord have mer-er-er-er-er-ercy u-u-u-po-o-o-o-n u-us!" and I learned the strange words "Kyrie eleison." Before that time, we had often had hymn singing around the piano on a Sunday evening. My favorite hymn was the one about the Salvation Sleigh ["Lo, He comes with clouds descending, /Once for our salvation slain."] I imagined a kind of Santa-Claus sleigh, having something to do with the Salvation Army. There was a Miss Goodrich who sometimes sang with us, and more frequently of course there was Ellen Starr when she could break away from Hull House. Father bore all these comings and goings with a kind of patient courtesy.

Out of this period of confusion, a new direction began to come clear in Mother's life, following Ellen Starr's lead. Miss Starr, living as she did in the midst of the Chicago slums, had become more and more attracted by the Catholicism of the Italian and Polish immigrants who came to Hull House, and whose churches she now began to visit. She found there the only bright spot in the depressed lives of her poverty-stricken neighbors. Ellen Starr had gone to Italy as early as 1888, and remained a great lover of Italian art and literature throughout her life. She had been particularly drawn to St. Benedict as a result of a visit to Monte Cassino. This special devotion she kept throughout her life, just as Mother did for St. Francis. The further fact that she had had a distinguished aunt, Miss Eliza Allen Starr, who had been a convert to Catholicism, made her attraction to this religious mode seem more natural to her than it did at first to Mother. But Mother, too, felt the same

sympathy for the poor as did her friend Ellen. In Mother's case I think a strong influence was our dear Mamie, whose unselfishness and devotion gave her an idea of the virtues of the uneducated poor that I am afraid is far beyond the average. But then, Mother was always one to "generalize from insufficient evidence," a tendency for which Father was driven from time to time to criticize her.

Anyhow, in later days, because the Episcopal church had the reputation of being the church of the rich and socially acceptable, Mother would defend her Catholicism by saying: "I want to go to church with my cook and make a face at Mrs. Ritzbilt down the street." I rejoined that this was not really being democratic, but that she was acting like an upside-down snob. She laughed, of course; but she never could acknowledge that she had anything in common with the mythical Mrs. Ritzbilt.

While the two friends held this devotion to the poor in common, Ellen Starr's attitudes towards religion were always more intellectual and aesthetic than Mother's. I am sure it was from my godmother that I derived my interest in Dante, a writer whom Mother could never abide. She and Ellen did a great deal of reading together on religious subjects. By 1918 or so they added daily readings in the Day Hours or Roman Breviary to their Anglican practices, and had become interested in the writings of the English Jesuit priest, Father George Tyrrell, the great exponent of modernism in the church at that time, whose attempt to reconcile science and religion had gotten him into trouble, so that he died excommunicate. His friend and supporter, Baron Friedrich von Hügel, thus swum into

their ken. Mother and Ellen Starr read some of his works together and were impressed by his large and tolerant mind, combining an interest in modern thought with a deeply traditional Catholicism. Mother was particularly drawn by his great book, The Mystical Element in Religion, based on a study of the life of St. Catherine of Genoa. This St. Catherine was especially congenial to Mother because she was not only a mystic, but a practical woman, a married woman, and one who had done much for the welfare of the people of Genoa in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, one of the early pioneers of social work.

To pick up the thread of this religious development, it is necessary to go back a number of years. Although Mother and Ellen saw a great deal of each other ordinarily, they were separated from time to time, and fortunately the letters that Mother wrote to her friend during these periods of separation are still extant (in the Sophia Smith Collection of Smith College Library) and they make it possible to see the steps of Mother's religious thought more clearly and from an earlier time than I can possibly remember. The first of these letters is written some three months before I was born (it bears the date June 1, 1906). In it she writes to Ellen of her tendency to depression: "Are you ever black melancholy? I've seen you FEARFULLY cross, but I cannot remember your being very sad ever." Ellen has apparently suggested their going on a religious retreat together, and she replies to that suggestion by saying, "Religious conversation does me up, but religious silence is nice." This comment may seem incredible to some people who have heard her volubility on the subject of the Catholic Church in later life,

but it was nevertheless true that she seldom spoke of her deeper religious feelings to anyone but Ellen Starr.

In a letter of July 23 of the same year, she has more to say about the basis for her melancholy: "The pain of the world surges over me and the laughter of the children is sometimes more painful than my thoughts. They are such holy, holy innocents!" The pathos of childhood seems to have been almost too much for her to bear.

In that same letter she speaks of her arrangements to have my birth take place at St. Margaret's, the Anglican nursing home on Beacon Hill which I have already mentioned. She had found it rather small on first view, but notes that Father was favorably impressed: "F. is so struck with Sister Paula that I think he'd like to be ill himself and have so kindly a nurse."

Along with the satisfaction she felt about the Anglican sisters and their nursing home, she shows that her mind is already turning towards Catholicism, moved by her characteristic love of humble people and their religious expression:

> Isn't it curious that the humble people, religion quite aside, should possess so marvellously artistic a thing as the Catholic liturgy and that people who are supposed to be very superior should have such philistinic services? The other evening I heard church bells ringing and wished I could go, but soon realized that I could scarcely endure the horrors of a Methodist or Congregational church service, tho' of course if they were religious I should care. . . .

After a few comments on Darwin, she goes on to speak of Father's attitudes towards science and religion:

> Frank says science knows no such fears as religion and that the horrors of his fear of damnation when he was

> deep in his church studies have never been repeated when he contemplates a possible annihilation. But then damnation should really not be in one's thoughts of God at all, it seems to me.

Apparently the frightening emphasis on damnation in the churches of Toronto during his boyhood was at least as important a cause of Father's turning away from religion as was his more intellectual interest in Darwinism to which he ascribed his change from divinity to zoology as a profession. Of course he did not speak of these matters to us, but he wrote of them in his brief memoir. He had found a temporary relief from his boyhood fears through the encouraging words of some religious revivalist, but the memory must have remained fixed in his deeper feelings, and he still felt relief to have thrown the whole business over.

On August 9, 1906, Mother's mind is still running on zoology and religion, or at least on God and the animal creation. She has been watching the antics of some animals at play, and is both pleased at the spectacle and full of wonderment at its meaning:

> Religion must contain a kind of trustful acquiescence in the value of these strangely unimportant-looking acts. Imagine God's favorite animal [the "horse-shoe crab" or "King crab" - which she called "God's favorite" because its form was apparently so satisfactory to its Creator that He did not ever change it] crawling over the bottom of the sea patiently these hundred and fifty million years. It makes our restlessness look queer, doesn't it?

There is nothing in these letters about my birth or infancy. The next couple of years were full ones, as I have already

stated. What with a new baby, the decision to adopt Karl, and the concern over how to handle a blind child, as well as her more public activities in the founding of the Mary Crane Nursery and the settlement for widows and children at Buffalo Creek Farm, she did not find much time for writing about religion for a while. The next letter on religion starts with a fantasy in a playful tone, but it also contains a confession of deeply frightening feelings about the world:

Aug. 25, 1908

> Sunday I quite emancipated myself from your care and decided to be a big Mother to you so I said, "Little Ellen, you are going with your big Mother to the rich people's church." [She is referring here to the Church of the Messiah at Woods Hole.]
>
> You can imagine what a row you made at that. You said you'd rather be seen dead than in a rich people's church and other extremely naughty things.
>
> Finally I said firmly, "Little Ellen you are going with me to church and I shall certainly punish you if you speak of your brothers the King Crabs like that.
>
> So we went and it was very nice and cool and we sat far back. . . and the rich people came, fearfully dreadfully rich, and I supposed of course you'd burst into flames at the sight of them but you didn't.
>
> When I dared, . . . I whispered, "Is it true here in church, dear?" and you said, "Yes my dear one it is true," and I was so comforted because the night before I had cried for fear that I was quite uncared for in the big mechanical Universe. . . .

She seemed to need much reassurance at this period of her life, in spite of her large family and the firm and unwavering devotion of her husband. There must have been, nevertheless, some lack of communication between them on the matters close to

her heart. Some of this is apparent in a letter to Ellen Starr with a Woods Hole date line, but no date. It seems to belong to the early summer of 1909, from some of the circumstances mentioned in it:

> [Frank] hates religious discussions and behaves badly when they are going on; there are a good many just at present for some reason or other. The other day after one I grew quite angry at him and he laughed and said, "You know I'd never talk that way to you."
>
> He has a very dear sympathy with my moods and a wonderful agreement.
>
> You know I told you I would always take my beautiful big crucifix with me. Well when I went up to Boston I started to take it, but I couldn't bear to take it away from him. It looks very beautiful on the dark green wall and so I left it to remind him of what I cared for. It did, I think, for he said once, "I used to think you loved to leave me. Now I know you only do what you think is best and that you never think of yourself."

This was the summer of Alice's death. At the time, Mother seems to have been keeping her emotions firmly to herself; but she wrote to Ellen after the event, on July 1 or 2:

> Dear:
>
> My little baby is lying dead upstairs. I found her this afternoon between the bed and wall and tried to bring her back but couldn't.
>
> The doctor says it must have been a convulsion to have thrown her when dear Mary had carefully placed her in the middle of the bed.
>
> Catherine says "Why does Nanu cry when you don't feel bad a bit!" My little joy! Her body is so perfect, so round and fair. Two pounds above the average. Tell Albert.
>
> We arrive in Lake Geneva Sunday sometime, two nights

from here because we cannot leave till the inquest.

I want to see my Father. Millie is coming out tomorrow and will bring Father Powell if he doesn't feel badly about the baptism not having been administered. If he does feel badly he is not to come, but we'll get Mr. Fisher [the low-church Woods Hole rector].

Frances.

Friday morning - A beautiful clear day after the fog and thunder-storm of yesterday. Karl and I have been playing on the wharf. Both in darkness now. Fr. Powell telegraphs that he arrives earlier than Millie. Very kind. F. R. L. is going to the farm and perhaps I shall too. Don't leave till you hear from us.

For several months after this Mother was unable to communicate with Ellen on the subject of religion. The next letter in the file bears the date "1910" in a strange handwriting, and the dateline "Chicago." It would seem to have been written in January:

> For over six months now Christianity has meant nothing at all to me. . . . I've gone to church when I could but it was all very far away and of course for six months I could not speak to you of my religion or of my life. It isn't good for me, or for anyone to have one's life a spectacle.
>
> Now as to the future. I am sure it isn't what I thought it would be, but it does, I feel sure, depend on you. You tore down and now you have to build up . . . . [The meaning of this is far from clear: Had Ellen destroyed Mother's faith in Anglicanism?]

And from another letter, apparently of the same period:

> Rightly or wrongly Catholic Christianity went overboard and I've not been interested in it since. Once or twice I tried to remember what it was all about but it was too painful.

> Then too I could not talk of my religion to you. It was too much like making a spectacle of it, so for six months I never mentioned my ideals, plans, or works to you. I couldn't.

By April, things seem to be back to normal. She writes to Ellen about life on the Farm, the rebuilding of the North Farm house and of the Chapel of St. Francis, and invites Ellen to come and see. In a postscript she adds a pleasant picture of those days:

> Oh joy, here comes Karl dragging along the road from the other house a wooden box and clutching tightly with the other arm a chicken, preparing to make a coop. All alone if you please finding his way and managing all that. For a while Penty was with him but they had a scrap. She's roaring "I caught the chicken for him and he's teasing me!"

In these spring days, along with much happy activity with house, children, and Chapel a-building, she remembers her loss of the past summer:

> I've been thinking about Holy Week . . . that remembers so great a tragedy. Last Holy Week I had my little baby, and now it commemorates my little tragedy . . . .

She is thinking, too, about the shortcomings of the Episcopal clergy:

> Our last Church Kalendar said, "The clergy of the Diocese met at the Cathedral. . . . They had a charming luncheon and after their cigars they discussed the Preaching of Repentance."
>
> Can anything take the place of Franciscanism? Of course it isn't for me to say.

Work on her Little Chapel of St. Frances took much of her attention that spring. Finally in early June she wrote:

The altar is being hammered in place. Father Powell arrives on the 13th [of June] and dedicates the chapel on C.'s birthday [the 14th].

The first prayers will be the children's evening prayers, if Father Powell allows it. Karl keeps his censer and will carry it with him and be the very first to pray in our chapel.

Mary Prentice's one objection is the lack of statues like those in Mamie's church. [I had apparently been taken there, but whether by Mamie or by Mother, I do not know.]

Perhaps your Benedictines would make us a little St. Francis preaching to the birds, birds on his shoulders and against his heart and on the ground and all about sixteen inches or eighteen, carved in wood and colored. [This is in anticipation of Ellen's trip to Italy that summer.]

. . . In case you decide upon giving the order anywhere write Mrs. Chadbourne [Mother's sister Emily] of Park Lane London (because I mentioned it to her). Mrs. Russell [Aunt May] cares too much for her della Robbia so could you get one for the garden (small)? They make very good copies on the Ponte Vecchio. . . .

Sister Theresa, of St. Margaret's Boston, is making the Fair Linen and will have it ready.

The chapel garden is to be planted today.

A month later she feels some compunction about spending money on her aesthetic enthusiasms; she writes to Ellen in Italy on July 15:

Get anything you think best for the chapel. I shall get nothing more myself. Only remember how little money I have earned and how the poor might rather spend it on other things, as Mrs. Howe said, bread for instance or milk or country air. I want the chapel to be pretty poverty stricken. It must not be an offence to Crane Company [she must mean to the employees who she felt supportted her]. My religious expression has to face people dy-

ing of tuberculosis for me in floods of blood on a dirty office floor. If you remember that you will select things that will be beautiful but severe, very severe. . . .

I want the little statues for K. and M. P.'s sake and I want them colored very much.[I remember Karl's colored St. Christopher, but I do not remember any Virgin Mary for me before the Faggi one, which is cast in bronze.] Then a chalice and paten, too, you remember. . . .

I want a little church yard there, the road through the orchard is to be changed leaving a triangle just right for it, over the gateway I shall put "Welcome Sister Death" - you will keep planning that. [But this plan was not carried through.]

The revulsion against too much religious practice and talk continued. In another letter of this same period she writes:

I wish you could forget all my fearfully pious acts. You talk so much about them. Please don't. I hate that prayer of Newman's, but then he is intolerable to me anyway. I read it to F. R. L. and he shrugged his shoulders. "The Jesuit!" he exclaimed impatiently.

It seems to me the intricacies of mind of a defender of Catholicism can not be matched by anything else on earth, and to leave it all, and taste of Darwinism, is to have limpid, pure water again. Science is so clear and so pure, so simple, so inexorable <u>in its own field</u>. I wish you'd run into F. R. L. somewhere. [Father had gone to Europe that summer, partly to visit his sister Alice, now living in Germany, and partly to visit the European universities.] You need him. Every one does sometimes. He is, to me, the highest type of scientist, and he'd cut straight through falseness like a knife. You see there <u>is not</u> any intellectual defense of the faith and the more you try for it the more messy things become. It's safer to pray and live than to defend. Then the authority must in the long run be questioned by modern men. It's pretty intolerable! Your fiery nature won't stand for much, I've observed.

> If Protestantism means anything it means a disdain of human interference between God and the soul. A proud thing to have conquered the world!
>
> I am indeed prejudiced, but I believe F. R. L. would help you more than Fr. Powell even, by living along with you; not much talking. I used to think he was the one but sometimes now I feel that you are going to choose between me, and a more Catholic stand than you have taken. I scarcely see how it can be both any more. This is indeed a pilgrimage for you!

As things turned out, it took nearly ten years for Ellen to make up her mind about Catholicism - and her decision did not break up the friendship; rather Mother decided to go along with her on the same pilgrimage. But for both women the way was long and complicated.

The experience of having blind Karl in the family gave Mother a great deal to think about in relation to her other children as well as in relation to God. She wrote to Ellen again on August 15:

> A neighbor said today, "Pentie is the most devoted, unselfish child I ever saw in her care of Karl," and I tell you Karl can be a great care. He is so strong and persistent. Other people find her rather pathetic and we've decided to separate them more. He is so big and strong. [It was actually about three more years before we were effectually separated by Karl's being sent to board at Perkins Institute for a year or two.]
>
> Yesterday he made his first objection: "I don't see why God made me so I cannot see as well as Margaret," in order to ride a bicycle, and I replied, "Well, I'm not made so I can dive and swim like Ethan but I'm not cross about it."
>
> Tonight he said, "How is Dr. Strong going to find his way home in the dark? He'll get lost, won't he?" That

was the first expression of that idea. [Later on, Karl was to say: "Do you know what a blind person is, Mother? A blind person is one who can see in the dark. . . ." because he had less trouble in finding the light switch and avoiding tables and chairs in the dark than the other members of the family. Mother found great mystical depth in that saying.]

He swims a bit now without water wings. Mr. Moore [Otis Moore, a Methodist minister who was our swimming instructor that year, owing, I suppose, to Father's absence in Europe] is very devoted and careful of him, indeed of all the children. They love him and insist upon going to his church. Margaret announced yesterday, "I'm going to be a Methodist or nothing when I grow up."

During the next couple of years, there seem to be no more letters on religion; but experiences with the Farm people sometimes gave Mother grist for her religious mill. The simple sacrifices of plain people were full of meaning for her. She wrote to Ellen about Mrs. Dumachelle, the French-Canadian mother-in-law of the Farm superintendent, Mr. McComb: "Mrs. Dumachelle said; 'I soon found that when I was married and had work to do I couldn't drop it and run down the street after circus processions. My neighbors could perhaps but not me." I remember this Mrs. Dumachelle being held up to us an example over and over again. "Mrs. Doomashell" I imagined her name to be, and felt a kind of Thurberian gloom and doom hanging over her - long before Thurber. Because of course I loved circus processions.

The next religious communication dates from the spring of 1912, when Mother went to Europe to visit her sister Emily Chadbourne, in London. Aunt Emily had been married and di-

vorced, and was trying to make a life for herself alone. She, of course, became an object-lesson on the futility of wealth and refinement. While Mother loved her sister, she could not approve of her way of life. But she was willing to learn from her about art and taste. While in London, Mother is again thinking about Catholicism:

7 Park Lane W., London
March 9, 1912

I went to the Oratory and Cathedral [Brompton Oratory and Westminster Cathedral] yesterday and today and the Chanting for Benediction at half past four. Afterwards I went to the chapel of your saint [St. Benedict?] and lighted a candle for you and prayed that we should know what true religion is.

It's dinner time; we eat and shop and walk about and talk of art!!! What a strange thing life is!

How real Miss Kruder seems! [Miss Kruder was seamstress, formerly employed by Uncle Sam Browne in his men's shirt and corset business. She seems to have been employed by Mother at this time as a kind of companion to us children while Mother was in Europe.] I see her now with Penty standing solemnly before her being dressed up as a Queen. [My reaction to Mother's "simple life" was to play often at being a Fairy Queen.] Here we eat and walk about and talk of art.

This flat is full of beautiful things, really holy things. They express my sister's delicacy, refinement and pain, and are a joy to her, a comfort, rather.

By the next year, when I was six, I was beginning to discover the magic of the Christmas story in addition to my beloved fairy tales. Mother writes to Ellen of my reactions, on New Year's Day of 1913:

Thank you for asking Penty and Mary [Mamie] to see

your "crib." They would both love to go and if the weather is good you'll probably see them. [The Hull House "crib" must have been bigger and finer than ours.]

She was amazed and delighted - your Godchild! - to discover that there was an event in history that illustrated her Christmas songs, and stood for nearly the whole first morning in front of our "crib" verifying and singing them. It was very cunning, her little finger pointing out the objects as she sang.

I'd go myself with P. and M. just to show them the way, you know, only I find it hard to get about. Christmas and family affairs were a little too much for me and the manic symptoms appeared. Tho' they were very slight they scared me dreadfully for I hadn't had any with Penty and Alice, and visions of convulsions and an early death danced through my head instead of sugar plums.

This was the year when she was pregnant for the last time. She was forty-three and in addition to her age she again felt the fears that she had had over her first pregnancy. As it turned out, she had no physical trouble, but since she had hoped very much for a boy this time, her last chance, and the child was yet another girl, she could not help being disappointed. The baby was named Emily Ann, after Father's mother. I have one memory in connection with that birth, which took place the day after Easter of that year: I thought the birth of any baby was attended by a special star, and I looked out over the city towards the Michael Reese Hospital to find the special one for our baby who was to be born that Easter night. My theology apparently, while imaginative, was not very clear as yet.

Since Mother had to spend a good deal of time in bed on account of the threat to her pregnancy, she got ahead with her

reading. She continues in this same letter:

> . . . I'm having a great time with the Life of Father Tyrrell. It was joyful to find that Baron von Hügel was his friend for many years, both before and after his excommunication and was with him when he died. Von H. always the sensitive and loving person he is in my favorite book (of his). T's last book was a review of von H's Mysticism [the life of St. Catherine of Genoa] and a splendid thing it is for a last work, so dignified and impersonal. I loved it. . . .

But we also see that reading about religion is not taking up her entire mind. She has been keeping up with current events in the world of labor problems as well, and goes on to say:

> Do you suppose the garment workers here will strike? If so, your work is probably cut out for you for some time. . . .

The garment workers' strike was still nearly two years in the future, and I find it hard to reconstruct the intervening years, as the letters become fragmentary at this point. Of course there was the new baby in March, but aside from that absorbing interest, there seems to have been some falling off in communication with Ellen Starr. It may have begun with a realization that Ellen did not respond to von Hügel with equal enthusiasm. This disappointment is noted in a letter of Feb. 19, 1913, and in a letter written in May, a sense of estrangement is touched on. Still, Frances says:

> I like to think of you going along Halsted Street with your hand in God's, going in tenderness and patience towards the least of these [God's Poor - mentioned in a previous sentence]. That certainly is the way to be pre-

> pared to take care of me or anyone else . . . [perhaps a little jealousy is indicated over the fact that Ellen is giving most of her time now to the poor of the Halsted Street district.]

Even a year later, things are still not the same. Frances writes under date of March 19, 1914:

> Indeed our lives have changed their aspect since first we met. Then I was convinced that by doing many things I would shock the sleeping world into a recognition of its sins. Now I know that can never be for me again.

She did achieve a certain shock effect in her picketing activities in the garment workers' strike the next year, but the attitude of the papers, vulgarly loving only the sensationalism of this rich woman's revolt against society, and being not at all moved towards reform or even recognition of sins, cannot have been very encouraging to Mother's aspirations. The breach with Ellen Starr, however, was healed by the time of the strike, obviously, and afterwards the letters resume, mainly about religion. There are notes that Mother is trying to read Dante to please Ellen - but she never did care for Dante. We read about Alfeo Faggi and the Pietà he is making for the Shrine at Woods Hole in memory of Alice. In a letter of Dec. 12, 1916, there is a mention of another crisis in Mother's life, but I cannot tell what it refers to. Possibly it was the rejection she had suffered at the hands of the labor leaders whom she had tried to help. She had turned to her Episcopal church for consolation, but got little comfort from it or from her rector. She writes to Ellen:

> I've been thrown down hard and it is difficult to rub

> the blood out of my eyes sufficiently to do the day's work but things do lighten after a while and I go to church as much as possible to be alone and pray. Father Hopkins and I pray together. He in thanks for a beautiful new billiard room all fitted up "the gift of loving parishioners" and I in terror for fear beautiful billiard rooms will be my doom. I see them coming on, and the money they take must not be used in charity, it gives one too much power. I must not listen to the children and their mothers, and children and their mothers are dearer to me than everything else.
>
> "Constructive charity" Miss Breckenridge [of the University of Chicago Settlement] says, is different.
>
> Well, so be it, and I hope we shall see something done soon that will comfort us.

I can evoke no memories of the year 1916 to help explain this enigmatic letter. Of course the war was going on in Europe - I remember being taken to the Allied Bazaar, a benefit for the war sufferers of Britain, France, and Belgium - and the condition of the poor in Chicago and elsewhere was still deplorable - but what the particular shock was that provoked this outburst, I cannot say. It is interesting to note that the Episcopal church, though a refuge of a kind, is increasingly unsatisfactory and has been discovered (again) to be too much concerned with worldly comfort. During this period, Ellen is moving more and more towards Catholicism, and in a letter of May 16, 1918, Mother refers to her as "you near-Papist!" But still the Episcopal church must do for Mother and her family for the time being, faute de mieux. To be a Roman Catholic in our circle in those days was socially unacceptable, and to become one a much harder step than it is today, especially in

view of the strongly Protestant background of Father's family, and his unwavering stand for pure science. Clearly Mother is restless during these years, but cannot resolve on a move in a new direction.

By the spring of 1919, I am old enough to be confirmed. Here my memory begins to function again, and I remember going to confirmation classes with Father Hopkins and responding with great enthusiasm to his teaching of church history and the meaning of the ritual and symbolism used in our church. He was a great liturgist, and the services at the Church of the Redeemer were always moving and beautiful, though I found his sermons boring. I did not, however, see in him the worldliness that Mother saw. When I was finally confirmed by Bishop Griswold (the Bishop Suffragan of Chicago) in his gold cope and miter, in the procession of little girls in our white dresses and veils (and my first silk stockings!), my heart was full of inspiration, and I was proud and happy to be able now to go up to communion with Mother and my older sisters and brothers.

What was my horror and amazement when, in January of 1920, I learned that my own Godmother had gone off on a mysterious pilgrimage to a place called St. Benedict, Louisiana, and had come back a Catholic! I must have heard talk about the possibility of such a step, but I could not have believed it. Now that it had happened, the whole household and the circle of Mother's friends were buzzing with excitement at the strange action of the eccentric Miss Starr. She has told her side of the story in her little book, A Bypath into the Great Roadway, where she relates the influence of her aunt Eliza Starr as well

as her growing uneasiness with the Episcopal Church. I did not know about this background at the time, and from my position as an enthusiastic new Episcopalian, I could only be shocked and frightened.

The fear that Mother would also desert me must have been in my mind, too, though I find no trace of it in the childish diary I was faithfully keeping during this year. In January of 1920, Father, accompanied by a young student of his, Nelson Gowanloch, a Scot with high color, black hair, and a limp, went off to California to do a piece of research on the embryology of the sea-urchin. Father had become involved in a controversy with Jaques Loeb on this subject, Loeb's stand being based on the Pacific sea-urchin and Father's on those found on the Atlantic coast. The outcome of the investigation was that the Pacific sea-urchin egg did indeed develop differently from the Atlantic one; thus the controversy was settled amicably.

Mother was to have gone along, but was ill in January, and was only able to join Father in early February. Nanu came on to Chicago to help Mamie and Miss Castell with our care, although we were now old enough to get along very well, Emily Ann being nearly seven, and Kiffie nearly twenty-one. I was in high school, and beginning to find school not too intolerable. So Mother was able, she thought, to look forward to a pleasant holiday.

On Washington's Birthday I went to a party at the home of some friends. It was a Sunday night, and the party, after much early-adolescent gaiety, must have broken up early. But in spite of the innocence of the festivities, I was violently sick

the next morning and could not go to school. Since I was notoriously the healthiest member of the family, nobody paid much attention. I was sick for a couple of days, then pulled myself together and went back to school on Thursday, but felt ill, and came home early. Our good old family doctor was called in and gave me a dose of calomel. In the night I was much worse, and by Saturday Kiffie was alarmed and called in a prominent surgeon, Dr. Dean Lewis, who took one look and whisked me off to the hospital early Sunday morning - with a ruptured appendix which by this time was gangrenous. It was actually a close call, but neither I nor Nanu knew how sick I really was. Kiffie tried to keep everybody calm, and herself signed the permission to operate, although she would not be of age until June. She sent off a sufficiently calm telegram, as she thought, to our parents in California, but they read between the lines and realized how bad the situation might be, so they started home immediately, sleeping in upper berths for the whole long tiring trip. By the time they arrived, I was well on the road to recovery, never having suffered very much, and perhaps even appreciating having a fuss made over me for once in my life. I was pretty weak, however, and missed nearly two months of school.

I introduce this story, because when in later years Mother would tell of her decision to become a Catholic, she gave one account in which my illness and recovery were crucial. She told me that she had made up her mind that she would follow Ellen over to Rome if three miracles should indicate that she was meant to. She was not going to be rash! Not one sign but

three should be necessary. The first, as she recounted it, was that after she had joined Father in Pacific Grove, and they were walking along the beach the first evening there, she saw a tiny, brand-new moon, the thinnest that it would be possible to see. She said that she had always felt that seeing the new moon on its first appearance was invariably a sign of something important in her life. The second miracle was that Father turned to her and said, "You are my peace." Now, this was a miracle. In the first place, so far as I can see, Mother never was the kind to bring much peace into anyone's life; and in the second place, Father was very shy about expressing himself. Yes, I concede this miracle. It is also rather amazing that Mother should speak of it to me. The third miracle waited upon my illness and recovery, for apparently Mother was terrified lest I should die in her absence.

So the three miracles were received and noted, and a kind of decision made, but still it was not acted on. Like many decisions, it had to be made, unmade, and remade several times before action was taken. Again, it may seem strange that it appeared to be such a life-and-death kind of decision, but Mother felt very strongly that this step would be a grave blow to Father, for he must have made his opposition plain. My only clear memory on this score is that Mother once told me that when she announced her intention to become a Catholic, Father said to her firmly: "Finnie, you are a very powerful person; you must of course do what you think is right, but you must not try to influence the children!" This answers the question people often ask: why, if Catholicism was so important to Mother,

did she not take her children along with her into the Church? She did indeed talk much about her new religion, but she tried conscientiously not to attempt our conversion. "I only want you to understand and be intelligent about my religion," she would say when we noticed that she talked much about Catholicism. Of course she wanted more; and at least once she remarked, "It seems strange to me that none of you girls has been in the least interested or convinced by my position." So we learned to live with Mother's Catholicism, but none of us was moved to join her in her church. In this, I think, we have all felt Father's rock-like opposition to be more powerful than Mother's constant wave-like worrying of the subject.

During the summer of 1920, the great question must have been much agitated. I was sent to camp that year, not far from Woods Hole, so that I was home often for Sunday dinner, but being away most of the time, I must have missed any discussion that went on. I knew that Father was troubled, and I seem to remember him pacing about restlessly more than usual. Ellen Starr was visiting us during much of the summer, but I do not remember anything she said. I have a vague recollection that Mother's two other best friends, Aunt Edith Flint and Aunt Elsie Port, were much concerned, and Aunt Edith even felt that Mother's and Father's marriage might break up if Mother insisted on having her stubborn way. Of all Mother's friends, Aunt Edith was the most adamantly opposed to Mother's conversion. She was Episcopalian, too, and she and Mother had had a long association in church together, so Mother's desertion of Anglicanism would naturally seem to her a personal betrayal. Their

friendship was never the same again.

Apparently as early as February of 1920 - probably as a consequence of Ellen Starr's conversion, Mother had decided to throw her problem into Baron von Hügel's lap. He was the one Catholic theologian with whose attitudes she was completely in sympathy. Her letter to him is no longer extant, but his reply to it, under date of March 13, is included in a booklet of his letters to her that she had privately printed after his death. In this letter he makes it clear that she has told him much about herself, her family and her activities, so that he feels he knows her well. In answer to her questions he says: "Let me, then, attempt two or three discriminations for you such as I feel may help you. But pray do not strain over them; if they readily find a place in your heart and conscience, good, get them to grow there; if they don't fit, well, again, I will have meant well and you will forgive!" I omit the first two "discriminations." The third is:

> You have no business to abandon Protestantism simply because it does not help or satisfy you much; nor to embrace Catholicism because it attracts you much more. You would deserve to find Rome an utter disappointment, if you came like that! Your one sufficient, and really compelling motive, would be your feeling that you must, that you would be committing sin by not coming. In that case you would leave alone all the petty calculating as to whether, and how far, and in what way, your Protestant mind would be understood, or refinements of mind would not be outraged, etc.

What she answered to this letter, I do not know, but she was apparently meditating on it for some months. The next doc-

umentary discussion of her impending decision is in a letter to Ellen Starr from Woods Hole, Sept. 10, 1920. By this time Ellen seems to have returned to Chicago, and to have been ill. Mother and the family are planning on going to Chicago on Sept. 20th. She writes about a certain Father Handly, a Paulist Father, who had been friendly with Ellen Starr during the process of her conversion. It also seems from this letter that Ellen or Father Handly had encouraged her to put her question up to Baron von Hügel in person, after settling the family down for the school year in Chicago:

> Father Handly wrote me a very nice letter indeed. I never thought of Baron von Hügel casting the deciding ballot for me, but I'd love to see him; there could be little conversation with his deafness.
>
> I had a dream the other night, . . . that affected me greatly. Long ago I'd an old cousin who indulged us most fearfully and surrounded us with such tender care, she died when I was nineteen. Well, I've always wanted to go to her house in Lockport, N. Y., which I never saw again after a visit when I was seven. I dreamed Frank and the children and I were all there and I was exceedingly happy showing them about it and telling them of my dear cousin.
>
> Finally I was alone in the little garden thinking of her and weeping over her gentle selflessness and I looked up suddenly. Before me on a hill was a huge Catholic Church shining at me and I was extraordinarily glad and happy and found myself walking towards it up the hill with you and my sister Kate!! [The two exclamations express Mother's comment on the fact that Kate was a militant atheist, though the two sisters were so fond of each other and so completely in sympathy on all questions of social reform.] It gave me such a sense of unity, as though all my religious experiences would be knitted together, all my people held together in it, past and present. Something

that I had, of course, struggled with a great deal. [A consummation she was never able to attain, as it turned out.] Fr. Handly would say it was sent. Perhaps it was. It felt more sent than any dream I ever had.

Saturday morning. I told Frank this morning that I had it in my mind to become a Catholic some time. He responded very like the way he did to you [Note in E. G. S.'s handwriting: "I remember that but vaguely. He was not able to understand it at all - my becoming a Catholic. Seemed to feel that I should always be on the defensive about what I couldn't really accept."] and is now down town for the day while Mary and the children and I go for a picnic. I asked him if he was entirely unprepared and he said that he was not, that he had thought of it and could only give his consent if I thought, I believed, it to be a case [where] my eternal salvation was involved.

I told him I would certainly wait, but whether I would give it up or not, I could not promise.

Just now it seems entirely not worth while to hurt people so.

F. . . .

Another letter is from about this same time, but undated except for the word "Monday." There is a note on it in E. G. S.'s handwriting saying: "Undated, no envelope. As it is with the other it probably belongs near it. . . ."

Dear:

Everything seems breathlessly waiting.

Frank is so quiet and sometimes his eyes fill with tears. The children are so good.

I've done what I could and Friday is near.

F.

[P. S.] Mary Prentice is ironing and Emily Ann is packing her doll's things.

Such a happy telegram from the big girls from Central

New York. Catherine is in very good shape, M. says.

Is it true, what Father Handly says?

The tone of this last letter is as of one about to be executed. It is hard, at this remove, to appreciate the amount of emotion involved. Mother must have felt, as Edith Flint suggested, that her marriage was threatened by the step she also felt she must take; and it would appear that Father felt that he had somehow failed her, or she would not feel she had to move away from everything he stood for. But I have no data on which to base a further analysis of this crisis.

The next letter in this group is written from New York, after Mother had settled the family down for the winter in Chicago and was preparing to sail to Europe to visit her sister Emily in Paris and to interview Baron von Hügel. Nanu had just returned from a trip of her own to Europe, during which she had bearded the Baron in his lair, to try to persuade him not to let Mother become a Catholic. (He has also given an account of this meeting which I shall quote later.) Her daughter, Millie, as well as Mother, had met her in New York. Mother writes to Ellen:

Dear:

We've just come in from the theater, stupid play we all agreed. My day [St. Francis' Day, Oct. 4, 1920] is almost done, but my days have gone and no miracle has happened either day. I called Frank up this evening hoping for a word from him, but he was out.

The France has postponed sailing till Thursday.

Today I took Mother [Nanu] and Millie to see St. Vincent Ferrer, St. Bartholomew's and St. Thomas's, and Mr. Robbins and his statues of saints. Millie introduced an

awfully nice girl who is illustrating Chechov most remarkably [Muriel Hanna].

At sunset I got away alone to the Cathedral and lighted our candle. There was no St. Francis [?] of course. It seemed good, good in both Catholic Churches, and the others empty and meaningless. I made a new argument for Mr. Robbins and he seemed greatly taken with it. I said it was cruel of the Holy Cross Fathers and the Sisters of St. Mary to train children to believe that the Catholic life was true and necessary for salvation and to send them forth where they would not in all probability ever have a chance to practice it again. [Note in E. G. S.'s handwriting: "I said the same in Bypath."] If the Catholic religion is true and necessary they should quickly induct children into the church that is everywhere at their hands. Nicht?

Mother was immensely pleased with Baron von Hügel, found him to be the perfect Christian gentleman!!! He was too dear and kind and full of fun and truthful and careful.

Now the day is over and where is my little saint?

F.

Baron von Hügel's account of his interview with Nanu is found on pp. 102-3 of his Letters to a Niece, and I include it here for the light it throws. This letter was also written on St. Francis' Day, Oct. 4, 1920:

I have been thinking about and praying much today for an American lady in far-away Chicago who has been both comforting and alarming me by her entirely unsolicited communications - three in number - that she is now the fifty-three-years-old [an error: she was fifty-one] wife of a university professor - a man of nobly clean life and spiritual mind, but no definite religious belief whatsoever - and mother to four children, of twenty-three [twenty-one, actually], seventeen, fourteen, and seven; that till some two years ago she herself was an Agnostic [a

rather strange Agnostic - but that is apparently what she said]; that then, more and more, St. Catherine of Genoa, in my Mystical Elements seized hold of her, and the instinct that she still might come to believe much, if only she attained to much humility and to much love of God's poor; and now, that she had fairly made up her mind to submit to Rome today, on St. Francis' Day, she a Frances.-

Her very Protestant, touching mother-in-law was in this my room with me, a week or so ago, to speak her mind and to draw out my own. - Both to the daughter-in-law in Chicago and to the mother-in-law in London I said: that neither in that book nor in my life did I, or do I, aim at making Roman Catholics; that would be odious presumption. That God and His grace are (in various degrees no doubt) everywhere - but specially, very especially, in Christianity. That the presumption is always in favour of souls remaining, as to institutional appurtenance, where they are - it being God's affair to make it clear to them if, doing their best where they are, He wants them elsewhere. That no aesthetic, etc., attraction, no preference are enough: that only the sense of obligation in and for the particular soul should decide. - The dear old lady was very touching, but I saw quickly that even the bare possibility that her daughter-in-law could be seeking anything but services more gorgeous than were those of the Ritualists, etc., did, not, doubtless could not, enter her head. . . . That I would gladly help, if I could . . . with her daughter-in-law. Still, we really cannot, can we? become other people's conscience. The dear old thing thereupon seemed satisfied with my declaring that I well understood how very much she disliked Rome; how sad and hurt she was, etc. -. . .

Nanu may have thought that she had won her point with the Baron, but neither she nor anyone else could now stop the strong set of the current towards Rome in Mother's mind.

She wrote to Ellen again at length from shipboard, the

next evening:

I'm going away now. Last evening I liked dim and vast St. Patrick's - everywhere, in obscure corners, people finding their bit of God.

The big terrible whistle is sounding and we are moving. It is a most beautiful day so safe and sunny.

I shall indeed tell you all, haven't I always? and cable you if anything happens. I've warned Frank I may not wait too long for him.

I tried to go to St. Mary the Virgin's this morning for communion, but found I could not do it, not just now at any rate, so I went with a little trembly teary Miss Kingman to Mass at St. Patrick's. Fr. Shannon sent me a lovely goodby present a new book the size of one vol. of your Breviary and it's everything except Matins, in Latin and English, a new work, just published [probably her Day Hours, which I have]. It is so small and compact yet the print is good and it has nearly all the psalms. I was surprised how many there were in the other offices.

Met Mother and Millee and had two nice days here with them. I told you, didn't I, that Baron von Hügel had recently had a degree given him by Oxford, the first Catholic in modern times. That helps some!! Mother fell for him completely. He acknowledged all the sins of the Church she could catalogue, told her jokes and walked way down the street and put her on her bus and all in all was the perfect Christian gentleman. Wasn't it precious of him to care so much?

All the time it's dark I shall remember the last time together and all you said, all, all of it. I'll remember you said that God is in the dark, black, cruel places, truly truly there and I'll call to Him as you told me to do.

Fran ces Fran ces Fran ces. . . .

She continues writing from shipboard:

A Bord de "France", le 9 Oct. 1920

We're off the grand Banks. It has been quite wonderful so far, but it is breezing up and darkening now and the boat begins to move. She's been astonishingly still.

Emily not only gave me the crucifix, which I sent you by my sister Kate, but also a Huysman, En Route, the story of a Frenchman converted from sin, and French sin is some sin, as Karl would say, to the Church. It is very interesting indeed and is quite a guide, among other things, to the church of Paris.

The hero's vacillations are so like my own they delight me.

At bed time I again take my place on the topmost deck as I did coming back on the Amerika. It is dark and wonderful and the stars more numerous than I ever remember them.

I can look in the window at the dancers and card players and get light for the psalms of compline, but when I go alone between two life boats to hang over the abyss and talk to God I say the Rosary and remember what you said about His being really there. Last night He answered by miracles of phosphorescence. It burst into flame through the white foam of our wake and some times far out in the black welter. Great constellations flashed to me. Those little shining animals are not afraid of God's black bosom, black and cold.

Tuesday. It is gray and rough. Last night I had to hang on to the rail to keep from being blown almost over board all alone on the top deck saying the Rosary with the other hand. No answer from the awfulness of blackness and noise and big ferocious waves dashing higher than the boat.

That is the problem. Back of the inexorable cruelty of death is there any tenderness really, like our tenderness, like yours for me? A mother held up such a darling rosy baby this morning to see the waves through the big plate glass windows and he waved his chubby hand. The innocence and confidence of all young creatures is what

drives us on in our search. We are up as far north as Hudson's bay now!

St. Francis rests quietly on my breast. Never a word from him!

Tuesday P. M. Sun's coming out again but the decks are very vacant.

I've finished En Route and am reading Belloc's contortionate effort to prove that an orderly Catholicism goes back to the beginning, also Symonds, Dante, Dostoeyevsky's Poor People, not very convincing either. and some magazines.

I've also written Baron von Hügel that I'm a coward when it comes to hurting FRL, not so young as I once was and half believing that what he says is true too.

Read several essays of Dean Inge, of St. Paul's, London, on Bishop Gore [?] and Anglo Catholicism and Cardinal Newman and Modernism. There is the absolutely uncomprehending man for you. Amazing. He only sees the upright, crystal clear, ethical Protestantism as a possible future, all the superstition and untruthfulness, dead or about to die. The R. C.'s dead as door nails, and what does he think of the liveliness of the English Church using Bletchford's figures?

Wednesday Evening. Cilly [sic - Scilly?] light is flashing upon us. England so near, England and what it means and France always enigmatical.

Would you be, of course you would be, disappointed if I came home as I left? That seems so much more likely now. I have so little faith and so much cowardice and no knowledge. Did I tell you, we'd Mass Sunday, by two Franciscans, but they were Spanish. Made the ship more homelike.

The next letter is from Paris with the dateline:

Sunday Oct. 17, 1920

11 Rue Las Cases

I'm having an awfully nice time! There has been no

frost yet and there are flowers everywhere. Did I forget to tell you that the Sunday I left Chicago Frank and the three big girls and I were down right near you at St. Peter's, so convenient, getting my trunk off, but Frank was obdurate and wouldn't stop for me to run in to you and Fr. Ulrich.

Now Baron von Hügel hasn't written. I wonder if he feels the situation to be rather delicate. Perhaps it is for him. In which case, what shall I do, I wonder.

Emily and Miss La Motte are most sympathetic and would be perfectly satisfied for me to take the step. I'm in a cell at last! [Apparently the little upstairs room at E. Chadbourne's Paris apartment.] Emily's, she insisted. It is perfect, and over looks all her garden and the garden of the Mairie, high trees green and yellow and partly bare now. Such a low room, the flat of my hand is on the ceiling, a bed, a night table and a beautiful simple priedieu of old brown wood with an old worn piece of brown velvet brocade with a beautiful Byzantine, very beautiful, corpus fastened up on it, old pewter, fearfully old, little holy water stoop with a crucifix handle, all worn, old candlesticks with the sharp points that so nicely hold the french tapers, pine floor, iron bed, finest of linen sheets, with silk eider down, blankets from Barcelona!!!! Caesar Franck's church [Ste. Clothilde] is our parish church and I went to high Mass there this morning. Very fashionable, and clean and refined with Gregorian, accompanied by a noisy and fashionable organ, an extremely handsome church like a small Cologne Cathedral.

Yesterday we visited churches, E. and I, till we nearly dropped dead. When I've rested more I shall go to mass over in the older and poorer churches, not so very far away.

I forgot to say, you'd be writing a letter to the new cardinal this minute, if you were here and had been at church with me this morning. The two old crones who were collecting for the chairs met and elbowed each other most

shamefully during the Sanctus, tho they stopped for a second when the bell rang, only to begin their quarrel as to who should have our row, immediately they could. Meanwhile the man in front of me was trying to keep his attention on the Sanctus and demand his proper change back at the same time, all quite futile, for the old lady had departed and he had to resign himself, with a shrug of the shoulders, to being cheated! We'd a number of lovely experiences in churches yesterday, the Psalms are full of messages, these days, and mass is too. I'm so glad the compline changes, such beautiful things I read at night now, I cannot write them all out, but you'll think of me as you read them, I am sure. Dear Fr. Shannon to have given me the new Breviary in Latin and English, poor English, but better much better than English alone.

Fran ces

The next letter is marked "Personal and Private" in E. G. S.'s handwriting. I shall quote the passages dealing with religious and kindred issues:

Tuesday, Oct. 18, 1920
St. Luke's Day
11 Rue Las Cases

Yesterday I went to a "pompe funebre" and it was some pomp, very satisfactory to the deceased I suppose. The catafalque was huge and the coffin slipped into it. A hundred candles and flowers. The candles, long tapers, looking handsome against the black and white velvet. All the friends go up and shake holy water and then shake hands or kiss the relations and a man at the door takes down your name so the relatives have a record of your sympathy. Of course this one was a very grand pomp, there are twelve possible degrees of pomp one can have, the other day I saw a very little and pathetic one at Notre Dame and sat and cried with the mourners. They were so frank and outspoken in their grief, and simple, sight-

seers all around too.

No word from Baron von Hügel. He must be ill, he is delicate. Supposing I do not see him, it doesn't seem possible!

The coal strike and unemployment are going on in London, but they must be over by the 30th, when we plan to go to England.

At any rate I've my passage home by the Aquitania, the only oil burner for the 13th. She also stops here so it doesn't look as if I'd be held up.

I like to go to church better than I ever did and I think about Mass differently and more.

If Frank should write giving me any encouragement, no letter has come yet, even then I'd be afraid still, but... [you] might conceivably call me and I'd look into your eyes a moment and rise and go not looking at you any more, but holding your hand and feeling your blessing all the way.

If I should cable you that would be what had happened to me, even alone, and no Baron von Hügel.

Emily is dear, very dear and so is Miss La Motte.

"To me thy friends, O God, are exceedingly honorable." That's St. Luke's day and it was yesterday, not today.

God bless me Ellen Ell + en

Fran ces

I expected to come over safely, but going back it will be quite different, you mustn't forget me then at all and I hope you'll laugh at me in Chicago, laugh and be glad to laugh at me.

I needed you ten years ago, didn't I? [Year of Alice's death?]

In spite of her doubts, Baron von Hügel was still standing by ready to be helpful. He had written to his niece about Mother on Oct. 26:

The American lady is to reach London on Saturday night - 30 October, and she leaves for America on 13 November. She writes from Paris and says she is much looking forward to talks with me. She is evidently a very genuine and sincere, but also a very unusual woman. She writes that she has no attraction either to God or to Christ - that in these directions she is perplexed; but that the one thing that draws and feeds her is the Church - the assembly of believers throughout the world. In Paris she spends as much time as possible in the churches, amidst the worshippers - that this somehow infects her with faith. She has all her life (fifty-three years old now) been an Agnostic; but this, somehow, breaks that spell! I tell her that very certainly the Church is for Christ and God, and not vice versa - very certainly. Yet that, after all, she loves the Church because it infects her with belief. Hence, she wants to believe, and delights in belief when it comes, and the belief is evidently not simply belief in the Church (is such a thing possible?), but belief in what the Church believes - in Christ, in God.

She did not take the move on 4 October that she thought she was likely to take. But evidently still <u>that</u> is in her mind. I shall, however, understand her case more definitely when I have seen her. I am proposing to her, our first meeting should be on All Saints' at early Mass, with a talk after breakfast.

He had also written to her recommending to her, as she had requested, a priest to whom she might talk while she was in Paris. This letter is in her collection of the Baron's letters to her, and is dated October 13, though she seems not to have received it for several days:

You will remember asking me for an introduction to any Priest in Paris I could specially recommend and that I answered rather making my responding or not depend upon

whether or no you had been received before you reached Paris. It is plain that you have not been - I dare say very wisely. But I think it can do no harm if I enclose a card of introduction from me to one Priest in Paris - the one I can think of as now there and known to me and likely to be able to help you in one way or the other. You see my great light and help there was Abbe Huvelin. And how I should have loved to introduce you to that dear Saint! . . . I do not know of any Saint now living in Paris (depend upon it there are two or three - perhaps a dozen about, but I do not know of them!). There is however, a Priest - a Jesuit - who unites with a remarkable completeness a variety of gifts and graces alas! not often operative in one and the same personality. Père Leonce de Grandmaison is a gentleman born, a fine scholar, a most discriminating mind, a tactful, wise reader of the human heart - one who, I am sure, would never push anyone, condemn anyone, complicate anyone. Even sceptics speak of him with warm respect. If, then, you feel you would like to talk to a priest, and would wish for assurance that [it] would in no case do you harm - that, on the contrary, he would be likely to understand you; and on the other hand, you renounce the expectation of meeting, in such a priest, one of the unmistakable big saints of God: Père de Grandmaison is your man.

The Baron's judgement on this point was apparently very good; and Mother had some very satisfactory talks with Père de Grandmaison, as she implies in her next letter to Ellen, dated October 30:

My religious, and other, experiences are so varied and so numerous that I shall never, never be able to disentangle them, I am afraid.

The Abbé [Abbé de la Fresnaye, a friend of Aunt Em's] has "shown" me many things, I'm really exhausted and escaped from him today to do the last shopping. We leave D. V.

for England All Saints day at noon.

Did I tell you that Baron von Hügel's friend, Père de Grandmaison, looked a great deal like Lacordiare? We've had two nice talks. There seems little to say, any more. It is Frank and my own courage and bewilderment before a thing that has so many alien aspects.

While you are enjoying the Church in Chicago the Abbé hunted up the Cenacle here and took me into the back of a little narrow court up several flights to find ladies in widow's garb and nothing like the what-ever-you-call-it clothing we see in Newport. It seems they are quietly wriggling back into France, they and others, winked at now by the government on account of the good works of the Catholics during the war and as they have to go about, they've no place fit to be enclosed, they wear the widow's clothes. The mother superior came in at last and she was dressed similarly. She was a wonderful looking old lady, like the pictures of mother founders [?], but I fell for Mother Louis who has been over to call twice and captured Emily and E. La Motte too. She's a sight in her wonderful French widow's mourning, so beautiful and so sparkling. We laughed and laughed over my attempts to tell her about the Gregorian festival in N. Y. They are, really, mostly grand ladies, the Abbé says.

I should say that half of the Paris religious world is praying for me, at the Abbé's instigation.

The Abbé confided to me that he is a Tertiary, another blow. [Mother had a sneaking desire to become a Franciscan Tertiary herself - as she later did. The picture she received from the Abbé was somewhat discouraging, but not finally.] The Hazens cannot endure him, call him "dirty and sensual and too fond of food and drink." Emily doesn't agree with them, she knows the French too well, nor do I. He tries to be all things to all men and goes too far and enjoys it, one of Baron v. H's hated types, but he's useful and better than he looks I know.

Père de Grandmaison, very quiet and courteous, says

"One has sometimes to act with energy, still I cannot advise you, your fears are unworthy, it is better when you fear that you are not good enough for God's love. That is the fear that begins the wisdom, not your fears which are largely physical." The Abbé took me there and left me and when I found him afterwards asked no questions at all, and I did not speak of what had happened.

Père de G. also said, "You must not expect much at first." I replied, "I expect nothing," and he smiled and said "It is better so."

Not reading much for we're on the go nearly all the time. We went to the Autumn Salon and saw some interesting things. One lovely children's book I'm trying to get. I like Huysmans a good deal. I've a book on Chartres now.

We went to Rheims the other day. It is a truly awful sight. I wish they might leave it all with enough of the destroyed city for a setting for the tragedy of the cathedral which they certainly should never touch. It is so beautiful even now and so solemn. In the immediate vicinity of the Cathedral it is, as the Abbé says, like Pompeii on a large scale. The ruin has been long enough to have a good deal of green through the doors and windows growing over. One side of the Cathedral has been repaired enough for a chapel, small, back and out of the way, and that is enough.

We had two nice visits with an old friend a Woods Hole zoologist about your age who is heartbroken over the loss of a friend. She is thrashing about like everything trying to find where her friend is now and has visited many mediums, noted and otherwise, and caught several in frauds and found none convincing. Now she has joined the Psychical Research Society and says "Don't lose me again and tell me where you fetch up and I'll tell you about myself." She was very sympathetic and dear and we'd a very nice time in our mutual confidences.

I'm afraid of F's kindness. I remember how I felt

when I thought you'd left me and it makes me sick to inflict that on any one.

I'd like to see you, fairly soon.

F.

She went to London at the end of the month and finally saw the Baron:

Nov. 5, 1920

I've been to have tea and a talk with Baron von Hügel. He's older and frailer than his picture, but kind and full of fun. I'm going again this afternoon. He wants to reassure me, of course, about the church's tolerance and that sort of thing. It's the alien quality of the church's mind that paralyzes me, tho.

Perhaps on Sunday I'll hear Ronald Knox.

Baron v. H. doesn't know any Franciscans and says there aren't any, the pessimist! so I shall probably see one of the Carmelites he likes, his daughter is a Carmelite nun and very happy. He goes to see her every two weeks.

The Baroness was very kind too, but apparently not widely read, didn't know, never had heard of, J. A. and H. H. [Jane Addams and Hull House] and that almost finished me.

They are a united and devoted family.

Her mother was a Catholic, but had no influence on her. She was converted when she was twenty-three and ran, ran to the priest!! I don't find myself running at all, nor at once. No sense of danger in this nice, free, Protestant world I know and am at home in. I cannot write any more. Aquitania the 13th, nothing superstitious about me, <u>now</u>!

Frances

Saturday, Nov. 6, 1920

After writing my discouraged letter of yesterday or day before, I stopped at the Brompton Oratory on the way to B. v. H's. It was foggy so I couldn't see the altars only little clusters of candles, but there was a coffin in a chapel. I lighted a candle and knelt beside and prayed for the dead one to pray for me that in all the mixture of good and evil I should find I'd not be dismayed, but find the good that was for me. Then I was all clear again and quite courageous. B. v. H. was so precious. He looks like Darwin, with D.'s kind of a coat and hat, when he accompanied me to the omnibus.

Yesterday evening he took me to a Carmelite monk and I said, "You've brought me to the door," and he replied, "And Fr. Eric will take you in." [Note in E. G. S.'s handwriting: "This Fr. Eric seems to have been a very simple person. Perhaps exactly the kind she needed."] After we'd made arrangements for me to see Fr. E. this morning we went in to the church to pray together and he put me into the bus and patted my shoulder.

This A. M. Fr. Eric made my deposition for an especial arrangement to the Cardinal and will write me when he gets permission. Meanwhile B. v. H. is stirring about getting a Bishop to confirm me so I'll be all done up before getting to Chicago.

On the deposition for the Cardinal it said - who will guide and protect this person in her Catholic life? Then he wrote "A Catholic friend in Chicago." It looked complete, to me! I was surprised and happy when I read the wording. I think he'd have been glad to explain the whole Catholic faith to me, but I reserve my problems for B. v. H. who, by the way, is also preparing two French boys for their first communion, sent over by their parents.

Emily and Miss La Motte are too dear for words. E. is going with me when I am confirmed and I suppose, Baroness von Hügel for some woman has to go to my confirmation with me.

I'm shopping and going to theaters and music halls

and looking in windows at a great rate and it's good for me, I guess. Protestant churches give me a queer contraction of the heart now.

Frances.

Baron von Hügel in his letters to his niece (pp. 109-110), gives the final picture of Mother's reception, as she wrote no more about it to Ellen:

> As to Mrs. _____, she went off to America on Saturday, 13 November. We had four long talks, besides meeting twice in church. I think she will really persevere and will greatly grow, for she is deeply humble and very anxious to become still more so, and possesses a remarkable self-knowledge - knows how to distinguish what in herself is a surface mood and what is underlying, often very different genuine substance. So on the evening of her first Holy Communion day, she said, with a mischievous smile: "I trust and believe I shall never lose this my new, fuller light: you see, I do not think I have ever felt so Protestant as I have done to-day!" But I wish (it is only a peripheral matter) that she did not put her political radicalism so high in her scheme of things.

She returned to America as planned. The voyage seems to have been uneventful. Father came to meet her in New York. I remember her speaking in later years of her great joy at seeing his smiling, welcoming face on the dock as the ship was landing - no disaster here, in spite of her own fears and the dire predictions of her friends. He had apparently decided to accept her position and try to understand it, remaining adamant only in relation to us children. His mother (aided by her sister, Aunt Lizzie, and our housekeeper, Miss Castell) was to continue taking us to the Episcopal church. Nanu, however, died before Emily Ann was old enough to be confirmed, leaving her oddly

stranded. I still have a diary from this year, but, as may be natural to a fourteen-year-old, it tells nothing about my reactions to all this. I remember Father from then on receiving Mother's Catholic visitors with the same grave courtesy he had shown to the radicals in their day.

It is strange to see how the fever and fret drop out of Mother's letters after she has been received into the Catholic Church. The playful note of her youth returns, without the youthful desperation underneath. There is one more letter to Ellen Starr from this time, dated Dec. 27, 1920 in Chicago:

Dear Ellen:

Christmas afternoon Edith [Flint - of all Mother's friends the one who was most upset by her conversion] dropped in to offer me sympathy "You left the church too early my dear, we had a poor man, genuine and so picturesque, at the midnight service." And you, poor child, ought to have come along with me, for last night I had the great privilege of hearing midnight mass with perhaps the richest lady in our church and her daughters in all their new Christmas furs, in an immaculate episcopalian [pseudo?] chapel with polished-up nuns and Silent Night sung by a lonely voice from a gallery, exclusive and elegant. I thought of you. [Note in E. G. S.'s handwriting: "Must have been the Dominican Sisters."]

At the High Mass of Christmas day I went with Mrs. O'Connor [our former laundress], who has gone up in the world like everything and with her children runs the Holy Cross church. It is the last word in Irish refinement, no saints cluttering up the place and as for the poor, I'd like to see them mussing up Holy Cross.

I became almost hysterical at last it was so funny and the children [the O'Connor children?] wept with joy at my first Christmas.

Anyway, thank God! I belong to a parish that has not

built its final and irretrievable church and to a diocese that has not built its final and irretrievable cathedral, do you suppose Mr. Cram [Ralph Adams Cram, the neo- Gothic architect, very Episcopalian, in Mother's sense of the word] is at it this minute? Dreadful thought! . . .

Yesterday, having promised Fr. Shannon to go to hear his Christmas music (it was something too perfectly operatic at Holy Cross, a lady roaring just matching and suiting the people) I sighed and went and was delighted and relieved to find the church very simply decorated and a really beautiful choir, it is trained by the University of Chicago choir master, singing modern but excellent music. I guess Father Shannon is the best of his kind and I am glad I have drawn him. [The church referred to is St. Thomas the Apostle, at 55th St. and Kimbark Avenue, Chicago. It was to this church that Mother gave the Faggi Stations of the Cross, which Father Shannon received politely but not enthusiastically, until important people came from afar to see them.]

. . .

Christmas Eve we had five shrines lighted in the house. It was very beautiful. They'll be here when you come for you to see. I think everyone liked them. Mr. Faggi was especially delighted. . . .

I didn't need anything more than I had with you and I count it a wonderful Christmas. The girls realized that there was nothing in my immediate Catholic surroundings that we should desire the Church and that something must be inside that makes it more than endurable, something they appreciate with me. [She must mean my older sisters - I had no appreciation of this inner thing at the time.]

They, C. and M., have gone for a trip to New York and went off feeling very gay and venturesome.

This week the house is full up with scientists at the university meetings, later you'll hear from me.

F.

From then on, the Catholic Church remained Mother's central interest. In spite of Baron von Hügel, however, she never dropped her insistence on political radicalism, but sought out the radical elements in the church itself. "Religion and radicalism" was her favorite slogan, sometimes varied by "religion and science." She supported some radical causes outside the church, of course, so long as these were not directly anti-Christian, and she maintained her special devotion to her sister Kate, who by now was more outspokenly than ever an atheist. She kept up many of her old associations and causes, and also her subscriptions to such liberal journals as The Nation and The New Republic; likewise The Dial, while it lasted. To these she added the liberal Catholic journals as they developed, Commonweal, and the even more radical Catholic Worker. She found and supported causes which were at once Catholic and radical: one that particularly appealed to her was the Catholic Rural Life Foundation, founded by Monsignor Ligutti and carried on by Monsignor Hillenbrand. I remember these names, but cannot set dates to these activities.

During the winter of 1925, when she gave the Faggi Stations of the Cross to St. Thomas's Church, she had a little booklet prepared and published, with photographs of the Stations, each one accompanied by a verse by Padraic Colum. I remember Mr. Colum being at our house during that Christmas vacation, and I felt that I was living in the midst of a new Renaissance. This was my first positive response to Mother's Catholic activities. Ellen Starr wrote an explanation of the meaning of the Stations for this booklet. Mother also sup-

ported other artists, and made modern art one of her causes, trying to encourage the Church to employ living artists instead of dulling the eyes of the faithful with plaster saints from Benziger Brothers. Through her sister Emily Chadbourne she acquired a Derain Last Supper which she tried to give to Father Shannon (now Monsignor), but he felt that this was one too much for him, and so Mother gave the Derain to the Chicago Art Institute. She brought out a pamphlet on religious art in 1936, partly to honor a Cape Cod artist, Alice Stallknecht, whose paintings of Biblical subjects in modern dress for a Congregational Church at Chatham had created quite a sensation. This pamphlet also included reproductions of the Derain Last Supper, several sculptures by Faggi, a Fougita Crucifixion, and a painting of St. Theresa by a Mexican child at Hull House, plus a reprint of an article by Jacques Maritain from Liturgical Arts. Maritain was at the University of Chicago at this time, and Mother became enthusiastic about him. Other pamphlets she prepared and had printed during this period were made up of selections from the Bible, bearing on the Jews, the Poor, and St. Peter.

Throughout her life in the Church, Mother remained an ardent but individualistic Catholic. She read her breviary faithfully, and a number of rather difficult books of theology by such writers as Maritain and Gilson. One principle she declared for herself was to press ahead with her reading and never give up, whether or not she understood the material. This applied to readings in French, German, and Latin, as well as English. She had a Methodist minister come to the house to

help her with the New Testament, and a Jewish rabbi for the Old. Meanwhile she attended Mass every day - no hardship, as she was always an early riser - and on Sundays she insisted on going with Mamie, who, however, preferred not to sit with her.

Much of her creative energy went into ingenious defenses of her religion. Some of these I remember, since she repeated them often; others she took pains to write down. One of her favorite comparisons was between the Catholic Church and a hospital. This I can quote exactly, as she has written it down in some detail:

> One enters both places because one feels the need of salvation, that is, health.
>
> St. Francis says the best attitude for one needing salvation is to will to be will-less, and that is the attitude the physician would advise too.
>
> In both cases the will of God is best mediated through priest or physician to an obedient person. Active self-direction is not permitted. . . . A patient entering the hospital who every morning had to consult the library, the laboratories, the drug room, and look over knives and decide what ailed him and what his treatment should be for the day would certainly end in confusion and not in health.
>
> In both institutions you are freed for other things by the years of effort, devoted and sometimes heroic, on the part of the specialist, saints, philosophers and scientists. One feels that he is being directed by experts and by [sic - she must mean not by] ignorant and crude experimentalists, and willingly submits to their direction.
>
> There is a curious sense of freedom, the "Perfect freedom of a child of God."

There is much more to the same effect in these notes. But

the last phrase here reminds me of the issue of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, a cause célèbre or bête noire to her Protestant friends. This issue also came up in Ellen Starr's life, and it is interesting to record the contrasting reactions of these two very different women. Ellen writes in her Bypath (p. 25):

> Father H[andly] came over on New Year's Eve and stayed two hours, coping with what he calls my little quibbles. I became quite rude several times; telling him that I wished I might never again hear of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, and other like tawdry miracles; that it was a matter of complete indifference to me whether St. Januarius's blood was liquid or solid; as edifying, and no more so, in one state as the other. "Yes," he made haste to say, "You have the perfect liberty of a child of God in that matter." (One of his favorite phrases.) He made me feel superlatively unworthy about shrinking from coarse types I might have to encounter; saying that "the love of Jesus makes one willing to rub shoulders with all sorts of people."

Mother's response to the same (and by implication other) supposed miracles was to exclaim: "I'd rather believe in the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius than to hear one child tell another 'there is no Santa Claus.' " She defended even the use of the prayer-wheel against Protestant friends, who compared various Catholic practices to this oriental one: "How touching to think of the simple Thibetan peasant working hard all day in the fields to support his family and being happy to think of his wheel up on the hilltop above him, whirling away and saying the prayers he never had time for!" She loved, indeed, all religions which expressed the deep faith of humble

people: the only forms of religion that she disliked were the fashionable Episcopalianism of the rich and the minimal faith of intellectual Unitarians - both being earlier phases of her religious quest.

She liked to compare the Catholic Church to a great peasant table loaded with all kinds of food suitable for people of all ages and conditions, whereas, she said, the liberal religions reminded her of an old lady she had once heard of, living in Maine, who kept looking for the ideal "pure food," and ended up with a diet of popcorn and spring water. Another image she noted:

> In 1920 I thought I paid a very large price for a casket of old jewels.
>
> "There must be all kinds of junk in this casket," thought I. Just the same I had to promise never to throw anything away and to cherish it all.
>
> The longer I live and the more I search over my casket, the more jewels I find and the less junk. Now I know I have paid very little for my casket, very little indeed.

While on the whole she was happy, even increasingly so, in her chosen Church, she had moments of pessimism as well. In the spring of 1926, she and Father took a trip to Egypt and the Holy Land. After the trip, she would often waylay people and say, "Have I told you how I saw Mary Magdalene in the Holy Land?" Some of her friends would just think she was crazy; others would stay to hear the whole story, which was as follows: One day outside of Jerusalem she was up in the hills when she saw a prostitute, easily recognized as such by her painted face, her gaudy clothes and gold jewelry, being stoned out of a village by a crowd of boys. "Now what had that poor

man done? Nothing but go up on the hills behind a rock mewhere with a man from time to time. Here she is - Mary gdalene - after so many centuries - and nothing changed. If r Lord could not save her, whom then could He save?"

It was while she was away from home on this trip that one her closest friends - Aunt Elsie Port - died unexpectedly, ter an apparently successful operation for gall stones. She s the warmest, sweetest, and most dependable of Mother's iends, and her loss was not only a deep personal grief, but so left Childerley without the wise and unobtrusive leader- ip that Aunt Elsie had given to the settlement for its first fteen years or so. Now it was necessary to find a new super- tendent, and it seems to me that some of the spirit of the ace was lost with the loss of the exactly right person.

Nevertheless Childerley continued to flourish and perform useful function for another twelve years or more after Aunt sie's death, until Government welfare services, arising out the Depression, made it possible and more attractive for dows and their children to stay on in the cities where there re greater social opportunities. During this intervening me, Mother added to the Childerley buildings a small cottage e called "The Solitary" to be used for private retreat and ditation. She was never able to use it much herself, though e liked the idea, and chose the motto for the little building beata solitudo! O sola beatitudo!" But in fact she was a rson who liked to have many people around always, even in our n family. Thus after Nanu died, Father's Uncle James was in- ted to come and live with us to be a substitute grandfather

for Emily Ann. He became one of Mother's few converts within the family; the other was Aunt Cornelia, Uncle Charles's wife. After Uncle James's death, another Canadian relative of the older generation, Cousin Minnie Howard, filled up the gap. Then there was usually a student or two to do secretarial work and the like. The beatitude of solitude remained an unrealized ideal for many years.

At Woods Hole she had a beautiful pink granite bell tower for ringing the Angelus built across the street from St. Joseph's Church, on the Eel Pond, facing the Marine Biological Laboratory across the water, "So that Father and I can look across at each other," she said. For this tower she had Faggi make a bronze door with scenes from the life of St. Joseph. Also to further the coöperation of science and religion, she bought a house in Woods Hole for the use of priests studying biology in the summer, and had it named "Mendel House" for the Catholic priest who was the founder of the modern science of genetics. As a further gesture towards science, she and Father jointly gave a fine brick biological laboratory to the University of Chicago, and named it the Whitman Laboratory for Father's first mentor in this science.

After 1939, when the operation of the Crane Fund for Widows and Children had to give up its work of providing country homes for its beneficiaries, it became necessary to find new uses for the physical plant at Childerley. In the meantime, also as a result of the Depression, Father had had to give up his operation of a model farm on the South Side, and had rented the agricultural plant to its former superintendent, so that

this part of the farm became self-supporting, but less personal to us.

In 1927 Mother had had a brick chapel built on the Farm in which she could have Catholic masses said. It was an austerely handsome building in a vaguely medieval Italian style. Faggi's concrete Saint Francis preaching to the birds was set outside the door, as well as his lovely Holy Child, in bronze. The old log-cabin chapel was moved over near the new one, and a library room added, to be called the von Hügel Library. The first mass was said in the new chapel in 1929.

In the meantime, Mother had met a younger friend of Ellen Starr's, a Miss Johanna Doniat, a school-teacher and an intensely pious Catholic. It is from her notes that I am able to fill in the later development of Childerley. She records that in 1939, when the decision was made to give up the Widows' and Children's settlement, Mother had decided to sell the settlement area to the Servite Sisters for use as a convalescent home, reserving the former family residence, the Solitary, the former Port house, and the chapels, with the orchard, and about five acres of land, for family use. Miss Doniat was present at the final May festival of the widows and children, and notes:

> After the party was over she asked me to come into the chapel with her. We prayed quietly, she wept quietly and then turned to me and said, "Can this be the end?" Those past thirty years had been very important in her life.
>
> "No, it can't be the end," I answered, but I hardly knew what I was saying. . . .

Previous to this time, Mother had become interested in the Calvert Club at the University of Chicago, the club for Catholic students, similar to the Newman Clubs found at other college campuses. The Calvert Associates had been founded by the publishers of Commonweal, in the early twenties, and branches had been established in many parts of the country. Professor Jerome G. Kerwin, of the Department of Political Science at the University of Chicago, became president of the Chicago Calvert Club, and Father Joseph Connerton, S. J., Catholic chaplain for the University, became its chaplain. On several occasions, starting in 1929, Mother had invited members of the Club to spend weekends at Childerley. In 1934, Miss Doniat and Dr. Kerwin asked Mother "whether we might bring out the Campus Calvert Club to Childerley for a week-end. She was most pleased, and had us as her guests for the first coeducational conference of Catholic students, at Childerley in May 1934. The children of the Crane Company widows doubled up and made room for Dr. Kerwin and the boys, I took the girls to Mrs. Lillie's house. So far as we know it was not only the first Catholic coöperative and coeducational conference of that sort to be held at Childerley, but perhaps it was really the first one to be held!"

Several other weekend conferences were held between that one and December of 1939, when Mother "offered five acres and the buildings on the south side of McHenry Road to the Catholic students of the University of Chicago. Her remodeled farm house would take care of boys - Miss Port's house would be the dormitory for the girls. A caretaker would occupy the Solitary

and God would come to dwell with His people in the tiny chapel, connected by a library wing with the walled garden and 'The first little House.' It took about a year and a half to work out the details of establishing the Calvert Foundation of Chicago, which would hold the title to these acres and buildings."

In a subsequent chapter, Miss Doniat tells of the transaction in more detail:

> On December 22, 1939, Mrs. Lillie called me on the telephone. Mrs. Lillie's calls were apt to be surprising. You could never predict what would occur to her next, but you did know it would be unique and beautiful. She was sensitive about following the gentle lead of the Holy Spirit, and fearless.
>
> "Do you know what I'm going to do with Childerley," she asked?
>
> "I certainly don't know."
>
> "I'm going to give it to you. I'm going to give it to you and Dr. Kerwin for the Catholic students of the University of Chicago. You're not afraid of coeducation - you've dealt with it all your life in the public schools and Dr. Kerwin won't be afraid of it. He's had coeducational classes at the University for fifteen years. I'm giving Childerley to the two of you to manage for the Catholic students of the University." That was a thunderbolt! I'm not sure what I answered - I'm quite sure I never said "thank you."
>
> When I had partially recovered from the shock I wrote an air-mail special delivery to Dr. Kerwin, who was in Albany for the Christmas holiday. "We don't dare <u>not</u> take on this that God is giving us to care for, do we? We can't throw out a baby laid on the doorstep, can we?"

Dr. Kerwin was apparently convinced, and took the necessary steps to clear the transaction with Archbishop Stritch, then just appointed to the diocese of Chicago, and to organize

the Calvert Foundation to hold title to Childerley. All this took some time.

> On Sunday May 3, 1941, Feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross, Father George Dunne, S. J. dedicated the grounds and the houses and chapel to the service of God. It was a wonderful Calvert Club week-end. The young people outdid themselves in song and liturgy. Professor Yves Simon, then of Notre Dame University, now on the faculty of the University of Chicago, spoke. The Servants of Mary [the successors to the Servite Sisters, who had been unable to continue in their work on the north side of Mc Henry Road] who had only recently moved into their new quarters . . . prepared (for Mrs. Lillie) a wonderful tea and reception to follow the religious services. All the countryside was there. I don't know that the day has ever been adequately described, but the orchard was all abloom and the long line of singing Calvert Club students - the sisters and visiting priests in the procession - were recorded by many an amateur Kodak. It all seemed unbelievable.
>
> The deed was turned over to the Calvert Foundation on June 12 in the living room of Mrs. Lillie's house on Kenwood Avenue. In my property room at Senn High School I found a great ten inch iron key ring which a student had once given me when his janitor father had a new set of locks made for his building. I took off the old keys and fastened the twenty-three keys of Childerley on to the impressive ring. I took it out to show Mrs. Lillie - Dr. Lillie was there and Jerome Kerwin and Peter Kelleher, the first President of the Calvert Foundation. Mrs. Lillie was much amused at the ring, then she grew serious. "Give it to me," she said. She slipped the ring onto her right arm - "Now give me your right hand." She held my hand for a moment, then she slid the ring off her arm and on to mine. "It's yours to look after from now on," she said. It was a sort of mystic ceremony - poignant and

very much like Mrs. Lillie.

"And what will you call the place now?" Dr. Lillie asked.

"Childerley, a new Childerley. That will keep an historical connection with what went on here, before."

I think everyone was pleased.

While the name Childerley was retained, some of the houses received new names. Miss Doniat tells of the naming:

> I should have said earlier what Mrs. Lillie had said in giving us Childerley - "The girls' house will be Doniat House - the boys' Kerwin House," to which, of course, we had each said "NO!" But when we came out to the May dedication Mrs. Lillie showed me the signs in clear print, nailed to each house, St. Joan's House and St. Jerome's House respectively. "You can't change <u>that</u>," she said and smiled as one who had had her way.

The Calvert people had a lot of fun giving saints' names to each and every room on the place, with appropriate reasons. Miss Doniat has given a spirited account of this, as well as of the more serious conversations that went on during the various student conferences, but there is too much of this to quote. The activities at the new Childerley continued to grow and increase. Miss Doniat writes:

> When Mrs. Lillie asked me to undertake the management of Childerley it seemed simple enough, for one or two weekends a year. That was one of God's surprises! He didn't tell me that in less than a decade I would be at Childerley quite half of all my days and in spirit I would be there all my waking hours.

Very soon there were to be conferences and retreats, not only of the Chicago Calvert Club, but of student organizations from every school and college within reasonable distance, and

of course Miss Doniat soon had to give up her teaching job and give her full attention to the management of Childerley. The success of this, Mother's last big venture, was a great satisfaction to her, and remained so for the rest of her life. Later on she gave an additional five acres to the Calvert Foundation, and in her will left the rest of the original Childerley settlement to the Servants of Mary. I suppose the work of both these organizations is still going on.

In the meantime, Mother was of course growing older. Her closest friend, Ellen Starr, died in 1942, at the Benedictine Convent of the Holy Child at Suffern, New York, and her other great friend, Edith Flint, was killed in an automobile accident a few years later. We children, in the meantime, had grown up, and had children of our own. Mother, of course, rejoiced in her grandchildren, but it was not the same as having a houseful, as she had had in earlier years. In the late thirties and early forties, she was much stimulated by the coming of President Hutchins to the University of Chicago, bringing such interesting and congenial people to the faculty as Jacques Maritain, Etienne Gilson, and Mortimer Adler, to mention only a few whose interests and teachings chimed in with Mother's. Fortunately, Father was not disturbed by Hutchins' innovations, since he left the scientific departments largely to their own devices. Under Hutchins Father became dean of the Biological Sciences, including the fine new Billings Hospital, which became a favorite illustration in Mother's development of the analogy between Church and hospital.

More and more she began to think about old age. She had

been very ill in 1935 - had had to have a cancerous kidney removed - and thereafter she never had the old energy, although she made a good recovery. Among other things, she started designing tombstones for herself and Father, to the horror of those friends and relations to whom she insisted on showing her designs. They were to be of slate, in the old-fashioned New England way, with 18th century lettering. Father's was to bear a Tree of Life (for his profession as zoölogist), his name and dates, and the verse "Like as a father pitieth his children" - "He has always been such a good and devoted father to you all," she would say. No doubt he was embarrassed, but said nothing. Hers was to bear a Tau cross with the words "Frances, his wife" - assuming that he would die first - the name "Aegidia", which she had taken on joining the Third Order of St. Francis (it is the feminine form of Aegidius, or Giles, one of the first followers of St. Francis, for whom she had a special devotion). Her verse was to be "Love is strong as death." She had these stones made long before they were needed, and they stand today side by side in the churchyard of the Church of the Messiah at Woods Hole in the family plot. They are, in fact, very handsome.

She wrote me in the spring of 1935, concerning my then parents-in-law: ". . . I think one of the functions of grown sons is to prepare their parents for death. That sounds difficult but it isn't. It consists of building up in them grounds of hope either in bringing to their minds their ancestral religion or some hopeful philosophy. This beautiful service rendered is not personally unfruitful. Destructive criti-

cism which is childish and out of place for the aging, gives place to a thoughtful new scanning of one's real experiences. That matures one's own productive life and so it is good all around." . . . "Even if their habit is not to believe I should gently persist. Ask questions for your own information and then go over the material they remember and sift it for really helpful suggestions. All this came to me as I hovered myself so near to death a few weeks ago. . . . Don't let their sad and bad habits down your efforts. They'll yield in the end and you'll be more united and happier." I do not, however, remember this advice being carried out.

I think it was the following summer that she was reading Unamuno's The Tragic Sense of Life, about which she became very enthusiastic. She often quoted from it a sentence that struck her: "Peace of mind, thanks to the Providence of God, is now no longer possible."

A little later her chief enthusiasm was for Zen Buddhism. This must have been in or after 1936, when Suzuki's book first came out. It is rather amazing that after more than thirty years this philosophy is still one of the rallying points of the avant-garde. Her enthusiasm seemed odd to me, at the time, as she had often before expressed contempt for the wisdom of the East as seen in some of her Theosophist friends; but for Mother now, the Zen point of view embodied something she had long felt about God - His unpredictability - even violence at times. "When everything is going well, look out! God might take it into His mind to throw you down the stairs!" she said. She was not always so pessimistic about Acts of God; yet her

mind did often run that way.

Another aspect of Buddhism that appealed to her was the idea of retirement from the world. She would tell of a certain temple - I think Boro-Bodur in Java - where there were countless statues of Buddha in his various aspects, the last of the series on the highest storey being covered over by bronze bells so that they were invisible. Her interpretation of the meaning of this was that life should end that way, hidden from the world. Indeed this was oddly prophetic, for God did send that her life should so end, in complete withdrawal; not voluntarily, but with a gradual and finally total obscuring of her flashing mind, until she became almost as a little child. But of that more later.

When Father reached the age of seventy and his final retirement - he had been extremely busy with administrative work as Dean of the Biological Sciences, after his first attempt to retire, and had been more active than ever in the years between 1936 and 1940, going to Washington often in his dual capacity as President of the National Academy of Sciences and of the National Research Foundation - he was in fact the first man to hold both offices simultaneously - when all this activity ceased, Mother began to think about the meaning of retirement in a man's life, and wrote a circular letter entitled "Salutation to Retiring Biologists."

1. Of course, you do not really retire from Biology; that would be against your life and training. You retire from complex laboratory equipment to much simpler apparatus, or even no apparatus at all. You look out from the narrower limits of the laboratory on Life at

large, Life that from now on will be far more poignantly interesting and beautiful. You are a part of it all, and you will be increasingly aware of that. The very life span of all life will be more and more your preoccupation. You will want living things between your hands, you will study them where they have been placed in nature, and you will domesticate them in your houses and gardens.

2. You will realize that, being a part of the history of our planet, you inherit what your ancestors learned about its mystery and their solution of that mystery, so satisfactory to them in most ways. You will study as never before the religious and philosophical classics, and they will be your spiritual nourishment and you will be increasingly aware of their validity. You will associate yourself with other biologists as long as you live, watching with paternal sympathy the young who have succeeded you in the laboratories, and living with your contemporaries as brothers in experience.

3. You will talk with simple people who know about fundamental things.

4. You will do some inconspicuous philanthropic work, like growing vegetables and flowers for the poor and sick, and you will visit them.

5. You will settle in a college or university community, preferably a small and simple one, if you do not stay in your own university. The biologists' own Laboratory at Woods Hole may be a sanctuary for you. You might live in the apartments during the autumn, winter and spring, and move out in the summer time to your own cottages to make place for the younger families.

F. C. L.
1940

Retirement was in fact very hard on Father, who had never

been able to enjoy a completely relaxed vacation, even when he was younger. His summers and later his winter vacations were usually given over to research, and even after retirement he kept up some experimental work, chiefly on the development of feathers, working in this field with a devoted Chinese assistant, Hsi Wang. But this did not continue to satisfy him, and he tried, without much success, to resume an interest in the pholosophic and other kinds of reading that he had cared for in his youth. He tried to brush up his Greek and read Aristotle and Plato in the Loeb edition. But he grew rather irritable and unhappy, in spite of these efforts.

Finally in June of 1947 he had a stroke and had to be taken to Billings Hospital for a long stay. The hardest thing about this last illness of his was that he lost his power of speech, and while he appeared to be conscious and to understand what was said, he was unable to communicate except with the simplest gestures. Various expedients were tried - paper for him to write on, a child's alphabet blocks to form words with - but they all were in vain and only discouraged him. I came on from California when he took ill and stayed for a couple of weeks, but since his condition did not change, I then returned home.

But Mother of course went to see him at the hospital every day, sitting with him as long as he seemed to want her company, sometimes bringing cards for solitaire, to take the strain off of being there and being unable to have any conversation. She wrote me several letters that summer which tell something of this sad and difficult time. On August 1:

Father is as usual. The hospital seems more and more the place for him. He is reconciled usually though yesterday both he and I wept together. We are not always strong and quiet.

There is so much going on from his room, out-doors and in the corridors. Always doctors running in or passing by and patients being wheeled by. The great world of pain of which he is a part, not alone and isolated.

Another letter bears the same date. In this one she writes:

Father longs to come home again and we are trying to think how we can possibly manage it. . . . I'm weeping myself far too much, very idiotic of me but I'm pretty old for so sore a trial and tears come easily to the aged.

Miss Castell and Mary are towers of strength and our young man is a dear . . . a Catholic and perfect - Bob Carpenter.

When September came, the cooler weather brought relief. She wrote:

Cool sparkling weather at last and it certainly pays to be alive.

Father looks so well and perhaps he gets nearer comprehensibility with his small vocabulary.

I am giving him some lessons in the real REAL religion. Going over my library I take out books I've marked especially and hand them over to him and he won't let me take them back. I reach for them tentatively every morning, until he has looked them over carefully.

Occasionally priests visiting him, at my request, bless him and he likes it. (I mean priests visiting the hospital.)

We have an extraordinary young Austrian Catholic taking our regular boy's place for a month. He certainly is a fervent and stern person and announced soon after he came that our chancellor [Hutchins] and John Nef had the privilege to choose hell if they wanted to.

So have you and Albert I suppose!

In early November she wrote:

> The Catholic chaplain of the university is also head of the Catholic center and runs Childerley so he is an old and trusted friend [Father Connerton]. I have asked him to call around and bless Father often. I've seen him but once or twice, but he has come from time to time and always asks Father if he wants to be blessed and Father always nods "Yes." Lately the chaplain asked him if he wanted him to say some additional prayers and Father nodded his head again. So Catholicism is marching ahead. Now we have a Catholic afternoon nurse, no doing of mine, just an accidental act of the hospital's. I've only seen the chaplain once so all this Catholicising goes on without me. I've not even prayed for such an eventuality. Had a kind of feeling against pushing from behind.
>
> I have placed on his table Ronald Knox's new translations of the New Testament and Psalms and from time to time offered to take them away, the table is small, but he doesn't allow me to. A group of the department [of Zoölogy] met at the Moore's [the then head of the department] for supper the other night. At the last moment their daughter Ellen was taken ill and run over to Billings but the Moores insisted the party go on. They thought she had just a heavy cold, but now it turns out to be virus pneumonia.
>
> The Moores will be gentler towards Father if he takes such an unprecedented step as to become a Catholic!! I told the new Chairman of the department of medicine, such a splendid appearing man! that he must know Billings Hospital and all of science itself had no answer to the questions that have been agonizing Father since June 2nd. It seems impossible that Dr. Coggeshall had not realized that!
>
> The primary question occupying the minds of Dr. C's patients Dr. C, I think, was unaware of. The vast, vast congeries of laboratories that make up most of Billings Hospital, the patients are like frosting on a cake at the

south side, the Midway side. We take Father in his wheelchair winding in and out among them. He will not look in a single door!

So now you have a glimpse into our lives at present.

P. S. Needless to say the Chicago Catholics who know us are praying all the time for Father's conversion! Fortunately he does not know of this intrusion!!!

It must have been the very next day after the writing of this letter that Father had a second, more massive stroke. Albert and I came on as fast as we could from California, and arrived just in time to see him before he died. A number of us were at his bedside at the end. After he breathed his last, I remember that Mother slipped his wedding ring from his inert hand and put it on her own. The attending physician asked if an autopsy might be performed, as this was routine at Billings. Mother replied with quiet dignity, "Of course; I am a doctor myself."

Since Father Connerton was convinced that Father had truly desired to be accepted into the Catholic Church, he authorized and conducted a Requiem Mass for him at the Church of St. Thomas the Apostle. No one of course knows the truth of Father's inmost thoughts during those last months, but it may be true at the very least that he wanted Mother to feel that he was with her spiritually. Nevertheless, many of his scientific friends and relations were amazed and somewhat offended. Father Connerton, I thought, spoke a dignified and appropriate eulogy, the burden of which was that this was a great man who had spent his active years in the study of animal life, and now in his last days had turned his thoughts to Life Eternal. Whatever the inmost facts may be, I felt this to be appropriate and

a comfort to Mother in her grief.

The next day, the whole family boarded the train for Woods Hole for the interment. Those of the summer cottages there that had any central heat were opened up for us, and in a driving November rainstorm Father was laid to rest in the Protestant cemetery by the Church of the Messiah; the Catholic priest (by special permission of the Bishop of Fall River) in his full vestments, protected by a yellow slicker and sou'wester, saying the final words in Latin, while someone held an umbrella over his book and my brother-in-law, Ed Gildea, manfully kept Mother from sliding down into the muddy grave.

With Father gone, Mother's life grew more and more retired. She seemed for a time to take no interest in anything, but gradually reassumed her religious reading and was pleased at the many activities now going on at Childerley. Her memory was becoming very bad, owing to cerebral anaemia, and while her mind was still very sharp and original in the immediate present, she seemed more and more to dwell in the remote past, with a gray area of forgetfulness in between. Another blow was the resignation of Miss Castell, who had been for so many years the manager of our household; now without her help the home arrangements became strange and difficult.

I have a few letters and notes from these last ten years of Mother's life. In February of 1950 she wrote me, thinking as always about Father and the meaning of his life:

> It was your father who could distinguish Good from Evil. I cannot exactly.
>
> When I remember details about him I tell Marga [my daughter, who was staying with Mother during this year,

doing graduate work at the University of Chicago] to give her a picture of her grandfather besides the very good [photograph] on the table scientizing my every act!

Aside from her failing memory, her heart gave her intermittent trouble, and several times we had to come in haste from California, thinking Mother was at death's door. One of the most acute of these episodes was in March of 1953, when she was taken to Billings Hospital, and many of the members of the family came together to see her for the last time, as we thought. I have rather full notes of this visit:

> We arrived in Chicago Tuesday, March 24, and found her in better condition than we had expected. She was weak, and was confused part of the time, especially as to her whereabouts and the time, but she knew us right away and was glad to see us. Her color was good and her eyes bright. She talked mostly about the family, but also about general subjects, especially about the relation of religion and science. "There can be no real quarrel between religion and science," she said.
>
> Wednesday afternoon she seemed to have a great deal on her mind that she wanted to say to us. "I have been thinking a great deal," she said. She talked for a while about her darling children from California, and how they had come such a long way to see her. "Never forget, children, that your mother is always with you. What lovely, lovely children I have had! And what a wonderful father they had!" Sometimes she surprised herself as well as us with her fluency. "I am surprised where all these words come from. How do I get them out, I wonder? Sometimes I try, and they won't come."
>
> Later, she talked about her father, and how he had come to Chicago so long ago. "Why did he come, I wonder? What did he bring with him? What was that opportunity he was looking for, that poor boy, with nothing but himself

to bring?"

She talked of his qualities, his strength and his idealism, and went on to say how great a city Chicago is - it has changed - it used to be called the city of gardens - but there are still many beautiful things about it.

"Life - how wonderful life is - more beautiful things in it than anything else. Those are the things I keep remembering."

She asked me what books I was reading, and I spoke of reading Maritain whose works she had sent me. "A great man, I suppose. But all that is gone from me now. I wonder where it is all gone." I assured her that none of it was lost, but must still be with her somewhere. The idea seemed to please her. "Yes, it must be somewhere. But how thankful I am that I could give these wonderful things to my children, and they are still going on in them." Then she drifted off again. "Where am I? Is this a hospital?"

"Yes, mother, Billings Hospital, at the University of Chicago," we told her.

"Oh, yes, the University of Chicago. What a great institution. What a beautiful, beautiful life, the intellectual life - how many Americans have found happiness in it. I can say this because I also know how beautiful life is for plain people, too, how beautiful and full of so many happy things."

Miss Doniat had been in to see her in the morning, to say a little prayer with her and to remind her that it was the Feast of the Annunciation. Afterwards Miss Doniat said to us: "Was it Ruskin who said that if a thing is beautiful, any fragment of it that is left is still beautiful? And so it is with your mother's mind. I often write down little things she says - very fragmentary, but still beautiful fragments of her great and beautiful mind." I asked her to send me a copy of what she had written down.

Other things Mother said: I had spoken to her of Al-

bert's creed: "God is." "Very dull, I should say!" was her rejoinder.

Albert quoted to her the Biblical verse which says that we are "fearfully and wonderfully made." "By fearfully you mean terribly, I suppose. What is this terror? The terror is only a mystery." And she kept repeating: "The terror is only a mystery."

Once she said: "I am not very clear in my mind, but I wish everyone else to be very clear in his mind."

A strange doctor came in, a substitute for her regular doctor who was on vacation. "What was that man?" she asked when he had gone. I told her it was Dr. A., a very fine man and her current physician, who was taking such good care of her. "Pleasant personality though he may seem to you, to me he is an absolute nonentity - a zero without a rim!"

"My thoughts are all evaporating. But as they evaporate, I keep looking forward to a new -" and here she paused and looked for the word - "authority."

"What a great world it is, and full of so many words. Some of them have very important meanings, and some do not mean a thing."

"When I walk the golden streets I shall be thinking of my children from California who came to see me."

"And I think of my lovely grandchildren - what lovely children they are - because they come from families full of intelligence and integrity."

"Have I said anything to you that I ought not to have said? Have I said everything that I wanted to say?" After we had assured her that she had, she drifted off toward sleep, saying:

"Sunset - sunset in the city of Chicago where I was born - that great city - beautiful!

"My children - my darling children - when they thought - they did not fear." And then she was asleep.

Friday morning she was sleeping when we came in, but roused herself and laughed when she saw Albert. She did

not talk much at first, then asked me about books. I told her I had been reading her books - Baron von Hügel among others.

"What a great man! What a wonderful world, books! About ten years ago I was much absorbed in the beauties of the literary world. That is all behind me now. What is there in this world to enjoy except people - humanity?"

I suggested nature. "Study nature, not books," she quoted, and laughed.

Albert said she was forgetting the most important thing of all. To which she did not reply, so I quoted from the Westminster catechism: "What is the chief end of man? To glorify God and enjoy him forever."

She repeated: "To glorify God and enjoy him forever. What a beautiful saying. What more could anyone ask? What more is there? The only real Truth."

She didn't say much more. After a while she murmured: "I am perfectly content to go, dear children. I have had a wonderful life - a very interesting life."

She talked some more in a desultory way about Chicago and New England, and America, but seemed very tired, and soon went to sleep, so we left her.

Saturday morning she kept asking: "Are we near the river?"

Sunday morning she was talking about her father. "He liked to go to church, but he got very cross at all the bad people he saw there. I am sure he never did any evil himself. I wonder what his idea of evil was. He was enraged by all the business men he knew who did so much evil.

"He saw that the world was full of evil - all of it done by other people - not him. I wonder if he ever felt responsible for all that evil. I am sure he did not. He had an idea of being perfect, and he wanted to have all of us perfect, too."

"Isn't it wonderful that life has so many aspects - they follow each other in waves - each one very great and important.

"I don't know much about the importance of things, but I do know that many great and wonderful things have happened to me in this life.

"This is a great and wonderful world - and when we leave it - there will be - something different."

These notes would be a good and proper ending, a perfect death-bed scene, but life is not like that, and provides its anti-climaxes. Mother's mere physical vitality pulled her through this episode, and she was able to return home after a little while. It soon became clear that she could no longer keep up the house at 5801 Kenwood Avenue, and so it was decided that she should go and live with my sister Margaret Gildea in St. Louis. She wrote me in November of 1953:

> Can you believe this extraordinary measure I have taken? Packed up and closed 5801 for no one knows how long. I even offered it to my dear doctor, Dr. Bay, who politely declined the care, expense, and responsibility of it. Now except for the family who take care of it, it is closed and empty. So things pass! and here I am with the future entirely in the laps of the gods! I've poor old Ed's lovely library for bed-room-sitting-room, for I do not know how long a stay. It's lovely and comfortable here! The big houses and estates all around us speak of a very important past and the slaves who kept it all in order and beautiful. . . . [She was a little confused about the history of St. Louis, and ascribed the fine large houses on Westmoreland Place to the era of Slavery, whereas they were actually built a good deal later. She wrote again on the same point]: This was a slave country once, and the old homes attest it! It was a high life once! and along came Abraham Lincoln! I can see their point of view, poor things! What a devastator he was! Tho he meant well! Now our colored man looks after several old ladies left forlorn, besides us.

Later she was happy to think that my son seemed to be heading for a scientific career, and that I had given him Uncle Ralph's book, General Biology and Metaphysic of Organism. On this subject she wrote: "I am glad you are turning the attention of your boy to his scientific ancestors. They are well worth his making an effort about. Intelligent and stainless!"

The last time Albert and I saw her was in June of 1956. I remember the date well, as it was during the time when President Eisenhower was taken ill with ileitis. Mother was pretty much confined to bed, and as she sat there she kept looking at the newspaper on her knees. "Here is our President," she would remark. "How nice he looks! What a nice smile! But why is his wife looking so worried?" I told her that the President had been taken to the hospital on account of an obstruction of the ileum. "Do they think it is cancer?" she asked, quick as a flash. Her medical education was still with her, though deeply buried. But about every ten minutes this same conversation was repeated.

She lived nearly two years longer, her memory failing more and more, to the point that she did not even understand the function of the pleasant young priest who came every Wednesday to bring her communion. "What a nice young man!" she would say to her nurse. "Is he married? Can't we find a nice young lady for him?" Or so the conversations were reported to me. It seemed that she was only intermittently aware of being a Catholic at all. Indeed her mind had gone into a deep obscurity, like those Buddhas of Boro-Bodur.

One verse from the Book of Job sums up for me these sad times, Father's last days and Mother's:

> He removeth away the speech of the trusty and taketh away the understanding of the aged. (Job 12:20)

We were not able to be with her at the last. My husband was very ill during 1957-8, and as a result, when Mother died - on February 2, 1958, Candlemas day, her sister Kate's birthday - (I almost feel that she must have told me this herself) - I could not come on for the funeral. A few things I do know: dear old Mamie had known that Mother wanted to be buried in her brown habit as a Franciscan Tertiary, and had kept it in readiness. The interment was to be at Woods Hole in the family plot, under the stone that she had already had set up. But now there was a new Bishop of Fall River, who would not authorize a Catholic burial service in the Episcopal church-yard; so in the end the Anglican rite was said over her by a cousin of ours who is an Episcopalian minister. And so the wheel came full circle, and Mother was laid to rest to the accompaniment of the dignified words of the Book of Common Prayer, alongside her Protestant relatives, and among the Puritan fisherfolk and townspeople - some going back as far as two or three centuries ago - as well as the more recent generation of agnostic scientists. And she would not want to forget a touching gravestone which stands just outside the consecrated ground, commemorating a Moslem student brought over to this country by Uncle Charles: "In the name of Allah, the compassionate, the merciful." Mother would not have been displeased.