





PN/22/T3/H6


A. A. Hapburn.

Inscribed for
Andrew Hapburn
by his friends in
the Tavern, and
out of it.

M. A. Dale Howe

November
1941

The Tavern Club



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THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL TRIPTYCH

(See page 153)

A PARTIAL
(*AND NOT IMPARTIAL*)
SEMI-CENTENNIAL HISTORY
OF THE
TAVERN CLUB
1884-1934

By M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

PRINTED FOR
THE TAVERN CLUB
MDCCCXXXIV

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NOTE

THE sources from which this book has been drawn might have yielded a far larger volume; and under another hand a different book might well have come into being. Those sources are chiefly the five large scrap-books in which successive secretaries have preserved the memorabilia of the Club; the annual reports of one secretary after another; the memoirs of former members, now for many years read at the annual meetings; the reminiscences, written and spoken, of older members of the Club; and, in particular, the recollections of Francis S. Watson and of others solicited by him about twenty years ago when he foresaw the day when some such book as this would be wanted.

To the present Secretary of the Club, James L. Huntington, I owe a special debt of gratitude for his painstaking work in the whole field of Tavern records before my own dealings with them began, and for the constant help I have received from him through the nearly two years since then.

M. A. DEW. H.

September, 1934

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The Tavern Club

Meum est propositum in Taberna mori
Et vinum appositum sitienti ori
Ut dicant cum venerint angelorum chori
Deus sit propitius isti potatori

I

THE BEGINNINGS

Do THE mists of antiquity, with the legends belonging to them, form themselves about beginnings that occurred only fifty years in the past? If the Tavern Club, established in 1884, may be taken as a case in point, it appears that they do. This little history may therefore well begin by offering its readers a choice of two legends regarding the origin of the Club. Stated briefly, they are as follows:

- 1) That the Club owed its formation to a man who ate with his toes.
- 2) That the man who proposed the idea of forming such a club was not himself admitted to membership.

Here is a pretty choice, and something is to be said for the reality behind each of the two legends. They have this in common — that the original membership of the Club was made up of young men, doctors, painters, and kindred spirits, of an average age not far from thirty, who formed the habit of dining together in one or more of the cheap table d'hôte (*vin compris*) restaurants which first tempered with a mild flavor of Bohemia the residential quality of Boylston Street in the neighborhood of Park Square. It must have been at about that time that young men began singing, as I remember their singing some ten years later,

'There's Berkeley and Dover,
Tremont and Hanover —
But, ach du lieber Boylston Street!' etc.

4 *History of the Tavern Club*

Many of the young men who now concern us had studied medicine or their respective arts in Europe, and some departures from the conventions of a Victorian Boston appealed to them. They might have continued thus to enjoy their liberty had not a company of freaks from a vaudeville theatre — or, as a variant of the legend has it, from Barnum's circus — invaded the restaurant where our progenitors were dining. The human skeleton rattled, the fat lady blew her soup, the bearded lady had trouble with eggs in her whiskers; and when an armless member of the troupe began to feed himself with his toes, it became too clear that Bohemia could be overdone. 'Come,' the legendary founder may be imagined as exclaiming; 'let's get out of this and have a dinner table entirely our own.'

The second legend has a different touch of the exclusive. According to this tradition, it has been handed down that a teacher of the Italian language was among those who drifted together for the restaurant dinners; that in the random talk that enlivened the table a definite suggestion of welding the personal units into a club proceeded from him; and also, alas! that, when a meeting was called to act upon this suggestion, he was not asked to attend it, or to join the organization then formed. One would like to question this legend — except for the valuable precedent it set for the Election Committees of the following fifty years: it has always been impossible to predict who will or will not be elected — if the first proponent of the Club failed to get in, what can anybody else expect? Possibly his name, suggesting in its masculine form the deferred arrival of

its possessor, justified his fate. The sad little story seems in retrospect to reflect no particular credit on the infant Club. Yet the ultimate wisdom of Election Committees — perhaps 'Eclectic' would define them better — has generally been justified.

To these two internal legends an external may be added. It is more prosaic, and stands upon even a smaller basis of truth. An article printed in the *New York Sunday World* for October 5, 1890, provides it. 'A few clever men found the Somerset Club too "smart" and the Union Club too dull. The Tavern Club sprang from this fact.' This was merely the fancy of a journalist.

From the sands of legend let us step to the solid earth of fact. This is found in a memorandum prepared by Dr. William N. Bullard, first secretary of the Club, and reading as follows:

In the years 1883 and 1884 a small number of bright active-minded, energetic young men, unmarried and without definite homes where they took their meals, found themselves in the habit of meeting at certain restaurants where they could conveniently lunch and dine. More especially did they frequent one, known as the Carrollton, on the corner of Church and Providence Streets, directly opposite what was then the side entrance of the Providence Rail Road Station. They were all interested in artistic, literary, or scientific subjects, and they soon formed a small set among themselves, apart from the other frequenters of these places. It occurred to some of them after a time that it might be both possible and agreeable to form a small club, to which congenial persons might be admitted, where they could dine regularly in company, and where they could have full control of the arrangements. With whom this idea first arose is now unknown, but to Munzig,

6 *History of the Tavern Club*

Porter, Whitman, Adamowski, and Prince belongs the credit of the origin, both theoretical and practical, of the Tavern Club. These members asked certain other men to join with them in the undertaking and they engaged as steward Mr. Vercelli, then interested in a restaurant on Boylston Street, and hired small rooms on the second floor of the building then standing on the eastern corner of Park Square and Boylston Street. Below them was a grocery store, and over them the studio of Mr. Vinton, where later so many delightful evenings were passed at the invitation of the owner by the members of the Club, of which Vinton was an original one.

The first meeting of the members of the Club was held in the little ante-room which served as an entrance to the larger dining-room, and which at the time was almost unfurnished, being half filled with boxes and other odds and ends, a plain wooden table, and one or two chairs. This meeting was held for the organization of the Club, and as far as the writer can now recall, there were present less than ten members, Munzig, Prince, Tilden, Lee, Luce, Whitman, Andrews, Blake, Morse, and Bullard. (This does not pretend to be a correct list; there were probably others not mentioned.)¹

Blake was chosen chairman of the executive committee, Luce, treasurer, and Bullard, secretary, and the Club was thus organized. The executive committee, which at first acted also as election committee, was then or shortly afterwards composed of seven members, including Blake, Munzig, Whitman, Luce, Bullard. The first meeting of the Election Committee was in August, 1884, and it was composed of Cutler, F. W. Lee, Porter, Sprague, Sullivan, Tilden, and the secretary *ex officio*.

Much of the early success and influence of the Club was due to its first president, Mr. Howells. He was induced to accept this office and to preside at the larger dinners, which

¹ Upham was there, and helped draft the By-Laws.

through his tact and charm of speech were made most easy and of rare literary and intellectual tone. It was through his influence and attraction that so many interesting and distinguished guests were first introduced to the knowledge and hospitality of the Club.

But to one man more than all others — though many helped — is due the credit for unceasing work, unremitting attention to detail of every kind, combined with refined tact and most excellent judgment and the true artistic sense of proportion, color and form — to George Munzig more than to any single person is due the successful inception and starting of the Club. He acted as House Committee; he attended personally to each detail; he spared no time or trouble in this work, and he it was who really acted as the mainspring and support of the Club in its early days when its success was still a problem. Unfailing good humor, readiness of resource, and sound perception of character were always his.

Let me not, however, be understood to imply that one man did everything. Other members helped, each in their own way. Adamowski — Timothée — was wont to play readily and freely after lunch or at some other time, not as before a paying audience, but as in the presence of a few friends. At the first general dinner of the Club, which seems to have been held on the first of September, 1884, the entertainment after dinner was music by him.

From this time until March, 1885, the Club held dinners or suppers once a month at each of which was present some special invited guest, in whose honor the dinner was given. Through the kindness of Vinton we were often — indeed, I believe always — invited to make use of his studio after dinner, than which no more delightful or fitting room could have been found in Boston, and where the artistic sense and taste of the surroundings enhanced the flavor though not the essence of the hospitality.

It was in the autumn of this year (1884) that Gericke

first came to Boston as a stranger and he was immediately made a member of the Club, and also made at home in it. The dinner in October, 1884, was given in his honor.

The monthly gatherings for the rest of the winter were in November, a dinner to Mr. Gosse; in December, a dinner to Irving, later Sir Henry. In January, 1885, there was a dinner at which George Augustus Sala was the chief guest, and in February a supper was given for Lawrence Barrett, who could not come to dinner on account of his acting. In March a dinner was given to Mr. Clemens (Mark Twain). From this to the time of the next annual meeting, presumably in June (1885), there were no special events in the history of the Club.

At this meeting the writer with regret resigned his position as Secretary, and the history of the Club from this time will be told by his successors.

This memorandum was written at the instance of Dr. Francis S. Watson, a Charter Member of the Club. Besides assembling, in 1914 or thereabouts, a variety of material which will be used in this book, Watson has placed us all in his debt by committing to paper many of his own recollections of the earliest and later years. His accounting for the fact that the Tavern Club acquired at the very beginning a definite character of its own is of special significance. Thus he writes:

As its first President Mr. William D. Howells said, in a recent interview with the writer, that the club spirit was seemingly an instant and spontaneous development of the body of members composing it. As the writer of this sketch looks back upon the first days and months of its existence, certain things seem to him to have contributed strongly to some of its features. Among them were these: The dwelling quarters were so small that there was no possi-

bility of one or more men withdrawing from the rest into the retirement and isolation of some remote thickly carpeted rooms, such as one usually finds in the more luxuriously quartered clubs of the ordinary sort, in which it is enjoined that silence be observed. As a consequence of their contracted living space, the members of the Tavern were thrown intimately together and perforce made each others' acquaintance much sooner than would otherwise have been the case. To this mechanical, so to speak, element tending to procure a quickly established comradeship, were added the further facts that the members were for the most part young men, full of life, energy and enthusiasm, most of them of small means, and most of them not as yet having won their spurs, while all of them were eager to do so. They were temperate, and the larger number of them had always been simple livers and hard workers. Their energies were at the moment being directed into the channels of fullest usefulness impelled by their individual love of their work and their ambition to succeed in it. Most of them had the tendency and many of them the habit of more or less Bohemian habits of living, and many of them had been students of art, of medicine, architecture, or science of one or another sort in Europe. The last statement applies, for example to thirty-two of the original forty-eight Charter Members. Most of them were either artistic of temperament or in close sympathy with those having this temperament. But thirteen of the number did not belong to one or another of the professions of art—music and painting—letters, medicine, law, and architecture. These thirteen were engaged in mercantile occupations. There were but four members who were men of large wealth.

When youth, enthusiasm for one's task, ambition to succeed in it, good education, and intelligence, and a strong artistic element are combined in a small group of men, meeting together with the avowed intention of becoming

good comrades, it is inevitable that the spirit emanating from them should be gay, impulsive, light-hearted, and buoyant. So it was from the first moment in the Tavern Club.

These remembrances of Frank Watson's lead straight to the question — what were the limited dwelling quarters to which he ascribes so large an influence in forming the character of the Club? Bullard has placed them — on the second floor of the building at the easterly corner of Park Square and Boylston Street, over the grocery store of F. C. Lord and Company, then numbered 75 Boylston Street, and below the studio of Frederic Porter Vinton, an original member of the Club. This studio was already a famous spot on the map of the arts in Boston, for William Morris Hunt, pre-eminent among the painters of the time and place, had occupied it for several years before his death in 1879. He controlled both the second and the third storeys of the building, and had converted the third at considerable trouble and expense into a spacious studio, adapted to the purposes both of work and of exhibitions. Inhabited by a great spirit, it became a resort of the elect. In these final years of his life Hunt was working on his famous murals for the State Capitol at Albany, and in Dr. Henry C. Angell's 'Records' of his career there is this bit identifying the painter with the first quarters of the Tavern Club: 'Meantime in a room under his studio paints were being ground and tints mixed and hermetically sealed in five-pint tin cans, to be in readiness for transportation to the scene of his great work. Why all this grinding and mixing was done in secret

no one knows; but Mr. Hunt never made his appearance in this room until the grinder, who knew nothing of the destination of his products, had gone home for the day; then he went down and inspected the results with the greatest interest.'

The representation of painters in the nascent club, and the fact that Munzig and Porter, with studios of their own at 48 Boylston Street, next door to the old Public Library, were active in finding quarters for the Club, made it natural that a studio should be sought, and in the Park Square neighborhood. The shades of Hunt and the proximity of Vinton gave to the rooms below his studio the aspect of an ideal habitation. Steps preliminary to their acquisition were discussed in Munzig's studio, and on July 1, 1884, a lease for these rooms, at a rental of \$900 a year, was signed by Vinton as a tenant of F. C. Lord and Company and William P. Blake, 'duly authorized' to represent the Tavern Club. The first meeting in the Club rooms, to effect an organization, recalled by Bullard as occurring in a half furnished ante-room, was held July 25, 1884. George Upham reports with amusement that in later years Morton Prince used to say that a man named Upham, unknown to many of those present, turned up at this meeting, took charge, and proceeded to run things. The many Taverners who have served with Upham on Executive Committees through most of the subsequent years, and who remember Prince's habit of banter, will know just how much this means.

The 'By-Laws of the Tavern Club,' as they have appeared in all the Club books issued since 1919, when

the Club was incorporated, begin with a section headed 'Name and Purposes' and reading as follows: 'This club shall be called the Tavern Club (an incorporated society) and is constituted for the purpose of the promotion of literature, drama, music, science, art, and other civic purposes, and for the establishment and maintenance of one or more club-houses or places for special meetings in the City of Boston.'

In a manuscript volume, 'The Rules of the Tavern Club,' preserved in the archives of the Club, and in all Club books before 1919, the opening section is headed simply 'Name,' and reads 'This Club shall be called the Tavern Club and is established for dining and social purposes.' Such certainly was its original object, and such, essentially, it has remained.

The name of Tavern — recalling inevitably Dr. Johnson's familiar dictum, 'There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn' — has been credited by early members to the invention of one of their members, Dr. Royal Whitman of New York. In answer to my request for a verification of this tradition, and for any other remembrances that might occur to him, Dr. Whitman has written (February 7, 1933):

The origin of the Tavern Club is as you suggest. A number of young men who dined at the Carrollton on Church Street and later at an Italian restaurant on Boylston Street had discussed the project of establishing a dining club. While the project was in the air, Munzig and I met the painter, Vinton, on Boylston Street. He had married a year or two before and had taken Hunt's studio over

the grocery shop on the corner of Boylston Street and Park Square, having fitted up the second floor as a living apartment. Because of financial depression he had given it up and retired to the studio. He mentioned this and we asked him what restrictions he would make on a possible tenant. I recall his emphatic statement that he would let it for anything except a whore house.

We saw our opportunity, organized the club, and moved in. The only expense was for the furnishing and utensils, as the Italian restaurant proprietor — I have forgotten his name — assumed all the responsibility.

I suggested the name, having, I assume, Dr. Johnson in mind, but Munzig was by far the most important member in this formative stage. He induced the retiring Mr. Howells to accept the presidency and was active in suggesting the entertainments, usually given in Vinton's studio, which became a regular feature. The club was a success from the start and two years later moved to its present quarters.

Vercelli, as we shall see later, was the forgotten name of the restaurateur and it was for three rather than two years that the Club remained in Park Square. But Dr. Whitman's title to the naming of the Club stands clear — as well as Vinton's receptive attitude towards tenants of all sorts but one.

A manuscript list of the members at the time of the meeting in the Park Square rooms is made up of the following names: T. Adamowski, Robert D. Andrews, William P. Blake, William N. Bullard, Edward Burnett, Sigourney Butler, Frederic Crowninshield, Elbridge G. Cutler, E. K. Dunham, H. S. Durand, Thomas C. Felton, James G. Freeman, I. M. Gaugengigl, F. B. Greenough, George G. Hayward, C. duV. Hunt, Herbert

Jaques, S. W. Langmaid, E. C. Lee, F. W. Lee, J. D. H. Luce, J. H. McCollom, G. C. Munzig, A. J. Parsons, B. C. Porter, Morton Prince, H. P. Quincy, W. L. Richardson, Arthur Rotch, J. M. Sears, H. H. Sprague, G. Stedman, C. W. Sturgis, F. S. Sturgis, T. R. Sullivan, G. H. Tilden, G. B. Upham, F. P. Vinton, F. S. Watson, W. F. Weld, J. T. Wheelwright, R. Whitman, Owen Wister. (43.)

A printed list, on a single page, issued a little later has these additional names: Henry B. Chapin, Arthur E. Davis,* Frederic Homer (who did not join), Thomas Lee, John T. Linzee,* Charles E. Sampson,* Henry W. Swift,* J. M. Torroja, Henry Wainwright, William D. Howells, Eustace Jaques, R. H. Fitz,* John Boyle O'Reilly. (13.)

In the present official list of forty-eight Charter Members the five names starred in the second of these lists are added to the forty-three of the first.

Before considering in any detail what soon began to happen in the new quarters it is desirable to bring to mind the simple Boston, the relatively uncomplicated society, of fifty years ago. One cannot recall it without remembering that the telephone was then rather a speculative opportunity than a daily necessity, that gas illumination and horse-cars had not yet given place to the electric light and the trolley, and that the motor-car was still further in the future than these impending 'improvements.' It is a truism that with the changed mechanics of living the spirit of living has been correspondingly transformed. Certainly the Boston of 1884 and the little assemblage of young men who formed

the Tavern Club seem in retrospect of a naïveté almost Arcadian. Simple pleasures — like proceeding in force on a summer evening from the club rooms to the Public Garden pond and filling two swan boats for an innocuous voyage of the placid waters — leeways of leisure, with frequent, casual occasions for good music and infinite talk, whether lofty or trivial in theme, quiet enjoyment of a reasonably ordered state of society, freedom from the disillusionings which have so blighted the latter end of our half-century — all these were the possessions, quite taken for granted, of such a company as that which started our brotherhood on its way. If the tone of the *laudator temporis acti* forces itself into some of the pages to follow, it is only because the earlier days of any period through which one has lived are apt to seem the more golden: even so it may be hoped that the Tavern will appear less changed in essentials than many of the institutions and ways of life that surround it. For better or worse its annals belong to the social history of a period.

II

THE PRESIDENTIAL RANGE

(Tune: 'The Vicar of Bray')

THESE verses by M. A. DeW. Howe, of which the first four stanzas were written for the Twentieth Anniversary dinner, November 11, 1904, were sung on that occasion by J. S. Codman. Later stanzas were added at intervals to celebrate the election of successive Presidents. The 'Additional Stanza' was written for the twenty-fifth anniversary dinner, January 15, 1909, when the song was sung by Paul Thorndike, who sang it often before the author began to do so himself at successive Annual Dinners.

When first our brotherhood began,
In days of ancient fable,
They looked about for just the man
To sit at the head of the table;
They spied him out with foresight keen,
Who'd make all men his debtors,
And seated Howells — William Dean —
The Dean of Yankee letters.

CHORUS

Then bless the Bear
That guards the Chair
At the Hub within the Hub, sir!
My purpose still
I will fulfil,
And die in the Tavern Club, sir!

Next came a Colonel to command
The Boylston Place battalions;
He guided well the noisy band
Of gentleman-rapscallions.
In peace and war, to all the arts
He held the magic key, sir,
The key that opens kindred hearts —
Did Colonel Henry Lee, sir!

CHORUS

To Deans and Colonels now farewell,
And hail to their successor!
From out his academic cell
Steps forth a loved professor,
Of golden heart and golden tongue —
A gold the market's short on —
The Cambridge Grecian, ever young,
Our own Charles Eliot Norton.

CHORUS

Now he whose joy it is to enrich
Both sides of Boston's river
Adorns our presidential niche —
'Tis Higginson, the Giver.
But titles new he needs them not,
He'd scorn them all, I wager;
Yet never here shall be forgot
The Bear's — the Ursa's — Major.

CHORUS

(1920)

The singer with a changing text —
Like some unwearied preacher —
Goes on and on, encountering next
A peerless Friend and Teacher,
With wit and learning brimming o'er —

(How *can* this rhyming end well?)
 New England to the faithful core
 Is President Barrett Wendell!

CHORUS

(1921)

A teacher with a landing-net
 Now stands acclaimed 'His Highness.'
 He charms his fishes from the wet —
 His speakers from their dryness.
 His light-flung line does good by stealth,
 His wit makes all men merry;
 Dear Fisher-President — your health
 In Blissful drafts of Perry!

CHORUS

(1928)

Long-awaited, now the Doctors' Day
 Dawns on a wise Physician,
 Exalted, still a boy, though gray,
 To the loftiest condition.
 Come as you may, with ills oppressed,
 He'll cure you of your fever:
 He heads the Index of the Blest —
See Shattuck, Frederick Cheever!

CHORUS

(1929)

Now who comes next? What shining star
 Shall glitter in the answer?
 One sought in Beersheba afar,
 But found right here in Dan, sir.
 And Philadelphia — somewhat slow
 But charming Quaker sister,
 Who stole Ben Franklin long ago —
 Cries, 'Quits — here's Owen Wister!'

CHORUS

ADDITIONAL STANZA

New dynasties may wax and wane —
 God bless them all, Lord love them! —
But ever constant shall remain
 One Overlord above them.
His silver wedding now we sing
 Who rules divinely o'er us —
The Bear, the King, the Whole Damned Thing —
 Up, up, and swell the chorus!

CHORUS

III

HOWELLS IN THE CHAIR

(William Dean Howells: President, 1884-1888)

THE verses to which the preceding brief chapter is devoted are so placed for the reason, in large measure, that they constitute a Table of Contents for the pages yet to come. In other words the history of the Tavern Club will be presented in the periods with which the successive Presidents have been identified. In two of the chapters to follow the names of Presidents, most of whom held office but for relatively brief periods, are joined together. Measured by time the peaks in the Presidential Range have been far from uniform.

In the memoranda of Frank Watson regarding the early days of the Club, there is more than one allusion to the advantages of crowding a company of naturally congenial spirits into contracted quarters. Of the favoring circumstances in general he wrote, 'Last but not least is the fact that it had as its first president Mr. Howells.'

In the record of Watson's talk with Howells while these memoranda were assembling it is written:

'The first one who spoke to me about taking the Presidency of the Tavern Club,' said Mr. Howells in answer to a question, 'was Dr. William Bullard. I took some time to think about it and to consult my wife. She wanted me to take it, but I hesitated because I was not a speaker. George Munzig followed me from my house to the train that I was about to take with my family to Sharon to get

my reply. He caught me in the old Providence Station just as I was boarding the car. Just as the train started I told him that I would accept the office.'

It should be added that in 1919, the year before Howells died, he wrote to Holker Abbott, lamenting his inability to attend the Thirty-Fifth Anniversary Dinner, and gave to Bullard rather than to Munzig the final credit of winning his consent to assume the presidency. His earlier recollection just quoted is presumably the more trustworthy, but his last communication to the Club, at which he figured himself as dining in spirit, is too charmingly characteristic to lose. 'Count me among the first and fondest of those present,' he wrote, and proceeded: 'You will know me for your first President by my standing with my foot on the step of a train in the dear old Providence Depot and consenting at last to Dr. Bullard who had pursued me with the Club's wish for my service. I did not know it was for life, but it is for life and after.'

George Upham contributes the recollection that Howells was the more ready to identify himself with the infant Club for the reason that his association with the *Atlantic Monthly*, of which he had been Editor from 1871 to 1881, entailed upon him frequent hospitalities to distinguished visitors, and that the Club afforded a welcome expansion of his resources for their entertainment. If the Tavern and he needed each other just then, so much the better. Thus Watson continues:

That Mr. Howells greatly aided in establishing the harmony and in maintaining the tone of the club on a high level no one of the members who belonged to the

Tavern during his term of office in it has the least doubt, and they will maintain their belief despite the modest denial which he made to the writer in a recent interview with him. During the conversation on this occasion he was asked if the idea of giving dinners in honor of one or another man of distinction who might be visiting Boston had originated with him. He at once answered: 'Not at all, not at all, I never had the least influence in the development of the Club. Those young men knew what they wanted and, so far as I was able to do so, I merely followed their directions and carried out their views. The club's development was entirely spontaneous and grew naturally from its first members themselves and from no other source.' We hope Mr. Howells will pardon those of us who, knowing the facts of the first years of the club, will be disposed to contradict his statement in this regard. They at least will never forget how deep an obligation the Tavern is under to him for his tactful manner of conducting the duties of its president, and his wide acquaintance with distinguished people who were glad to be the guests of the club largely because of the guarantee of its character and nature which Mr. Howells supplied by being its president.... On all occasions Mr. Howells presided in a manner that had a peculiar personal charm and which delighted both guests and members.

To the testimony of the first President with respect to the early influences which made the Club what it was let us add the testimony of the eighth, and present, occupant of the Chair. In a paper, 'The Creed of a Charter Member,' read at the Forty-Fifth Anniversary Dinner on January 23, 1929, Owen Wister reverted in the following terms to the formation and original purposes of the Club:

What is our secret? Why can we old fellows drop in and feel at home with the young fellows? At that first meal, at Number One, Park Square, many of us were not yet thirty, few beyond forty. We were near together in years then; that is no longer so, but we remain near together in spirit still. In this present world, which that vanished world of 1884 could not possibly recognize, I can grope my confused way beneath flashing electricity, amid glaring electricity, past groaning and quacking electricity, to this magic threshold, and find the Genius of the Tavern Club dwelling here, undisturbed.

Why does our tradition so happily persist? Because we began right, and continued as we began. We must always continue as we began. Let me go over it a little.

George Munzig, a painter, meets Frank Watson, a doctor, on Boston Common. 'We are getting up a little club of congenial fellows,' he says, 'to dine together.' 'Put me down,' says Watson. Benjamin Porter, another painter, descends to the Union Safe Deposit Vaults, 'We are getting up a little club,' he tells some employees behind the cage; and Russell Sullivan, Frank Lee, and Owen Wister are put down. Observe: one painter asks a doctor, another goes recruiting in State Street; so did the various recruiters work, gathering miscellaneous as to vocation; guided very slightly by such definite adjectives as prominent, important; somewhat more by such adjectives as talented, clever, promising; guided most by the happily elastic word, sympathetic.

The Genius of the Tavern Club was made incarnate when the Charter Members sat down to eat their first meal together. Any Genius must have incarnation. Without many differing instruments, where would a Beethoven be? Without many colors, where any painter? Some medium is always essential.

We were in part the medium, the differing instruments vibrating together, we, the painters, musicians, writers,

doctors, lawyers, business men, assembled to dine; differing in character, but tuned to the right key by that happily elastic adjective, sympathetic. For the band must be in tune. A single flat violin can mar the effect. Certain instruments have been hitherto excluded from a symphony orchestra — such instruments as the mouth organ. No Tavern Club could be made from a set of Rotarians. No group, whose only interest was money, or golf, could make one — but it could spoil one. Nevertheless, we have found that civilized geniality without talent is better than talent without civilized geniality: we never sank into Bohemianism on the one hand, we escaped commercialism on the other. Both enlightened activity and enlightened leisure have played their sagacious part in our counsels; the marvel of our sane middle course has been, not that we exclude so little, but that we include so much.

Beside the Charter Members, certain inanimate things contributed to the incarnation of our Genius.

First: the long table, ancestor of our round table, where we sat in concert.

Second: Wine; Chianti in Florentine flasks. Long before King David said so, it is wine that maketh glad the heart of man. Water may suffice him for his work; it is only to the music of the vine that he can dance and sing.

Third: Our rooms were the needed shell we made ourselves. Our setting is more important to us than the right frame to a picture. If we could live in a sky-scraper, we are indeed immortal.

How early in our existence did we begin to see that we were something more than a group of congenial table companions, that we were in truth an institution? That would be as hard to say definitely as to fix the precise moment when any dawn begins.

Henry Irving came to America for the first time. Presently he was playing *The Bells*, *Charles the First*, *Louis the Eleventh*, and *the Lyons Mail*, in Boston. He cap-

tured the whole town, and we captured him. He accepted our invitation to break bread with us. He came and broke it, and he stayed until about six in the morning. We adjourned — this had already become our way on festive occasions — upstairs, to the studio of Fred Vinton. There we had talk, and songs at the piano, and bowls of punch. And Henry Irving sat, and sat, and sat, listening and discoursing. Had we been a set of Rotarians, I think he would have gone home sooner.

Irving began our line of illustrious guests and perhaps that unforgettable evening marks the hour when we became aware of ourselves in this new light.

But we had already evolved the custom of entertaining ourselves in those two rooms we had at Number One, Park Square — the room where the long table was; and the room where our piano was.

The baptism of the Tavern Club Kitten is an early and simple case. Mice had soon made their home with us. Julius, our waiter, introduced the kitten. She was black as coal, and had a marked personality. It seemed but right to give her a name with suitable formalities. During dinner at the long table, everyone was requested to write his suggestion on a slip of paper. These, one by one, were read aloud, until a certain slip was opened. We read no more. Amid loud acclamation the meeting voted for *Smut*. To the member whose suggestion this had been, Julius now brought a large tray, and a small glass of chartreuse. The black kitten, purring and unsuspecting, was placed on the tray, which Julius held aloft.

Then with the words, 'Smut, I baptize thee in the name of the world, the flesh, and the devil,' the chartreuse was poured on the kitten's head, at which she sped through the air like a projectile.¹ After that, Adamowski played the violin for us.

¹ Wister himself must receive credit for the cat's name and baptism. The creature reappears in a letter from Frank Bacon: 'How cats pick out people

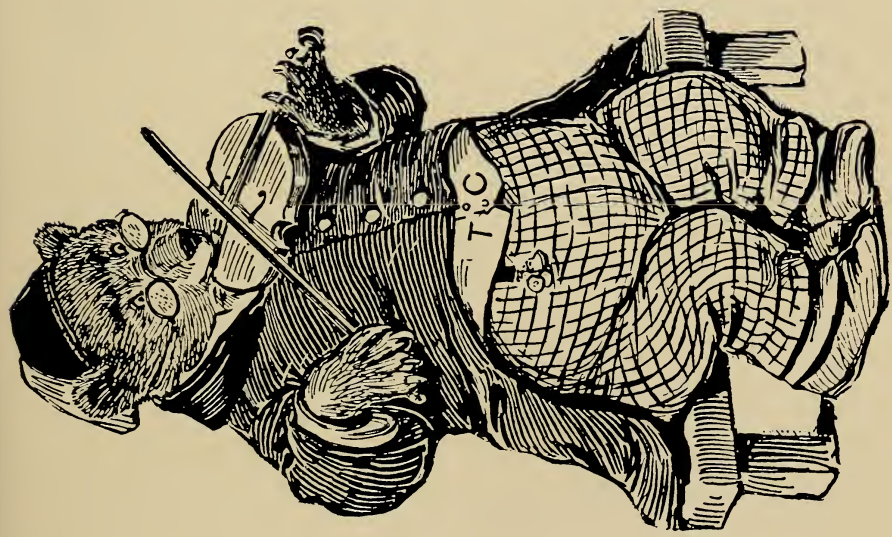
By the time Smut was a large, serene cat and had known the joys of motherhood, we held our first *salon*; and among that collection of masterpieces was one entitled, 'Portrait de Madame S——.'

Since our baptism of the club kitten, forty-five years have revealed how well we know how to entertain ourselves, and how well and widely to choose our guests. Think of some who have sat with us since Henry Irving: Coquelin, Paderewski, Sargent, Henry James, Weir Mitchell, Leonard Wood, Owen Young — actors, musicians, painters, writers, doctors, soldiers, financiers: a dynasty of varied renown.

Up to the present time (1934) the Club has had eight Presidents and sixteen Secretaries. The average of two Secretaries to a President was established during those first four years while Howells was at the helm, for in that time Dr. William N. Bullard, the first Secretary of the Club, held office for less than a year, and the second, Dr. George H. Monks, for more than three. If the Presidents of the Club have been the helmsmen, the Secretaries may fairly be called the navigators. Through fifty years they have borne their full part in plotting the course of the Club whether at the instigation of Presidents and other officers or — and usually with greater frequency — of their own motion.

Besides the Presidents and the Secretaries there has always been the Bear — 'One Overlord above them,' as the emblem, totem, *genius loci* of the Club: he has

that dislike them! I remember one evening when Smut leaped on Henley's [Henley Luce's] shoulder as he was gesticulating at table (about Brantôme probably), when he threw his arms up with a shriek and crashed back on the floor, chair and all, knocking the dishes galley west!



FOR HALLOWE'EN AND NARRENABEND MENUS
Sketches by Holker Abbott after *Fliegende Blätter*

entered so essentially into its whole tradition that this occasion must be seized to remove him from the realm of myth and establish the reality of his origin. With this the name of a Charter Member of the Club — Dr. George H. Tilden ('Jack' to you and the rest of the world) — is inseparably connected. Tilden, a graduate of Harvard College in 1872, was one of the young doctors who had completed his medical training in Europe and was practising his profession in Boston when the Club began. In 1898 the Secretary of his college class reported that 'for several years past he has been residing in Japan, amusing himself and the natives'; and after his death in Paris in 1916 the same stern moralist summed up his career, not inaccurately, by saying that 'he preferred a life of pleasure to one of achievement.' In that life he gave much picturesque and bizarre amusement to others. One may recall one's own astonishment at seeing him, returned from Japan, sitting at the Round Table at lunch, stripped to the waist, as who would not wish to strip if covered as completely and beautifully as he was with elaborate tattooing. It was told of one visiting Englishman who encountered this spectacle at the Tavern that he exclaimed, 'I had been told that American Clubs were rather informal, but — my word!' Perhaps it was the same Englishman who is said to have reported at the Somerset Club the sight of a half-naked tattooed member lunching at the Tavern, and receiving the incredulous comment, 'What, only one?' Such, in any event, was Jack Tilden, and to him the Club owed its Bear.

This — as I have gathered chiefly from George Monks

and George Upham — is how it came about. Odd, out-of-the-way places of amusement were favorite resorts of Jack Tilden. In one of them, identified by Upham as B. F. Keith's first vaudeville venture — and Upham, as Keith's personal counsel, ought to know when he says that Keith himself introduced the 'acts' in this house, and Mrs. Keith kept it clean — Tilden was much amused by a bear cub, among the properties of a Giant in gaudy military garb, but *the* property of Keith himself. The idea of acquiring the cub as a pet for the Tavern occurred to Tilden, with an irresistible appeal. How delightful it would be to find him tapping his nails on a window in welcome as one came to lunch! Imagination ran riot, and twenty-five members — after several of them had been induced to visit the Museum with Tilden — responded to his enthusiasm by contributing a dollar each for the purchase of the bear. The Giant had promised to 'use his influence' with Keith in favor of the transaction, and Keith himself in later years verified the story, with its sequel still to be noted, in talk with Upham.¹ The purchase was effected: at a supper to Lawrence Barrett on February 28, 1885, the Bear was adopted as the Club Totem; and the patron saint was thus duly installed.

¹ In a memorandum, corroborating various details in this narrative, Upham has written: 'Not long after the Club was established Tilden discovered the first, and at that time the only, Dime Museum and Vaudeville in Boston. The idea of a continuous performance, afternoon and evening, originated with B. F. Keith, its proprietor. His Museum was in a little three-cornered room on Washington Street, where Keith himself lectured, describing the wonders making up his show. The Giant, dressed in a gaudy uniform, was exhibited with the Bear Cub, and appeared to be its trainer, making it sit up and beg for a piece of meat. Then followed the Contortionist, the Human Skeleton, and many other wonders.'

Just how long he lasted in that capacity, in the flesh, it is impossible to say; but certainly it was not long. Vinton and his wife living above the Club rooms, objected to a bear as the only other occupant of the building at night; the House Committee found sanitary difficulties with which they were incapable of coping; Julius — the waiter, of whom more anon — happened to overhear Tilden proposing that this faithful servitor should be dressed in a highly picturesque Spanish costume for the special purpose and leading the bear on a chain into the Common and exercising him there: naturally enough Julius objected, on the ground of having already as much work as he could possibly manage. There was nothing to do but to get rid of the cub. Here Tilden's powers as a negotiator came again into play, and Keith was persuaded to buy the creature back. Tradition has it that the Club had to accept a slight loss through the interchange — of something like five dollars.

But that was not the end of it all. The punch-bowl, still standing over the fireplace opposite the Round Table, is a veritable offspring of the Bear. The first scrap-book of the Club contains a notice, dated June 18, 1885, signed by G. H. Monks, Secretary, and reading as follows:

A subscription has been started for the purchase of a Club Punch Bowl.

The bowl will cost about one hundred dollars, nearly one half of which has been already subscribed. Since individual subscriptions are limited to one dollar, a contribution from each member of the Club will be needed in order to provide the required amount.

If you are willing to give a dollar to this fund, please send it to Dr. G. H. Tilden, 122 Marlborough Street.

On the same page of the scrap-book is pasted a manuscript list of names in two divisions — the first headed 'The Original and Only Subscribers to the Bear' (an honor roll of twenty-five), the second, 'Subscribers to the Punch-Bowl,' with forty-seven names. A pencilled notation at the top of the page reads: 'Collected September 17, 1885, \$68.' In this amount the sum refunded by Keith is obviously included. The relatively small total seems to confirm the tradition that the Canton bowl within the copper casing was a gift to the Club, from one whose name seems unfortunately to have disappeared, and that the provision of the metal exterior was made both as a measure of safety for a fragile object and as a fitting investment of the proceeds from the re-sale of the Bear. The crack which now nearly bisects the Bowl could hardly have been there from the beginning — though the sheathing would then have been useful in making it punch-tight. However that may be, the design for the repoussé copper container was made, according to C. H. Walker, by George Kendrick, then associated in architecture with Robert D. Andrews, and later responsible for many beautiful designs of Grueby pottery. On the copper Bowl of the Tavern, a Bear, flanked by vine-leaves and grapes, is seen for the first time in heraldic pose, supporting each side of a shield inscribed 'Tavern Club.' From the Bowl the Bear stepped naturally to other emblematical uses. First came a butter-pat, designed, according to varying tradition, by Gaugengigl or Andrews. When it was

found that butter adhered to the metal, the design became a club seal, employed in due time for stationery, medals, and banner. The number of bears, in pictured and sculptured form, sent to the Club from all parts of the world by travelling Taverners, would suffice for a flourishing zoo. The allusions in song, speech, and story to the Bear, to Bruin, to the Cub (most conveniently rhyming with Club — even as Cavern with Tavern) exceed all counting.

To this prose story of the Bear and the Bowl must be added a rhymed version of it by Dr. Henry S. Durand, Charter Member and one of the twenty-five subscribers to the purchase of the Bear, read by its author in 1885 at 'The Dedication of the Bowl,' and again in 1904 at the Twentieth Anniversary Dinner of the Club.

THE BEAR AND THE BOWL

Read at the Dedication of the Bowl — 1885

I rise in honor of the Bowl;
The Bowl itself, not that within it;
I sing the body, not the soul,
And how a Bear did first begin it.

How Doctor Tilden, filled with zeal,
To buy that bear a fund collected,
Nor hearkened to the sad appeal
Of certain men who quite objected.

These said, 'The bear will not remain
A helpless cub for long, and treason
Will soon be busy in his brain;
Besides there is another reason

Of which you all are well aware,
And then they blushed and ceased from talking,
The fact is some men do not care
To have to look where they are walking.

But we were loath to lose our pet
As lawyers are to lose a client,
And vowing we should have it yet,
The Doctor bargained with the Giant.

Ah! when again upon this Club
Shall dawn an idea half so witty
As purchasing an ursine-cub!
But that Executive Committee

Which rules all things pertaining to
Such ideas, be they ne'er so clever,
Which sits on things proposed to do,
They sat upon that scheme forever.

Still, Gentlemen, to our relief
From that young b'ar we find we're owing
The bas-relief, which is the chief
Adornment to this punch-bowl glowing.

The bowl itself — but here I pause.
I do not dare thus single-handed
To touch that subject deep, because
It needs a strong force, well commanded,

To well discuss it as it stands
Filled full with Pitcher's strong potation;
I can but stretch forth both my hands
And make this solemn invocation:

Oh! work of art to cheer the heart!
Oh! Punch-Bowl most phenomenal!

Whene'er your contents glide adown the Tavern Club's
 œsophagus
 May it feel a presence rising
 From the cavity abdominal,
As though King Cole in spirit stole from out that dark
 sarcophagus!

The following footnotes were prepared for the re-reading of these verses at the Twentieth Anniversary Dinner, November 11, 1904:

¶ The above is a true history of Dr. Tilden's fund for the Bowl, for the dedication of which these lines were written.

¶ The Bear in effigy became the sign of the Club.

¶ The Giant was the proprietor (and one of the curiosities as well) of the dime museum in which the bear was seen and coveted.¹

¶ Pitcher was a noted publican and brewer of punch in the good town of Boston in the last century.

So much for the chief figures of the early days — human and ursine. What of their habitation at 1, Park Square — those few rooms on a single floor, which sagged so badly after one reception in the Club rooms that the grocer beneath could not close his shutters? In this first home of the Club the *res angustae domi* were literally embodied. 'It consisted,' as Frank Watson has written, 'of four rooms, a kitchen and pantry at the rear,² a large room extending the whole length of the

¹ The narrative above contradicts this statement.

² Upham supplements this description of Watson's by placing the kitchen and pantry as 'looking out over Carver Street, with a door opening into the southeast corner of the dining-room; and proceeds: 'Ice and supplies were hoisted from Carver Street through a window by a specially constructed artistic iron crane bolted to the outside brick wall at the side of the window. How from that small kitchen they managed to cook and serve special din-

side of the building that faced Boylston Street, and the windows of which looked out upon the Common and Public Gardens, and a fourth and much smaller room which was upon the Park Square side of the building. The large room, it was evident, was the one that would best serve as a dining-room, while the smaller one could be (and was) devoted to the purposes of a reception-room.' The accompanying photograph of the exterior shows the entrance to the stairway leading from Park Square. The interior view represents the reception room. On the floor above the Club rooms Vinton's studio afforded an after-dinner refuge on special occasions, contributing vastly to their completeness.

The bright spots on the curtains of the living-room speak eloquently for the taste of the time. They were provided by slightly convex mirrors, about the size of a silver dollar, attached to the fabric of the curtains. The good, borrowed prints that adorned the walls were transported by George Upham and other members of the Club across the Common from the house at 31, Chestnut Street, where he was then living. There were some twenty-five of these prints, several by the great engravers of the seventeenth century. They were hung that evening on the walls of the reception and dining-rooms, where they remained until the Club moved to Boylston Place. The blue and white table china, prototype of all that has been used through fifty years, owed its selection, at Houghton and Dutton's, to George Munzig. An upright piano and a table for reading

ners of half a dozen good courses for fifty or sixty persons, only Vercelli, our caterer, or Julius, our head-waiter, could tell.'



EXTERIOR OF 1, PARK SQUARE



RECEPTION ROOM, 1, PARK SQUARE



matter, both in the reception-room, were the other chief furnishings.

Vercelli and his Italian restaurant have been mentioned on an earlier page. The Boston Directory of 1884 gives the address of this restaurant as 211, Lagrange Street. In 1885 it is placed at 52, Boylston Street, then just south of Boylston Place, and in 1886 at 88, Boylston Street, between Park Square and Church Street. Vercelli's seems to have been the most favored of the various restaurants in which the founders of the Club were wont to meet before they had their own rooms; and nothing was more natural than that when they got them they should turn to this proved and closely adjacent innkeeper as their caterer.

Such, then, he became, and with him a waiter, Julius, entered the service of the Club. The first scrap-book contains a receipted bill, dated January 30, 1888, for \$70.00 for an 'Adjusted, Full Jewelled, Riverside Waltham Watch, Engraving and Inscription.' On the corner of the bill, over the initials of George Monks, is written, 'This watch was presented to Julius, the Club Waiter, from members of the Club, in recognition of his faithful services.' Let a passage from Frank Watson's reminiscences of the early days stand as his memorial:

Julius was a veritable Napoleon among waiters — a man who could carry more dishes and glasses in his hands and more separate accounts in his head than any other individual known to the members of the Tavern. He became from the very first moment of his service one of the most devoted of its whole company to the Tavern's interests. There was no limit to his powers of work and seemingly he had no need of sleep. He worked incessantly

throughout whatever time the members might require his services. He was never heard to utter a complaint. He was enthusiastic in all his efforts to contribute to the success of the club and its undertakings. To see him enter Vinton's studio after one of the formal dinners bearing the club's punch bowl on high, his face wreathed in smiles, and place it reverently on the table was one of the pleasantest features of these occasions. One night while the Tavern march, written by Wilhelm Gericke, was being sung by the members after he had brought in the punch bowl, the writer encountered him as he stood just outside the door of the studio of Vinton, tears running down his cheeks, while screened from observation he was watching the men as they stood about the piano. 'By Gott!' he exclaimed, glancing up and wiping away the tears, 'I never hear dot Tavern Club march but I have to cry like a damned fool.' The demonstration of emotion was a true index of the depth of the sentiment cherished by this faithful servitor of the club. When he finally left, upon Vercelli resigning his place as the manager of the restaurant, we all felt the loss to be a serious blow.

The short story 'Julius: a Waiter,' written by John Heard, and published in *Harper's Weekly* for February 19, 1887, tells the story of his German origin, his care for the pets — other than the Bear — in the unnamed American club to which he was so devoted, and describes his sticking to his post one night when his oldest son was desperately ill, to bear his part in serving a dinner to a distinguished foreign actor — successfully until the guest expressed his gratitude to Americans, when Julius burst into tears and fled. The gift of the watch after four years of association bore witness to a reciprocal sympathy.

With members, rooms, caterer, and head waiter all in readiness, the first dinner of the Club, for members only, was served in the Park Square quarters on September 1, 1884. A picture of the satisfaction taken in this occasion, more auspicious of a long future than any of the participants could have known, can be drawn only by the pencil of imagination — and that may be left to each reader of these words. The first dinner in honor of a special guest occurred in October. The guest was Wilhelm Gericke, recently arrived in Boston to succeed Georg Henschel as Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra through the first three years of its existence. Gericke, then a bachelor, was immediately elected to the Club, and made it virtually his home. Here he first met Timothée Adamowski, a Charter Member, not then attached to the Orchestra, and asked him to join that organization, of which he became later first violin and concert-master. Music stood high among the pleasures of the Club in these early years, and Gericke and Adamowski assumed the generous responsibility for much of it — Gericke by composing the 'Tavern Club March' for a members' orchestra, by conducting this and other compositions, Adamowski by the liberal and most welcome employment of his violin.

Other special dinners followed — about one a month for the first half-year: to Edmund Gosse in November; to Henry Irving in December; to George Augustus Sala in January (1885); to Lawrence Barrett (a late supper instead of a dinner) in February; to Mark Twain in March. The distinction of Howells in the world of letters added something of cogency to the Club's invita-

tions to such guests, and his felicity in presiding at the dinners in their honor conferred upon them a charm of their own. In 'The Life and Letters of Edmund Gosse' it appears that he was a guest at Howells's house on Beacon Street during his visit to Boston as a Lowell Institute lecturer. In the 'Reminiscences' of Justin McCarthy (1899) Howells and the Tavern Club appear at fuller length:

I have already mentioned my first meeting with W. D. Howells at Lowell's house during my earliest stay in Boston. Let me recall some mementos of my latest meetings with him, many years after, when his name had become famous through all the reading world. I publish the following kindly and genial letter which I received from him:

302 Beacon Street, Boston
September 21, 1886.

Dear Mr. McCarthy, — I hope you have not forgotten me who vividly remember the pleasure of meeting you at Mr. Lowell's when you were in the country before, for I have boasted to the members of the Tavern Club, of which I am unworthily president, that I knew you personally, and that I could use the influence of an old acquaintance in getting you to accept a dinner from them. The Tavern Club is made up of all the best and nicest young lawyers, doctors, artists, and *littérateurs* here, and we have entertained Lowell, Salvini, Irving, and others, at the simple dinners which our Italian artist makes for us; and now we want you, whom we love for yourself and your cause. You are to be in Boston early in October; won't you name some evening — *not* Friday, Saturday, or Sunday — when you will dine with us? Speeches brief, and no reporters.

Yours sincerely,
W. D. Howells.

The dinner party came off, and was not by any means the only pleasant gathering to which I was introduced by the courteous attentions of Mr. Howells. I have a grateful recollection of that Tavern Club dinner. The fare was good, the wines were good, the speeches were short, crisp, and sparkling, and there was an air of friendly comradeship throughout the whole evening which reminded me of some of the dead, unforgotten days of that better and artistic Bohemia which we once used to have in London. There was a keen cross-fire of conversational wit and humour at the Tavern Club dinner; and I remember that we got into an animated discussion on Mr. Howells's favourite theory as to the sphere of the novel writer.... Dixey, the clever American comedian, was there, and gave us some wonderful imitations of Henry Irving and other leaders of the drama — imitations that were not mere mimicries, but which positively created new parts for the performer, and showed us precisely how he would be sure to play them if they came within the range of his study. I have had many evenings of social and intellectual enjoyment in Boston, none more full of enjoyment than that evening at the Tavern Club dinner.

With Mark Twain, Howells had been on terms of close friendship for ten years before the Tavern Club was born, having opened enthusiastically the respectable doors of the *Atlantic* to 'Old Times on the Mississippi' and other writings of the Western humorist relatively unknown in 1874. One reminiscence of this early Mark Twain dinner suggests that members of the Club were capable, like the President, of rising to special occasions: Henry Rogers brought to the dinner a copy of a book by Mark Twain which he ventured to predict that the author had never read — and thereupon presented him with a copy of the 'Jumping Frog' in

Danish. To Rogers also is due a remembrance of the dinner to Irving—that the guest stayed on and on, a veritable night owl, until about six in the morning when Howells was heard to exclaim, ‘Irving, don’t you ever go home?’ To which Irving, looking at his watch, retorted, ‘It is getting on.’ When he did go home, even to England, he seems to have borne the Tavern gratefully in mind, for a letter from Irving to Howells (28 July, 1886) preserved in the scrap-book expresses his hope of responding again to the greetings of the Tavern Club, and proceeds: ‘I can never forget that some of my happiest moments in America were spent in that delightful company. Whenever its members will make themselves known to me here [in London] they will have a right hearty welcome.’

Again we have the word of Rogers for it that when he was in congenial talk with William Warren at the supper to Lawrence Barrett, he was startled to hear Howells in the chair, saying, ‘I have promised Henry Rogers not to call upon him tonight. In fulfilment of that promise, I now ask him to speak.’ The President manifestly knew his man.

Early in the second season, on November 4, 1885, there was a dinner in honor of James Russell Lowell. A letter of Lowell’s which has recently come to light among the papers of Howells, and is included in the ‘New Letters of James Russell Lowell’ (1932), edited by the writer of these words, may be taken with virtual certainty to indicate the unwitting source of the Club song. This letter is dated December 11, 1885, and the pertinent portion of it reads as follows:

Yes, I am much obliged to the young Tavernians and answer with Bishop Golias,

Mihi est propositum in Taberna mori,
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,
Ut dicunt cum venerint angelorum chori
Deus sit propitius huic potatori!

So let 'em choose away, if not too late.

That they proceeded to 'choose away' is confirmed by another letter from Lowell to Howells, preserved in the first scrap-book, expressing thanks (December 26, 1885) for his election as an honorary member: 'I shall be very glad to join so agreeable a company.' If the purist in Latin is disturbed at finding in Lowell's quotation from the monkish twelfth-century rhymer's 'Confessio Goliaë,' certain variations from the form of the verses as adopted by the Tavern Club — *Mihi* for *Meum*, *huic* for *isti*, and a second line least of all conforming with our *Et vinum appositum sitienti ori* — let him note, to Lowell's credit, that, except for the substitution of *Mihi* for *Meum*, his rendering of the lines is confirmed in the Camden Society's edition of 'The Latin Poems Commonly Attributed to Walter Mapes, collected and edited by Thomas Wright' (1841). The lines have frequently been quoted in variant readings, and Lowell's version may be no more, or less, accurate than the Tavern's. Many translations of the rhymes into English have been attempted — J. Addington Symonds did it well, and Leigh Hunt perhaps even better, thus:

I propose to end my days — in a Tavern drinking,
May some Christian hold for me — the glass when I am shrinking;
That the Cherubim may cry — when they see me sinking,
God be merciful to a soul — of this gentleman's way of thinking.

All ignorant of these English renderings the semi-centennial historian of the Tavern ventured, thirty years ago, a translation of his own, in conclusion to the Epilogue of a Christmas play. Since it represents the Club's genial preference for *sitienti* to *morientis* and is capable, without undue effort, of singing to the tune of our familiar chant, it is reprinted here from 'Bear with Us':

'Tis my purpose here to die
In the Tavern where the dry
Still may find whereof to sip
Opposite the thirsting lip,
That the angel chorus may,
While it wafts me heavenward, say
'Crown, O Lord, with approbations
This good friend of all potations.'

And what of the tune to which the Latin words have been so often sung before Tavern Club dinners? Its composer, not a member of the Club, was Francis Boott, an uncle of Dr. Francis Boott Greenough, a Charter Member, and father-in-law of Frank Duveneck. His best-known song, 'Here's a health to King Charles,' used to shake the rafters of the Tavern, through the singing of Frank Jackson, almost as often as 'Meum Est' itself. Had Francis Boott not been more than fifty years out of college when the Tavern was founded by his kindred spirits of a far younger generation, his non-membership in the Club would be harder to understand. We can only imagine how natural it was for them to turn to him, probably through his nephew, for that contribution to the life of the Club which has made him, let us say, an honorary member of the spirit.

The first dinner to Lowell was followed, in less than a month, by a dinner to Tommaso Salvini, December 2, 1885. A brief account of it, in the handwriting of Russell Sullivan, a devoted friend of the Italian actor, describes his recitation of a dramatic poem, 'Cristoforo Colombo.' Old and in prison Columbus fancies himself once more on his voyage of discovery, and as throwing himself down when disembarked upon the shore. 'Without scenery or theatrical device of any kind, Salvini, in a dress-suit, made this extraordinary scene absolutely real. No one who saw it can possibly forget his "La Terra — la Terra!!," or the startling effect of the last moment when he flung himself at full length on the studio floor to kiss the promised land. It was and it will, probably, always remain the supreme artistic triumph in the Tavern Club's history.' As this narration proceeds, many recurrent 'supreme moments' will have to be taken for granted. At least the first, so confidently acclaimed, must be a matter of chronicle. Salvini himself provided one of these later moments when, after a second dinner in his honor (November 14, 1889), he recited an Italian version of Schiller's 'Glove.' Again in Russell Sullivan's handwriting there is a bit of record: 'As he tossed away the glove, after flinging it into the lady's face, Dr. Watson caught it up, and nailed it upon the wall, above the wainscot. Salvini, laughing, took out his pencil, and immediately wrote the following couplet:

Il mio guanto che mi fu inchiodato
Mi procura un piacer non mai provato.'

The glove is still to be seen under a glass in a corner of the dining-room. Only a few of the oldest members can recall the charm with which Colonel Lee, the second President of the Club, steeped as he was in the lore of the theatre and the European tradition, conducted the ceremonies of Salvini's second visit.

It is rather to first things than to second that we are now going back. The first New Year's celebration may have occurred in the first year of the Club, but the first record of such a fête pertains to the transition from 1885 and 1886. This consists of a large manuscript sheet headed, 'Tavern Club. This evening, New Year's Eve, there will be at the Club a grand orchestral concert.' Then follows:

Programme de la Fête

A 9 heures, ouverture des salons, conversation vive et animée. On boira. On rira.

A programme of two Kinder Symphonies, by Haydn and Romberg, the Tavern Club March and a Waltz by Gericke, is given, together with the names of performers: *Musical director*, Gericke; *Pianist*, Johns; *Violinists*, Adamowski and Loeffler; with a baker's dozen of other players, such as Bunker, *Cuckoo*; Tilden, *Triangle*; Blake, *Nightingale*; Gaugengigl both *Tambourine* and *Canary*. From the remainder of the announcement, signed 'Come if you can, Sincerely yours. G. H. Tilden,' the following bits are taken: *Après le concert on mangera quelques chose et on boira beaucoup. Nous avons qu'un temps à vivre.... A partir de minuit et demi la ponche se fera circuler vivement jusque ce qu'il n'en reste plus...*

Festiva Club. "The programme for the first of the year of the Club is given below and consists of a programme of songs.

At 4 o'clock, opening of the season, concert by the club.

At 7.30 o'clock. Concert

Orchestra		Programme	
Musician director	Winkler	Kindersymphonie	Haydn
Pianist	Winkler	Festiva Club march	Gerstner
Violinists	Winkler		
Violoncelle	Winkler	Kindersymphonie	Rosberg
Trompet	Winkler	Ball	Gerstner
Trombon	Winkler		
Trombone	Winkler		
Clarinete	Winkler	Pantomime by the Club	
Waltz	Winkler		
Viola	Winkler		
Violoncelle	Winkler		
Contra	Winkler		
Violoncelle	Winkler		
Waltz	Winkler		
Clarinete	Winkler		
Violoncelle	Winkler		
Waltz	Winkler		

Après le concert on mangera quelque chose et on boira beaucoup. Nous n'avons qu'un temps à vivre. A minuit précisément on exécutera un chœur solennel au moment de la sortie de l'an 1885 qui se changera subitement et deviendra l'entrée de la nouvelle année.

à partir de minuit et demi la fête se fera circuler vivement jusqu'à ce qu'il n'en reste plus.

à deux heures, ouverture des jeux et organisation des quadrilles qui se prolongent jusqu'à minuit.

à sept heures et quinze minutes, lever du drapeau et chœur final.

Comité d'organisation
 Minuit, 9 rue St. Julien

A sept heure et quinze minuits [sic], *lever du Soleil et chœur final*. All as naïvely gay as youth could make it!

Three months later, on March 31, 1886, came the first Narrenabend, so-called on the manuscript programme for the evening, though announced as 'A Mi-Carême Festival' in the notice of it dated March 17. The 'bright idea' of this occasion was to present a 'Dime Museum' of the period. A 'Bearded Lady,' a 'Tattooed Hero,' a 'Circassian Beauty,' 'Herr Gumhaut, the man with the elastic skin' are described in a vein of which the glorification of the 'Bearded Lady'¹ is typical:

For a number of years Madame Pastrana stubbornly resisted the solicitations of P. T. Barnum and other well-known showmen, but at last has expressed a willingness to appear in public, but only at our establishment and under our management. This gifted and accomplished lady is the proud possessor of a glorious wealth of lovely beard, whose marvelous length has called forth the most lavish expressions from the lips of the entire English-speaking world. 'A woman's crowning glory is her hair,' says an ancient writer, and the time-honored maxim seems clothed with a new meaning when we look upon this exquisite picture of ravishing loveliness, whose heaving and sensitive bosom is concealed from view by her depending beard.

An 'Overture composed expressly for the Carnival' by Herr Gericke was played by the Club orchestra and 'Lord Ullin's Daughter' with Russell Sullivan as 'Reciter,' Dennis Bunker as 'His Daughter, Oh! his daughter,' with others, including Tilden as 'The Storm,' had what may well have been the first of its many presentations in the Tavern.

¹ In Upham's recollection Gericke enacted the 'Bearded Lady.'

The first Fête Champêtre and the first Yachting Excursion came two years later, in June of 1888, after the Club had moved round the corner from Park Square into Boylston Place, but may be touched upon before that move is chronicled. The Fête Champêtre was indeed in some measure a Fête Maritime, as the Yachting Excursion of later years came to be called. According to the announcement of it a special car on a Boston and Albany train was 'to take the members of the Tavern Club to Riverside, where they will embark and proceed up the river to a point where aquatic sports will be held, followed by supper around the camp-fire. The Club will then return to Riverside by lantern-light.' Frank Watson, appointed 'Fresh Water Admiral of the Club' has described the occasion in some detail. We must pass over the sports and the unintended ignition of a quantity of fireworks in the Admiral's boat, but we cannot lose the picture of the return to the Riverside landing, when the Japanese lanterns with which the flotilla, chiefly of canoes, was bedecked had burned themselves out, and the cheerful after-dinner company was proceeding down-stream to catch a train back to Boston:

Darkness surrounding the flotilla [writes Watson], a sudden splash followed by other splashes and gurgling sounds indicated that one of the canoes had capsized. This proved to be the fact. It was that one in which George Upham, approximately six feet six inches in height, and Waddy Longfellow, approximately five feet five inches tall, occupied. Presently a voice, recognized as that of Upham, issued from the darkness, saying: 'We're all right, I am standing on the bottom.' It was immediately contradicted

by the gasping tones of Waddy, who said: 'No, I'm damned if we're all right, I can't touch bottom at all. Some of you fellows come over here and push us ashore.'

This misadventure was not the last. Upham, divested of clothing, was drying himself on the float when the train had to be caught — by him under the single covering of a long waterproof. Thinking himself safe in a car 'for members only,' he was proceeding with his rub-down when two misdirected women joined themselves to the company. Upham was hurriedly compressed into a small space — he knew not why — and was covered with all manner of spare clothing. As the women were led past the heaving mass of it, and heard the smothered oaths that came from its core, the closing scene of the first of many Fêtes Champêtres was enacted.¹

Of the Yachting Excursion that took place ten days later (June 18, 1888) it must suffice to say that one schooner, the *Gitana* of William F. Weld, and five cutters, including Tilden's *Lapwing* and Upham's *Norna*, of more lasting fame, were boarded at Hull and landed the seafarers, after watching a race off Nahant, at the Eastern Yacht Club at Marblehead Neck for dinner. With smaller fleets in subsequent years this festival has been peculiarly prized by the nautically inclined.

¹ Upham provides another version of this episode, differing only in minor details. One added item should be preserved. He had found a leaky tin pail into which he put his wet clothes. 'On his way home from the station he was accosted by a Cop. "Where are you going?" "To my home." "What have you got in that pail?" Upham explained the circumstances. "I will go home with you." It was only when they reached the house and Upham fished out a key from his wet trousers and unlocked the door that the Cop's suspicions were allayed.'

The vitality of the maritime interest in the earlier years of the Club is attested by an episode recalled jointly by Frank Bacon at the Dardanelles and Edward Reynolds here in Boston. A Tavern Club race was arranged between George Upham's cutter *Norna* and Reynolds's schooner *Lorelei*, each reputed the slowest boat of its class in Massachusetts Bay. Bacon tells the story of their 'near collision,' with Upham, at the helm of the *Norna*, exclaiming, "Boys, she *is* on the starboard tack, isn't she?" and when we assured him she *was*, he said, "Don't give him an inch!" But I, who had my head under the boom to leeward, pushed the helm over, or else the *Norna* had cut into the *Lorelei* like a carrot; and Ned gave a sickly grin, saying he thought somebody would give way, but it wasn't George, and — well, never mind the rest, only we came back to the Club and fought the race again over our dinner.'¹

By the time of this race there was an ampler abode than the Park Square rooms for members to return to after a day afield or afloat. George Monks shortly before his death, in January, 1933, related the circumstances attending the purchase of the house at 4, Boylston Place in 1887. Removal from the original rooms became

¹ Here again the last word must be with Upham, after his reading of the paragraph above: 'It might be added that this race ended in the darkness and violent squalls of a late afternoon thunderstorm, with crashes of thunder and flashes of lightning at instant intervals. George says that no one knew better the rules of the right of way than Ned Reynolds; that he, on the port tack, tried to scare me but failed to do so, pulling his helm down at the same instant that Frank Bacon pulled mine down. The boats came within a few inches of each other. The *Norna's* helm was then drawn up again; with strong headway it crossed the finish line, still on the starboard tack, a winner by several minutes.'



CHEZ BEAR
4, Boylston Place

inevitable when notice was received that No. 1, Park Square, a building controlled by Henry Lee, was marked for destruction. Somebody suggested the house in Boylston Place — nucleus of the present Club House. It was thought imprudent to make direct inquiries about it. How could the dimensions and internal arrangements be learned? For the first, on a night of heavy snowstorm a few members of the Club visited Boylston Place with a long string, and, all unobserved, took the outside measurements of the house, carefully figured and noted on the return to Park Square. For the second, a member of the staff in the architectural office of Robert Andrews was deputed to ring the doorbell, and inquire for rooms. The landlady found him hard to please, and before he left every door in the house had been opened to him. An observant eye, whether aided or not by an immediate pencil, enabled him to report with sufficient accuracy on the internal arrangement of the house. A business meeting of the Club was called for Monday evening, February 28, 1887, to decide upon the purchase of 4, Boylston Place. Beneath the notice of this meeting the earliest scrapbook contains a small blue-print of the cellar and three floors of the house as rearranged for Club purposes. The purchase was voted, and the active membership increased from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five. James G. Freeman, a Charter Member of the Club, in the business of real estate, conducted the purchase of the property and turned in his modest commission for providing the fire-irons in the front downstairs room. Recent investigations made by Henry Vaughan

at the Suffolk Registry of Deeds have established the facts that \$25,000 was paid for the property, and that conveyance was made from Hannah Willey of Boston, single woman, to Henry L. Higginson, William P. Blake, and Henry H. Sprague as Trustees for the Tavern Club. The reconstruction of the building, with the creation of the upper hall by removing all walls and ceilings beneath the pitched roof, was directed by Robert Andrews. Frank Bacon has thus described the guild-like production of it all: 'Bob Andrews made the first plans, and several of us helped. I had the oak mantel in the lower room made and carved the MEUM EST PROPOSITUM on it, which Gaugy drew out. But the good Gus Hemenway *paid* for it!'

Notices of the summer of 1887 show that the hope of installation in the new house on August 1st was a hope deferred — until September 1st. The time of the lengthening of tent-ropes must have been a time of excitement in the little company so largely of the young. Yet it was into a place of older spirits that the move was made. The Boston Library Society had moved from Essex Street to 18, Boylston Place in 1870 — a change in which a historian of that ancient institution noted a 'great loss of dignity.' Yet the Boston Medical Library Association, for respectability, was another near neighbor. Hopkinson's School was on the point of departure to the Edwin Booth house in Chestnut Street. There was still a house filled with studios. Only a few decades earlier John Lothrop Motley, on one of his sojourns in America, had lived in Boylston Place. Earlier still, before the dwelling-houses on the Tavern

Club side were built, the land they covered was occupied by a rope-walk extending from Frog Lane (Boylston Street) back to the marsh just below the present foot of Boylston Place. This was owned by Beza Tucker, a Boston merchant, who might have passed into oblivion but for the investigations of titles and rights of way resulting from the building of the garage at the foot of the Place, and for the fact that he was the father of Ralph Waldo Emerson's first wife, Ellen Tucker. When the earliest Taverners walked into their *cul-de-sac* the echo of footsteps from the past must have been far more audible than it can be in our modern gash between tall buildings.

The sense of intimacy which Frank Watson has ascribed in part to the narrow limits of the first Club rooms came with the young Taverners into their more spacious quarters. It was presumably in Park Square that the free use of first names became almost a convention of the Club. This has survived as a general, though by no means universal, practice. It is unimaginable, for example, that President Eliot could ever have been 'Charles' to any but his few intimates. Martin Brimmer, defined by Jack Chapman as 'the finest gentleman that I have ever known intimately,' was not a man with whom his juniors took casual liberties. Yet Millet has told me that on one evening, when he was enacting the part of an intoxicated Puritan, and was sitting at the same table with Mr. Brimmer, he ventured to address him as 'Martin'; and that this finest of gentlemen was heard afterwards to remark with much satisfaction, 'It is many years since anybody called me Martin.'

The year 1887, when the Club established itself in its long habitation, thus marked one notable beginning. In the following year came the first important ending, when Howells brought his term as President to a close. Since quitting the editorship of the *Atlantic* in 1881, his ties with Boston had grown less close, and early in 1887, before one of his increasingly frequent absences from home, he was seeking an acceptable substitute in his place at the head of the Tavern table. This appears in a letter to him from Charles Dudley Warner, dated March 27, 1887. Warner, the guest of honor at a dinner on January 25 of that year—in which also he was elected an honorary member of the Club—wrote from San Francisco: 'I never had such a flattering proposal as that from the Tavern Club to come and rattle round in your place in your absence.... It is difficult presiding over a club across a continent,' he proceeded, and added the capstone of his declination, 'I suppose it would be better to have a real sure enough present president and let me come when I can.' It is worth noting that in the earliest days of the Club, the idea of a non-resident president, now at length put into effect, was entertained.

Letters from Howells to George Monks, as Secretary of the Club, fill out the story. On September 11, 1887, he wrote from Lake George: 'It appears to me more and more that I am not a President but an Absident, and the position is too injuriously anomalous for us all.... You must allow me, therefore, to put an end to this unnatural state of things. If you have a Head at all, you ought to have it on your own shoulders, not wander-



THE GROUND FLOOR OF 4, BOYLSTON PLACE
Early in its occupancy

ing about the four quarters of the globe.' In this letter he tendered his resignation, but was still President when the first dinner in the new club house took place in honor of Edward Burgess at the top of fame as a yacht-designer. Charles Eliot Norton presided, and Howells wrote, in anticipation of the event: 'Imagine Mr. Norton presiding with the grace and sweetness we all know; and you should beware of him — his speeches will never form that sombre background for the Club's brilliancy which your president alone knows how to supply.'

The continued absence of Howells from Boston brought the Club — in spite of its previous designs upon Charles Dudley Warner — to the point of parting with its first President. On May 7, 1888, Howells wrote from New York: 'I am glad for the Club's sake, that you have come to the conclusion which I felt was inevitable; and I resign the Presidency with a deep and affectionate sense of the consideration shown me.' Fortunate indeed was the Tavern in a first President who could establish for his function so definite a precedent of dignity and charm. Well aware of its own debt and gratitude, the Club gave the first dinner of its second season in Boylston Place, on October 11, 1888, 'in honor of our ex-President.' Nearly twenty years later, when Howells was asked for a picture of himself, to be placed on a wall of the Club, he forwarded a photograph with these lines of the very grace and modesty which the Club had learned before to expect of him:

Tavern! where long ago I once was Host,
Let me come back again and be your Guest,
And while I share the joy of Song and Toast,
Still keep the Silence that I shine in best.

IV

COLONEL AND PROFESSOR

Henry Lee: President, 1888-1890

Charles Eliot Norton: President, 1890-1898

WHEN Howells resigned the presidency of the Tavern Club he was fifty-one years old; when Henry Lee, his successor, took the Chair he was seventy-one. The Club was still made up chiefly of young men, so that Colonel Lee must have seemed older to the average member than a man of his age would seem today. He was himself conscious of the gap, and after he had resigned, two years later, he said: 'To draw your members from a wide range, to mingle old and young, is surely desirable; but it is not wise to select your president from the oldest. You hear of practical plumbers; you should have a practical president, which I am not.'

This was the natural expression of one increasingly irked by the disabilities of age. In reality there was much to offset these disabilities — his lively interest in the arts, particularly the theatre, his charm in human intercourse, his experience in the management of important gatherings — notably as Marshal at Harvard ceremonial occasions — his place, comparable to that which his younger kinsman Henry Lee Higginson, was to take, as 'leading citizen.' In the annals of the Tavern, two feasts over which Colonel Lee presided stand out with special lustre — a supper to Coquelin after his first appearance in Boston, on October 29, 1888, and a dinner to Tommaso Salvini on November 14, 1889.

Apparently neither the French comedian nor the Boston 'Colonel' faced the Tavern Club on the first of these occasions without misgivings. A newspaper clipping preserves the report that when Coquelin, in New York, was asked to accept the hospitality of the Club, he, or his manager, caused a careful investigation of the respectability of the Club to be made before the invitation was accepted. For all his experience in post-prandial speech, Colonel Lee might have felt a certain relief had the invitation been declined. After he had resigned his presidency he reverted to the Coquelin supper in a speech at a dinner (March 17, 1891) in honor of Henry Lee Higginson and himself: 'I remember the night of M. Coquelin's reception;—I had been to the theatre and escorted a lady friend to her carriage. While waiting for the coachman to drive up she saw that I was quaking, my teeth chattering, and ascribing it to the cold she kindly desired me to leave her. I replied that the occupation was a relief, that I was trembling with fear, not with cold, that I was engaged to welcome M. Coquelin in French and English, and that I was nearly dead with fright.' A manuscript brief of his speech at this supper is preserved by one of his grandsons, a present member of the Club, and suggests that there was no occasion for alarm on the speaker's part.

A fuller version of Henry Lee's speech at the dinner to Salvini is also extant. The flavor of its opening words is characteristic: 'When M. Coquelin visited us last year, I naturally indulged in reminiscences of the famous actors I had seen on the Paris stage. As I went on he stared at me, and at last, with a look of incredulity, he

explained, "*Mais, monsieur! vous n'avez pas vu ces acteurs?*" "*Oui, monsieur. Je les ai vu très souvent.*" "*Mais, monsieur, quel âge avez vous donc?*" "*Oh, monsieur! c'est trop fort.*" Both the Coquelin and the Salvini dinners are described at some length in the scrap-book — the second in the clear handwriting of Russell Sullivan, whose English version of an Italian poem to Salvini, there transcribed, is the earliest contribution to the Tavern's vast anthology of rhyme. The story of Schiller's and Salvini's Glove is told in the preceding chapter.

When Wilhelm Gericke ended his first term as Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in the Spring of 1889, Henry Lee presided — with the felicity attested by the surviving notes of his remarks — at a farewell dinner in the musician's honor. 'The wrinkled sunshine of his face' — to borrow a happy phrase of Owen Wister's — was not otherwise so often seen at the Club as he and its members must have wished. In the retrospective speech — after his resignation — to which allusion has already been made, he summed up his view of his relations with the Club: 'As we are together once again, there is one subject of mutual felicitation; we have kept our promises, we have fulfilled our assurances. I warned you that through age and infirmity I should frequently disappoint you, and I have; — you assured me that you would spare and support me, and you have done so most loyally.' Short as this presidency was, the distinction of its holder clearly enhanced the prestige of the young Club.

The farewell dinner to Gericke was but one of many occasions of honoring the art of music. Concerts and

evenings of informal music — provided by Gericke, the Adamowski brothers and their string quartette, Loeffler, Clayton Johns, William Winch, Eliot Hubbard, and other members and non-members, including both local musicians and visiting stars of the first magnitude — were of frequent occurrence, probably more frequent than any other form of entertainment. There was also a close enough relation with the theatre to afford many occasions for hospitality to visiting actors of the first importance, though not of the pre-eminence of Coquelin and Salvini. The Club was indeed a little home of the arts, as of many other human activities when practised by artists in living. With Morton Prince, George Upham, and other public-spirited citizens among the most active of active members, it hardly need be said that the building of the subway and the present Boston Public Library, and other civic and artistic enterprises, derived much impetus from discussions within the Tavern walls, though the Club as such had nothing to do with them.

Charles Eliot Norton, as an exponent of civilizing influences, was called upon to preside at several dinners of unusual interest before he himself became President of the Club. One of these was a dinner (February 10, 1888) in honor of his lifelong friend George William Curtis, at which Lowell read portions of the Epistle to Curtis which, in 1887, he had extended by a Post-script added to verses written in 1874. About a year later Norton presided also at one of the most distinguished dinners in the history of the Club, when Lowell was the guest of honor on his own seventieth birthday. The manuscript of the poem read by Oliver Wendell Holmes

on that occasion hangs in the dining-room at the left of the pool-room door. In Frank Watson's memories of the Club this Lowell dinner stands out, as it does with the few other surviving attendants, as one of the points at which the Tavern tide rose to its highest.

It is so much the fashion in these later days to deflate the value of Lowell and all his circle on the exchange of literature and its history, that it is worth while to pause for a moment and consider the contemporaneous quotations on these securities of the mind and spirit. Looking back over twenty-five years, Watson could still write, 'Classic learning and culture, patriotism, public service, and poetry all had their places in those who addressed the Club that night,' and could recall in each speaker a recognition of the personal and national influence of all the others. Besides Holmes with his poem, there were President Eliot and Judge Hoar as speakers. The remarks of Norton himself set the key-note of honest satisfaction in all the implications of the gathering, which was so genuine at the time that the depreciation of it all by modern sophisticates presents a diametric contrast in points of view with respect to our New England Victorians. May we venture to wave the following red rag before the bull of present-day censure?

To the dead [said Norton] as to the living poets of New England of the generation that has passed and is passing we owe a twofold debt, measureless for their work and for their lives. I know not where in the long record of literature you shall find a band of contemporary poets like ours, who have so completely justified and expressed their poetry in their lives. Sweet and pure as their verse

has been the current of their days. They are their own best poems. It would be hard to exaggerate the worth of this harmony of their words and of their lives in its effect upon the character of their people.

George William Curtis would have been there, but for a disabling lameness. The greater part of a letter which he wrote for reading at the dinner may speak for him:

Whether you shall praise him [Lowell] as poet, statesman, citizen, or man — for he shows ‘that such harmony is in immortal souls’ — your words to be true must burn and glow and to every one my heart will whisper amen.

He belongs to the circle of our *dii majores* in letters, whose wit, wisdom, insight, comprehensive sympathy, and American impulse has created our literature. In no national literature is there a more distinctive and characteristic strain than that of Hosea Biglow, while the solemn and majestic music of the Commemoration Ode intermingles with that of Wordsworth and Milton, as ‘from Alp to Alp leaps the live thunder.’

But the service of the group to which Lowell belongs has been scarcely less signal in moulding the national life than in creating the national literature. They have shown us that America does not mean swagger and bluster and servility to the mob, but independence, courage, confidence in liberty, constancy to great principles and high ideals, the America of Washington and Lincoln. There is no man living who has more truly illustrated that spirit, who has spoken more directly and persuasively to the sane mind and clear conscience of the country, than Lowell.

It is good to free our minds about him, even — if it must be so — in his own presence. It is well to show to ourselves what kind of man and American we respect, and could I only be with you, whose boundless kindness I have had

good reason to know, I should say to your faces that I honor you the more because you honor James Russell Lowell.

A letter from Howells, reluctantly absent in New York, speaks for the gratitude and affection which found later expression in the reminiscences of Lowell in his 'Literary Friends and Acquaintance.' A single sentence from this letter must suffice to recall one phase of late nineteenth century feeling: 'It is a thrilling thought that the man who sits coeval with you at your board tonight is destined to be the contemporary of every man who loves letters, the friend of every man who wills well to his kind, as long as our language lasts, but for our own sake let us realize this fine fact, even if we seem a little cruel to his modesty in doing it.'

To recall the time and the evening in its completeness one more letter must be spread before the reader—a letter from which mere extracts cannot be taken without impairment of its value as a document of New England literary history. Here then is Whittier's word from the older generation to the younger:

Oak Knoll, Danvers
Feb'y. 20th /89.

Geo. H. Monks, Esq.
Sec'y. Tavern Club,

Dear Friend,

I am sorry that I am unable to avail myself of the invitation to the dinner which your club honors itself in giving to my esteemed friend, James Russell Lowell.

He can look back upon a life full of noble achievement in literature and public service. It seems somewhat strange

to me, that I must own myself ten years his senior, when I remember that as head master of the Atlantic Monthly School, he had me for one of his pupils and sat, I confess, in lenient judgment upon doubtful grammar, limping lines and incompatible rhymes.

I am glad I am ahead of him in age, but he is on the inevitable road, and can say as Latimer did to Ridley when he lagged behind on the way to the stake: 'Have after you, as fast as I can follow!'

It was hardly to be expected that our friend's double, the inimitable Hosea Biglow, would survive his transplantation to English fogs, state dinners and Court etiquette, but I hope he will not be forgotten at your banquet. I don't know that his name is on the list of those who claim the salvation of the Union, but it ought to be there. The guns of Grant and Sherman knocked in pieces the old slave Confederacy, but it was already badly shaken up by a Continental explosion of laughter, the train of which was fired by the bard of Jaalam.

But if the double is missing, the man who made him is not. The hand that wrote *Sir Launfal* and the Commemoration Ode has not lost its cunning. You will give him a generous and hearty reception. The 'Judge' from Concord will be there. Dr. Holmes, though he has given away his Medical Library, is not out of practice and will attend you.

But, looking about the table, something will be missed. Who fills the chair of Emerson? Where is the benediction of Longfellow's face? Where the gloom and grandeur of Hawthorne's? Where are Motley and Taylor, and Fields and Whipple? Another decade will find the gaps in the circle wider. As the swift years go on I hear the nearing footsteps of those who will take our places; and for myself I cheerfully welcome them. We have had our day; a day of great occasions and opportunities. If their lot shall be cast in a less eventful period, they will still find life real and earnest enough to task their best endeavors. We

leave them the benefit of our experience of success or failure, and our sincere God speed.

Truly thy friend

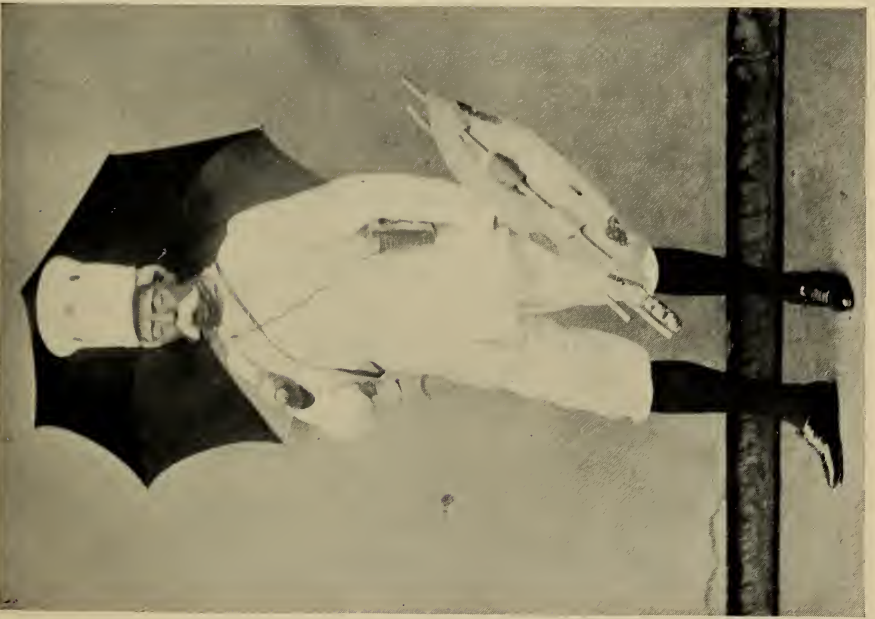
John G. Whittier

First virtually and then actually Vice President of the Club, Norton, on various occasions performed the function of President so acceptably before Lee's resignation that his own election to the presidency in 1890 must have been a foregone conclusion. In the eight years of his holding office the succession of dinners, suppers, musical evenings, and entertainments of other kinds was rapid and varied. It is necessary here — as throughout this narration — to proceed upon the *ex uno disce omnes* principle, at least to the extent of directing attention to a few points instead of attempting anything like a complete record.

Let us look first then at the evening 'In Darkest Africa,' January 23, 1891. A passage from the diary of Edward Robinson describes it thus:

Lecture on 'Darkest Africa' at Tavern Club tonight. History as follows: Club invited Stanley to dinner as soon as it knew of the date of his sailing for America. No response. Within a few days of his arrival in Boston, telegram was sent him asking whether he would accept. Mrs. Stanley replied, saying he could not. Club then decided to have its own Darkest Africa. Notices sent to all members requesting them to send original illustrations, in black and white, on any topics which 'Darkest Africa' might suggest.

The published 'Journal of Thomas Russell Sullivan' takes up the story:



CURTIS GUILD, JR., 'IN DARKEST AFRICA'

At the Tavern Club on the 23rd, the lecture on 'Darkest Africa,' illustrated with lantern slides by the members, surpassed our highest hopes of it. Curtis Guild, Jr., the lecturer, came forth as a black Stanley in white duck. Then gravely took off all his clothes and delivered his lecture as a savage, in black tights with a yellow codpiece and a necklace of leaves. The drawings were all amusing and many were careful and artistic. Jephson, Stanley's aide, was present, the only guest.

The evening illustrated admirably the couplet inscribed on the foot of the first Narrenabend poster (1888):

Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find.

The humors of the entertainment survive in photographs of Curtis Guild in startling contrasts of black and white, and of thirty slides employed in his lecture. One can understand Robinson's writing in his journal; 'Don't know when I have laughed so long or so loud.'

About three months later, on April 24, 1891, came a farewell dinner to Jack Tilden, Elliot Lee and Appleton Brown 'before their departure from Boston.' Tilden and Lee were setting forth on journey round the world. The event was announced as a 'Dress Reform Dinner,' and members were 'requested to appear in such costume as they may consider appropriate for such an occasion.' If there is nothing to show for the motley wear thus suggested, the Club is fortunate at least in possessing — and preserving on a wall of the billiard room — the elaborate credentials with which the globe-circlers were

armed by the Tavern for their journey. The parchment reads as follows:

To all Princes, Potentates and Powers of all the Kingdoms of the Earth and to all Corporations, Clubs, Societies and Natural Persons to whom these Presents may come, Greetings:

Know Ye that Whereas, our well beloved and trusted Companions, George Horton Tilden, Doctor of Medicine, and Eliot [*sic*] Cabot Lee, Money Changer, have received from us permission to explore all places of the Earth, as Missionaries, and as such, to see the things they ought not to see and to do the things they ought not to do, and have been commanded to report to us the results of their explorations, for the instruction and edification of ourselves and of generations yet unborn,

Now Therefore, you are requested to afford to our Companions safe conduct through your Dominions, and also all aid, comfort and hospitality in your power, and to endorse upon this parchment, with your honored names, the time when and the place where you have, in amity and good fellowship, received our Companions to the end, that when this parchment is returned to us by our Companions, we may preserve it among our Archives, and Enrol your names, in perpetual memory, among the Benefactors of the Tavern Club, where, at the Sign of the Bear, shall be extended to you reciprocal courtesy and hospitality for ever.

Given under the Name and the Great Seal of the Tavern Club at Boston in the County of Suffolk and Commonwealth of Massachusetts in the United States of America, this twenty-fourth day of April in the Year of Our Lord, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Ninety-One and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and fifteenth.

Charles Eliot Norton, President
Martin Brimmer, First Vice President
Henry M. Rogers, Second Vice President

Besides the signatures of President and Vice Presidents, the document bears the names of the Secretary and Executive Committee. Most noteworthy of all are the autographs and endorsements with which it was returned to the Tavern. Early in their wanderings the travellers were entered as visitors at the Tokyo and Canton Clubs, in May and October respectively. Before the end of the year they appear to have been received by Prince Mingoan, Mandalay, and the Lama of a Buddhist Monastery at Darjeeling. Under the heading 'Agra, Jan. 1st 1892' appear the words, 'Idiot Boy of Agra Suckled by Jackals in the Jungle — His Mark' — with a convincing hieroglyphic. The High Priest of a Mahomedan Mosque and a Parsee Inhabitant of Bombay — employing, like many other signers of the document, their native script — are represented; and finally, as if home were nearly in sight, Wilhelm Gericke in Vienna and Henry Irving in London. The joining of all these with such august names as Charles Eliot Norton and Martin Brimmer gives the memento a peculiar pungency.

Seventeen large and beautiful photographs in the Club scrap-book bring to some semblance of life another memorable evening on which the Tavern proved abundantly sufficient to itself. Never before had it ventured so ambitious a dramatic undertaking as the revival of 'The Maid's Tragedy' by Beaumont and Fletcher, with a prologue made for the occasion by Barrett Wendell, a prime mover in the whole enterprise. A note at the foot of the programme reveals some trepidation on the part of the performers: 'Aware of the difficulty involved in a literary experiment in which the language and the

manners of a past age must be frankly revived, the company beg that their serious effort to make this occasion historically interesting may have the sympathetic consideration of the audience.' Again a picture of a notable night is found in Russell Sullivan's 'Journal':

March 4 [1892]. 'The Maid's Tragedy,' produced tonight at the Tavern, was triumphantly successful. Though the acting was merely that of intelligent amateurs, there were absolutely no hitches, and the great situations passed with something like professional smoothness. The large audience of club members was not only interested from first to last, but very enthusiastic. Its temper helped the thing amazingly. We had feared that there would be more or less 'guying' at some points of the very outspoken dialogue. Instead of that, all listened breathlessly, and the murder of the King, admirably conceived by John Heard and Edward Robinson, made a profound impression. Wendell had written a prologue in blank verse, which he recited simply and well, and his vigorous interpretation of the soldier brother in the play was really fine. To him justly belonged the honors. He was loudly recalled at the end, and toasted very cordially at supper afterward. Our stage was hung with superb old tapestries, and all the costumes and accessories were carefully considered, handsome and appropriate. Altogether, we are well out of it. As this is the first known revival of the play in fifty years, our cast is worth recording: —

King	John Heard, Jr.
Amintor	Arlo Bates
Melantius	Barrett Wendell
Evadne	Edward Robinson
Strato	T. R. Sullivan
Diphilus	R. C. Sturgis
Dula	J. T. Bowen
Lady	I. Braggiotti.



BARRETT WENDELL
As Melantius in 'The Maid's Tragedy'

Once more the 'Journal' of Russell Sullivan revives an evening which takes its place, in long memories, beside the celebration of Lowell's seventieth birthday:

December 12 [1892]. Tonight an amusing and interesting dinner to the constructors of the World's Fair Buildings, in Chicago, was given at the Tavern Club, Mr. Norton presiding. Excellent speeches were made by Richard Hunt, Frank Millet, Charles W. Warren, Martin Brimmer, Henry Higginson, and others, after which photographs of buildings, sculpture, and decoration were shown with a stereopticon. Hunt's speech opened with a touching incident. In introducing him Professor Norton had made a reference to his dead brother, William Hunt, the painter. The architect rose, to tremendous applause. 'Gentlemen—' he began, then choked, and stood for some time trembling and silent, with the tears rolling down his cheeks. 'I can't help it,' at last he burst out: 'my brother—damn it, gentlemen, the most poetic man I ever knew!' The talk was largely descriptive, but the praises of New England and Chicago made a kind of antiphonal chorus. All the men assured us that this was the first recognition of their work at the exhibition, made outside of Chicago itself. The artistic guests numbered about twenty.

'The prosperity of Chicago, and the success of the Columbian Exposition as an expression of the poetic genius of America' was the toast to which Norton, at the conclusion of his introductory remarks, called upon Daniel H. Burnham, 'one of the master spirits' of the enterprise, to respond. 'Mr. Burnham, Mr. Olmstead, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Van Brunt, Mr. Peabody, Mr. White, Mr. Adler, Mr. St. Gaudens, and their associates—I cannot name them all': so the roll of guests was called in part by 'the Chair.' Sullivan's allusion to the anti-

phonal praises of New England and Chicago — New York might well have been included — justifies the quotation of the anecdote with which Norton introduced a guest not named above. If it was a new story forty years ago, it may now be old enough for a second newness. It was a story he had recently heard about a Boston and a Chicago mouse:

These two mice [said Norton] were one evening introduced to each other, and in a remarkably short time made a very fast friendship. After having exhausted the pleasures of the more usual places of amusement, they decided to make a night of it, and after what I fear, gentlemen, must have been a round of very great revelry, they ended by falling into a pan of cream. The Boston mouse swam slowly round the edges of the pan, and most conscientiously examined them for any possible avenue of escape, found none, swam to the middle of the pan, folded its paws upon its breast, sank to the bottom and was drowned. The Chicago mouse, without any particular plan, swam rapidly round and round the pan all night, and in the morning walked out on a nice pat of butter. Gentlemen, permit me to introduce to you one of Chicago's most energetic of mice — Mr. Ellsworth.

George Upham provides an epilogue for the evening, in the remembrance that the official photographer of the Fair, who had come from Chicago to display early views of the buildings, expressed surprise on the morning after the dinner that the Boston newspapers contained no mention of it. 'In Chicago,' he declared, 'such an occasion would have been described on every front page.' 'Not here,' replied Upham with a pride proper to Boston and the Tavern. There was indeed ample

occasion for pride in the vision and energy of a small club which assembled in Boston so distinguished a company, so far from local in its ingredient parts, and provided an evening so memorable to guests and to hosts.

Less than a year later, on December 1 and 4, 1893, came two other evenings that may be called extra-territorial. The first was a supper in honor of the French pantomimists Madame Pilar Morin and Monsieur Aimé Lachaume, who came to the Tavern after their public performance in Boston to give two pantomimes, 'Sapho' and 'Pitou Soldat,' for the second of which M. Lachaume had composed the music, played on this occasion by Loeffler, Josef Adamowski, and other members of the Symphony Orchestra who were not members also of the Tavern. This was the first performance of the pantomime on any stage. The memory of it was long embalmed with a special circumstance of the evening—the marked interest of a bachelor member of extreme propriety in the vivacious French actress, a circumstance which for many subsequent years he was not permitted to forget. The Visitors' Autograph Book at the Club contains a dashing signature 'Lilli Lehmann, First Lady Member,' recalling the introduction of a feminine artist to the precincts of the Club even before the appearance of Mme. Pilar Morin. Otherwise, except for occasional 'special performances' and exhibitions, the honors and pleasures of the Club have been steadily masculine.

It was France again that figured in the next occasion to be mentioned. This was the dinner to Paul Bourget on December 4, 1894. As a new member at the time

I recall it for a startling contrast — between my perfect comprehension of the speech, in French, with which Martin Brimmer, then Vice President of the Club, introduced the guest of honor, and the difficulty of pouncing upon more than an occasional word in the exceedingly fluent response of that guest. Yet there are, fortunately, more tangible reminders of the evening. One of them is found in Bourget's 'Outre Mer: Impressions of America.' A Chapter on 'American Pleasures' in that volume contains a passage beginning, 'One of the most representative clubs which I saw was the Tavern Club of Boston,' and dealing at some length with points about the Club which seemed to him 'to characterize well the particularly healthy state of American dilettantism' — a term that carried no hint of derogation. It is possible here to cite only the three points he names, without giving his elaboration of them: '1. The respect of the young for their elders, and also the respect of the elders for the young.... 2. The profound knowledge of foreign literatures and arts.... 3. The absence of every element of libertinage in conversation and the mind.' Forty years later it is worth while to exhume these observations of a penetrating European. Whatever memories he carried away with him must have been less definite than the copy of a speech made at the dinner in his honor, and preserved, in manuscript, in the archives of the Club. It is one of several such speeches made by Oliver Wendell Holmes, then a Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, of which he became Chief Justice in 1899. In 1894 he was elected to the Tavern, of which he has been an honorary member

since 1894. Twenty years later (in 1914) he wrote, 'The Tavern Club is the only club with a habitation, I believe, that I ever have joined since I left college.' Thus he spoke at the Bourget dinner:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:—

I have a double reason to thank you for your hospitality in giving me a chance to meet M. Bourget. He is a friend of a very dear friend of mine, whom we all admire—Mr. Henry James—and both before and since I knew of that ground of personal interest his books have said many things to me which I was very glad to hear. Men are like trees. Without a core which has grown in the past they could not stand—but that core is dead, or at least has ceased to feel, and their life is in the little film of bark where the tissue is just forming. Only those exist for us who nourish that slender film. There are few who take for granted just the things which we demand that they should and who say just what we long to hear. I well remember the feeling of delighted intellectual ease with which I read the *Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine* when they first appeared.

It would be out of place to rehearse at length one's debts to your guest. But one I must venture to mention already referred to by Mr. Wendell—the Marquis de Montfanon in *Cosmopolis*. Who could be more remote from our every day conceptions than he! In a country where the duel has been given up for a hundred years, only the orthodox or the conceited take themselves seriously. The sentimental optimism of New England thinks of war as all but over—the cynical ideal of commerce is Jay Gould, not General Sherman. If, as I suspect, New England is wrong—if possibly commerce is not going to have everything its own way in the future, the types that are bred from war still have value for us. But if not—if, as, externally, idealists usually are, the gentleman and the soldier is a survival, still it is a joy to some of us to see embodied in a

lovely picture man's most peculiar power — the power to deny the actual and to perish.

Common sense very often means taking the meaner view. When I feel myself too much mastered by such views, I remember that in my youth I knew some who with different form and color were of the type of M. de Montfanon, and I thank your guest for having enriched my life with this noble portrait.

What Bourget left behind him at the Tavern is an autograph in the Visitors' Book — with a footnote in the form of an ink-blot, which would have passed unnoticed but for the pencilled annotation, presumably by the guest himself, '*Larme authentique de P. Bourget.*'

Out of chronological order as it is to mention another page in this volume, I cannot refrain from calling attention to two other autographs. One I saw written, in enormous characters, by a visitor I had brought to lunch in the innocuous capacity of a contributor to the *Youth's Companion*. He wrote — for respectability to read without its glasses:

Yours for the Revolution

Jack London

Beneath it, on the same page at a later day another visitor wrote in the smallest and neatest of English-men-of-letters script,

There won't be no Revolution

H. G. Wells

There were two dinners during Norton's presidency that deserve remembrance for special incidents. The

"And there was Light."



DOUGLAS THOMAS AND 'WADDY' LONGFELLOW

Sketch by F. S. Sturgis

first of them, on April 24, 1895, in honor of Rudyard Kipling, was marked by his reading 'The Banjo' before the verses now familiar made their first appearance in print. It was memorable also for one of those after-dinner speeches of which Mr. Justice Holmes held so complete a mastery:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:

If I were dividing human interests I should put feeling at one pole, and explanation at the other. And therefore I should say that artists on the one side, and philosophers or jurists on the other were as far apart as men could be. But however great the difference, it's a difference between men. We are all human, and even a lawyer may lay his wreath of dry leaves at Mr. Kipling's feet. I leave it to others to do justice to him as an artist, as a born story teller who has rediscovered the careless confidence of touch of the great masters. But I will say a word on a more universal aspect in which his work has presented itself to me. In talking with one or two laboring men more or less prominent as leaders in their efforts for change I have said to them several times, 'I see that you and your people have *aims*, but I don't see that you have *ideals*. Have you read Mr. Kipling's stories? Mulvaney and Ortheris, although they would not have known what the word meant, had ideals. Mulvaney and Ortheris did believe, and to read about them makes others believe, that there is something in the world besides comfort, something worth living and worth dying for.' Mr. Kipling has written war songs. He has lifted up our hearts and made it easier to be valiant.

In literature I think there are three stages. There is the stage of primitive innocence. There is the stage of knowing negations, when *chic* is the superlative of excellence and Mephistopheles is God. And there is at last something on the other side of *chic*, where greatness begins.

It is better to be knowing than to be innocent, but it is better still to have reached that upper ether where the lightning of Judic's or Gyp's blasting wink cannot reach. Unless I am mistaken, it is in that upper ether that our guest belongs.

At the second, a dinner (November 24, 1896) in honor of Rudolph C. Lehmann, the English rowing coach at Harvard, Henry L. Higginson, then a vice president, was presiding, and a guest, William Everett, trained like the visiting Briton at the English Cambridge, was speaking — when Joseph Bigelow, a member of the Club, unexpectedly brought upon the scene the Duke of the Abruzzi, then visiting Boston. 'As soon as the royal guest was seated' — to draw yet again upon Frank Watson's remembrances — 'Dr. Everett resumed his interrupted speech, but instead of continuing it in English or adhering to the thread of his previous discourse, he turned a moment aside from it to recite in most admirable Italian a stanza from Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata," which was entirely appropriate as a greeting to the royal guest. Everett had had no intimation of the coming of the Duke of the Abruzzi, and the recital of the stanza in Italian was an absolutely unpremeditated affair, and an example of his well-known powers of memory.' This incident is related also in Russell Sullivan's 'Journal.'

The Lehmann dinner was notable besides as the occasion of another of the speeches by Mr. Justice Holmes that have been preserved:

I once spent a summer at Niagara Falls and on the Fourth of July I went down to see a man go through the rapids in

a boat of his own construction. I got there a little late and the man was drowned before I arrived. Afterwards a lady, talking of the accident, said that if the attempt had promised any possible good to his fellowmen the case would have been different, but that in the circumstances she could not see any justification for a pure waste of life. I replied, Madam, on the contrary, precisely because it was not useful it was a perfect expression of the male contribution to our common stock of morality. Woman, who is the mother, contributes living for another — the ideal of unselfishness. Man who is the breadwinner and the fighter, contributes what boys used to call doing a stump.

Perhaps the application was a paradox but the thought is true. An ideal is a principle of conduct carried to its abstract absolute and therefore useless expression, and when you find such an expression in life it has the final charm. Why do we send expeditions to the North Pole? It is nothing but nations doing stumps to one another. America gets to a certain latitude and then England or some other country says, 'I think I can get a little higher,' and tries; and if she succeeds she has a superlative and double satisfaction, the pride of victory and that of having done a feat which is useless — which is purely ideal — like the Cambridge don who invented an ingenious mathematical theorem and said, 'The best thing about it is that no one can make any use of it for anything.'

You see where I am coming out — what is a boat race? What difference does it make that one crew can row three miles ten seconds quicker than another? In the immediate, in the coarse and directly practical sense, it makes no difference at all. Yet who is there with soul so dead that he does not care more for it than for most useful things — that he would not take a life-long pride in helping to win one — or to make a worthy contest? This uselessness is the highest kind of use. It is kindling and feeding the ideal spark without which life is not worth living. There

are other reasons of which I will not speak which make me glad to welcome our guest here tonight. But this one I may mention in all seriousness as sufficient, that he is here generously to fan that spark and to help to keep alive the old tradition which tells men that to be enduring and disciplined and brave is not less an end of life than to shine in the stock market and to be rich.

Less than three months later came an evening of more than common significance, when, on February 22, 1897, an original play 'Raleigh in Guiana,' by Barrett Wendell, was presented by members of the Club. As an expression of the Elizabethan spirit it was related to what had gone before and what was still to come in the form of Christmas celebrations. Less tangibly it was related to an episode in the artistic history of Boston in which members of the Tavern Club were deeply involved. Wendell published the play, with two other dramatic compositions, five years after its first production. In the Introduction to the volume containing it he wrote: 'Certain disputes about a work of art, at that time exciting local interest, had led some friends, in the warmth of discussion, to inform me that I was temperamentally inartistic. Stirred by this intimate frankness, I found myself eager to express, as well as I could, sentiments which had long been gathering about my thoughts concerning the character, the fate, and the historical significance of Sir Walter Raleigh.' The writing of the play resulted, and Wendell proceeded to say, 'I proposed that it be performed at a small club, where the dispute which provoked it into being had arisen.'

None but the young need to be reminded that the dispute had to do with the 'Bacchante' of MacMonnies and the impropriety — some preferred to call it the inappropriateness — of placing it in the courtyard of the Public Library, then just built. Russell Sullivan's 'Journal' touches more than once upon what he calls the 'absurd Bacchante controversy,' and, though the gentlest of diarists, characterizes the opponents of the statue as 'howling dervishes.' He places among them 'President Eliot, H. U., Professor Norton, Robert Grant, Barrett Wendell, and others, who regard it as "a menace to the Commonwealth."' If any arteries were suspected of hardening at the time, sensibilities have hardened so vastly more in recent decades that the whole affair seems now fantastic. It is nevertheless an amusing bit of Tavern history that Wendell's 'Raleigh in Guiana' was related so closely, by the author himself, to the Bacchante episode. But the play became more than an item of Club history, through a production by its Tavern players, at the invitation of the Harvard Department of English, on March 22, 1897, in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge. The Elizabethan setting, used two years earlier for a performance of Ben Jonson's 'Silent Woman,' the audience, described in Sullivan's 'Journal' as 'all the fine flower of Boston and Cambridge,' the response of the amateur actors to the stimulus of their surroundings made a memorable night of it, well calculated to remove from Barrett Wendell the stigma of the 'temperamentally inartistic.'

The Elizabethan spirit had already revealed itself in Christmas celebrations at the Tavern, and was to

crop out annually for some time to come. For the first three years in Boylston Place (1888-89-90) the Christmas notices that have been preserved suggest nothing more than 'the usual Christmas tree,' to which the members brought gifts for distribution. In 1891 a 'Lord of Misrule,' Curtis Guild, Jr., was promised, together with old time 'features' and dishes, wassail, ancient Christmas sports, snapdragon, mumming, fool plough — the 'most perfect reproduction of the ancient Christmas festival ever seen on this continent,' as who shall say it may not have been in 1891? For the next Christmas the masque (unreported) of the previous season was provided with new dialogue and a new cast, and new Christmas customs of the Elizabethan era, including — apparently for the first time — the Sword Dance, were introduced. For 1893 George Baker prepared a masque, introducing a Morality of 1559, and again there were the 'usual gifts.' The spacious days of Elizabethan gave place in 1894 to Boston scenes of 1690, still with the Sword Dance, and in 1895 to a Restoration Christmas of 1660 at Bearflown Hall, Warwickshire. The catalogue might be extended to exhibit a shifting of periods, before and after the literally Elizabethan time, yet a survival of the spirit of antiquity, and the establishment of a tradition which made a dramatic unit of the Tavern Christmas ending only when the boar's head, previously borne round the dinner table to the singing of '*caput apri affero*,' makes its reappearance, and disappearance, at a late supper. But the gathering of the members, in the spirit of the Christmas festival, stamps the indelible impression of repeated years — even when one is not

helped to remember it all by the murmuring one night of an historically minded visiting non-resident from New York: 'Very remarkable assemblage — very remarkable — nothing like it since the Council of Nicaea!'

Never so far as to the fourth century has the Tavern turned back for its Christmas material. Yet it has gone as far into the past as the Crusades, as the 'Christmas Masque' preserved in the same volume with Barrett Wendell's 'Raleigh in Guiana' may be cited to witness. Since this was probably the most ambitious Christmas production ever undertaken at the Tavern, a passage from Wendell's 'Introduction' to the 'Raleigh in Guiana' volume may well be quoted — though a little prematurely at this point — for its contribution to Tavern history:

At the club where 'Raleigh in Guiana' was first acted, it has been customary to celebrate Christmas Eve by a dramatic performance, written annually for the occasion; and these performances have assumed distinctly conventional form. The first part is regularly given on the lower story of the Club-house; at its close, the whole company, led by the actors, ascend to a dining-room, where a Christmas dinner is served, during which — at intervals — the masque proceeds, and there are toasts, songs, and a Boar's Head, and the like; when dinner is done, the company are again led upstairs by the actors, and in a large hall above the masque is formally concluded.

Last Christmas-tide [1901] my friend, Mr. Winthrop Ames, conceived the most elaborate pageant on which the club has yet ventured. The Club-house was to be transformed, by some ingenious scenic devices, into the likeness of a mediæval castle; and the company, who were to assemble in costumes of Crusading times, were not to be

a mere body of spectators, but actually to participate, so far as aspect went, in the masque thus given. Mr. Ames thereupon devised and wrote out an elaborate plot; and professing, with justice, that this was quite enough to expect from any one man, he requested me to write the dialogue. Though he kindly gave me leave to treat his plot as freely as I chose, I found myself disposed to alter it very little. The resulting *Christmas Masque*, then, is Mr. Ames's in plot; in character, it is inextricably his and mine; and it is mine in phrase.

A reading of the masque, in its readily accessible form, will serve better than any terms of description to suggest what a Tavern Christmas, admirably conceived and admirably executed, can be. Though it may be said of the celebration in general that 'the play's the thing,' other points of ritual have established themselves — especially the mailing to all members of the Christmas verses written each year by one of their number, and the toast, at the dinner, to 'The Absent — the Living and the Dead.' Present pleasures and treasured memories are closely intertwined.

Of course these dinners have always been 'for members only.' It was inevitable, however, that others have wished at times to attend them, and one instance of the attainment of such a wish must be recorded. The story has to do with Robert Chanler, of New York, who later became a non-resident member. It is related in a letter from Winthrop Ames:

He [Chanler] had been put up at The Tavern, and one afternoon at cocktail time downstairs announced his intention of staying over in Boston an extra day to see the Christmas show. When told the show was for members

only he pretended to take great offense at such lack of hospitality. It was a club rule, was it? Well, the Chanlers made it a point never to obey rules — it was against their code. He proposed to come anyhow. What could The Taverners do if he should — throw him out into the snow in the alley by main force? Hardly a gentlemanly way, he thought, to treat a temporary member. Anyhow, he was going to make a test case of it, and come. All this, of course, in mock seriousness. Nobody believed he would come.

In the show I was Father Time and wore a long white beard. I still remember the difficulty of eating through that beard and had to nourish myself largely on champagne in consequence. At a certain point during dinner a large box was brought to me, which I opened to disclose a plump, pretty four-year-old boy — naked boy — the New Year. I introduced him and then set him on the long table to run the full length of it to Holker Abbott (Lord of Misrule) as a present to The Taverners. As I watched the kid folded in Holker's arms I saw standing at the opposite end of the room an extremely tall waiter with a curiously familiar face. It was Bob Chanler in complete waiter's get-up. He saw me looking at him, winked, I think, and then went on solemnly and conscientiously waiting.

For a minute I wondered whether to tell, but decided not to. Bob must somehow have discovered the employment agency where the steward got extra hands for the Christmas dinner and got himself hired on.

The rest of that evening is pretty hazy in my mind, but I am rather sure that Bob did not reveal his identity; and if any other Taverner spotted him, he also held his peace. The next day Bob was gone.

May I yield to the temptation to introduce, again prematurely, another letter from a violator of the 'members only' rule? It has turned up recently among some old papers of my own, and the postmark on its envelope

shows that it was written on the day after the Narrenabend of April 1, 1901, when 'Mr. Jarley's Wax Works' were presented. In the course of the evening I was called to the telephone, and responded to the familiar voice of a friend and a classmate at Lehigh, 'Dick' Davis, who in fifteen years had become one of the most popular writers of the time. He said that he had heard of a dinner then in progress at the Tavern Club, and wondered, with all politeness, whether he might at last come and see what a Tavern dinner was like. With some embarrassment I gave him to understand that, under the rules of the Club, I could not possibly ask him to join us. What was my surprise, later in the evening, to see him coming up the stairs to the dining-room, with his friend John Drew, then acting in Boston, and put up, as usual at the Tavern! Drew had evidently merged Davis into his 'privileges of the Club,' and the luckily surviving letter, with its relapse into my college nickname, shows how quickly everything was forgiven and forgotten:

Hotel Touraine
Boston

The Next Morning!!

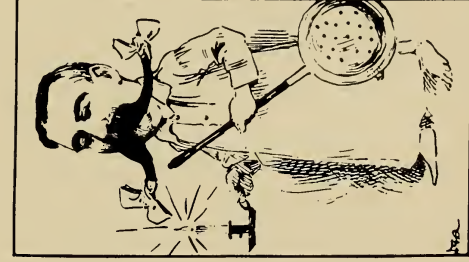
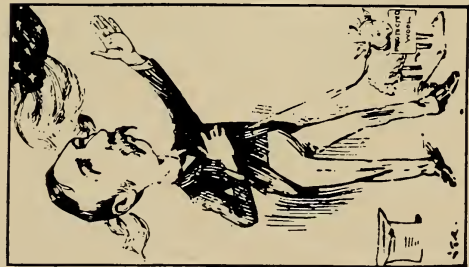
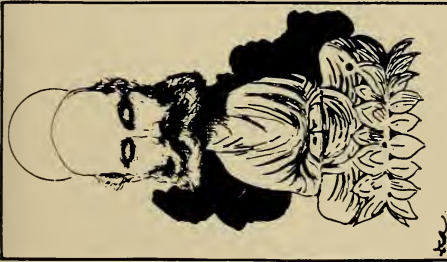
Dear Bish:

This is only to say what a grand evening I had, and how very, very much I appreciated the cordial, kindly courtesy of the club.

After pushing myself in, I naturally felt scared but you all made me almost not feel ashamed of myself for my intrusion. I do wish you had staid longer. Drew and I 'broke up' at six ten at the Touraine.

Yours

Richard Harding Davis



SKETCHES BY F. G. ATTWOOD FOR 'PORTRAITS OF MEN' EXHIBITION, JANUARY, 1896

Wendell
Guild

W. S. Bigelow
Hodgson

Clough

E. S. Morse

T. R. Sullivan

Grant

Bates

But we are straying beyond the term of Norton's presidency and the events of that period. Many of them must be passed over, but at least one demands a word of chronicle. This was the exhibition of 'Portraits of Men,' opened with a dinner on January 20, 1896. It was not the first occasion of its kind in the Tavern Club, or in Boston. On the evening of December 31, 1886, in the rooms on Park Square, 'An Exhibition of Paintings and Statuary by Members of the Club,' was opened with a concert by the 'Orchestra of the Club,' and a New Year's celebration. Photographs of some of the productions of non-professional painters and sculptors survive in witness to the gaiety of the show. Five years later, in 1891, the Paint and Clay Club, an association slightly antedating the Tavern, but now long defunct, presented a 'Great Moral Show' at Chase's Gallery, of which a humorous catalogue, beginning with the warning, 'Visitors are cautioned against poking holes in the pictures with canes, umbrellas or unkind remarks,' keeps the keynote still in vibration. The printed catalogue of an 'Exhibition of "Portraits of Men" given by the Tavern Club at its Club House, 4, Boylston Place, January M-DCCC-XCVI' still speaks for a highly successful venture in the vein of comedy. It had been announced that 'amateur artists will make a serious effort,' and that 'professional artists will provide the caricatures.' Eighty-six entries were listed in the catalogue, which acquired a lasting value through containing six pen-and-ink caricatures by F. G. Attwood, of *Life* — and the Tavern Club: his subjects were Richard Hodgson, Curtis Guild, Jr., Barrett Wendell, C. A. Clough

('Clummy,' whose laugh can still be heard in the 'Ha! Ha! Ha!' over Attwood's drawing), Sturgis Bigelow (as Buddha), Edward S. Morse, Robert Grant, Russell Sullivan, and Arlo Bates — all intimately associated with the early days of the Club. Frank Sturgis's portrait of Douglas Thomas and 'Waddy' Longfellow, 'And There was Light' — which might have had 'The Long and Short of It' for a sub-title — still hangs in the hall of the ground-floor. George Upham exhibited a 'Portrait of Mr. Justice O. W. Holmes,' then of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, and tells me that the Judge brought all his colleagues on the bench to see it. When the show had run its course the pictures were sold at auction, at prices ranging from twenty-five cents to ninety-one dollars — this 'high' for Matthew Luce's 'Portrait of an American Statesman,' which passed into the possession of a member of his family. It is worth noting that two portraits of Barrett Wendell, respectively by A. L. Lowell and F. J. Stimson, fetched fifty cents each. All these figures are found in an annotated copy of the catalogue preserved in the Club archives. Many pictures by members have been shown since 1896, but never again with such success.

Before passing from the demonstrations of the Club in the field of art two events of the period covered by this chapter must be mentioned. On April 26, 1889, the Art Students' Association of Boston — precursor of the Copley Society — conducted an 'Artists' Festival' in the old Art Museum on Copley Square. The Tavern Club lent itself heartily to the undertaking, and was represented at the Festival by a band of members in

costumes of the period of 'Robin Hood and his Merry Men.' Gaugengigl won, and deserved, the credit for their effectiveness. The men themselves as shown in surviving photographs, contributed their full share of



JOSEPH LINDON SMITH

Drawing the poster under the supervision of the Bear

FROM TITLE-PAGE
OF AUTUMN SALON CATALOGUE
HALLOWE'EN, 1925

vigor and romance to an impressive picture. Again on April 5, 1893, representatives of the Club, in the garb of Italian Mercenaries of the 16th century — thriftily remodelled in some instances from the Robin Hood costumes — appeared at a similar Artists' Festival in the Art Museum. Still later, on April 27, 1898, came another Artists' Festival, of the Copley Society in Copley

Hall, to which a Tavern delegation resorted as Crusaders, and yet again — *Consule Higginson* — on January 28, 1907, when the Taverners appeared as a guild of German innkeepers of the 16th century. Nothing if not versatile!

It was not only in the field of art but also in that of sport that the period with which this chapter is concerned saw another beginning. This was the series of baseball matches between the Tavern and St. Botolph Clubs. After one of them a newspaper reported the explanatory statement of one street boy to another: 'Them's the Boston Taverns, and they're playing some boat club.' Judged by the outcome of the series the St. Botolph Club showed itself 'some boat club' indeed, winning the first match, on October 2, 1889, by a score of 29 to 23, losing, to be sure, the game in 1903 by a score of 27 to 12 in favor of the Tavern, but proceeding, when a Botolphian offered a silver cup 'to become the property of the Club winning it ten times,' to win all but two in a series of twelve, of which the 1915 contest was the last. The scores and the names of the players on both sides were equally notable, the first for magnitude, the second for distinction in various fields of art, science, and citizenship. If it was questioned whether a world-famous brain surgeon should risk what somebody called his 'million-dollar fingers' in playing for the Tavern, there were plenty of other risks and no casualties are recorded. Amusing and exciting spectacles were nevertheless presented, and the games were followed by jovial dinners at which each club acted in turn as host. In recent years, 1931 and 1932, the old athletic rivalry has



MERRY MEN OF ROBIN HOOD AT ARTISTS' FESTIVAL, 1889
H. L. Morse, F. W. Lee, Tilden

been revived by the St. Botolph Club's offer of a silver cup duplicating the baseball trophy, to be won or lost through a series of ten team matches at golf. Should the election committee take note of the fact that the Botolph, with two victories to its credit, has already scored as heavily on the new cup as the Tavern, in twelve years, did on the old?

The two secretaries of the Club during the Presidency of Howells have been named. During the ten years' period of Lee and Norton there were four: Vincent Bowditch, Isidore Braggiotti, George Upham, and Herbert Putnam — for the last year of his librarianship of the Boston Public Library, from which he went to the Library of Congress. Of these four secretaries Upham held the post for about half of the Lee-Norton period. Indeed he may be said to have enlisted then for life, for he has remained an annually renewed member of the Executive Committee — always looking for somebody to 'execute' — through the nearly forty years since 1896. A history of the Tavern would need to be much longer than this to relate all that Upham has done for the Club. One notable bit of his service must, however, be made a matter of special record. Before his day as Secretary the financial difficulties of the Club were the hardest to surmount. Stewards following Vercelli were suspected, not unjustly, of diverting edible and other supplies to the use of their families and friends. Upham soon saw to it that a careful system of accounting was introduced. In the first notice for an annual meeting which he sent out, in the spring of 1893, he wrote: 'On April 1, 1892, the Club found itself with a net floating debt of about \$1,500.

On April 1, 1893, this was increased to \$2,500. These losses were incurred in the restaurant, which is the principal feature of the Club, and have been due mainly to the fact that comparatively few members use the restaurant, except on occasions when special attractions are provided.' Evidently the mere stopping of leaks was not enough. And here the genius of Upham, together with Millet of the House Committee — if not himself *the* House Committee — came into play. It was proposed that Rule IX of the Club should be changed, so that a vital paragraph of it should read:

There shall be an annual assessment of one hundred dollars, payable as follows: Fifty dollars on the fifteenth day of June, and fifty dollars on the fifteenth day of December. One half of the sums thus paid as an assessment shall be credited to the members respectively, and they shall be required to pay no restaurant bills for the current fiscal year, April 1 to March 31, so long as any part of such credits shall remain unused. But all of such credits remaining unused at the end of the current fiscal year shall become the property of the Club.

This resolution was adopted, together with a further provision, rescinded a year later, that if any member's restaurant bills for a year should exceed one hundred dollars, he should be entitled to have fifteen dollars refunded. This seems to have proved an unnecessary bait. The important fact is that the principle adopted in 1893 has stood ever since, to the great advantage both of the Club and of its members. The corresponding wonder is that this method seems to have remained the unique possession of the Tavern Club. Why has not

the Code of Upham been adopted throughout the world like another Code of Justinian?

If younger members have looked upon Upham as the special champion of the 'Old Tavern spirit,' let them not regard this championship as merely the recent rôle of a venerable founder. When the Club was only ten years old, in 1894, and Upham, as secretary, made his annual report, he spoke — like the son of a young college which already looks old to its children — in terms that would not be out of place today:

The members are ever ready to give their time and brains and to sacrifice their individual interests for the Club, thus making it a thing of life in the community, and life better worth living to its members. Without this spirit it would not be the Tavern Club; the name might be perpetuated, but let us hope that if ever the spirit goes, the name will go with it. Better let it be a thing of the past than live to be known as a Club with merely a past history.

When the time came for Norton to resign, fourteen years of history having been fulfilled, the Club was fairly settled into the course it has continued to run. Norton had reached the age of seventy in 1897, and for more than ten years, through three of which he was Vice President, had borne a notable part in making the Club what it had grown to be. At the annual meeting of 1899 his successor in the presidency, Henry Lee Higginson, was elected, and a committee consisting of Arlo Bates, Edward Robinson, and George Upham, was appointed 'to draw up resolutions to Mr. Norton, thanking him in the name of the Club for his kindness

in remaining for so long a time as our President, and for so charmingly and fittingly fulfilling the duties which this office entails.' Instead of formal resolutions there was a letter in the handwriting of Arlo Bates, with the signatures of Robinson and Upham following his own which may be seen today in the extended copy of the 'Letters of Charles Eliot Norton' in the Treasure Room of the Harvard College Library. 'That you have met us on a footing so familiar' — one paragraph of it reads — 'has not made us forget the distinction which you have conferred upon the Club. We shall always be proud of your name on our roll of office, even though your active service were — as we hope it is not — completely at an end.' A happy relation between Norton and the Tavern was fortunately to continue for about ten years more.

V

THE URSA'S MAJOR

Henry Lee Higginson, President, 1899-1919

THOSE of us who lived through the nineties, now characterized as 'gay,' were not conscious at the time of their being gayer than other periods. There was much talk, as they drew to an end, of *fin de siècle*, as if something entirely different lurked just beyond the turn of the century. So indeed it did, though not instantly upon rounding the dated corner. As a link between the nineteenth and the twentieth centuries certain early members of the Club, neither presidents nor secretaries, should be brought to remembrance.

George Upham, Frank Watson, and a few others, happily still with us, have figured in the previous pages. Among 'The Absent' who remain as 'figures' in any retrospect of the Club there is Clough — whose real name seemed to be 'Clummy' — that pharmacist of the responsive laugh which he must have found hard to repress, first at the Massachusetts General Hospital, then at the well-known Boston shop that preserves his name. Then there is Josef Adamowski, the droll, engaging cellist for whom the Tavern was long a home. 'Who is this Paderewski,' he was asked when his distinguished countryman first came to America. 'Who iss Paderewski?' said Jo, in his constant, inimitable conflict with the English language; 'Who iss Napoleon? Who iss Cæsar? He came, he saw, he inquired?'¹ Arlo

¹ Or *conquered*, in a variant rendering.

Bates was still another conspicuous representative of both centuries in the Club. Coming to Boston, relatively unfriended, as a young Maine graduate of Bowdoin College, he began as a journalist and for a number of



PENCIL SKETCH OF JOSEF ADAMOWSKI BY F. S. STURGIS

years before his death filled the responsible post of Professor of English in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology — a recognized figure in the local literary circle. A succession of books, fiction and verse, justified his place in the public eye as a man of letters. In the eye of the Tavern his capacity for warm friendship, his

readiness to turn his extraordinarily facile talent to account for every kind of verse or prose, in after-dinner offerings, in play upon play for special occasions, gave him a unique niche in the life, and the gratitude, of the Club. A passage from Lorin Deland's report as Secretary in 1901 tells an illuminating story:

The Narrenabend arrived on time—April 1st—after killing two committees on the way. It was a typical Tavern Club show. Ten days beforehand everything had fallen out of it but the date of the evening. The Secretary was badly jarred. There seemed to be nothing to do, except Arlo. Then the old scheme was tried of ringing the door-bell at 62 Chestnut Street. Arlo took his soul down from the mantelpiece and resuscitated the infant, and for a very successful 11th hour show the Club owes everything to him. I make him my acknowledgments here. No man has done more to iron the wrinkles out of the path of the present secretary than Arlo Bates.

There were plenty of occasions for other secretaries to write in the same vein. Sometimes the Club showed its gratitude in queer ways. The name of 'Arlo' lent itself to transmutation into 'Carlo,' joined with many whistlings. Deland's allusion to the soul and the mantelpiece relates to some verses, produced when Hodgson's psychic interests were the subject of much observation and banter. The idea of the poet's soul placed for scrutiny on so physical a base as a mantel gave perhaps more amusement than Bates anticipated; certainly it was long before he heard the last of it. The poem—unless it was possibly another, for the disappearance of this one prevents verification—began with the ominous

words, 'I died,' followed, unfortunately, by a pause long enough for somebody to cry out 'Hear, hear,' to which other ironic shouts of approval were added. Anything but insensitive, Bates was sorely aggrieved by this reception of his opening words, sat down, and was persuaded only with the greatest difficulty to proceed with his highly imaginative lines. The joke may have been carried — as few Tavern Club jokes have been — a little far; but no lasting resentment was cherished, and the episode became a bit of Club tradition which claims perpetuance. Two bits of verse, here copied from a Club scrap-book, may strengthen the larger tradition of Bates's place in the Tavern. The first, by the writer of this book, was read at the Christmas dinner of 1910, when 'The Fool's Wedding,' by the subject of the lines, was the play of the evening:

Shakespeare, Jonson, Peele, or Marlowe,
Dryden, Pope, or Joel Barlow,
Fido, Ponto, Tray, or Carlo —
Name them not with dear old Arlo!
Taverners — now bless the Fates
For your faithful, fruitful Bates.

The second was provided by Robert Grant, when Bates received the silver medal of a member elected twenty-five years before:

We all do our part for the Tavern at times,
By eloquence, revelry, music, or rhymes,
But there's no one who's quite such a stand-by as you,
Our playwright, our poet, our autocrat too;
And I'm fain to declare — please excuse the soft pedal —
That your service is golden though silver your medal.

Then there was Richard Hodgson, devotee of psychic communications and, on the more physical plane, of pool, of long swims, of late hours of abundant talk. Coming to the Club one night at about 2 A.M., he met two members leaving it, and greeted them with 'What are you fellows going to do this evening?' So much was the Club his home that when in 1905 he fell dead playing handball at the Union Boat Club, his fifty-five years not having warned him to drop this violent exercise, it was but natural that his funeral should be held in the upper hall. This unique event in the history of the Club must be recorded in the words of Holker Abbott in his report as Secretary at the Annual Meeting on May 7, 1906:

We can think of him always as the biggest-hearted and happiest of men, for not only was he sure of his friends here, but he was certain of them hereafter; and, though full, in the highest degree, of the joy of living, he was yet glad to die; and he was happy in the manner of his death. The Club decided that he should be buried from the only home he knew, so his body was brought here almost immediately, and on a rainy Saturday afternoon, two days before Christmas, almost every member of the Tavern, with many from the Union Boat Club, and a large number of his other intimate friends, both men and women, assembled in the upper hall, and stood while the Rev. Mr. Prescott read the office for the burial of the dead. On his coffin, which was covered with a purple pall, were two wreaths, one of English ivy and American laurel from the Tavern Club—the other of English ivy and violets from the Union Boat Club; and with them was a spray of pine from the Putnam Camp and some white roses; while the bench behind was piled high with flowers sent by the

men and women who cared for him. There was no attempt at decoration in the hall, save perhaps for the lighted candles above, and even they were made necessary by the darkness of the day, but a more impressive scene could not be imagined, nor could the service have been read better. When it was finished the Club sang the 'Integer Vitæ,' and then the President asked the members of the Tavern to remain, and after all the others had gone they gathered round the body and sang the 'Meum Est.' The effect of singing the Club song at this time was indescribable. The members were deeply moved, and few of them who were there will ever hear it sung again without almost unconsciously rising to their feet; and I believe nothing we could have done would have given Dick Hodgson more pleasure than this last act here at the Tavern.

The clergyman who conducted the service, the Rev. George J. Prescott, wrote afterwards: 'I envied the man his place in all your hearts. I would rather have such a funeral as you gave him than the grandest function that was ever offered in the most magnificent cathedral. You sent me away from the service with a deeper appreciation of my fellow-men than I ever had before. It was an inspiration and a hope.'

The four men at whom we have been looking were but four among many of whom special remembrances spring to mind. This narrative, however, must shun the tempting bypaths of biography just as resolutely as any attempt at completeness of chronicle. It would be equally impossible to describe more than a few typical or significant events in the history of the Club and to deal even briefly with more than a few distinctive personalities. Although the daily interplay of such per-



RICHARD HODGSON
In the Sword-Dance

sonalities and the special occasions that brought them together are obviously of the very warp and woof of the historic fabric of the Club, we must hurry on. Let us come direct, then, to the President, Henry Lee Higginson, who held the chair for twenty years — more than twice as long as any other — and to the Secretary, Holker Abbott, whose term lasted just as long though beginning and ending three years later. For seventeen years their extraordinary forces were joined in conducting the Club with a devotion, ability, enthusiasm, and taste which gave to the Tavern, approximately for the first fifth of this century, a distinction to be cherished in memory and held as an enduring standard.

Before Higginson and Abbott were actually in harness together there were two secretaries to collaborate, for brief periods, with Norton's successor. These were Winthrop Ames, elected secretary at the annual meeting of 1899, and signing but one annual report, in 1900, and Lorin F. Deland, elected in 1900 and 1901, and signing the reports at the annual meetings of 1901 and 1902. These terms of office were preliminary, by only a few years, to a joint undertaking of Ames and Deland in the management of the Castle Square Theatre in Boston. Here, from 1904 to 1908, Ames made the beginnings of that active association with the theatre which brought him to such distinction in later years. To members of the Tavern it always seemed that this Club might be likened to one of the seven cities which gave birth to Homer, in that it preceded the Castle Square Theatre as the scene of early manifestations of Ames's remarkable gifts in stage management. The

'Christmas Masque' on which he collaborated with Barrett Wendell has already been touched upon. The 'Children's Hour' — a travesty on the education of young Taverners by their elders — was only one of a number of other memorable entertainments that owed their dramatic value first to Ames, then to Deland, both on the way to professional dealings with the stage. Had they stuck longer to their tasks, there is no telling how far the Tavern might have gone as a school of acting.

Under the joint guidance of Higginson and Abbott the Tavern had its longest single period of unbroken direction. It was a period of great satisfaction to members. The fifteen years that had passed before Major Higginson took the chair had served to provide a body of tradition and a standard for the Club in all its manifestations which were beginning to assume the respectability of the old and the established. The twenty years of his presidency confirmed these traditions and standards, inevitably enlarged by new accretions. There could hardly have been a fitter head for the Club through all this time. By common consent 'the Major' was the foremost citizen of Boston — the founder and sustainer of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the princely benefactor of Harvard College, alive to every civic responsibility, a recognized leader in the financial, artistic, philanthropic, and social life of the community. A savor of romance, heightened by the sabre-scar which the Civil War had left upon his face, was inseparable from him. There were, besides, a Yankee shrewdness, a bluntness of alternately severe and humorous speech, and withal a streak of sentiment which colored his telling words

and generous deeds. All these were qualities that made his presiding at Tavern dinners memorably effective. Nor was it only at the table, but in the intervals between special entertainments, when plans had to be formed and hospitalities offered, that his devotion to the Club expressed itself in manifold forms. On his eightieth birthday, November 18, 1914, he was honored by a large public dinner in Boston. On December 3 the Tavern paid him its own tribute at a smaller dinner. May the special stanza added to 'The Presidential Range,' and sung at the dinner, be recalled at this point?

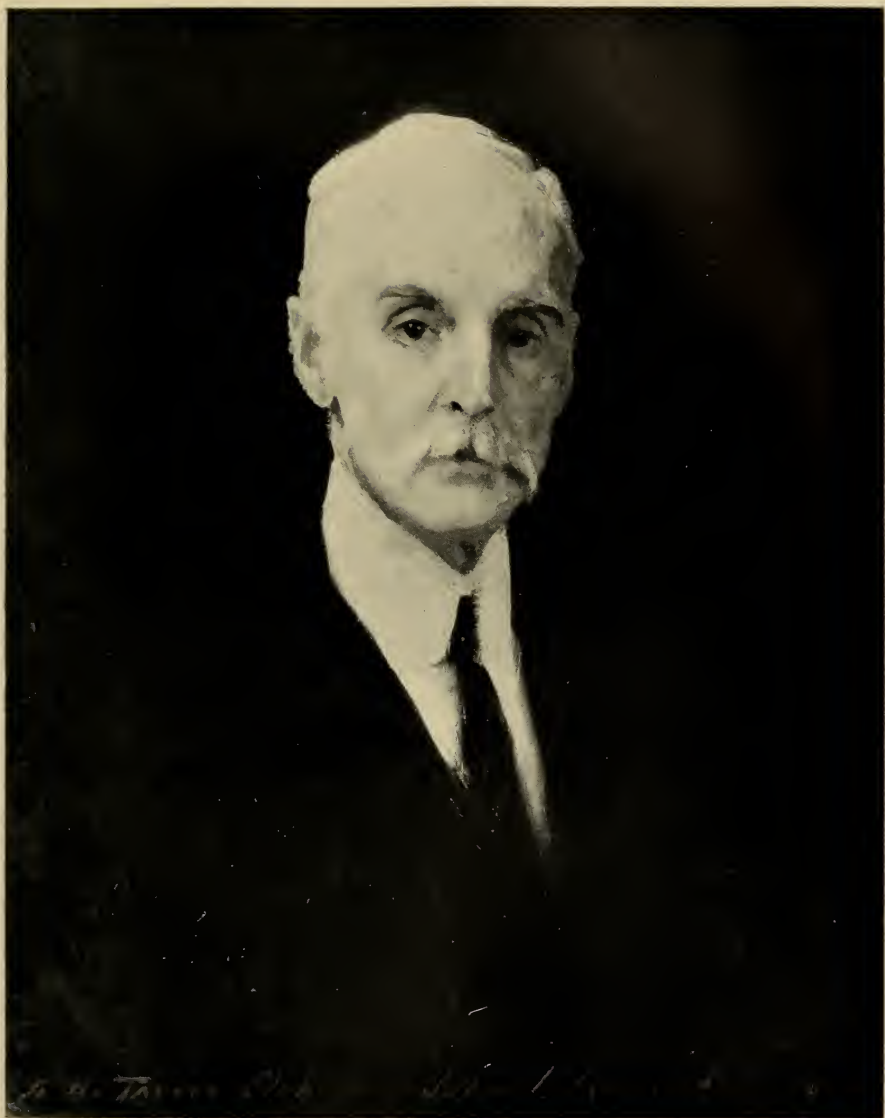
He's eighty now, and oft has heard
The funeral orations
That constitute the spoken word
At birthday celebrations;
No threnody our song shall be —
In praise we will not steep him,
But chant in joyful harmony
One prayer — God bless and keep him!

His coadjutor, if he should not rather be called the mainspring of Tavern activities for twenty years, was Holker Abbott, Secretary from 1902 to 1922. What can be said — what cannot be said — of this incomparable Taverner? The couplet by Owen Wister under Sargent's portrait of Abbott in the library expresses a universal feeling:

If one best Taverner could be,
Taverners, this was surely he.

The Tavern in all its aspects was a supreme object of Holker Abbott's devotion. The fulfilment of his

early desires to become a painter could not have made him more an artist — an artist in every relation of life, in his garden at Wellesley Hills where he spent laborious mornings before coming to the Tavern for the many afternoons devoted to his work as Secretary, an artist in every point of detail relating to the picturesque and the fitting in every activity undertaken by the Club, an artist, perhaps most of all, in friendship. It was equally the 'perfectionist' in him that caused him to abandon painting as a profession when he realized that he was not destined to stand in its front rank, and in later years to exert himself in activities in which he touched supremacy. His sensitive face of remarkable beauty betokened perfectly the sensitive, responsive spirit within. His friends and the Tavern were an essential part of his religion — so to call the spiritual force that animated his daily life. A gentleness, almost feminine in its quality, seemed its outward sign; but if anyone, in or out of the Tavern, ever had more vigorous masculine prejudices against feminism, pacifism, prohibition, and the states of mind favorable to kindred sympathies, he belonged to the race of supermen. Growing older seemed rather to increase than to abate Abbott's sympathy with youth. The limitations of his own physical strength only enhanced the value he placed upon manifestations of vigor, especially if joined with grace and aptitude, in others. For all that was exquisite in his appearance and bearing, there was a central integrity to which the word 'robust' applies perhaps more truly than any other. Have I been suggesting a paragon? Well, in friendship and as Secretary of the Tavern Club,



HOLKER ABBOTT

Painted by John S. Sargent for the Tavern Club

that is not far from what Holker Abbott was. In all the history of the Club it may fairly be asked whether anybody has rendered it a more effective devotion. 'He was faithful to every task,' wrote Arthur Pier in his Club memoir of Abbott, 'and loyal to every friend.... Living without priggishness a life of unselfish purpose, he went his quiet way, always the kindly helper, usually the guiding spirit, often the uncomplaining drudge, in labors that were modest in their scope yet far-reaching and beneficent in their influence. In all his undertakings he moved and acted with an effortless dignity that was the expression of a clear mind and a strong soul.' What wonder that to many, and for many years, he was himself the unique, beloved embodiment of the Tavern?

Another officer of the Club, whose service synchronized through many years with that of Higginson and Abbott and has continued already for a longer term than either of theirs, namely twenty-four years, is the Treasurer, Henry Vaughan. For the fortunate reason that he has not passed into history, these pages cannot render him his full due. There are, however, occurrences in the history of the Club with which his management of its finances is so closely related that he and they must be considered together. These have to do especially with the physical aspects of the Club House. As early as 1903, seven years before Vaughan became treasurer, the generous Hemenway had provided for the squash-court at the top of the house and for improvements lower down which included the first summer dining balcony, and involved the loss of the ailanthus tree in the backyard which was believed to have ensured 'no flies on the

Tavern Club.' Frank Sturgis commemorated this loss in a quatrain still to be seen at the head of the dining-room stairs:

Clubman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
From flies it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.

A section of the trunk, inscribed 'In Memory of the Tavern's Best Friend murdered July VIII Anno D'ni MCMIII,' is preserved in the Club, *ex dono* F. S. Sturgis. Its twenty-eight rings date the birth of the tree in 1875. Medals, made from sections of smaller limbs, are still treasured by members. Except for encroaching on the back yard the changes of 1903 wrought no enlargement of the outer boundaries of the Club House.

That, however, was soon to come. The fertile brain of George Upham conceived in 1909 the project of organizing a 'Boylston Place Trust' for buying, at \$12,000, Number 5, Boylston Place. Shares of stock in the Trust were offered to Tavern Club members only, and were bought on the clear understanding that the Trust was organized not for their benefit but for that of the Club. There was no prospect of dividends on their shares, and when Vaughan became Treasurer in 1910 he made it his immediate business to persuade all the shareholders to follow the example of a few pioneers and present their shares to the Club. After several years all the shares were thus turned in, the Trust was closed, and title of the property deeded to the Club. On December 30, 1911, the Club voted to enlarge the house

by the annexation of Number 5 by means of the bridge now connecting the old house with the new and used for a pool table on one floor and a bedroom above it. On February 26th, 1914, the new quarters were opened with a 'Housewarming.' In Abbott's Annual Report on May 11, 1914, the following passage appears:

The most important event of the year was the opening of the extension of the Club House. Stanley Parker was the architect, and did a splendid piece of work. He was economical and thorough, and, as far as possible, carried out the traditions of the Old House, and, though what he did was in every way practical, yet he never made the mistake of sacrificing all the beauty for mere utility.... The Club now has an attractive reading room, which has already proved itself to be of great use, and the members are wondering how they ever got along without it. The changes necessary to turn it from a pool room into a library were made by Harry Bigelow, Frank Bacon, and Stewart Forbes, but the actual work was done by Frank Bacon, who also made the furniture, and generously gave the Club a discount on its cost.

The passage goes on to report gifts of furnishings and works of art from members and friends for the enlarged house, with its bedrooms, baths, and other improvements, and nears its close with 'thanks to the tact, hard work, and wonderful powers of collecting of Henry Vaughan and Jack Elliot enough money has been received from members to pay for the new extension.'

Fifteen years later, when Stanley Parker received his twenty-five year medal in 1929, his work on the extension of the house was recalled in these verses by Robert Grant:

Your beardless face suggests a different cause
Why I should deck your breast with silver glory
Than time's immutable, relentless laws;
You've done us proud, and next door tells the story.
The tournament is won — a case of win it
By loyalty, with Holker as the marker.
Even the House that Jack built isn't in it
With ours designed by William Stanley Parker.

Only two years after Henry Vaughan became Treasurer — and two years before the house was enlarged to its present dimensions — the Club acquired, for \$6800, another piece of real estate, the small house, 4½, Boylston Place, at the rear of Nos. 5 and 6, and opposite the outdoor dining balcony. This was a measure of protection, as was also the purchase, in 1920, of No. 6, Boylston Place, for the sum of \$16,500. This was indeed a protective step, for the builders of the garage now at the foot of Boylston Place had acquired the properties on Eliot (now Stuart) Street, on which it stands, with the intention of providing both a front and back entrance to their space. They could have gained a right of way to make this possible had they acquired also Number 6, Boylston Place. An old German musician owned that house and had failed to pay his share for the repairs of a chimney belonging to both Numbers 5 and 6. The Treasurer of the Tavern Club — Henry Vaughan — having bowels of compassion, refrained from dunning the impecunious neighbor for his part of the chimney bill — with results entirely appropriate to a Sunday-School story-book. The old man had given the Tavern Club an option on his house, up to a certain day. That

day drew near, and our Treasurer, knowing not where the funds for taking up the option could be found, asked for its extension. Meanwhile the garage promoters had offered the owner a thousand dollars more, if he would only sell to them. Then came the reward of virtue, and the punishment of the would-be oppressor: the Tavern's option was extended through sheer gratitude for considerate treatment, the money *was raised*, the desired right of way for the garage was not secured, and for the privilege of admitting patrons on foot through a rear door, the property owners of Boylston Place receive an annual income of \$1200. The Treasurer insists that his experiences as a sportsman have trained him in the taking of chances—which can hardly be the only explanation of the many grateful re-elections of an M.F.H. as the financial guardian of the Club. His annual reports must be counted among many other reasons therefor.

To turn from persons to events, the Higginson-Abbott period, so to call it, was notable for its anniversary celebrations. Before that time, there had been one such occasion, when the ten-years-old Club observed its Tin Wedding, on November 9, 1894. 'Out of respect for the bride,' Upham's notice of the dinner read, 'members are requested to dress in white.' In his Annual Report, in the following May, Upham tells how the Bear (Franz Zerrahn) and his Bride (Matthew Luce) received the members and presented them with medals of solid block tin. 'These, valuable as works of art,' the Secretary proceeded, 'are priceless as mementos to such of us as carry in mind ten years of the semi-careless,

semi-serious, happy, make-it-go-lucky existence of the Tavern Club.' It has already been seen that these medals were actually the by-product of a design for butter-pats. The masque that followed the Tin Wedding feast was written by Arlo Bates.

The Twentieth Anniversary, on November 11, 1904, was a much more elaborate affair — too elaborate, as the event was to prove. In his Annual Report of the following May, Abbott frankly lamented that an evening 'begun and carried on so splendidly should have had such a dismal finish. The Secretary,' he went on to say, 'feels that the fault was largely, but not all, his. In his zeal for the Tavern he collected too much material, and he made the mistake of treating the members as if they were intellectual capons, to be stuffed and stuffed again.' This was too sadly the truth. The Greek maxim 'Nothing too much' has seldom been more completely submerged under 'Everything too much.' There were nine announced after-dinner speeches, three poems, a brief history of the first year of the Club, by Bullard, the first Secretary, a concert, and a masque. 'The celebration,' wrote Abbott on coming to this final item in his narrative of the evening, 'having now lasted nearly six hours, the question arose should the masque be postponed. The audience voted unanimously that it should be given.' So it began at almost 1 A.M. The contriver of it still feels that his plan was valid — to reproduce a Tavern Club dinner on the stage of the theatre, with a story from Longfellow, a song by Paul Thorndike, Atkinson's 'One-Man-Orchestra,' a sketch by Gordon Bell, and, as it was bound to prove in the small hours, too



Gaugengigl from The Tavern Club.

20th Anniversary, November, 1904.

GAUGENIGL'S PAINTING TO COMMEMORATE THE TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY

From a photograph annotated by Charles Eliot Norton
 (The Bear's right paw on Sullivan's head, his left on Winthrop Ames's,
 Hodgson standing at right)

many other things. But before this 'dismal finish' was reached, the actual dinner had scored a triumphant success.

The speech most vividly remembered was the response of President Eliot, elected earlier in the year to honorary membership, to the toast, 'The New Members.' With characteristic impressiveness he declared his frank envy of men who had always enjoyed such fellowship as the Tavern afforded, an experience denied to him in part by qualities in himself which he deplored, and in part by the necessity to conserve, through all his earlier years, the limited strength of his eyes for the constant work he felt obliged to perform. This expression of honest wistfulness for lost pleasures revealed an endearing human quality in the speaker, less widely realized than it came to be as the years went on.

A lighter classic in the memory of the Club relates to an interchange between Norton, who responded to the toast of 'The Ex-Presidents,' and Professor A. S. Hill, who performed a similar office for 'The Bear.' In the course of Norton's speech, which came early in the evening, he said in his mellifluous diction — and phonetic spelling must be used to recall the sound of it all — that 'The Tavern Club is an oasis in the Sa-hah-ra of American civilization.' When Hill came to speak, in his brisk Yankee manner, he quoted these words, but with another vowel sound: 'Professor Norton tells us that the Tavern Club is a Sa-hair-a in the desert of American civilization' — to which came the gentle protest from Norton, smiling with all benignancy: 'I said Sa-hah-ra.' No spelling can bring back the brief

colloquy in all its humorous effect, but nobody who heard it could forget it.

In the Secretary's notice of this dinner there was an item, 'A punch and a meeting of the Aurora Club will finish the entertainment.' Many of the more dignified members of the Tavern were doubtless but dimly aware of the existence of the 'Aurora Club' — so named, if memory serves aright, by Winthrop Ames; but for some years it flourished, a happy little company of those for whom the announced programme for an evening was seldom quite long enough. Though it figured occasionally in Abbott's Annual Reports, it is hardly surprising that there is no mention of it in his record of the Twentieth Anniversary. Every member must have been ready for bed when that was over.

'One hundred and forty-three were present,' wrote Abbott in his account of the occasion, 'and made a brave and splendid showing. The Charter Members, to the number of thirty-five, were seated at one end of the dining-room, robed in green and wearing self-inflicted haloes.... The other members wore their medals, and broad red ribbon orders across their manly chests.' This, I believe, was the first use of green and red as colors to designate the original and later members. These colors were used at first only for the ribbons to which the medals were attached for wearing at Club dinners. The facts of the matter are told in Abbott's account of the Thirtieth Anniversary Dinner (January 20, 1914), when yellow had been chosen as the color for members elected after 1904. 'The Charter Members,' wrote Abbott in his Annual Report in May, 'wore green

gowns, and the red and yellow ribbonites who had any part in the exercises wore gowns to match their ribbons, and the Treasurer and Secretary appeared in their regular white robes of office. In addition the "Yellow Bellies," carrying out a clever suggestion made by Stewart Forbes in an unusually amusing circular, all wore yellow waistcoats, and looked so well that the envious red ribbonites at once copied them, and are now wearing red waistcoats: and there are even signs of green appearing on the arid waists of the Charter Members.'

By this time green was well established as the color for Charter Members, red for members elected within the first twenty years, yellow for members of the third decade, 1904-1914. As time went on blue was assigned to those of the fourth, 1914-1924, and purple to the initiates of the last ten of our fifty years. Ribbons and waistcoats have indeed blossomed like a variegated garden.

Through all the period of which the Twentieth and Twenty-Fifth Anniversaries were twin-peaks of interest, there is recurring mention in Abbott's reports of an institution — so to define it — which has vanished with the passing years. This was the so-called 'Hellions' Table.' At many dinners it was the habit of a somewhat vociferous group to sit at the narrow table against the dining-room wall, near the door at the foot of the stairs leading to the Upper Hall, and there to make itself heard from, not with mere noise, but with the loud concerted recitation of verses, usually of four lines, and almost invariably produced on the spot by one of the group, single-handed or in collaboration with a neighbor. They often seemed inordinately funny to the

four or six conspirators who shouted them forth in measured stentorian tones, and not infrequently they amused the entire company. Was there a precedent for the innocent practice in other clubs? By whom and exactly when was the practice introduced at the Tavern? Would it have survived if the whole world had not lost something of its capacity and zest for simple pleasures in the years beginning with 1914? I wish I could answer these questions. All I can say with certainty is that I remember bearing a part in one of these effusions as early as Christmas of 1901. They began to be pasted into the Club scrap-book in 1902, and the first that I find happens (embarrassingly) to be one of my own, from a dinner to Mr. Justice Holmes, November 14, 1902:

Wise Judge and kindly Autocrat
Rolled into one — they thought o' that
Who bore from gilt to marble domes
The Boston dynasty of Holmes.

Early in 1903 came a 'Literary Dinner,' after which Thomas Bailey Aldrich's play, 'Mercedes,' was acted. I seem to have broken forth again with this:

Of course we know the play's the thing —
We thank you for the coming joy:
Meanwhile, Tom Bailey, have your fling —
Be nothing but a Bad, Bad Boy!

It appears to have been at this dinner also that Arthur Pier produced a quatrain for James Ford Rhodes:

We all have heard it said, of course,
That all roads lead to Rome;
But who reads Roman history
When our Rhodes writes of home?

It will only bear out Abbott's report of this dinner if, unblushingly, I copy from the scrap-book two more effusions of my own — each to a guest, for Edward Everett Hale was never a member, and Bliss Perry, then editor of the *Atlantic*, was still to become a professor at Harvard and a member of the Club.

Let him Without a Country roam
From distant Beersheba to Dan;
So long as Dr. Hale's at home
The Country's not Without a Man.

Oh, Perry, in our hours of ease
We send you verses — worse than these:
When backward flows the Atlantic tide,
'Tis just a case of Bliss Denied.¹

Frank Sturgis had a happy gift of turning off these rhymes, but was so often prevented by his health from coming to dinners that his 'impromptus' were sometimes done at home and sent to represent him. Here is one for Professor Hill:

In olden times at *Bunker Hill*
The Yankees brooked no opposition,
But Father Time finds *Adams Hill*
A much more lively proposition.

In 'Bear With Us' a bit of Sturgis's ingenuity which invokes the eye no less than the ear is preserved:

To Owen Wister

About your novel, *The Virginian*,
There seems to be but one opinion;
As near as we can make it, Mr.,
There's lots of money *Owin' Wr!*

¹ Printed in 'Bear With Us.'

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It was hit or miss whether such verses, often scribbled on the back of a menu, were saved or not. Besides Frank Sturgis, Arthur Pier and Arlo Bates were fruitful producers, but few of their rhymes have survived. It is discouraging to be confronted, on the scrap-book pages, with so much of one's own that might better have perished. Let a few, in the first of which Bapst Blake was a collaborator, serve to recall a lyric period:

To Philip Hale

We take the *Herald* every morn,
We read its murder tales with scorn;
But then we hardly ever fail
To swell with joy and yell with Hale.

To J. M. W. Van Der Poorten-Schwartz (Maarten Maartens)

Oh, Mr. Van Der Poorten-Schwartz,
Your native name our diction thwarts;
But 'Maarten Maartens' — that's not much:
Such simple English beats the Dutch!

For A. Lawrence Lowell

(Vice-President of the Tavern when elected President
of Harvard)

'Let's see the Tavern list,' exclaimed
Fair Harvard's mighty seven;
'Why, here is Lawrence Lowell named
Vice-President — good heaven,
If he can shine in such a light
We'll make him President outright!'

Thus Harvard in her gravest crises
Seems to approve our little Vices.

May one more, at a dinner to Langdon Warner, be added?

Some sit on the bench of the mourner,
And some in the seat of the scorner;
But blest is the chair
At the home of the Bear
That's warmed by the breeches of Warner.

It may not be quite fair to exhume these fragments, so completely 'occasional' in their nature and purpose, so dependent for their effectiveness upon the immediate response of a most indulgent after-dinner audience. The biographer who parades in print the witticisms of his subject runs the risk of showing him not such a funny fellow after all. But for lenient readers, whose imaginations will supply the background, a Tavern Club history would be incomplete without some suggestion of the 'Hellion Verses' of other days.

It was indeed a lyric period, a few opportunities to celebrate an occasion in verse were neglected. These were many, and the fine hand of Holker Abbott was usually involved in bringing both the occasion and the celebrating rhyme to pass. The verses that he saved in scrap-books are often more effectual in recalling one occasion or another than a surviving menu or programme. The internal evidence of a long piece of verse 'When We Were Twenty-One,' by Frank Sturgis at the dinner on 'The Coming of Age of the Bear,' December 1, 1905, a continuation of former 'Hysterical Rummyniscences,' leaves no doubt that Abbott planned this dinner, which he could not himself attend because of absence in Europe,

and also that he made the arrangements for Sturgis's witty offering before he sailed.

The next important occasion of the sort was the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary, 'Silver Wedding of the Bear,' on January 15, 1909. Here the new ceremony of 'The Guarded Flame' was introduced. Abbott describes it thus in his Annual Report:

At seven o'clock 'Wreath the Bowl' was sung on the staircase with great effect by Sully Sargent, and then Howdy Walker appeared in a white scholar's gown, and read some fine and appropriate lines written by Frank Sturgis, to welcome the members and explain the ceremony of 'Passing the Guarded Flame.' The Bear himself (with Matt Luce under his skin) then appeared bearing a flaming golden torch that has been designed by Howdy Walker, and richly gilded by the kindness of Gaugengigl. Howdy Walker then called in succession the names of all the members present, beginning with the Charter Members, and going down the list in the order of their entrance with the membership of the Club. Each member as his name was called took the torch, and passed it to the man below him, and ascended to the dining-hall. The first suggestion of the ceremony came from Lorin Deland, and, though the way in which it was carried out was quite different from his idea, still the credit of it belongs to him.

As the evening began, so it ended, on a felicitous note — in the form of a Masque, 'The Arraignment,' for which Arlo Bates wrote the thoroughly Tavernian words and Robert Atkinson the charming music. Paul Thorndike's singing of the 'Friendship' song, and Stanley Parker's rendering the part of Mrs. Grundy, as admirable in the acting as in the singing, would have



WILLIAM STANLEY PARKER
As Mrs. Grundy in 'The Arraignment'

brought success to a book and score less notable than this joint production of Bates and Atkinson. A repetition of the piece for 'The Ladies' on February 1 was both inevitable and notably successful. The verses with which Russell Sullivan signalized the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary should find their place in the body of this volume:

AVE ATQUE VALE ¹

From infancy to man's estate,
Through lustres now that number five,
Our eager hands and hearts elate
Have kept the Tavern fire alive.

Around the hearth, along the wall,
The flickering lights and shadows play;
The Yule tide garlands deck the hall
Tonight, as in the earlier day.

While Youth is not too old to teach,
While Age is not too old to learn,
For each in all, and all in each
The flame, still handed on, shall burn.

Long lustres yet our fellowship
Shall hold, and let the world slip by,
Ere, with the wine-cup at his lip,
The last good Taverner shall die.

During the Higginson-Abbott régime there was another Anniversary celebration — the Thirtieth, on January 20, 1914, and after the death of Higginson and before the retirement of Abbott as Secretary, a Thirty-

¹ Printed in 'The Silver Wedding of the Bear.'

Fifth, on January 9, 1920. The first of these occasions was glowingly described in Abbott's Annual Report of 1914, with generous praise to all participants. The success, he wrote in conclusion, 'was not entirely due to any one man. It was the true Tavern spirit, changing constantly from grave to gay and back again, showing out in all the men, that made it a great celebration; and so touching was some of the humor, and so humorous was much of the sentiment expressed during the evening that even the old Bear on his perch must have been hard put to it to know whether he was expected to laugh or shed tears.' For the Thirty-Fifth, celebrated early in the year following the actual anniversary, 'The Arraignment' of Bates and Atkinson was repeated, as it was again, at the Fortieth Anniversary in 1924. Indeed there has been no other production in the operatic field — so to place our blendings of drama and music — in which the essence of the Tavern has been so happily distilled for festival purposes.

The Club has never been chary of repeating its musical successes. When 'The Quiet Lodging' — music by Chadwick, words by Bates — was given on November 24, 1914, and repeated about a fortnight later for ladies, it was a revival of an amusing production as far back as April 1, 1892, and it was given again, April 20, 1927. Owen Wister's admirable 'Il Commendatore' — *à la* Mozart and Don Giovanni — given twice in February, 1913, was given twice again in February, 1915; and, nearly ten years before this fiftieth, his 'Watch Your Thirst' had its first presentation, in earlier form, on March 9, 1925.

So many festivals, with and without their special music, owed a large measure of their success to Abbott's management that it is hard to realize how many happy evenings there were in the common course of events, and even that some of them came to pass without Abbott's intervention. Of one, occurring a few months before he became Secretary, a special word must be said — a word owing less to my own remembrances than to those of George Upham.

'By the courtesy of Billy Winch,' wrote Lorin Deland in the Annual Report immediately preceding the long series of Abbott's official records, 'we had a double-breasted dinner to Mark Twain.' Why a 'double-breasted dinner,' and what did 'Billy Winch' have to do with it? Here is the story. A dinner in honor of Samuel L. Clemens was announced by the Secretary, Deland, for January 15, 1901. On the eve of it he sent out a second notice, quoting a letter just received from the eminent guest, asking permission, on the score of his age, to arrive at about 9.15 — 'that being the time when the oratorical refreshments are served and the acquirement of instruction begins.' Upham's remembrance of the occasion is that he found Winch — as good a mimic as he was a singer, and about the weight and height of Mark Twain — in the billiard-room on the day of the dinner, and demanded of him, in the name of the Club, that up to the serving of coffee he should impersonate the humorist. Winch's modest misgivings were overcome, and Upham and he, armed with a photograph of Clemens, proceeded at once to the excellent wig-maker and make-up man, Rothe, who made many contributions to the success of

Tavern entertainments. 'You must make up Mr. Winch,' said Upham, 'to look so precisely like Mr. Clemens that when they stand side by side nobody will know which is which.' 'Impossible from a photograph,' answered Rothe; 'I could do it if I could get a good look at Mr. Clemens himself.'

'You can; he is to be at a reception at four o'clock this afternoon — go and look at him as long as you like.'

'But how can I get in?'

'Walk in.'

'What, in these clothes?'

'Go to the nearest tailor, borrow whatever you need, and walk in with the crowd.'

So Rothe did, with astounding results when it came to the making up of Winch. This impostor was told to come a little late to the dinner, where he was to sit on the President's right, and speak to nobody. Upham sat on the President's left, and only these three were in the secret. Everything went as planned, and if, as I have recently been told, one member of the Club suspected a ruse, he held his peace. The deception was virtually complete. In due course Upham was notified, according to prearrangement, that Clemens was downstairs with his friend and host, Thomas Bailey Aldrich. He instantly joined them, and calling Aldrich aside told him about the pseudo-guest at the table, and asked whether Clemens should be warned. 'That won't phase him at all,' said Aldrich; 'better not tell him.'

So the three came upstairs, to the utter bewilderment of the company while the real Clemens was walking to his place beside the President. Winch had slipped by

this time to his left hand, and silence reigned while he introduced Samuel L. Clemens and Mark Twain formally each to each. Here was the moment when everything might have fallen flat — but it did not. For an instant the true and the false guest stood staring at each other, until Clemens spoke in his most characteristic drawl so that everybody might hear:

‘All my troubles in life — and I have had many — have been caused by that man! Whenever I have done anything good, Mark Twain has got the credit for it. Everything bad has been charged to Samuel L. Clemens. I have been hunting for this Mark Twain, all my life, and here at last I find him. His life has been one of continuous pretense; he has pretended to be an author, which he is not; a humorist, which he is not; a traveller, which he is not. Now we can have it out.’ Whereupon the dinner proceeded in great merriment. Whether in memory or in imagination, the effect of this scene upon the company seems today secure in its place among the best moments in the life of the Club.

Instead of attempting anything like a survey of the entertainments for which Holker Abbott — elected Secretary a few months after the Mark Twain dinner — was largely responsible, let us concentrate upon one near the beginning of his long term of office and on another near its end. Ranging all the way from royalty to crooks as guests of honor, they may be taken to suggest the scope of interests compassed by the Club through a long period of constant activity. It was exceptional to have an Oriental Crown Prince at the table — though royalty had been represented before by the Duke of

the Abruzzi — and a group of former criminals (released prisoners) was equidistant from the normal. But there they both were, and on the same evening with the Crown Prince of Siam appeared a live polo pony for whose possession a spirited raffle was conducted. The party was announced for October 30, 1902, as a 'Pony Raffle Dinner,' and a 'Pony Hallowe'en Dinner,' and the programme for the evening was headed 'Grand Hallowe'en Pony Raffle.' Nothing seems to have been said about the Crown Prince of Siam. All the emphasis was placed upon the pony. There can be no question, however, that the Crown Prince was expected, for the scrap-book of the period contains printed directions from the Department of State in Washington, headed 'Tour of his Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Siam,' for the seating of this young dignitary, and his younger brother, His Royal Highness Prince Chakrabongse, to say nothing of the United States officials deputed as their escorts. Abbott's formal account of the evening reads in large part as follows:

Mr. Hill presided at the dinner, the only guests present being the Crown Prince of Siam, his brother, Mr. Herbert H. D. Peirce, who represented the President of the United States, the Siamese Minister, and Mr. Peirce's Secretary [Edwin V. Morgan, later U. S. Minister to Brazil] all of whom seemed to enjoy themselves immensely. The polo pony for the raffle was presented by our distinguished fellow member 'Will S. Patten,' and was drawn by Dr. Bailey. After dinner the above-mentioned distinguished member rode the pony into the lower hall where he — the pony, not Patten — was put up at auction and the proceeds handed over by Bailey to the Club. When the sale was nearly finished the brother of the Crown Prince

jumped on the pony's back and made himself the auctioneer, and after some spirited bidding the pony was knocked down to Ames.

Some eight years after this event the Crown Prince, Maha Vajiravudh by name, only twenty-one at the time of his Boston visit, and on his way home from Oxford, became King of Siam. Still later he assumed the title of King Rama VI. This can be verified in the history books. They will not throw light, however, on one or two incidents of the Tavern Club evening. There was, for example, the peril of *lese majesté* when an exuberant member of the Club missed his aim with a flying doughnut, and hit the Crown Prince. No international complications ensued. There was far more trouble for the Boston City officials, who had arranged to bear the Crown Prince and his companions away from the Club at a fairly early hour, to see Denman Thompson in 'The Old Homestead.' The royal guests, to the distress of 'Berty' Peirce, refused to leave at anything like the appointed time, and did not reach the theatre till well after ten o'clock. The sentiment inscribed in the guest-book years before by Thomas Nelson Page, 'Dey don' nobody pay sho't visits hyah,' has seldom been more genially exemplified.

At the opposite pole from this royal, hilarious evening stood the serious entertainment, on November 8, 1919, of a group of protegés of the late Thomas Mott Osborne, a non-resident member of the Club, then commandant of the U.S. Naval Prison at Portsmouth. Osborne was an enthusiastic Taverner, whose liking for disguises could be gratified by coming, for example, to a Narrena-

bend dinner so completely transformed into a Bowery gambler of the showiest type that much of the evening passed before he was identified. He used the Tavern often as a Boston stopping-place, and did no little work there with the help of his ex-prisoner secretary. When he proposed to bring a number of former prisoners to meet such members of the Club as might want to dine with them, and learn at first hand something about existence within prison walls, there were those who demurred and felt that these friends of Osborne's were hardly in the apostolic succession of Tavern guests. But less exclusive counsels prevailed, and the dinner — only a week before the death of Major Higginson, and more than two years before the resignation of Abbott — should be brought to mind, if only in evidence of the catholicity of the Higginson-Abbott era. Here is Abbott's account of the evening, in his Annual Report of 1920:

At the much cussed and discussed dinner 'To Crooks' on November 8th, Thomas Mott Osborne made a remarkable address. He was frank to a degree, crooks were crooks in it, and spades were always spades.... The crooks themselves were not interesting to talk to, but they were almost unpleasantly exciting to listen to when they spoke to the whole meeting. They used the jargon of thieves in detective stories, and did not hesitate to tell why they had become criminals, and to state exactly what their grudge was against society. To say that it was an interesting evening would be putting it mildly. It is hard to describe exactly what it was, but I am sure that there was not a member there who was not glad that he had come.

Besides royalty and crooks, and all manner of exciting visitants, the speechless pets of the Tavern Club must

not be forgotten. Of these the Bear, short-lived in the flesh, but perennial in the spirit, stands first and foremost. Then there were three monkeys, Maud, Gwendolyn, and Arthur, belonging to Jack Tilden, who have escaped oblivion; and there was a parrot, closely associated in memory with Richard Hodgson. A nondescript female of the dog family, named Mildred — perhaps one of a succession of mercenaries in the Tavern's long warfare with rats — might have been lost to memory had she not produced a litter of puppies. This led to the appointment of a committee to provide them with appropriate names. What happened to Mildred and her progeny nobody knows, but the report of Robert Grant, chairman of the committee, and his colleagues, Barrett Wendell and Bliss Perry, is manifestly a document marked for rescue from a scrap-book:

Report of the Committee on Naming Mildred's Pups

To the Executive Committee of the Tavern Club:

Gentlemen,

The Committee on the naming of Mildred's pups have almost experienced the pains of labor in their endeavor to reach a happy conclusion. At one time it seemed probable that not only a majority and minority reports but three separate reports would be presented for your consideration. One of the Committee — the minority — was delivered early in the stage of our deliberations of the following lucubration:

(Copy)

To the Board of Governors of the Tavern Club:

Dear Sirs,

As one of the Committee on the naming of Mildred's pups, I have the honor to report that, inasmuch as these

unhappy beings — two males and three females — were demonstrably born in sin, it seems convenient that they bear the names of the Five Points of Calvinism: viz.

Prexy = Predestination — a male

Tottie = Total Depravity — a female

Ellie = Election — a female

Effie = Efficacious Grace — a female

Percy = The perseverance of the Saints — a male.

I would reverently suggest that the strange fitness of this nomenclature to the number, sex, and condition of these animals would doubtless have suggested to the mind of the late Rev^d. Cotton Mather the reflection that this decision has been mysteriously influenced by some happy affluence from loftier intelligence than my own.

(signed) Barrett Wendell.

This is dog-gone ingenious, exhaustive, pat and pertinent; but it is gloomy, pedagogic and unsympathetic. The two other members of the Committee — the majority — (Messrs. Grant and Bliss Perry) have felt compelled to protest — first out of sheer envy, for they have been unable to think of any equally comprehensive and inevitable scheme of nomenclature. At the same time they have felt that the maternal wishes are paramount to every other consideration, and they can not Bear or forBear to see Mildred eternally damned for one venial slip by fastening on her pups this Calvinistic brood of names. They have consulted Mildred through the Chairman of the Committee on Pups (Dr. Bailey) and have ascertained that she would prefer for her offspring baptismal appellations which smack more closely of the home of her adoption — this Club. She expects to die in a Tavern, and hopes to have her children wear the medal of membership even though she be required to wear the letter 'A' embroidered in scarlet letters upon her bosom. The majority of the Committee have therefore decided in favor of the



'WADDY' — FROM ALOFT
Autumn Salon, 1925, by A. H. Hepburn

names Bob, Bliss and Barrett for three of the pups — one male and two females — in courtesy to their own distinguished body. 'Bob' is a curtailed name and therefore appropriate; 'Bliss' a happy reference to the unknown paternity of the little strangers as embodied in what might be termed Mildred's motto — 'Where ignorance is Bliss, 'tis folly to be wise' — a female; and Barrett, also a female, is justified by the convincing authority, Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Over the two remaining pups the majority of the Committee has found itself in conflict. But finally a choice has been made for the male of the endearing name 'Holk' in compliment to the Secretary of the Club, and for the female of the name 'Doc,' though 'Wad' and 'Up' or '(G)up' were closely considered as alternatives. 'Doc' is a recognition not only of the obstetrical skill which brought these infants into the world, but a tribute to the physicians of the Club, who, unlike the lawyers, have won their spurs and are entitled to wear laurel. Any woman can now be a doctor.

'Dropping Water' suggested on the Club bill board, was entertained as poetically suggestive of Longfellow, but discarded on the ground that 'Wad' seems more closely allied to the great poet. On the whole, however, 'Doc' appeared more universally appropriate than either of these.

The majority therefore submit as names for the puppies, 'Bob,' 'Bliss,' 'Barrett,' 'Holk,' and 'Doc.' The minority, 'Prexy,' 'Tottie,' 'Ellie,' 'Effe' and 'Percy.' Let me add in conclusion that it is for you to decide which you prefer. The majority are quite content to be overruled. If notwithstanding Mildred's qualms, you decide that the very clever but cruel string of names selected by the minority be inflicted on her offspring, the responsibility will be yours not ours. Respectfully and dogmatically submitted.

(signed) Robert Grant,
Chairman.

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The World War and the first attempts at a consequent World Peace all fell within the last five years of Major Higginson's life. The time was filled with troubles for him quite outside the scope of this history of a small Club. Here his four-square devotion to his country made him the ideal head of an organization so ardent as the Tavern, in its vastly preponderating sentiment, was for the cause which became that of the United States. In Abbott's intensity of feeling from 1914 to the Armistice and afterwards the feeling of the Club itself seemed concentrated, for the effective expression of which a Secretary is the natural medium. Two sets of resolutions adopted just before and just after the United States entered the war were accurate indicators of the feeling that preceded and followed this central point of a vital period in national history. It is worth noting that President Eliot, advocator of the Swiss system of military service, was one of the speakers at the meeting of March 29, and that two letters from members who disapproved of the meeting were read.

Resolutions adopted at the Tavern Club of Boston, Massachusetts, at a special meeting held on Thursday, March 29, 1917.

Whereas, Germany has destroyed our ships, killed our citizens, conducted an illegal submarine warfare against our commerce, and attempted to arouse us against the friendly powers Japan and Mexico, in a plot to dismember our nation; and whereas by this and other acts Germany is now virtually making war with the United States;

Resolved, that we support the President in breaking off diplomatic relations with Germany, in arming our vessels and in calling Congress in extra session;

Resolved, that we call upon our government for prompt

ensorship in mobilizing our national strength and increasing the army and navy for the adequate protection of our rights and our lives on land and sea;

Resolved, that we urge Congress to enact at once a Universal Military Service Bill;

Resolved, that the Congress immediately declare war on Germany, whose attacks on our non-combatant citizens, repeated now during nearly two years, have proved her hostile purpose towards this country; and who, if unchecked, might destroy our national existence.

Henry L. Higginson, President
Holker Abbott, Secretary

*Resolutions passed at the Annual Meeting of the Tavern Club,
Wednesday, May 2, 1917*

Resolved: That we uphold President Wilson and Congress in declaring a state of war with Germany, and thereby restoring the United States to its place among the democracies of the world, and giving us a part in saving the principles of Liberty, Justice, and Humanity from destruction by a brutal despotism.

Resolved: That we urge upon the Administration the need of taking immediate and adequate measures, in combination with our Allies, to make our help effective and to hasten the end of the war and the triumph of Right.

Resolved: That we urge the sending at once to France an expeditionary force, however small, as a pledge of our earnestness and as a symbol which will rejoice our friends and dishearten the common foe.

Of course the Tavern Club cannot claim any monopoly of resolutions like these, for they were adopted right and left, up and down throughout the length and breadth of the country. So, too, with the war service of members: they did merely what was to be expected of them, what

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their active fellow-countrymen of the same sort were doing everywhere. It would be impossible here to specify in detail their widely varied forms of important service. Let a passage from Abbott's Annual Report, May 11, 1918, speak for the situation as it existed one year after the United States associated itself with the Allies:

The war record of the Club for the year is a noble one. Thirty-two are in the Army, four in the Navy, fifteen in the Red Cross, seven of whom are working in Washington, and the other eight in Europe; and the men at home are giving their time, their money, and their energy, and are serving in the Home Guards, working in the Navy or in the different Relief Associations, or on Committees of Safety or Conservation, and are doing their work with cheerfulness and vigor.

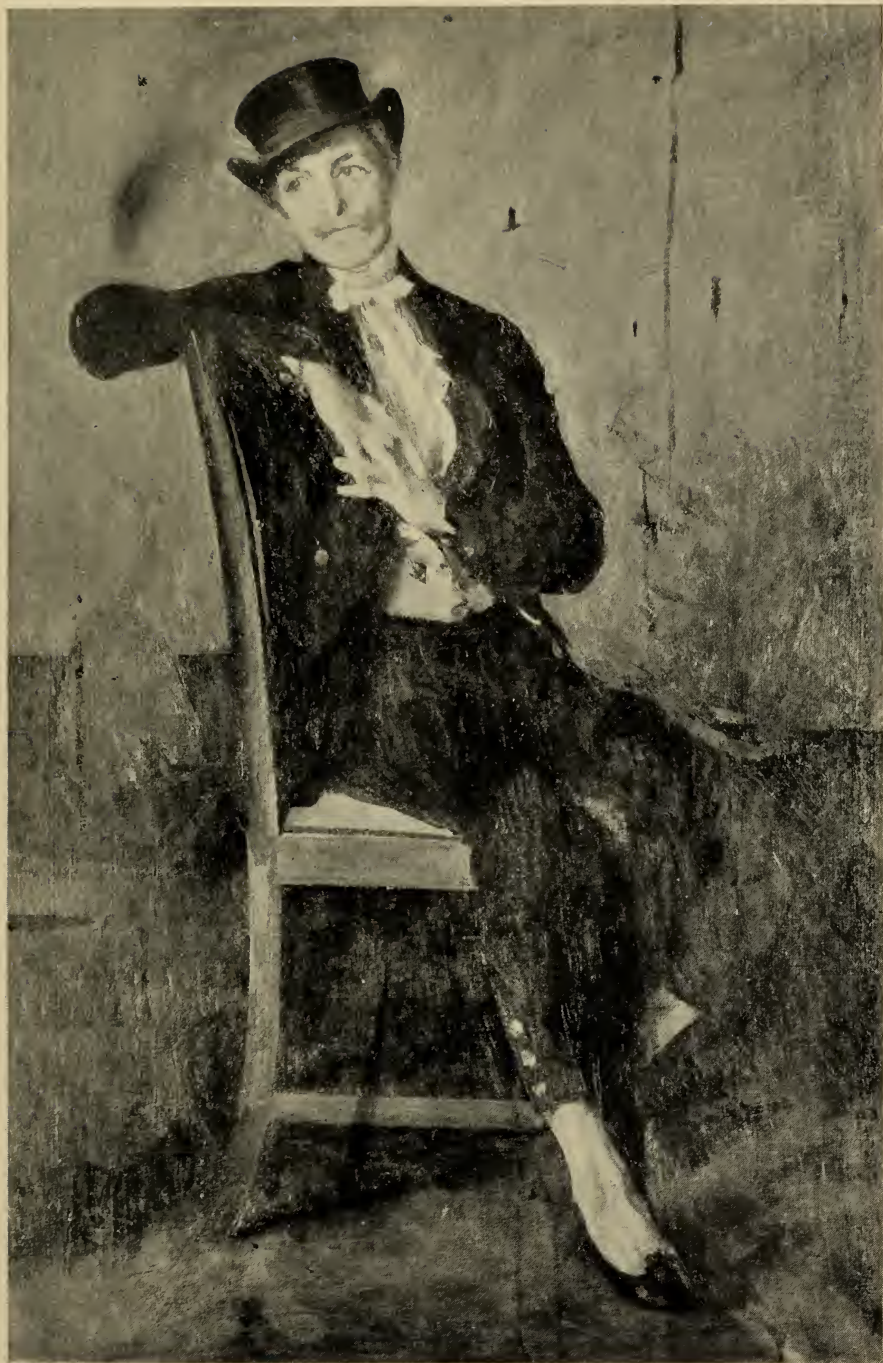
Tokens of a profound interest in the European war in all its implications began to color the annals of the Club as early as November 11, 1914, when General Leonard Wood, an honorary member since 1909, was the guest of honor at a special dinner, and continued well beyond May 26, 1920, when General Pershing visited the Club in the same capacity. A descriptive catalogue of the intervening occasions would fill many pages. It must suffice here to recall as typical some of the dinners and lunches at which members of the Club recounted their experiences overseas, in relief work or in active service. Among these first-hand reporters were Henry James [3d], Morton Prince, Jeremiah Smith, Jr., Eliot Wadsworth, Richard Strong, Francis Peabody, Guy Lowell, and the Tavern Club members of Base Hospital Number 5, of which Harvey Cushing was the chief.

Then there were dinners and lunches to such visitors, especially from England and France, as the six officers of the French Army who came to Harvard in the Spring of 1917 as teachers of military science, General Clarence R. Edwards, the Archbishop of York, and General Sir F. B. Maurice. On November, 1915, a request for subscriptions to the purchase and endowment for one year of an ambulance for the American Ambulance Hospital in Paris brought in so much more than the requisite sum that a substantial surplus could be, and was, sent to the *Service de Distribution Américaine* managed by Russell Greeley. In 1917 two French soldiers who had lost their sight and their hands in battle were adopted by the Club, which maintained their support so long as it was needed. In word, deed, and feeling the Tavern as a unit gave itself without stint, even as most of the members as individuals were giving themselves, to the winning of the war to which so many felt the United States committed from the first.

When the war ended, there was happily no occasion to mourn the death of a single member out of the scores who had borne a part in it. As Abbott, in his Annual Report of 1919, wrote of the Tavern participants in the war, 'We are proud of every one of them, and we rejoice with an exceeding great joy that not one of the gallant companions who left us to take the chance of life or death has been killed.' Yet there was one loss which must be called a war casualty. This was the resignation of one of the most beloved Charter Members, Gaugengigl. It happened almost simultaneously with the entry of the United States into the war. Gaugen-

gigl, unmarried, had made the Tavern his only home besides his studio for more than thirty years. If the vehement feeling for the cause of the Allies which prevailed at the Club made it embarrassing for one of German birth and sympathies to frequent it as constantly as in former years, he must have failed to realize, on the other hand, how difficult it was for his friends to refrain from speaking their minds freely in his presence. Accordingly three of these friends advised him one day to relieve the tension on both sides by absenting himself for a time from the scene of it. The advice was taken in the best possible part, and the little colloquy came to an end with Gaugengigl's grateful words, 'Good friends—good friends!' It may be that other friends caused him to look upon the matter differently, for in a few days came a letter from him resigning his membership in the Club. In reply to it the Secretary, Abbott, asked him to reconsider the resignation—but without avail. For the last fifteen years of his life, which ended in 1932, the place in which he had long been held in special affection knew him no more.

Tarbell's romantic portrait of him still hangs in the Library, and a memorial, in the form of his own handiwork, covers the walls of the room at the back of the stage dedicated to the memory of Gordon Ware, the gallant young ambulance driver who did not long survive the war. In failing health and resources Gaugengigl lived on at his studio in Otis Place, where he had made for himself the panels of carved woodwork for a small room of remarkable beauty. When his effects were sold at auction, Howard Walker, attending the



TARBELL'S PORTRAIT OF GAUGENGIGL
In his grandfather's wedding raiment

sale, made the bid for these carvings which brought them into his possession. His confidence that the Club would take them off his hands and install them where the 'Gaugy' of other days would have liked most to see them preserved was justified — and there they are.

It would be misleading to convey the impression that the period of the war in Europe was a period of undiluted solemnity at the Tavern Club. As one corrective of any such idea a letter from Sturgis Bigelow happily preserved in a Club scrap-book introduces an incident of which a brief record may not be amiss. This is the letter:

56 Beacon Street
Boston
Feb. 17, 1916.

Dear Holker: —

I saw the valentines yesterday afternoon and heard the awful story of the first prize.

We can never hold up our heads again. We are dishonored, and with us, by implication, the whole male sex. We had better begin now to make arrangements to parade as a body at the chariot wheels of the next woman's suffrage procession, with our heads bowed and our coat-tails pinned between our legs. Safety-pins should be used in case the procession stops to sit down.

For the present, I suggest that you have a soup-plate full of ashes put near the front door, so that every man going in or out can put a pinch on his head.

We cannot say that we are condemned by a prejudiced tribunal. We are in the position of the farmers at the Minnesota County Fair who offered a special prize for the best butter, a jury being appointed from among their own members, and then gave it to a specimen of oleo-margarine, which was better butter than any of them could make.

There is nothing left for us but to lose handsomely and to show ourselves good sports by sending the lady a prize worthy of the occasion. It should be by general subscription. No subscription should be received of more than ten dollars or less than ten cents. I enclose ten dollars as my share of the ignominy. The sooner it's done, the better. *Bis dat qui cito dat.*

Yours in the ash-barrel,

W. S. Bigelow

In explanation it should be said that a Valentine Dinner was announced for February 14, 1916. Anonymous valentines were invited, and thirteen judges — several of whom, as it appeared later, submitted valentines themselves — were appointed to select the winner and distribute honorable mentions. They chose as the best contribution a parody of Gilbert's 'Heavy Dragoon' song in 'Patience,' into which the names of many members of the Club were woven in such couplets as,

'Old Master' Hopkinson, 'young and so fair,'
Harmonious Clayton and Hay-making Thayer,

and such longer bits as,

Rhodes's great scholarship, Howe's verse-utility,
Rogers' good fellowship, Hill's volubility,
Tarbell and Longfellow, Benson and Pratt,
Two good little Lucys, both Henley and Mat:

Take of these qualities all that are fusible,
Stir them all up in a punch-bowl or crucible,
Break all the bubbles and pour off the scum,
And the Tavern Club Bear is the residuum.

When the verses were read, as the first choice of the judges, the author was asked to rise and acknowledge

his honor. There was no response, and the evening came to an end with much surmise with regard to the source of the rhymes. All innocent of their origin, I reported late that night at home that the judges, of whom I was one, and the members of the Club at large were equally, and totally, at a loss to identify the elusive winner. The next day I enjoyed the highly amusing satisfaction of informing the Secretary that it had proved a case of *cherchez la femme*, and that I had found her under my own roof. It was the announcement of this fact which called forth Bigelow's letter, followed in due course by a cocktail shaker of *magnum* proportions, engraved with the arms of the Club, my wife's name, and the motto, 'The Drinks Are On Us.' I sometimes wonder whether in future generations this beautiful piece of silver will be known as 'Great-grandmamma's Cocktail Shaker.' If it is, the story now told for Taverners should also be known.

Full of years and honors, beloved and respected as only the chosen few can be, Major Higginson died November 14, 1919. Ten days later the Club held a special meeting to take action on his death. The following poignant paragraphs, written by Bliss Perry, soon chosen to become his official biographer, gave expression to the pride and affection in which the members of the Club held him who had been longest its president:

Henry Lee Higginson was for thirty-five years a member of the Tavern Club. For twenty years, from 1899 to his death on November 14, 1919, he was its President. His sympathy with younger men, his natural friendliness,

and his quick discernment of character, enabled him to enter easily and joyfully into the comradeship of the Bear. The Taverners have been singularly proud of their President. They have liked to think that his personal distinction, his simplicity of manner, his fidelity to noble standards in the arts, and his tested patriotism, were typical of the ideals of the Tavern Club.

His fellow-members shared with the whole community, it is true, in recognizing Major Higginson's claims to public regard. Everyone was aware of his gallantry as a soldier, his no less stubborn civic courage, his ardent public spirit, his wise and bountiful philanthropies, and the nobility of person and of soul which will be long perpetuated by the bronze of Bela Pratt and the brush of John Sargent. No public career, in our generation, has received more adequate and happy recognition. It was one of the felicities of his old age that his fellow-citizens never withheld expressions of their regard and showed to the very end no abatement in their admiration.

Yet those of us who met Major Higginson in the intimate associations of the Tavern Club appreciated, as the general public could not, the picturesque and salient qualities of his character. His nature was without disguises. He endeared himself to us by his soldier-like bluntness and directness of speech, by his disregard of conventional estimates of men, by his amazing simplicities. A man of the world, in the best sense, he was nevertheless wholly without sophistication. His love of beauty was unaffected. He had no pretences. He never betrayed bitterness, except toward hypocrisy and cowardice. He had known pain and sorrow, but he kept unspoiled, to the age of eighty-five, a zest for life, the heart of youth, and the gift of friendship.

It was by such qualities, revealed here for so long a time and in such winning frankness, that Major Higginson gained the personal affection of Taverners. We desire

that this expression of our sense of loss be spread upon the records of the Club and communicated, with our respectful sympathy, to Major Higginson's family.

At the Annual Meeting on May 12, 1922, Abbott's long and memorable service as Secretary came to an end, and Daniel Sargent was chosen his successor. On this evening — to quote from Sargent's Report of the following May — 'a parchment beautifully illumined from designs by Howdy Walker and signed with the names of his [Abbott's] unforgetting comrades was presented to him.' There was, besides, a tribute in verse from Augustus Hemenway, who did so many things well, and of whose many benefactions to the Club none is more dearly cherished than the unfailing gift of himself. With this tribute a long chapter, both in this book and in the life of the Club, may be brought to its end:

Deal gently with the crow that flaps his wing
And croaks the numbers that he fain would sing.
My theme was such I hoped some friendly muse
Would tune my lyre lest I my theme abuse.
I sing of one who, with an artist's eye,
Can always tell where truth and beauty lie;
A gentle critic and a faithful friend;
Such gifts as these the Gods but seldom send,
The Prince of Taverners! His dearest care
To boom the Tavern and to charm the Bear!
We love you, Holker, for the things you've done;
We love you also for the laurels won,
But most we love you for the place you fill
Within our hearts, where you are reigning still.

VI

WENDELL TO WISTER

Barret Wendell, President	1920-1921
Bliss Perry, President	1921-1928
Frederick Cheever Shattuck, President	1928-1929
Owen Wister, President	1929-

It is now (1934) fifteen years since Major Higginson died, closing his twenty-year term as President; and it is twelve since Holker Abbott resigned the Secretaryship. Four Presidents have succeeded Higginson, and seven Secretaries Abbott. No one of the four Presidents seems so remote, even to younger members of the Club, as to call for anything resembling historical study. Each has been characterized in a stanza of 'The Presidential Range' after a fashion which may permit the verses to serve as a little more than the mere Table of Contents as which they were introduced on an earlier page. If much more is wanted there are substantial biographies of Howells, Lee, Norton, Higginson, and Wendell — and a spirited memoir of Henry Lee's son-in-law, Shattuck, by his kinsman, a master of biography, John T. Morse, Jr.; this may be found in both the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* and the 'Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society.' Of special interest to Tavern readers is Mr. Morse's remark that 'in Boston he [Dr. Shattuck] had the honor of being elected to the presidency of the famous Tavern Club, a position esteemed to carry a high distinction.' The two remaining Presidents, Perry and Wister, are happily still with us

and therefore immune from extended biographical treatment. All the Secretaries since Abbott — Daniel Sargent, Bailey, Aldrich, E. S. Munro, E. L. Bigelow, Pier, and Huntington — are happily also among the living, and similarly immune.

In the pages that have gone before little has been said about the Vice Presidents of the Club. Through all its fifty years they have played an important rôle, through demonstrating again and again their entire ability to step at need into the place of the President. In fact four of them, Norton, Higginson, Shattuck, and Wendell, were Vice Presidents before they became Presidents. Out of the score of others, a few are to be mentioned, if only by reason of the length of their service. On this score Russell Sullivan, Vice President for the twenty-two years from 1886 to 1908, far surpassed all others. More than that, he was among the most beloved of Taverners, ready to serve the Club with pen and tongue whenever called upon, and of so genuinely sympathetic a spirit that he seemed the very incarnation of Tavern friendship. Next in length of service stands Henry M. Rogers, Vice President for the thirteen years from 1887 to 1900, and in length of years surpassing all our fellowship as the 'Oldest Living Graduate of Harvard' — ninety-five in February, 1934 — has every right to do. In the early days of the Club it fell not infrequently to his lot to take the President's place at the Tavern table, and among the youngest members today there are few who have not felt the spell of 'Uncle Harry's' eloquence. Many members of the Tavern must hold it in their thoughts as the only survival known to

them from a period of forensic oratory of which Webster and Choate were the shining examples in New England. Essentially a man of the Civil War, he has been perhaps at his very best on occasions at which the sentiment of patriotism has touched his emotions. The dinner to General Pershing on May 26, 1920, was notably one of this type, and Rogers, having spent the day alone on a solitary beach near Boston, meditating upon his own lost comrades of the Civil War, spoke of and to the younger participants in the World War with a deeply stirring intensity of feeling. His verses, 'The Evolution of the Bear' in 'The Silver Wedding' volume give proof of his mettle at seventy. On February 27, 1922, his eighty-third birthday was celebrated at the Club by a dinner and tributary verses from Lund and Atkinson, together with a jubilant poem of his own, 'The Modern Psalmist,' of which this stanza will suggest the characteristic flavor:

And so you go from year to year
With joyous hope, without a fear,
Seeing each day a newborn sky,
Without a moment's time to die.
Ever along from youth to youth,
For every day, in very truth,
Is still your youngest day on earth
While yet the oldest from your birth.

When 'Uncle Harry's' ninety-third birthday was celebrated at a luncheon on February 27, 1932, it still seemed his 'youngest day on earth.'

Another Vice President, whose twelve-year term of service began in 1916 under Higginson and ended when

Bliss Perry retired in 1928, is Philip Hale. Perhaps more than with any other Vice President in the history of the Club it has been his function to take the President's place at luncheons and dinners. His rare equipment of learning, wit, and ready, pungent speech has fitted him ideally for this task. With music and the theatre as his special field of interest, all knowledge of books, and of human nature, has seemed at times to have become his province. For more than a score of years his presence at the Tavern, in whatever chair at the table or by the downstairs fireplace at tea-time, has been cherished as a distinctive possession of the Club. To this suggestion of all that he has done as Vice President and merely as Philip Hale must be added the single word, Librarian, for to him in that capacity, probably more than to any other individual member, the Club is indebted for the Library as it exists today.

It is a melancholy fact that the 'tea-time' just mentioned must be relegated almost to a Proustian *temps perdu*. Strangely enough, the institution of tea with the brass samovar in the downstairs room flourished especially in the pre-prohibition era. The milder beverage, and the toast that one made and buttered for one's self after personal dealings with the electric toaster, were frequently followed, particularly when members were staying on for dinner, by cocktails of which the generously proportioned 'Thorndike' is remembered with special gratitude. But the hour was the tea-hour rather than the cocktail hour, and a most genial hour it was. Certain habitués were to be counted upon with reasonable certainty; there would be one pair of members

waiting for their game of squash, and another descending from theirs; when a play was in rehearsal, there were many other drifters in and out, stopping for tea and toast and a taste of the good talk that prevailed there as at the lunch table.

Did prohibition kill it, through increasing the difficulty of slipping so easily as of old from tea into cocktails? The trouble with prohibition in the Tavern Club, as almost everywhere else, was not that it rendered alcohol inaccessible. That seems never to have happened, though there is abundant testimony to the effect that the cocktails of the new era were incredibly inferior to those that went before. The change was subtler than that. There was never anything resembling a drought of alcohol, but, possibly because taking what one must (if the taking be inevitable) is not nearly so agreeable as taking what one would choose, there is no doubt that dinners, though — should one rather say because? — often more noisy, became less attractive, and the habit of dropping frequently and casually into the Club for lunch or tea or the table d'hôte dinner lost much of its force with older members and was rarely formed by their juniors. A similar story is probably to be told of hundreds of clubs throughout the country. The bare facts of the matter which I have tried to set forth cannot be omitted from any record of later years in the Tavern. Generous individual members have sought to mitigate an unsatisfying condition by gifts of champagne for all hands at special dinners. But from the time of the farewell 'Wet Dinner' of June 30, 1919, when all the wines and liquors left in the Club

were auctioned off to members, and Arthur Pier read some verses beginning and ending with,

Open wide the thirsty throttle
That is soon to be so dry;
Bibulously drain your bottle,
And another bottle buy —

from that time to the Christmas dinner of 1933, when each member could call, before and during and after the feast itself, for what he really wanted, there were few signs that the more civilized methods of the Tavern's first thirty-five years would ever return. Will the tea-table ever regain its old pre-prohibition charm? Who knows?

Soon after the 'dry era' began, and dinners lost something of their former appeal, an experiment of Saturday luncheons to guests of honor, prepared to talk on interesting topics, was undertaken. The list of entertainments on later pages of this volume shows how the practice furthered by special luncheon committees flourished, particularly in the years 1922 and 1923. It was an encouraging sign of the Club's ability to adjust itself to changed conditions.

There was another such sign in the institution, at about the same time, of the habit of special resort to the Tavern on Monday nights for dinner. Things had come to such a pass, under prohibition, that a member, dropping in as of old for dinner, was likely to find nobody else in the Club, and consequently he did not come again. After dark, except for special occasions, the Club was virtually dead. It was the happy thought of Ives Gammell that if members could be brought to

understand that on one night of the week companions might be found at the dinner-table, they would gladly swell the number. He consulted with Dan Sargent, then Secretary, Huntington, not yet in office, Hubbard, and one or two others, and the idea gained currency. At first the preliminaries to dinner were enacted in the dwelling-places of one member after another. Before long an 'Entertainment Fund,' to which any member was free to contribute, came into being, for this and more extended uses. Now for about a dozen years the 'Monday nights,' with the seasoning of speech and music, have brought many happy gatherings to pass and have quickened the vitality of the Club.

Through wet and dry seasons the pool room has brought and held together a devoted band, a nucleus of intimacy affecting the whole life of the Club. From the remoter and nearer past one familiar figure after another in that company stands out in memory — none more clearly than Augustus Hemenway, of a past both near and remote. None more than he has illustrated the fruitful unity in which a special interest and the general interests of the Club may be joined.

The list of entertainments to which I have referred will serve, beyond all else, to show, through its great variety of suggestion, how far this narrative falls short of anything like completeness as a chronicle. It has touched only here and there upon typical events, with allusions to typical personalities. If there has been an emphasis, in the chapter-headings, on the names of Presidents, and allusion, more and less extended, in the text to each of the secretaries, a glance at the complete



**THE
UNDERGROUND
RAILROAD**

BY HARFORD POWEL

POSTER FOR CHRISTMAS PLAY OF 1930

By Gluyas Williams, with indications of Powel's collaborator, Marquand

list of members will show to what proportions this book might have attained had any attempt been made to indicate the individual contributions made by scores of these members to making the Club just what it has been. Of the four Presidents named at the beginning of this chapter Wendell and Shattuck, each dying within a year of his election, could not identify themselves so clearly with the presidential office as any other of the eight Presidents. It is a gallant memory of Wendell that his last appearance outside his own house was made at a Tavern Club luncheon in honor of General Nivelles of the French Army on December 3, 1920. 'Though physically unfit for any effort' — as I have written elsewhere — 'Wendell met the needs of the occasion with an impromptu speech glowing with his love for France. When the company had dispersed, I found myself standing beside him. "Will you give me your arm to the head of the stairs?" he said; "I don't feel quite sure of getting there."' The luncheon is remembered as an occasion of no small ineptitude. Wendell's part in it, conscious as he must have been of facing a mortal illness, was quite another matter.

In the nature of things Bliss Perry's seven elections to the presidency gave him many more opportunities than Wendell or Shattuck to reveal his qualities as ruler of the feast. In his predecessors the urbanity of Norton and the directness of Higginson had stood out as the qualities perhaps best remembered in each — and memorable they were. In Perry at the Tavern table there was an urbanity less elaborate, more direct, than in Norton, a directness more urbane than in Higginson,

and blending with these qualities a sympathy and sagacious Yankee humor that rounded the fruits of the union into works of art. The subject of these remarks would probably rather not have them made, as it were, in his presence; but those for whom they are made so far outnumber him that 'the ayes' in favor of making them may be said to have it, all but unanimously.

But it is time to turn from officers to members, and an officer shall be cited to justify what was said in the last paragraph but one about the constant debt of the Club to the members themselves. Thus Daniel Sargent in his Annual Report of 1924:

Of course, no one has any idea that the officers have anything to do with the prosperity of the Club. Those who govern that are the members themselves who hang up their mortality on the pegs in the Tavern Club hall, and move round momentarily immortal in the Elysian light of the billiard room, or in that shadowy vestibule of dreams, the library, or in that tunnel of ghastly thunder, the squash court. They maintain the Monday nights. They are the musicians and story-tellers, the singers, the astronomers, the builders of Tavern Club nights. They are Fremont-Smith, they are Breed, and Rock, and Charlie Coolidge. They are Waddy. They belabor the House Committee. They lose their pipes in the Tavern Club. They swallow up the new members, they are the new members. Their laughter is our ambrosia.

There is one class of members of which no mention has been made in the preceding pages — the non-residents, grown in members from six in the first printed Club-book, to 72 in the last, far more startlingly than the residents have grown from 100, through 125, to 150.

The non-residents, though naturally more in evidence on special occasions than through frequent resort to the Club House, have always constituted an important element in the membership — a fact to which the election of one of their members, Owen Wister, also a Charter Member, to the presidency in 1929, and every year since then bears convincing testimony. Another non-resident, John Jay Chapman, elected first in 1885 — only to resign in less than two years — and again in 1909, was preparing at the time of his death in November, 1933, a volume of reminiscences which he called 'Retrospections.' A brief section of it was headed, 'The Tavern,' and I am fortunately permitted to quote it here. It will speak for itself, not merely with the voice of a non-resident exceptionally qualified to speak at all, but also in terms of what the Tavern has meant to all classes of its membership:

The Tavern

There were a lot of agreeable men, old and young, in and about Boston at the time of my graduation (1884) and of my years in the Law School, and a group of them turned by degrees into the Tavern Club. I vividly remember one of their early meetings in the rooms of Frederick Vinton, the painter. It was a dinner given to Salvini — at which the great actor recited the death scene from *La Morte Civile* and managed at the climax to dispose himself on the floor with the grace of a gigantic serpent — the serpent of the Laocoon.

As time went on, the Tavern came to play an important part in the history of Boston. The group was always made up of old and young, distinguished and undistinguished, artists, actors, musicians, literary men, amateurs and professionals; and it has always retained its informal,

spontaneous character. Almost all complimentary dinners tendered to public characters were tedious. It was not so here. So warm and genial was the welcome of the Tavern Club that if one of its former guests passed through Boston again he would look in on the Taverners. I shouldn't wonder if more unforgettable dinners have been given at the Tavern than in any other club in the world. The club-house itself had a good deal to do with this influence. It somewhat resembles a converted tavern. It is an old brick house on a side street, has been made over many times, is full of odd objects and mementos, all of them casual and unobtrusive, and is crowned by a large open loft with rafters above it. Here plays, operettas, and burlesques are given by the members. The house contains three or four bedrooms, a billiard room, a dining-room, a library and a second-story, open-air veranda for meals in summertime.

I was not an early member of the Tavern, for after leaving Boston I lived in New York for many years and had neither time nor money for excursions; but I had known the original group before leaving Boston and was almost counted as a member. For many years I have used the Tavern as a nest, a secret habitation, a refuge in times of crisis, tragedy, or fatigue. Everybody welcomed me, nobody bothered me. I have been part of the place, and the place of me, and its rooms are full of memories — scenes with my sons while they were at college — some of them almost tragic, many jovial. After Victor's death I stayed at the Tavern for ten days and read Plato's Republic, and in the intervals resorted to the Public Gardens and took tours in the Lohengrins. In more recent times when I have had some particularly hard job on hand, something that required an astronomical abstraction of mind varied by the relaxation of familiar faces, cups of tea, pipes of tobacco, and no appointments to keep, I have moved on to Boston and roomed at the Tavern.

There is yet another bit of writing which must not be lost. The Christmas celebration of 1926 began with a prologue of which Walter Bailey, in his Annual Report in the following May, wrote as follows: 'Langdon Warner's apotheosis of the Tavern Club's spirit, read below stairs by Paul Thorndike as Father Christmas, was one of the most remarkable contributions to Tavern Club history and lore that the Secretary remembers.' So indeed it was, and here it is — an imaginative picture of a beloved place peopled for a world-wide wanderer by beloved companions:

It was a small little old man and his blue eyes that had seen dawn and sundown from Frisco and off Diamond Head and over Samarkand.

'Where is it, tall man,' he said, 'would you be going, and it so near to white Christmas time when every homeless man and home body too must be heading for a log fire?'

But I made small answer to the man. There was no Christmas in front of me. I watched his cobbled boots hitting the frozen road.

'Ah,' he said, 'I thought likely. But hear this that I would be telling you, stranger dear, about the place I am going to this tide. And if,' he said, 'you don't like the things I speak about, you can go to Hell in your own hack,' he said.

'First and above all there is a log fire in that place with settle-benches, and the snow outside the window. And great lads do come stamping in at this time of year to drop their mufflers and their coats. Some of them are for slapping you on the back and will have ale with you after so long away in foreign lands — Rome maybe, or Dzungarian forests or Venice with its gondolas. But some just nod when they hang their coats on the peg and some — in the back room — will look up from a book they read and

smile and then look down to read more. But every eye there is kind and welcoming, if it be shy or if it be boisterous.

'A pot-bellied brass simmer-pot is in that place with coal in its guts — the same I've seen in log huts when they had to haul me stiff from under the bear skins out of a Siberian troika and into the sweat-steamed room for tea and mutton lumps spitted on a ramrod's length. Out of that samovar of soft brass in the Tavern is where spouts the hot water to wet the China tea, if the time is afternoon. And the taste that it is in it is all slow caravans and then bonny clipper ships with swearing captains from the State of Maine and your own great grand-sire, him with the plum-color velvet case on the parlor table, as a young gossoon of a supercargo, and it his first time out from Salem. But other tastes do be in that tea brew, each a memory to different men. There is Newburyport aunts, and seed cake not to be crumbed on the parlor carpet, and for some there is Washington Square of old days when there was leisure in great New York houses; or maybe a hot bowl of tea you had with the Scot who keeps the China light off the Island of Hainan, just before you shape South East from the Cochin ports. Some men come in for that tea because it means to them a big house on the River James — their tea was in a locked wooden caddy lined with pewter to keep it sweet. To those men it is an aged darky does hand it round; and those men's grandmother wears black silk and smiles indulgent when her menfolk talk about the dam-Yanks.

'And then listen, tall man, a great old wagon-load of a Yule Log does be sung into the Tavern, decked with holly and toasted in hot peat whiskey. And it is after that time come the old ancient ghosts to drink and be drunk to, nor any man there dare be sad about them being dead, or whisk! we'd lose them for Christmas. They stand about, half seen and wholly felt, with glasses in their hands, and

we so teary-anxious not to fright them that we never stare; only leave an arm hanging loose the way one of these old spirits can link on to it with his, or we'd maybe throw a word sideways at one of them, not troubling to turn or treat him too polite. In the songs you hear their voices, and always one that used be bookish stands in the shadow conning the shelves, his back, all friendly and familiar, to the room.

'Then it's "Good King Wenceslaus Looked Out" and "Ubi Sunt, O Pocula" and "The Low-Backed Car" that we sing to lift the rafters and make the Christmas candles gutter. We crowd under the twisty stairs to sing "In Taberna Mori" and then troop up to the long table with its boar's head and the gallant brown turkeys with the sweet yams under their elbow.

'If it's at the Hellions' table they seat you that night, stranger darling, you'll not talk sense nor hear yourself crunch food for two short hours all along of the fooling and the drunken bravery of it. You'll be hopping from your place and clink glasses with a man builds up the grey old cathedrals where the Germans toppled them in Flanders, or maybe with a teeny scholar from over in the Colleges and him never with his nose out of a vellum binding since he slept off his Tavern liquor last Christmas. Then there's the doctors that would be in it will scare a sick man into health. They'd clap him on a table and a snout full of chill dread ether, the while one of them has his heart out on the marble slab and it scraped clean of all warts and wens and put back ticking, and all while a man could say God save us. A power of good they are in the countryside for understanding persons and persons that can drink.

'If it's near a town-bred banker you sit or one spends his days thinking wise about the law in Blackstone, all you'll hear of it will be what's got at the trout fry was planted these two years gone, and was it maybe some pickerel was in it with all the care he took? There's be music men

too, with more song in their three fiddle-fingers than a blind crowder at a fair. Painters is there have stood their easels down before the statesmen of Europe and bade them sit still for two hours God damn them, or devil a splash on canvas would they make. High talking bold men with a paint brush, and old badger heads can tell you the soundings from Minot's Light all down along. They were out in the '98 hurricane in their little gull-winged yacht and rode her out so gallant and cool that no Finn nor banksman either dare call them aught but water sailors of the right sort.

'There too in that place will be sitting men that make gardens for little city micks to fight and play in till their poor smoked lungs can stretch; and men that foreign potentates and powers write letters to their office, and 'Will it please your Honor's honor come over to poor Europe and feed the babies and tell our boys how to pay the rent?' Writers is there that can make you think deep dark thoughts or maybe you will wake your wife and read her one page of all they have set down in black and living type.

'It is these men and more than I can lay tongue to you will be seeing this dear Christmas tide if you will trim your step and leave off grinding shoe-leather on these frozen roads. There's times for that, tall boy, and there's times for standing at the bows outlooking for strange shores with maybe a bridge to build or a girl to kiss when your foot is off the decks at last. But the time and the tide for you, my dear, is to come back to the old lads and the young lads, to listen to the ones that have the golden voices sing, and them with cracked pipes who is content to pound time with a mug on the table top.

'I'll be laying long odds there's ghosts you've not seen this twelvemonth. And I'll be laying longer odds yet that Jesus Christ this many a day has been more for an oath in your mouth than for a holy dear manchild, when golden Kings and angels and shepherds and silly ox and ass kneeled

in the straw and sang Him their old ancient Latin songs of praise.'

And so it was that I came with him to this Tavern.

In the spirit expressed by Sargent, Chapman and Warner, the Tavern has come at length to its fiftieth year. Any feeling that the earlier spirit of the Club had departed must have been dispelled, as the semi-centenary approached, by the dinner to Paderewski on December 27, 1930. For many years an Honorary Member of the Club — to which he has rarely, if ever, failed to send a cable message of affectionate greetings at Christmas — he came back to it as an honored and beloved older son and made a speech that for sheer impressive eloquence has had no superior at any Tavern feast. What more need be said of it than that his passionate tribute to President Wilson won applause, however reluctant, from hands that had never been stirred before by the war-president's name except in opposition?¹ The early months of 1934 have been marked by two notable events — the dinner to President Conant on March 6, and the revival of Owen Wister's operetta, 'Watch Your Thirst,' on April 10. Conant had not been long established in the President's office at Harvard, when like his predecessors, Eliot and Lowell, he was elected to membership in the Tavern Club. The dinner in his honor was a family affair, calling together more than ninety members of the Tavern. The President of the Club, Owen Wister, twice an Overseer of Harvard,

¹ There is no place but a footnote for the reported remark of an anti-Wilsonian whose enthusiasm excited surprise: — 'Oh hell! I thought he was talking about Hoover.'

presided in a vein wholly appropriate to a memorable occasion. Besides himself and the guest of honor there were only two speakers, President Hopkins of Dartmouth, a non-resident member, with words of generous welcome to the new president of a New England College, and Conant's predecessor in office, President-emeritus Lowell, with moving expressions of sympathy and confidence. When Conant rose to his feet at the last, it was rather as a new Taverner than as the new head of a great institution of learning. If I report the repeated exclamation of a fastidious graduate of Harvard, more than fifty years out of college, who sat beside me, and made his applause, while Conant was speaking, beat time to the words, 'He's a peach! He's a peach!' it is only to convey as vividly as I may the central impression of the occasion, which seemed entirely in the tradition of distinguished and charming evenings of earlier years in the Tavern Club.

Memorable on other grounds was the *Narrenabend* of 1934, when Owen Wister's operetta, 'Watch Your Thirst,' first produced on March 9, 1925, was revived. The mastery of ingenious words and music on the part of eight devoted performers — Spencer, Stanley Cobb, Cutler, Gardner, John Codman, Stanley Parker, Gerald Blake, and Carey — was a piece of co-operation in a Tavern cause that savored richly of the past and held out high promise for the future. The contribution of the composer and author was no less extraordinary. The re-casting of parts since the earlier performance called for some revision of the music — as redolent of Offenbach as 'Il Commendatore' had been of Mozart.

This was done by Wister in the summer before this latest performance, when he was entering his seventy-fourth year — and there were many who thought this latest music the most spirited of all. When the text of 'Watch Your Thirst — a Dry Operetta' was printed in book form in 1923, two years before the first performance, the volume bore a dedication, 'To the Tavern Club, Boston, Sanctuary of Youth and Mirth.' Was it fifty years of dwelling in that sanctuary which made the 1934 revelation of Wister's capacities so youthful and so mirthful as it was?

POSTSCRIPT — NOVEMBER 2, 1934

The Tavern Club celebrated its Fiftieth Anniversary last night. It was a golden occasion, for a brief account of which a blank space was left to the last minute between the pages that precede and follow these words. A reproduction of the programme for the evening will recall to those who were present, and shadow forth to others, the general nature of a celebration which must remain memorable. In the frontispiece of this volume may be seen, without the glory of color, the commemorative triptych planned by Ives Gammell, with panels painted by him and 'Bunny' Brooks, with carvings by Gregory Wiggins and Graham Carey, with decorations by Theodore Pitman, J. T. Coolidge, Jr., and 'Peter' Wiggins, all in an architectural setting designed by Edward Hubbard. Daniel Sargent's poem for the occasion, read downstairs before dinner, is printed at the end of the ensuing section, 'The Tavern Muse.' To the extent of the programme,

the triptych, and the poem, the celebration can thus be placed on definite record.

There was much more that eludes any such definition, and it can be merely suggested here. The printed programme does not hint at what occurred downstairs before the dinner. Of course 'Meum Est' was sung; the poem, as already noted, was read; the members present signed the scroll for which Andrew Hepburn had drawn the illuminated symbolic border. They signed in the order of their election to the Club, and in that order, read by Huntington at the foot of the stairs, ascended to the upper regions, the first surviving Charter Member, Adamowski, receiving from the Bear, on the step above him, the torch of the Guarded Flame,¹ passing it to the member next behind him, thus instituting a process that was repeated until the latest new members, elected in October, 1934, had grasped the symbol of continuity.

In the hall above the dining-room cocktails awaited the rising tide of Taverners, who subsided at a decent interval into their seats at the tables below. No such host of diners had ever assembled in the Tavern before — one hundred and sixty-five in number, overflowing from the dining-room into the pool and billiard rooms. Bernard MacAuley, for more than thirty years in the service of the Club, winning his first spurs as steward at the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Dinner in 1909, fed the multitude with yet another of the Tavern miracles, a hot and palatable dinner. Ten years ago he was hailed in verse as the latter-day Bernard of a life-saving hospice. To that rôle the Fiftieth confirmed his title.

¹ See *ante*, p. 114.

TAVERN CLUB

CELEBRATION OF THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

All Saints' Day, 1934

The Ceremony at Dinner

<i>Green Waistcoat</i> (charter members).....	Frank S. Watson '84
<i>Red Waistcoat</i> (1884-1904).....	Arthur D. Hill '99
<i>Yellow Waistcoat</i> (1904-1914).....	James F. Curtis '06
<i>Blue Waistcoat</i> (1914-1924).....	Lewis Perry '15
<i>Purple Waistcoat</i> (1924-1934).....	Theodore Spencer '28

After-Dinner Masque: "The Wreath of Gold"

The Presidential Range—M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE '93

Procession of Presidents

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.....	William T. Aldrich '22
HENRY LEE.....	Henry Lee Shattuck '33
CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.....	G. Peabody Gardner, Jr. '11
HENRY LEE HIGGINSON.....	Frederick Deane '26
BARRETT WENDELL.....	Dwight Blaney '96
BLISS PERRY.....	Bliss Perry '05
FREDERICK CHEEVER SHATTUCK.....	George Cheever Shattuck '30
THE PRESIDENT.....	Owen Wister '84

The Unveiling of the Anniversary Triptych

Tribute of the Clubs of the Past

A wreath from "The Fish House": General Geo. Washington.....	W. Stanley Parker '04
A wreath from "The Club": Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell.....	{ George P. Reynolds '28 Robert Cutler '22
A wreath from Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg: Hans Sachs.....	A. Graham Carey '22
A wreath from a Falernian Hillside: Q. Horatius Flaccus.....	Fred B. Lund '92
A wreath from the Grove of Academe: Socrates and Plato.....	{ Lawrence Winship '32 Charles B. Gulick '33
A wreath from the Oldest Club in the World: Adam and Eve.....	{ Roger Griswold '22 James Parker, 2nd, '33

The Presentation of the Fifty-Year Medals

Anniversary Anthem, sung by The Presidents and the Clubs
"Meum Est," sung by The Taverners

Before and during the Masque music
will be furnished by the Orchestra:

<i>Piano</i>	Wallace Goodrich '06	<i>Triangle</i>	Henry H. Brooks '22
<i>Violins</i>	{ Timothee Adamowski '84 Frederick Converse '99	<i>Kuckuk</i>	Edward C. Thayer '24
<i>'Cellos</i>	{ Sullivan Sargent '88 Philip Allen '32	<i>Wachtel</i>	Theodore Spencer '28
<i>Trumpets</i> ..	{ Gerald Blake '10 Maurice Fremont-Smith '23	<i>Rattle</i>	Joseph Hamlen '20
		<i>Tambourine</i> ..	John Rock '22
		<i>Small Drum</i> ..	Maurice Osborne '27

Conductor, WILLIAM B. BREED '22

The printed programme summarizes nearly all that followed. An adequate characterization of the speakers and speeches at the table, the entrance of the Presidents upstairs to the reiterated strains of 'The Vicar of Bray,' the quiet unveiling of the Triptych, the Secretary's representation of the Bear, the President's verses announcing the messengers from Clubs of the Past, their rendering of the lines with which he provided them, the bestowal of Fifty-Year Medals of gold on four Charter Members (Adamowski, Upham, Watson, Wister), the orchestra's revival of Gericke's once familiar Tavern Club March — all this would ask a profusion of adjectives, extended into many superlatives, which might challenge the suspicions of absentees. Let nothing of the sort bring this chronicle to a close. Let it be said only that graybeards who learned in their youth to say

Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be,

could point to this celebration as proving them right, and from them the youngest initiates may take heart to hope that the Hundredth Anniversary will be better still.

VII

THE TAVERN MUSE

Two small volumes, 'Bear With Us' (1905) and 'The Silver Wedding of the Bear' (1910), have already assembled about a hundred pages of Tavern Club verse. Beyond the few quotations in the narrative portion of this book, none of that verse is now reprinted. The scrap-books of the Club overflow with material for an anthology far exceeding the present boundaries of space. The verses at Valentine Dinners and on awarding silver medals to members of twenty-five years' standing would by themselves furnish forth a considerable book. It has been necessary to omit much that is characteristic and amusing. If the Editor incurs reproach for including an undue number of his own rhymes, he can only plead that he has omitted more verses by himself than by anybody else.

To W. H. KENDAL

(From the Tavern Table, February 28, 1891)

When, before the cauldron's flame,
Glamis to the witches came,
And its bubbles boiled away,
Still the sisters bade him stay;
Like a show, they brought to pass
Kings, reflected in a glass.

Through the Tavern, like a show,
Kings have come, and kings will go;

Loftiest of art's lineage,
Hero, poet, seer and sage;
Still, departing from the door,
Still the glass shows many more.

Lo! tonight our taper shines
For the art of fleeting lines;
Of our guest the vanished trace
Only memory can replace.
By what spell, when he departs,
Shall his image fill our hearts?

How shall we this presence hold
In the days when we are old?
Which of all his titles won,
Philamir, Pygmalion?
Trevor, Crichton, Ira Lee,
All he was, or is to be?
Which of these, when each is best,
Best befits the regal guest?

Ah! the best that art reveals
Time, the thief, remorseless steals!
Something dearer than his fame
To the Tavern with him came;
In the Tavern, to the end,
Call him comrade, kinsman, friend.

Friend, may all our hearts can do
Bind us closer still to you!
If, in Life's upsurging track,
Wave on wave shall bring you back,

Through the Tavern, like a show,
Kings may come, and kings may go!

So shall we this presence hold,
In the days when we are old!

T. R. SULLIVAN

A SONG *by* MUSICUS

(At Literary Dinner, February 24, 1903)

Here's to the Bear who abides in his lair,
His castle, his club, and his cavern;
Of his warm, shaggy hair may he never go bare,
Here's a hug for the Bear in the Tavern!

Here's to the Prex whom no hellion can vex;
And here's to the chair he has sat in;
Here's to the speech that its lesson will teach,
And here's to his lungs and his Latin!

Chorus: Of his warm, shaggy hair may he never
go bare!

Here's a hug for the *Prex* in the Tavern!

Here's to our guest in a glass of the best,
To prove him the warmth of our greeting!
Once for his health, once again for his wealth,
Once more for the joy of this meeting!

Chorus: Of his warm, shaggy hair may he never
go bare!

Here's a hug for the *Guest* in the Tavern!

Here's to the Club that's the light of the Hub,
And all who turned out to invent it!

Let the red drink hard to the green-ribbon guard,
Till the green and the red repent it!

Chorus: Of its warm, shaggy hair may it never
go bare!

Here's a hug for the *Club* in the Tavern!

T. R. SULLIVAN

OWEN WISTER

(Tavern Club — January 15, 1904)

No more, good doctors, of your Listerine,
For all its potency to make us whole!
Better a single drop of 'Wisterine,'
The new-found antiseptic of the soul!
It comes in bottles of a strange design,
Rectangular, with swinging sides of board;
Alas for *sitienti ori!* — wine
There's none within — only a printed hoard
Of words, the battered coinage of our speech,
Tossed cheaply every day from lip to lip,
Debased with meanness, dulled by bores that preach —
These misused signs of human fellowship;
Not here misused — for now they stand arrayed
In brave processions to the goal of truth —
That composite from art and nature made,
Part from the schools, the rest from lives uncouth,
The yielded essence, cure for jaded minds,
Bears magic marks medicinal — *Lin McLean,*
Virginian, filled with breath of Western winds
Fresh from the mountain side and sun-bathed plain.
And here's a tiny vial labelled *Grant,*
O'erflowing with the spirit of our race,

Soul of the victor, silent, adamant,
Now truly 'all the neighbors know his face.'
Each bottle bears the essence, fragrant, keen,
The vital potion that shall make us whole;
Spare not — guest, brother — of your Wisterine,
Still brew your antiseptic of the soul!

M. A. DEW. HOWE

WITH A PRESENT OF CHAMPAGNE

(At 'Dinner to Perrier Jouet,' February 3, 1904)

Brothers in Tavern, you have willed
A sparkling guest to entertain;
And, as you sit with glasses filled,
O hear an absentee complain:
Pity, my brothers, his sad plight
That may not dine with you tonight.

His spirit and his heart are sore,
His fortune, like the wine, is *brute*,
But they that cannot go to war
Make haste to send a substitute:
In his dull stead this foam of France
Shall make your gain from his mischance.

OWEN WISTER

GRIEVED FOR LOST YOUTH

(November 11, 1904)

Grieved for lost Youth, who not for prayers would stay,
But mocking with light laughter, her fair head
Gold aureoled with her sunny hair, had fled
Like some wild dryad down a woodland way,
Taking the cheer and brightness of my day —
I walked beside grim beldam Age instead;

Till happy chance up to the Tavern led:
And here with joy I found once more my way,
Here where the man speaks with the boy's frank tongue;
Laughs the lad's laugh, catches youth's wine-foam jest;
Where stiffened throats supple in blithesome song,
And lips white-bearded yet in smiles are young;
Here, where, though heads be gray, we find the zest,
The mirth that to immortal youth belong.

ARLO BATES

To RICHARD HODGSON

(Valentine Dinner, 1905)

We boast of Clay and Webster,
We talk of eloquence,
We honor Celtic fluency,
And think it is immense.
I sing the song of Richard,
My vocalist divine,
My leather-lunged and chesty-toned
Australian valentine.

His lower notes are bully,
His vocal cords are geared,
They run on an endless pulley,
And feed words through his beard.
His valves all open outward,
Unscrew, and — Hully gee!
You're glad to run for rest and peace
To a boiler factoree.

His engines are high-powered,
They run with no exhaust,

The triple-expansion, jaw-bone type,
 With a draught that's always forced,
 Two hundred pounds of pressure steam,
 In a roaring, open flue,
 A nine-inch walking talking beam,
 And a tandem racing screw.

We read of Buller's army,
 Assailed by shot and shell,
 With fierce Long Toms and bursting bombs,
 That make war seem like hell.
 But if I were Sir Redvers,
 And I could take my choice,
 I'd draw off every man but Dick
 And let him throw his voice.

You talk of Clay and Webster!
 He'd make that clay a brick:
 You've heard Joe Adamowski!
 He'd make Joe Adams sick:
 Trot out your Morse and Watson,
 And let them do their worst,
 Then turn the valve in Dicky's jaw
 And count the words that burst.

O Richard, O my talker!
 If I but had your voice,
 I'd not waste time on psychic work,
 Or spirits, howe'er choice.
 But I'd go and be a siren,
 And work my rosy lips,
 With a six-inch steam attachment,
 On the Chelsea Ferry Slips.

I'm done. Now change your glasses
And charge the bill to me:
Drink deep the health of Dicky,
But drink it quietly.
Drink Mumm, if that's your liquor,
But keep mum all the same,
And if he asks who wrote this skit,
Why — Kruger is my name.

OOM PAUL
[F. S. STURGIS?]

From 'THE COMING OF AGE OF THE BEAR'

(On three monkeys belonging to Jack Tilden: at Dinner, December 1, 1905)

Those members who date back for ten years, or farther,
Will recall that sad trio, Maud, Gwendolyn, Arthur.
Poor Arthur, the butt of the Simian race,
Of pathetic physique, and of lacrimose face.
His physical assets were ribs and expression,
Inordinate legs, and an air of depression.
His habits? His habits it's best not to mention;
They were not always neat, nor controlled by convention.
Arthur lived upon *hope*, and so little he'd eat
That the marvel was how he could be indiscreet!
Unlike fair King Arthur, this 'monk' was unable
To be a gay Knight, and join the '*Round Table*,'
Peace be to his ashes, if there were any left,
Of bodily substance so sadly bereft.
With pathetic endeavor he ran his brief course;
On his brow was engraven 'a life of remorse.'

F. S. STURGIS



*Valentine's Day 1905 -
F. W. Benson*

SKETCH OF ADAMS SHERMAN HILL BY F. W. BENSON

THE VICE OF THE BEAR

(On A. S. Hill, Vice-President; read at dinner, February 14, 1906)

Quipless, crankless and smileless — footless, broken of speech,
Down at the foot of the stairway he mumbles his tale to each;
Over and over the story, ending as he began:

'Take no chances with Adams-Hill, the boy that's gray like a
man.'

'There was blood in my eye that evening — the blood at my
heart was warm

When I came on the Vice-Prex Adams-Hill, in his very best of
form;

There was silence, that all might hear me, when I shot my
shaft of wit —

But, never again! for somehow, 'twas I, not he, that was hit.

'When he shows as an Orthodox deacon, ready to lead in
prayer,

That is the time of peril — the time for the Vice of the Bear!'

Quipless, crankless and smileless, seeking the way to the door,
The green, bewildered Taverner tells of it o'er and o'er,
Wondering ever what hit him, mourning his well-aimed jest,
Learning the ancient synonym of laughing last and best;

Over and over the story, ending as he began:

'Take no chances with Adams-Hill, the boy that's gray like a man!'

M. A. DEW. HOWE

AT A DINNER TO PRESIDENT HADLEY

(February 9, 1907. By an A.B. Yale, M.D. Harvard)

*Just before being called upon the speaker retires, slips on a gown,
decked out with Yale colors, and then, when called upon, makes this*

APOLOGY

Your pardon, my friends, for my leaving the room,

I just stepped out yonder to dress in the gloom.

Although it was rather a weakness confessing;

But few public speakers can talk while a-dressing.

The gown is becoming an almost essential;

At Yale they now make it a needed credential

Without which a man cannot take his degree.
This is all since my time, this is all new to me.
In my time a fellow was known as a scholar
Without any gown or without any collar.
But since I am taking a part in this function
I've donned this disguise with considerable unction.
If you don't like my looks, I pray you don't shoot,
Just say 'He is trying to play his long suit.'

The speaker now pays his respects to the Presidents of the Tavern Club, Harvard, and Yale, and to the members of the Club.

The rules of parliamentary law
Require a circumscribed beginning
In those who try the power of jaw
Upon the sinned against and sinning.

And so my first respects and hail
To you and you *our* 'Mister President';
And you Sir, President of Yale,
I greet as *sine qua non*resident.

Then gentlemen, the 'Οι πολλοί,
To you I make my bow thereafter
A nervous, old Yalensian boy
I stand here for your sport and laughter.

Oh! would some soothing drug were found,
Some Antipamniaphlogistine,
To calm and help me stand my ground,
As Samson faced the band Philistine.

For he was shorn of all his hair,
And blindly suffered their detention,

Imagine then my black despair!
I haven't any locks — to mention.

Would that like his my strength might now
To me come back, that I might spend it
In making one vast, mighty bow
Bring down the house and thereby end it.

*The speaker now places a wreath made of leaves of bay (Back Bay)
upon his head and delivers*

‘POEM’

I do not rise tonight to show
My paragons what knowledge is,
Nor preference undisguised to throw
On one of two great colleges.

For I have had what both may yield
To make a man a good or grim son;
My shield for life's great battle field
Has both the bars of blue and crimson.

When I unravelled learning's snarls
I did not have to cross the same bridge
You others crossed, athwart the Charles,
To that metropolis called Cambridge.

A bridge to lore for willing feet
As good, perhaps, as that you crossed on
Was offered me on Boylston Street,
In the suburban town of Boston.

I sometimes saw your classic ground,
When tasks too hard were set I cut.

How strange it seemed not to be bound
By blue laws of Connecticut.

Your crimson laws are far more wise,
For you must know it took a hero
At Yale to cut an exercise,
It meant two marks besides a zero.

In Harvard's yard the students lie
In Spring on grass the sun has kissed there
While recitation hours go by
And know they never will be missed there.

And yet my heart was never steeled
'Gainst Yale, despite this slight reflection.
I've cheered for her on Soldiers Field,
I'd cheer for her in any section!

Ah! who can tell within my mind
Which college has the least implanted?
But twigs are bent and trees inclined,
And — please just take the rest for granted.

You plainly see I don't feel badly,
I feel great pride, and well I ought,
For I can hob-a-nob with Hadley
And hob-a-nob with Eliot.

Yet none the less the fact remains
So mixed upon the college question
Are these poor, weary, troubled brains
I fear it may affect digestion.

When to New Haven's town I go
And there with knife and fork do carve hard
I am as much for Yale I know
As here I know I am for Harvard.

BENEDICITE

And now by your leaves I will light up a leaf
To soothe this sad heart which is buncoed to grief.
This weed is as soothing as leaf-lard or grease;
It would be better form to smoke pipes of peace,
But Abou Ben Butler may your tribe increase
This weed brings a peace, yes ten cents apiece!
Beneath its glad spell all my soul grows more aureate
With this weed and this wreath I feel baccalaureate.

TO THE TAVERN CLUB

I give my love and recollection turns
To days gone by, all pure of worldly leaven.
Though faint and low the dying taper burns,
We know its vapor must arise to heaven;
And wishes of a heart that truly yearns
I do believe are sometimes heard in Heaven.

H. S. DURAND

To BLISS PERRY

ON HIS GOING TO LECTURE IN FRANCE

(Lines read at a Farewell Dinner, July 19, 1909)

Ho Frenchmen! grave or merry
Give ear to our refrain!
We have a brand of Perry
As rare as your champagne!

Look sharply at the label —
 Be sure you get 'B. P.' —
 Then match, if you are able —
 His body and *esprit*.

Where talents are so various
 Which shall I first acclaim?
 Achievements multifarious
 Have brought him plural fame.
 He would not tell a story,
 Yet knows how they are told;
 Biography's his glory;
 His essays gleam with gold.

Some say he's best as critic —
 A judge of balanced mind;
 No fads, unanalytic,
 True, friendly, most refined —
 No carping and no petting;
 His sympathetic look
 Sees clearly, not forgetting
 The man behind the book.

But till you hear him lecture,
 Or till you hear him teach,
 You scarcely can conjecture
 The pleasure of his speech.
 Professor unpedantic
 His pupils all concur;
 He rules our own *Atlantic*
 As if he Neptune were.

Nay, better than that fellow
 The Romans thought a god,

He never has to bellow,
And if he wants to prod
He doesn't take a trident
To run his victim through,
But with a pen unstrident
Indites a *billet doux*.

Gray, of the sad complexion,
Went certainly amiss
When he implied connexion
'Twixt ignorance and bliss.
Our Bliss has ample knowledge —
And wisdom, still more dear —
To float a true-man's college,
And never shed a tear.

There beats beneath his jacket
A heart that cannot shirk:
The powder makes the racket,
The bullet does the work;
So Perry, on the quiet,
Just sees that good is done,
Nor thinks, by rant or riot
Mankind's advance is won.

Yet he's a staunch reformer
Of the enduring sort;
No zealot, no barn-stormer,
He wears his ringlets short.
I own, I often wonder
That nothing makes him swear,
Judicious damns, like thunder,
Do somehow clear the air.

Now, like another Noë,
Our Ark he'll let you see,
Valt Veetman, Edgarr Poë,
The whole menagerie;
The purpose of our fiction
And fine arts he'll explain —
The crabs in James's diction,
The kinks in Howells' brain.

He'll tell you what the Yankee
Has done and means to do;
You'll think us much less cranky
When he has shown to you
The goal that lures our Nation
Beyond Old Europe's ken,
Our star-born Declaration,
The hopes that make us men.

So Frenchmen, grave or merry,
Give ear to our refrain!
We have a brand of Perry
As rare as your champagne!
And now, before we quit him,
What truer word to say
Than this: His laurels fit him,
And best men come his way.

W. R. THAYER

To BLISS PERRY

(19 July, 1909)

If I should fool in rhyme tonight
With 'Ignorance' and 'Bliss,'

Poor Perry'd fly as sad as I
When asked, 'Mark, how is this?'

So nothing of the sort shall steal
From off my pencil's end:
Cheap puns are not the only guns
To speed a parting friend.

We've come to shake his honest hand
To wish him *bon voyage* —
Un succès fou with all the crew
Who'll cry, '*Mais il est sage!*'

We've known his wisdom many a year,
And loved it from the start;
It bore the brand all understand —
The wisdom of the heart.

'Tis stamped so clear on all he does,
And every fact he states,
He'll pass the customs without fuss
At preferential rates.

And when again he comes to test
The Payneful Aldrich laws,
We'll call his name and justly claim
The 'favored nation clause.'

Then go, dear friend, and add a new
French accent to your fame,
Till it shall sound the wide world round —
But come back *just the same!*

'Come back' — ah, venturous words to use
 In editorial ranks!

Nay, from this verse withhold the curse
 That's writ — 'Returned with thanks!'

M. A. DEW. HOWE

THE BALLADE OF LOST JESTS

(November 21, 1909)

Where are the jokes that we laughed at of yore,
 When we were young and the Bear but a cub;
 All the quaint quibbles we had by the score,
 All the gay badinage, every rough rub?
 Where are the leaves that in springtime were green?
 Where the young loves of our manhood's fresh May?
 Now the new Taverners ask what they mean: —
 Where are the jests of yesterday?

Once at the Tavern they hung in the air,
 Needed no more than a hint or a word;
 Now they provoke but a wondering stare,
 Now but as language unmeaning are heard.
 Ripe old allusions fall vapid and flat.
 No Yellow Ribbon will smile if you say:
 'His is the soul on the mantelpiece sat.'
 That was a jest of yesterday.

Who for the Norna would now care a fig?
 Mention of Julius would meet with surprise;
 No more Dan-I-el is cast in the 'dig';
 Lost in Time's junk-shop the warming-pan lies.
 'Come, saw, con-QUIR-ed,' we smilingly quote —
 No smile in answer comes wandering our way;

That we are boring our hearers we note.
That was a jest of yesterday.

ENVOI

TAVERNERS, laugh at each jest ere it pass;
Quaff ere the sparkle from wine flies away.
Swift as the bubble that breaks on your glass,
Vanish the jests of yesterday!

ARLO BATES

To Mr. G. W. PROTHERO

(Tavern Club, March 21, 1910)

We would not probe that educational mystery,
How you could leave the Cambridge Modern History,
To cross with Rhodes and Wendell o'er the same bridge,
And talk of History at modern Cambridge.
Not ours to ask how fares the ancient *Quarterly*.
As Yankees we should 'guess' it 'kind-o'-sorter'-ly,
When we behold its all-accomplished editor,
Fleeing its toils as some would flee a creditor.
We would not further twang this harp Aeolian
To question you about the third Napoleon:—
Nay, none of these intentions wrought our meeting;
We came to give you just a Tavern greeting,
A welcome to no casual lunch or dinner club
But, as we fancy, to the dear Hub's inner hub;
So, with the trust that friends to one another owe,
We beg you to be one of us, dear Prothero.

M. A. DEW. HOWE

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To CURTIS GUILD: HAIL AND FAREWELL!

(On sailing as U.S. Ambassador to Prussia: June 1, 1911)

Far from Popocatepetl,
From Señor and Señorita,
Other forces now to settle
Older yet, and still effeter,
Forth we send our Tavern brother
To salute the Kremlin towers;
One good bear deserves another,
And Russia's bear this bear of ours!

Ah! but life is problematic!
Destiny's a gay deceiver!
Mixed are courses diplomatic,
Rio Grande and the Neva!
Our ambassador walked Spanish,
But yester-eve in Mexico;
Presto! Palm and pulque vanish,
And where is old Porfirio?

Northward, up the Baltic steaming,
By Kronstadt ramparts looming nigh,
Where Ladoga's lake is gleaming,
And all perspectives end in 'sky' —
Where Heaven is high, the Czar remote,
Whose edicts waver not nor vary,
He keeps the Ship of State afloat,
Our envoy extraordināry!

Up the Volga's banks advancing,
On lonely steppe and barren plain,
Dashing, plunging, rearing, prancing,
Ride all the legions of Ukraine;

Astrakhan and Uhlan fleeting,
Kirghiz horde and Tartar wary
Madly rush to join in greeting
Our plenipotentiary!

While the white auroras beckon,
Our statesman now, in Julian days
All his Arctic dates shall reckon,
By old imperial ukase.
Belated lights above us burning,
You still some night shall hear him say,
From his Nevski Prospekt turning,
'My old Aurora meets today!'

He will drive about in droskis,
Find lone-tree vodkas far from odd,
Chatter like the Adamowskis,
Shop in Nijni-Novogorod!
Free of Hermitage and Douma,
He will chaff whichever is which,
Barine, Moujik — in the humor,
Czarina, Czar, and Czarewitch!

Go it, Guv'nor! for, by jingo,
If we have writ our annals true,
You will beat them at their lingo,
Cossack or Kalmuck or Hebrew!
When you've gartered, starred, and crowned him,
Fix his eye on the gilded dome,
Wrap the stars and stripes around him,
And bring the Tavern Bear back home!

T. R. SULLIVAN



SKETCH BY J. L. SMITH FOR MARITIME DINNER MENU

'THE RUMBLE-TUMBLE OCEAN'

(At Maritime Dinner in honor of Upham, Vaughan and Cummings,
November 24, 1911)

Ho, the gallant Tavern fleet
With its outfit all complete!
Finer craft you would not meet
Though you sailed from Boston town to far-off Goshen;
With its sheets, and sails, and spars,
Marlin spikes, and capstan bars,
Sailing down along the rumble-tumble ocean!

Ho, their noble captains all,
Weathered, gallant tars and tall,
Ready for whate'er befall,
Having not of fear the smallest dread or notion!
How they laugh when tempests blow
At the lubbers down below,
With their stomachs rumble-tumble like the ocean.

Ho, for George the debonair,
With his melancholy air!
For his face is like a prayer
Sent aloft when storm-winds raise a wild commotion.
He knows every rock that lies
The unwary to surprise,
Hidden sly beneath the rumble-tumble ocean.

Ho, for Henry straight and thin,
With his childlike heart within,
And his smile our love to win!
Still he serves the Great Brown Bear with true devotion.
When the spray begins to fly,
Then he pipes his weather eye,
And he winks it at the rumble-tumble ocean.

Ho, for Charlie long and lean!
When he sails the main so green
He might thrill a mermaid queen
With a quiver and a quaver of emotion.
And he minds a hurricane
Little as the wind a chain
When it rages o'er the rumble-tumble ocean!

Then, my hearties, heave along,
Fill the glass with shout and song,
And the jovial toast prolong

To their happiness complete and luck's promotion!
 May the gods that haunt the seas
 Grant especial grace to these
As they sail adown life's rumble-tumble ocean!

ARLO BATES

THE MESSAGE

(Christmas, 1911)

Taverners all, who are faring forth
 On ocean wastes, under Arctic snows,
Eastward or westward, to South, to North,
 Where the desert burns, where blooms the rose!

You, that beyond the stars and the night
 Have drawn your lot from the fatal urn —
Our pioneers in a deathless flight —
 Pause for one moment, and backward turn

To see where the flame we watch and tend
 At the Tavern hearth is stanch and true,
In life or death, to the absent friend,
 And think of us, as we think of you!

T. R. SULLIVAN

IN ANSWER TO VERSES JUST RECEIVED

WASHINGTON, D.C.
December 23, 1911

We think of you, as you think of us,
We think of you and we wish you well —
And wish the old Gods could come in a 'bus
As they do in Orpheus in Hell.

O. W. HOLMES

LINES READ AT A DINNER TO
GEORGE A. REISNER

(October 26, 1911)

In those far-off orient places
Where old Time has hid his gains,
Burying the tell-tale traces
Of a thousand plundered fanes;
In Assyrian deserts haunted
Where man-headed bulls with wings
Keep their age-long watch undaunted
O'er the graves of ancient kings;
In Egyptian wastes sand-drifted,
Where the Sphinx smiles gray and grim;
And old Memnon once uplifted
To the dawn his joyous hymn;
By the Nile's dull Nubian waters,
Where with mythologic smile,
Dreaming of maw-gorging slaughters,
Crawls the cumb'rous crocodile;
In the Syrian town where Jehu
Brought swift death to Jezebel —
That engaging tale that we who
Know our Bible know so well; —

He has plundered Time the pirate,
And enriched us with the spoils;
Till we hardly can too high rate
The ingathering of his toils.
Prehistoric people, doubled
With their knees up to their chins
From the graves that he has troubled
Have looked up with bony grins;

Gems once decking age-dead ladies,
Ring, and chain, and amulet,
While the wearers flit through Hades,
He has with our treasures set;
Statues of old monarchs perished
Thrice a thousand years ago
Now in our Museum cherished
Mock the robber Time in row.

And his wisdom — 't is terrific!
He can dream in cuneiform;
He can think a hieroglyphic,
While mere kufic is his scorn!
Arabic and Hebrew furnish
Jests and swear-words swift and neat;
And his wits he loves to burnish
In tongues yet more obsolete.

When great Gabriel blows his clarion
On the Resurrection morn,
And the dead that have been carrion
Rise as fresh as new-sprung corn,
There will be tremendous patches
Where will be no dead to rise,
And between the trumpet's snatches
He will say in sad surprise:
'Had I waited any longer,
I'd have got no crop at all,
For this Reisner relic-monger
Would have resurrected all!'

ARLO BATES

From 'THE CHRISTMAS GUEST'

(Prologue to Christmas Dinner, 1912)

(Father Christmas, entering by the front door, is stopped by the Bear, and asked to account for himself. After some colloquy, the dialogue proceeds, until, at the close of the passage here given, Father Christmas leads the company, singing *Meum Est*, up to dinner).

The Bear:

You've been here before, with our mummers and friskers!
Of course I remember the cut of your whiskers;
But are you the creature all children expect or
Naught but a Salvation Army Collector?
Will you give me your card, or produce some credentials?
Your word will suffice, if you stick to essentials.

Father Christmas:

Well, well — let me think: some friends I recall —
If I mention a few, let them answer for all!
There was one, well-belovéd, a true-hearted wight —
I've missed him for years, and I miss him tonight;
When he stood by the fire, he warmed it — this Clummy
Whose laugh shook the world like my own famous tummy.
Then Richard, or Dick, from the far Australasia,
Who fell at the last on a fair euthanasia;
So clear he had carried his flame in the dark,
On the great quest of all he could bravely embark.

The Bear:

Nay, these are not gone, nor the others new-parted;
They stir at your side in their comrades full-hearted.
But are there not others, perhaps still in sight,
Who have carried the sunshine far into the night?

Father Christmas:

Why, yes, there is one — the arch-foe of blue devils,
Your man-of-all-hard-work, your master of revels,

Your Holker, whose labors have coined for all folk
A new verb of service and kindness — 'to Holk.'
Then there's a good fellow uniquely named Arlo
Who answers to whistlings and shoutings of 'Carlo';
He will roll up his sleeves and toil like a Turk
(If the Bulgars have left one) on all kinds of work
That the indolent brethren are tempted to shirk.

The Bear:

Almost thou persuadest me, friend sage and old,
That thy place here is quite at the heart of the fold.

Father Christmas:

Nay, flatter me not, I have used but my eyes,
And naught I can utter should waken surprise.
There are manifest headlands on every bold shore,
And here I could rattle them off by the score:
There's Waddy the rover from Casco to Canso,
Who sings as he sails with a 'Ranso, boys, Ranso';
There's Morse with his stories so spicy and warm,
And Warren with all the new brands of reform,
And that soothing practitioner, old Doctor Bailey,
Who keeps the club healthy by calling here daily;
There's Paul the Apostle of friendship and squash,
Who shrinks not a whit in the world's constant wash;
And Rogers, the orator temperamental,
Who tells you his calm has a source Oriental;
And Thayer, the biographer, footing so sure
All the world at his heels must cavort with Cavour,
While Hale running on like an erudite brook
Flows over with learning — from Mozart to Muck;
There are youngsters — I've heard — Gray, Blumer and Peabo,
Youth's tonic they'll bring you — no futile placebo,
For whoso is tutored in season by Forbes
The Tavern Club spirit most surely absorbs.

But all this is rumor that reached me afar
Where I've rested a year in my separate star —
When my thoughts have turned back to this dearest of places
They have dwelt, I confess, on the time-hallowed faces —
And most on your President's — who by his giving
Has given to all a new lesson in living,
True type of your brotherhood — going it blind,
Of his best to bestow for the good of his kind.

The Bear:

Forgive me, old sir, all my doubts and my queries:
Rich visits we've had, but yours crowns the series!
Tonight, by the rules, no guests are allowed;
'Twas therefore I singled you out of the crowd.
Forget my sad error: no guest, sir, are you,
But host, Father Christmas, and we are *chez vous!*
Lead us up to the feast — you shall rule it tonight,
And the spirit of Christmas will shine there so bright
That hearts that are pressed with the ribs of grown men
Will beat like the heart of all childhood again,
When the day of all days shakes the world of its dust,
And in mystery calls us to love, faith, and trust.

Father Christmas:

Up we go, then, and lest the ascent seem too long,
Let us shorten the way with a friendly old song —
Correct my poor Latin if accents go wrong!

M. A. DEW. HOWE

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To Sir FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND, K.C.I.E.

(April 30, 1914)

Within that purdah city,
Perched on the world's white roof,
Where sits the Holy Lama,
Sere, content, aloof,
Where no white man is welcome
Within the sacred pale,
The story of Younghusband
Is now an old wives' tale.

Beyond the Gobi Desert,
Beyond Siberia's snow,
Beyond the Ural Mountains,
The Russian people know
Why plans to stretch a bound'ry
Were foreordained to fail —
The story of Younghusband
There is a bitter tale.

Within the 'Tavern's' portal
Where men prize skill and pluck,
Where worth and brains are honored
And no man bows to luck,
Where comradeship and loyalty
O'er dark deceits prevail,
The story of Younghusband
Is an ever-living tale.

And so, my dear Sir Francis,
The Bear extends his paw

To bid you bide with his own cubs
And rest upon their straw;
Others have come before you
And stayed his salt to share —
You're not the first young husband
He's lured into his lair!

JASPER WHITING

For the THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE
TAVERN

(January 20, 1914)

I who so often, empty verses stringing,
To waken light-lipped laughter have been fain,
Tonight, too truly moved for such gay singing,
Beg you have patience with a graver strain.
A deeper note tonight I long to render,
In memory of the joyful bygone days;
Not sad, yet capturing a fragrance tender,
While the rare pleasures of the past I praise.
I would my rhyme, rehearsing that fair story,
Might bring again its joyance and its glory.

The ruthless years pursue their course unresting,
Swift without haste, and slow without delay;
A score and ten here have we given guesting,
And none of all might we constrain to stay;
The years, at their own whim their fardels choosing,
Wherewith at their own rate to quit our score: —
Sorrow and joy, fortune or fate's refusing,
Or love and friendship, choicest of their store.
Them have we watched, the while e'er waxing older,
And yet with hearts which grew no whit the colder.

We have seen Age all confident appearing,
Yet pause and falter at the Tavern door;
Such wholesome mirth arose to greet his nearing,
He fled apace, lest he grow young once more.
For in the Tavern dwelleth honest laughter,
With kindness and humor ever sane;
The mirth that leaves no secret ache thereafter,
But shrivels shams and falsity amain.
Well might the gristly shape draw back astounded,
When with such jocund din our house resounded.

Oh, jolly days, when Joe was English learning,
When Gericke rehearsed 'the lion's dig';
When in the dance swords flashed and clashed in turning,
And for tomorrow cared we not a fig!
When jests we found perennially funny,
As if their drollery would never cease: —
The 'warming-pan,' or Clummy's laughter sunny,
Or the sad 'soul upon the mantelpiece.'
Old quips as thick as orchard-petals falling
Come to the mind those merry times recalling.

Yet mirth is but the foam the beaker heaping,
Telling the chaliced richness of the wine;
Treasures more precious memory hath in keeping,
Things even in remembrance half divine.
For here as comrades have we been together,
As more than brothers have we lived our day;
If in joy's sunshine or grief's bitter weather,
In friendship's sympathy the heart to stay;
And felt our manhood challenged and made cleaner
By silent kindness and brave demeanor.

We face each other's human failings squarely —
Frail is the friendship that must fear the truth —
And for our own thus claim indulgence fairly,
Gauged by our best, our manhood's very sooth.
We have known brotherhood's last consecration,
To stand together by a comrade's bier,
And know of unity the consolation,
And death thus mystically robbed of fear.
For death itself became a solemn token
That union such as ours could not be broken.

And so tonight, to the old Tavern thronging,
We drink of memory's cup with no regret;
For comrades gone not without tender longing,
But warmly grateful they are ours yet.
Let wilful years bring gifts as is their pleasure,
They cannot take those which have been bestowed;
The joys our brotherhood has known we treasure,
Laughter that rang or silent tears that flowed.
If Fate elsewhere hath scorned us or caressed us,
Here in the Tavern richly hath she blessed us!

ARLO BATES

THE MASTER OF THE REVELS

(For the Thirtieth Anniversary)

While whirling years whirled ever faster,
Lifting the latch for his next of kin,
Thirty times round, Old Time, the Master,
Has let the wanton reveller in!

Look at dates that are all behind us,
Turning the beards of the Charters gray;

Who but the Master dares remind us
These were not follies of yesterday?

Look to revels that lie before us,
Through all the dates that are yet to be;
Then raise once more our ancient chorus,
And wreath the bowl to eternity!

Here, where the shadows play around us,
As the hearth-stone glow is upward flung,
Drink to each frolic year that crowned us,
To make us thirty and keep us young!

T. R. SULLIVAN

FEMINIST WEDDING SONG

(At the House-Warming, February 26, 1914)

We have warmed him and roasted him,
We have feasted and toasted him,
Adopted him for life!
There is nothing more to do,
But to multiply by two,
And tuck him away with a wife!

Then all up with bone and gristle,
Let every member bristle
To welcome in the bride!
What a comfort it will be,
When a lady makes the tea
And mixes the lone-trees beside!

She may be blonde or be brunette,
Or any other color yet,

Of any shape or size —
In our double-bedded room,
That was built for bride and groom,
The Secretary holds a prize!

So baffle him and puzzle him,
And collar him and muzzle him,
And bait the Bear for life;
At the round-up of the show,
As unruly members know,
The best bait of all is a wife!

Just to keep him out of trouble,
Let us bid the Bear see double,
For doing that he thrives!
We approve him for his 'gism' —
Here's a health to feminism,
To his own and all Tavern wives!

T. R. SULLIVAN

RHYME OF THE THREE PAINTERS

(For a Dinner to Benson, Tarbell, and Gaugengigl, December 10, 1914)

I

You, who love the rod and gun,
Love too the wild life of earth;
Comrade of both storm and sun,
Staunch your strength and gay your mirth.

Wielder of the six-foot bow,
Straight your arrows speed and true;
Just as straight the pool balls go,
Driven by your unerring cue.

Every manliest sport of men
 Hails you as its follower;
 Every wild thing of the glen
 Knows its wise interpreter.

Stealing forth before the dawn,
 Watching for the ducks to fly,
 Whipping trout-streams, pressing on
 With a keen and roving eye,

Through the forest, by the shore —
 Back again to humankind!
 Well enough gun, rod, or oar —
 There's a tool more to your mind.

And your fingers itch to hold
 Once again the well loved brush,
 Ere the vision shall grow cold,
 While the heart sings like the thrush.

See the hilltop breezes blow
 Round the listening gazing girls;
 There the leaning sailboats go
 Where the tide-rip breaks and swirls.

Here the huntsman on the crag
 Peering through the morning mist;
 There low-flying wild-geese drag
 Shadows o'er lagoons sun-kissed.

All that nature gives to men
 To inspire and set them free,
 You, dear painter, give again —
 Color, charm, and poetry.

II

Brother painter, seated there,
You of shrewd and kindly wit,
To you the sage, to you the fair
Equally adore to sit.

While your magic brush you ply,
You conduct a gentle school,
Dissecting human nature by
No stilted academic rule.

Life, you find, is good, yet quaint,
Not without its humorous twist;
Both the sinner and the saint
Rouse the ironic moralist.

Human nature first of all,
Not so very far behind
Golf and horses, lay their thrall
On your interesting mind.

And the canvases you make,
Be they girls' or horses' heads,
Show the pleasure that you take
In portraying thoroughbreds.

That's a thing none ever drew
Who was not the thing himself;
And because you're one of few,
Who shall grudge you fame or pelf?

Sunbeams through the blind you pour,
On a girl's hair throw their gleam,

Leave upon the polished floor
Sleeping shadows, lights that dream.

More than human nature glows
From your pictures, in your heart;
Gild the lily, paint the rose;
You'll adorn them with your art.

III

You whose work we dedicate
For the little room below —
Room that you illuminate
With your own romantic glow —

You have chosen one to hold
There with you the age-long tryst,
One like you who ne'er grows old,
One like you romanticist.

All young Taverners shall turn
To that room expectantly,
And from you and Holker learn
What a Taverner should be.

Painting in your carven tower,
Olden dreams your fancy fill;
Maidens in a rose-hung bower,
Youths that serenade and thrill!

Gallant figures of old days,
Lace at wrists and throats all bare,
As their rapiers they raise —
They, the brave, fight for the fair.

Lords and ladies in brocade,
 Troubadours of the guitar,
All the world a masquerade,
 Every man for love or war.

So you paint for us the past,
 Chivalrous romance your theme —
And, romantic to the last,
 In the room below you dream.

Thank God that the Fatherland
 Sent you to us oversea!
Here we pledge you, heart and hand,
 Best thing made in Germany!

A. S. PIER

SONG AT THE PAINTERS' DINNER

(December 10, 1914)

Three painters were dining one night with the Bear —
 One night with the Bear when the nights were long —
And some of their sitters sat tight with 'em there,
 And one, all unpictured, attempted a song:
 For some must paint, and others must sit;
 But painters and sitters are equally It
 When the Tavern Bear is growling.

Three pictures were hung on the Tavern Club walls —
 On the Tavern Club walls where the light is poor —
Yet a light from dear Gaugy on everyone falls,
 Where Tarbell has placed him serene and secure.
 For some must paint, etc.

Three members immortal are hung in one room —
 In one dingy room where the pool has dried —

For Holker, all shining and white in the gloom,
Stands, captured by Gaugen, for aye to abide.
For some must paint, etc.

Three verses should serve, yet a fourth there must be —
A fourth little verse, ere my song shall cease:
Said Benson: 'Must members be painted?' — said he;
'Then I'll paint you a flight of my favorite geese!'
For some must paint, etc.

M. A. DEW. HOWE

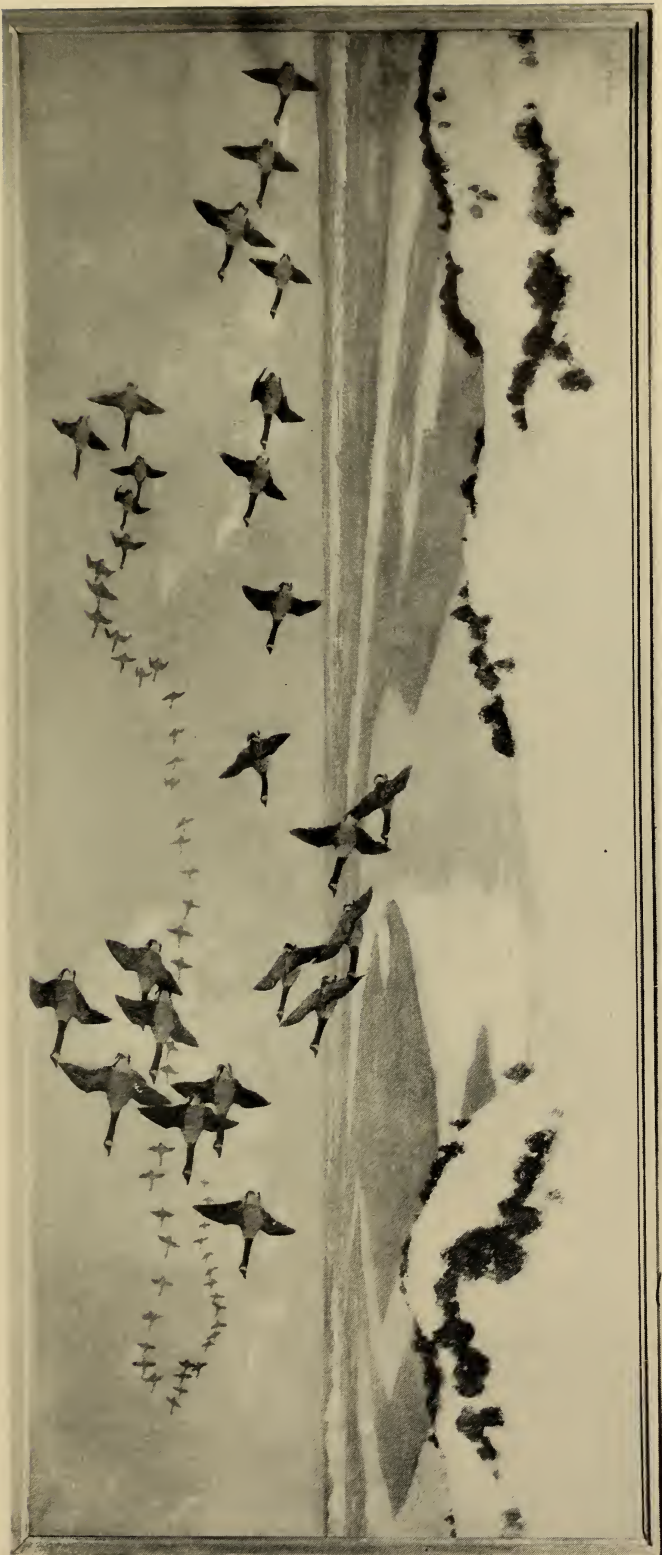
TAVERN CLUB CHRISTMAS CARD

(Christmas, 1914)

The earth is racked and riven,
The seas are thick with blood,
The Furies of the Ages
Have loosed the rising flood;
Anger and hate and passion
Trample on virtues slain,
While progress sleeps and friendship weeps,
Praying for peace again.

What heart have we to kindle
The Christmas Yule-log flame?
What spirit left for laughter,
What right to breathe His name?
The Tavern Bear gives answer:
'Our friendships never cease;
Here neither Kings nor Kaisers
Usurp the throne of peace.

'Brothers we are, united
By bonds that never break;



F. W. BENSON'S POOLROOM MURAL

Bound by a faith unplighted,
Gay though our hearts may ache;
Seeking no base advantage,
Knowing no age or caste...;
Here life is sweet... Again we'll meet
And fling away the past!

Stand up! The bells are tolling.
The day of days is here!
Charge well, charge well your glasses
And drink to Christmas cheer.
A bumper next to Bruin,
(God bless his shaggy head)
And now — last toast — to the absent host:
The Living and the Dead.

JASPER WHITING

INFANDUM

(Read at Dinner to Edward S. Morse, January 14, 1916)

In come June, or come December
I remember
Long ago 'twas first I met him,
Promptly in a place I set him
Quite apart from all the rest.

Since then, whether East or West
We've played mental battledore,
Give and take, and damn the score.
Be it better, be it worse,
You could wager you'd find Morse
Leering,
Jeering,
Cheering,

Driving home each point he made
 With one word he always said —
 ‘Infandum!’

You should see him in the Summer!
 He’s a hummer!
 Early in the day he then is
 All arrayed in white for tennis
 Frankly asking, ‘Why in sin
 No one’s ready to begin?’
 If he fails the ball to volley
 ’Stead of saying Gosh! or Golly!
 Be he shod in shoe or brogan
 You will hear his lusty slogan,
 Muttering,
 Sputtering,
 Loudly uttering
 Just one word of deep profanity,
 In a tone of great urbanity,
 ‘Infandum!’

But his mind with keen precision
 And clear vision,
 Searches into nature’s treasures,
 Garners, prophecies, and measures,
 Seeing when most men are blind,
 Seizing when they fail to find,
 But if in his microscopic
 Research, he finds some odd topic
 Some by-product of his search,
 Down he comes off his high perch;
 Chaffing,
 Laughing,
 Quaffing,

Its incongruity,
Voicing it in merry glee,
 'Infandum!'

When (may it be long belated)
He's translated
And St. Peter oils the hinges,
To prevent Morse having twinges
If the gates should creak, perchance,
As between them he shall prance,
Then d'ye think he'll mend his manners?
Not at all, 'midst waving banners
And the shouts of loud Hosannas,
Angels gathered 'round the throne,
Morse advancing all alone;
What most men would deem a crisis.
Hark, what is that sound arises
First, a murmur,
Clearer, firmer,
Till the tumult empyrean's
Hushed to his ecstatic pæan,
Drowning out all other cries,
Morse's climax of surprise,
 'Infandum!'

C. HOWARD WALKER

To Professor E. S. MORSE

(January 14, 1916)

'You are old, Father Edward,' the young man said,
 'And your beard is becomingly hoary,
But how do you manage to pack in your head
 Such a treasure of ancient story?'

'I carry my scissors wherever I go,'
 Said the sage, 'and make many a clipping!
 Now here is my latest — I got it from Joe
 (Not Millet, but Miller) — it's ripping!'

'You are old,' said the cub, 'yet at tennis, they say,
 There are none who would dub you a vet!
 It's all very well like a Peabo to play —
 But why keep on jumping the net?'

'In my youth,' Father Edward replied with a wink,
 'They thought me a witch — or a wizard —
 For Salem was full of them then — and I think
 'Twas my jumping that saved me my gizzard.'

'You are old,' said the youth, 'and I have not a doubt
 That your words are the truth all unvarnished;
 But how, at your age, do you still bring them out,
 With oaths so enchantingly garnished?'

'In my youth,' said the graybeard, 'to science I took,
 To all learning I made my salaams,
 But the rivers of knowledge from book after book
 Had drowned me long since but for Damns!'

'You are old, as I've mentioned before,' said the youth,
 'Yet excel in all juvenile games;
 But the crown of your skill is the accurate truth
 With which you remember our names!'

'Get out!' — the Professor replied in a rage,
 'I've answered conundrums in plenty.
 You're Jim, Bill or Harry, whatever your age —
 I'm Morse — and some day I'll be twenty!'

M. A. DEW. HOWE

AWAKE, AMERICA!

(First Prize Poem at 'Spring Poets' Dinner,' February 16, 1917)

Awake, my Country! there is fighting to be done,
We have seen the rising storm-cloud,
And have heard the far-off gun;
We must join the tramping millions —
We must sail the Seven Seas,
Till the war for right and freedom
Brings a Tyrant to his knees.

Rise up, my Sisters, there is nursing you must do,
Give your courage to the wounded
While you watch the long night through,
Till you've cooled the last hot fever,
Or have folded lifeless hands,
For you too must fight the battle
That shall free the war-swept lands.

Prepare! ye Mothers, for Death's shadow hovers near,
Yet you'll smile as we are leaving,
We shan't see the rising tear,
But we'll know that you are praying
Through the long and anguished hours,
Till the Tyrant's voice is silenced,
And the Victor's peace is ours.

GUY LOWELL

OLD ENGLAND AND NEW

(Read at Tavern Club Dinner to the Archbishop of York, March 9, 1918)

At our polyglot table all tongues we have heard,
All languages striven to speak;
For friendship in each we have sought the right word —
But tonight there is no need to seek!

No midwife interpreter stands at one side
 To deliver our terms of good-will —
 We can speak man to man in a tongue that has tried
 To turn Yankee but stays English still.

For England, the Old and the New, ever meet
 Like mother and daughter long parted,
 Feeling each without each just a bit incomplete —
 Now joined in a union true-hearted.

For the blood in their veins, it is one and the same,
 And their hearts beat as one — now as never;
 And England, our mother of old — blessed name! —
 Is mother and comrade forever!

M. A. DEW. HOWE

THE THREE UNCLES

(Christmas, 1918)

With uncles our quiver is blessedly filled:
 Uncle Sam — of the whole Yankee folk —
 And good Uncle Bruin, with heart never chilled,
 And here at our side, Uncle Holk!

And the nephews of Bruin, who went forth to war
 With the flag of their Uncle Sam o'er them,
 When they think on this night of the Tavern afar,
 What vision is rising before them?

There are mist-wreaths of smoke, hung with scent of the vine;
 There's a rumble of masculine voices;
 And a face that they love, like the heart of a shrine,
 Smiles back, and their own heart rejoices.

And the vision of Holker for them overseas,
And for us — let none say half-seas-over!
Is so strong a *liaison, rapport* — what you please —
’Twould amalgamate Calais and Dover!

And two of the uncles will bear with us here
If we turn to the third — who’s the yolk
Of the Tavern Club egg — and rise up with a cheer
To thank God for our dear Uncle Holk!

M. A. DEW. HOWE

THE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY

(January 1, 1925)

Set in the cliffs which frown o’er Boylston Street,
Black as a sharp in the piano-board,
There yawns a chasm, a Norwegian fiord,
A gap called Boylston Place, wherein do meet
Darkness and dearth complete.
And yet as waves that race upon the sands,
And yet as ships which round a head-land sweep,
Or yet as bluebirds flying south in bands,
Or even more like shepherd-counted sheep
Which through a stile must leap,
Stream here tonight the Taverners around
These cliffs prodigious, into this profound
This grim arroyo, this dismantled tomb,
This cañon black as night’s last camping ground.
Yet press they through the gloom
As to a palace-room,
As if their steps were tingling with delight.
The Tavern Club has forty years tonight.

Now in this cliff, on their right hand, shines a door,
Blurred like a hatch of galleon sunk at sea,
Deep in the dark, yet staring jealously
As if it guarded bulwarks of gold ore.
This portal now before
The Taverners have halted, and they press
Against its weight; it yields; and lo, behold
Into the night there spurts a gorgeousness
Of all the Tavern treasures as its gold.
An avalanche is rolled
Of quips and mirths and legends on the pave
Which flash like gems in phosphorescent wave.
O Boylston Place, thou art no longer dark!
Thou art more splendid than Adullam's cave.
Thy darkest corners spark
With gleams which in this ark
The Taverners have stored in time's despite.
The Tavern Club has forty years tonight.

Now in this hull the Taverners have swept.
They throng like Greeks within the Trojan horse,
And some seem battle-tried like Edward Morse,
And some like Jimmy White seem scarce to have leapt
From cradle where they slept.
And Chapman stands with beard like Spanish oak.
And Curtis' cheeks gleam like an apple smooth.
And Reynolds' chin is wreathed in battle-smoke.
And Gammell plays the Ganymede of youth.
But well you know the truth:
The young and old are old and young this eve,
No man for youth, no man for age can grieve.
There is one single vintage to our glee,
One laugh is loud, one heart is on our sleeve.

Yea, all our revelry
Has one antiquity.
O time be still, the Tavern clock is right.
The young and old have forty years tonight.

Within this hold there is a curious stair,
And up it now the Taverners make way
Like a flood tide lifting to Fundy Bay.
And each wave glitters with its crest aflare.
There flashes Holker's hair,
There Perry's robe, there Wister, and there Vaughan,
There Monks, there Mark, there Hemenway, there Hale,
There Breed, and Walter Bailey, Rock the faun.
Up such a gallant stair, what man could fail
But jubilant be drawn?
And yet the years that made this stair, have set
Scars in its treads for those we can't forget,
Voices within its beams of those not nigh,
Echoes of laughter which is ringing yet.
I'll wager that no eye
Mounts upward wholly dry,
And for that cause our gaze is doubly bright.
The Tavern Club has forty years tonight.

Now 'neath the Tavern roof at last are we
Gathered amid those stars whose golden gleams
Are Tavern candles with their gentle beams.
Not keen they shine, these stars, as those we see
On night's huge Christmas tree,
But wonderfully they show the Tavern things:
The heart of Upham through his ruggedness,
The brain of Lund, its classic ponderings,
The ribs of mirth 'neath Warren's causticness,

And the great tenderness
In Howdy Walker's fiercest gasconade.
And of these stars are dark things all afraid:
Envy, I mean, and rage that throttles wit.
Though forty years a hundred wars have made,
No rancor has dared sit
Where Tavern lights are lit.
So we can sing not languid but with might:
The Tavern Club has forty years tonight.

DANIEL SARGENT

THE BROTHERS PERRY

(A Valentine)

To Principal Lewis and Bliss the Professor
Saint Valentine bows! Neither greater nor lesser
Is one than the other,
But brother and brother,
The Perrys together, may all the Saints bless,
For they are the Principles all would Profess!

M. A. DEW. HOWE

To UNCLE HARRY ROGERS

ON HIS EIGHTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY

(February 27, 1922)

When Uncle Harry saw the light
In eighteen thirty-nine,
A fairy by the cradle stood
With gifts both rare and fine.

And, first, a warm and loving heart
She placed within his breast;
And then threw in the gift of gab
To lubricate the rest.

And when he was but one year old,
This cunning little man
Stretched out his dimpled arms
And 'Fellow Taverners' began.

He went to Harvard College,
Where of course he led his class;
But taverns ever were his joy
And so it came to pass,

When the Tavern Club was founded
He was wanted to preside.
He had all the pleasant vices
That lean to virtue's side
So Vice-President we made him;
And he was our joy and pride.

When Civil War that tries men's souls
Had raised its ugly head
And the State called Henry Rogers,
'Yes; here I am,' he said.

When Duty called with danger
He was not the man to shun it;
In our humble country phrase,
'He seen his duty and he done it.'

As in the war on land and sea
He'd saved the state and nation,
So later in the Tavern he
Saved many a situation.

When a guest was here to entertain
And none knew what to say,
They'd pass the buck to Harry
And he always saved the day.

With sounding and sonorous speech
 That stranger he'd extol
 Till he thought he really must amount
 To something after all.
 Did Harry know a thing about
 The stranger? Not at all.

But he! New England was the place
 And Boston was the Hub,
 And the Tavern was in Boston Town
 The very finest club.

And the reason that the Tavern Club
 So very high he rated
 Was that there his modest merit
 Was so much appreciated.

No children had our Harry
 But in Lincoln stands apart
 A hospital, a monument
 To his big, kindly heart.

For other people's children,
 The weak, the sick, the poor,
 That lack a father's loving care
 It stands with open door.

Not the slightest dim suspicion
 Had our Harry's own right hand
 What his busy left was doing,
 But God will understand.

It is writ, 'Thus saith the Master,
 Who hath from pain set free
 The least of these my children
 Hath done it unto me.'

And when (and distant be the day!)
St. Peter opes the door
To let in Uncle Harry,
He'll say, 'Somewhere before
I've seen thee. Yes, in Lincoln
'Mid the children of the poor.'

F. B. LUND

To THE COFFEE HOUSE IN NEW YORK

ON ITS TENTH BIRTHDAY FROM THE TAVERN IN BOSTON

(1925)

How does it feel to be ten? —
Wonders the dotard of forty,
Slim-waisted never again,
Slightly inclined to be snorty;
Still do the trances of spring
Bear to the skies the newcomer?
Sing while he may, let him sing —
Soon comes the silencing summer!

But to be forty — what's that?
Asks the untamed ten-year-older.
Let him paste this in his hat: —
Comrades all shoulder to shoulder
March to the mountains of truth
If in their hearts through the climbing
Trickles the ichor of youth,
Chanting and dancing and rhyiming.

Thus, gallant kids of New York,
Boston to forty would win you:
Child — of the doctor or stork —
Long may your childhood continue!

Time — who shall fear its slow shaft!
Here, in the wet or the dry sense,
Pledge we a life-giving draught —
Coffee is still in your license!

M. A. DEW. HOWE

TAVERN CHRISTMAS

(1925)

Gentlemen, Taverners, where'd ye be at Christmas tide?
Under smoky rafters, snug from ice and hail.
Gentlemen, Taverners, what d'ye sing at Christmas tide?
Venite adoremus and songs of nut brown ale.

Here we all come again crowding up the Tavern stairs,
Murderers and poets and bankers in their pride.
Cantet nunc exultans chorus angelorum,
Snug and warm she layed him the ox and ass beside.

Gentlemen, Taverners, listen yet a little bit,
Wanderers and stay-at-homes, men of paint or ink,
Tell us is there anything top of earth or under it
Bright and warm as Tavern fire or gay as Tavern drink?

Nay there isn't? Let us then rock the rafters thoroughly,
Stride the Yule log where she comes mistletoe-bedight,
Greeting all the Tavern ghosts, oh so wistful tenderly,
For the absent living-dead are cheek by jowl tonight.

Gentlemen, Taverners, mellow be your choruses,
Deus sit propitius, Wreathe, Oh Wreathe the Bowl!
Pledge the dead and absent as our unforgotten custom is,
This is Tavern Yuletide and a toast for every soul.

Gentlemen, Taverners, where'd ye be at Christmas tide?
Under smoky rafters snug from ice and hail.
Gentlemen, Taverners, what d'ye sing at Christmas tide?
Venite adoremus and songs of nut brown ale.

LANGDON WARNER

TAVERNERS IMMORTAL

(Christmas Dinner, 1926)

When first we left old Mother Earth
As disembodied spirits
We looked about for just the star
To fit our varied merits;
Not flighty Mercury would do
Nor martial Mars nor Saturn,
And Venus, so alluring once,
Had now a rotund pattern.
We sought Saint Peter's kindly aid.
From crown to sandal slipper
He shook with merriment and said:
'You've overlooked the "Dipper"!
There arid seraphs congregate
Who seek a thirst-assuager.
It lies beyond the Milky Way,
Its Lord is Ursa Major.'

Old Ursa Major greeted us
With grunts of approbation,
And said he hoped that we would like
His modest constellation.
'You'll find no streets of burnished gold,
No pearly gates to clatter;
No Herald Angels trumpeting,

Our peaceful sleep to shatter;
 So check your halos at the door
 And leave your wings behind you,
 And cast conventions to the winds
 And all things else that bind you,
 And join the gay ethereal host
 Singing within my portal,
 Your elder brothers of the Earth —
 Now Taverners immortal.'

The gates swung wide. We looked beyond
 Through boundless starlit spaces,
 Where aura-crowned, stood row on row,
 Long-loved, familiar faces;
 Higginson, Wendell, Harry Lee,
 Dick Hodgson, Arlo, Gordon,
 With Howells leading the brave host
 A solid Tavern cordon.
 And how they cheered and grasped our hand
 And crowded close around us,
 Begging for news of that dear Earth
 Which now no longer bound us;
 And how they bribed our willing souls
 With clear ambrosial toddy
 For tales of Holker, Henry, Bliss,
 Walter and Paul and Waddy.

Friendship is still the golden strand
 That firmly binds together
 Our astral spirits, eager, young,
 United now forever.
 We labor at the work we love,
 Old Ursa watching o'er us,

Chanting each night our 'Meum Est'
In ever-swelling chorus.
And once each year, on Christmas Eve,
We play that we are mortal,
As, grouped about a table round,
We revel, feast, and chortle,
Till Norton rises, graceful sage —
Cherish the toast he's giving: —
'Drink deep the nectar of the Gods!
Our absent friends — the living!'

JASPER WHITING

THE STOCKING

(Christmas, 1926)

Lumps and bumps and strange protrusions,
Swellings here and hollows there,
Broken outlines, deep contusions —
That's the stocking of the Bear!
Down this hosiery fantastic
Plunge the deep-exploring arm,
Then with fingerings elastic
Close upon the shapes that charm!
Draw them forth into the gray light
Of the chilled half-risen sun;
Scan them in the waxing daylight —
Christmas then is well begun!

Spread before you all your treasures —
Seeming-old, yet ever new —
Weigh them in the scale that measures
Gold from dross, and false from true!
Here's a package full of laughter
Ringing with no cynic note;

Here's a jest that shakes the rafter,
Here's a tale that grips the throat!
Song and all sweet sounds are stealing
From another parcel here —
Mime and minstrelsy unsealing
Hearts that else were turning sere;

All the give-and-take of men-folk —
Temperamental, dull or wise —
Crossing portals where and when folk
See the world with honest eyes!
In this bundle sprigged with holly
Lo! the constancy of friends —
Sorrow shared, and joy or folly
Hailed and cherished till it ends!

Such the gifts that from the caverns
Of Old Bruin's hose are drawn —
Such the cheer wherewith the Tavern's
Brood may greet the Christmas dawn!
To them all indeed may Christmas —
Wheresoe'er they wake or doze —
Shine a bright poetic isthmus
'Twixt two continents of prose!

M. A. DEW. HOWE

To OWEN WISTER

PRESIDENT OF THE TAVERN CLUB

(November 22, 1929)

Who comes from Philadelphia's strand
To take the baton of command
And rule the unruly Tavern band?
Dan Wister!

Whose sceptre is a winning smile?
Whose shield a most beguiling guile?
Whose sword a keen-edged, trenchant style?
Dan Wister's!

Whose music shames the nightingale?
Who spins a ripping Western tale?
Who made the German people quail?
Dan Wister!

Who writes gay operas and plays
And ever-tuneful roundelays
To gild our gala nights and days?
Dan Wister!

And when our evening's end has come
Who, nimble-fingered, likes to strum
The Steinway, sipping Gammell's rum?
Dan Wister!

Whose spirit flouts the fleeting years?
Who, doffing pride and place, appears
To play with youth as with his peers?
Dan Wister!

Whose wit and talents, learning, lore,
Have brought him honors, score on score?
Our laurel wreath becomes you more,
Dan Wister!

And so, Mr. President,
Tho' a non-resident,
Your home is right here in our hearts;

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Believe us, 'twould grieve us
Should ever you leave us,
So stay till the 'Last Train' departs.

JASPER WHITING

CHRISTMAS AT THE TAVERN

(1930)

The *Bear* speaks:

To my old secluded Tavern, the yellow candles burning,
The Yule-log gaily garnished with leaves of holly bright,
From highways and from by-ways my young cubs' feet are
turning

To celebrate with feasting another Christmas night.
Laughter shall be the password — I frown on sombre faces;
Music shall swell the welcome that awaits you at my lair;
And the flare that still shall guide you to your old accustomed
places

Is friendship's flaming beacon at the Tavern of the Bear.

You'll find things little altered since you joined our gay
banditti;

The dust lies thick as ever on the books, the walls, the floor;
The samovar is singing as of old its cheerful ditty:

'Oh! come and test my Oolong, don't you know it's half
past four?'

And the ivory balls still frolic with a Pool-room predilection
For kissing, hugging, scratching or caroming at will;
While the portraits of departed cubs smile down a benediction,
And rats and mice play hide and seek beneath the window
sill.

In the library we'll assemble and assume our old position
Beside the long low table, crowded hard with glasses small,

And responsive to an inner urge, sustained by gay tradition,
We'll sip of sweet forbidden 'Sin,' the worst since Adam's
fall.

The trumpet sounds! We make our way through poster covered spaces,

Rare relics of past gala nights, each in its way the best,
And gath'ring near the curving stairs, we open wide our faces
And sing in discords deep and loud immortal 'Meum Est.'

The feast is on; The table groans; Decorum gently dozes;
Old Father Christmas in the chair beams in his robe of red;
A pause — and Holker's spirit still, through other lips proposes
A silent toast: — 'The absent, the living and the dead!'...
What now? The pantry door swings wide! The BOAR'S HEAD
is appearing,

Borne shoulder-high by serving men of lean and hungry look.
We greet it with the 'Wassail Song,' with joyous shouts and
cheering

And, standing, drain our glasses to 'Her Majesty, the Cook.'

Up from the feast we rise at last, each cub his own chair
bearing,

And in the room above applaud the magic of a play.
And Christmas ends with Orpheus the Yule-time honors
sharing,

With Codman chanting 'Cargoes,' 'Pershing's Men' and
'Mandalay.'

But to quite complete the evening, with a single song we
bring it

To an end and then we slowly draw the screen: —
The song that only Paul can sing, as only Paul can sing it:
'Oh! Paddy, dear, and did ye hear... the Wearing of the
Green.'

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The candles droop. The door is locked. With steps a bit uncertain

The last cubs leave, arms intertwined. I put out every light

And by the waning fire curl up beneath a faded curtain

And dream the dream that comes to me each blessed Christmas night:—

That every cub of every hue, the Red, Blue, Purple, Yellow,
(The laurel-wreathed elders have ever done their share.)

Will keep the flare of friendship bright and pass it to his fellow
To make a lasting rainbow of the Tavern of the Bear.

JASPER WHITING

THE PREMIER

(For a Dinner to Paderewski, December 27, 1930)

The Premier out of office, far from his native land,
Is Premier still, where waiting hearts stand waiting his command.

Ruling a state with wisdom lit from his burning soul,
He called, the broad Earth listened, Pole harkening unto Pole;
For patriots of every tongue each in his own then heard
The speech of human fellowship ring in his clarion word.

And here again in Boston, by Tavern candle-light,
Where forty years ago he shone, he shines once more tonight.

Old friends and new acclaim him still the Premier of his art,
The master of the music that can speak to every heart
The universal language of sounding beauty given

That earthly spirits, if but once, may catch the chords of
heaven.

'Tis then that echoing hearts respond, and from their silence
sing,

'Prime Minister of Music, the whole world crowns you King!'

M. A. DEW. HOWE



Christmas 1930

COVER OF CHRISTMAS POEM LEAFLET

By A. H. Hepburn

ALEXANDER WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

(1931)

Born with the salt-laden, Maine coast breezes
Whitening his cradle as he lay fast asleep,
Captains of clipper ships, Down-East solons
Whispered to eager ears their stories of the deep.
Stories and chanties of fishing smacks and coasters,
Of Medford laden packets that cruised to far Cathay,
Of whaling ships from Bedford, of schooners out of Portland
Headed due north to fish the Banks — then home to Casco
Bay.

Lusty was the little lad, pink and white and dimpled,
With sturdy arms and stocky legs and skin of satin silk,
Evincing at an early age a fondness for the bottle,
Preferring the paternal rum to the maternal milk.
And Uncle Ebenezer, just to 'learn the little critter,'
Would tote him on his shoulder down to Potts's past the
dam,
Beguiling him with lurid tales of sporting on the Hoogly,
Of Captain Bill, the poet, and of Uncle Pinkham's Ram.

Ever his eyes turned seaward, but a wise, determined parent
Decreed that his young offspring should be landlocked for
a while;
So they packed him off to Cambridge with a Gladstone and a
T-Square
To learn to be an architect 'neath Johnny Harvard's smile.
And soon the budding artist was the centre of a new throng,
His ranting, roaring sea-songs and his yarns proclaimed
the man;
Till at last he hung his shingle and set out with youthful vigor
To smash the ugly gables of good Queen Anne.

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No need to tell the story of how Wadsworth scaled the ladder
Till he stood upon its topmost round, an architect of scope;
But first of all a proper, salt-sea sailor man was Waddy
Who would chuck the whole damned ladder for a tiller and
a rope.

He's a sight for gods when 'sousing' out to windward on a
flood tide

In his oilskins and sou'wester if it's raining dogs and cats,
But he's even more imposing, in all his pomp and splendor,
Sceptred and crowned and duly primed — the 'Skipper' of
the 'Rats.'

He counts his friends by thousands but he owes no man
allegiance,

Though he bows his friendly bearded head to the good old
Tavern Bear,

Whose cubs delight to hear him sing his smashing deep-sea
chanties

Or tell the old familiar tales and in the laughter share.

So with Uncle Eben leading, we all go down to Potts's

To Potts's in the 'holler,' just below the timber dam,

While Captain Bill, the poet, takes us sporting on the Hoogly

We almost see the 'tunnip' that caught Uncle Pinkham's Ram.

All's well within the Tavern while Wadsworth still can chortle;

And may he live a thousand years old Bruin's heart to cheer,

And when he goes to join the host of Taverners Immortal,

We'll envy them their great good luck and drop a silent tear,

For we love him, not for any song he's sung or words he's spoken,

For when all these are long forgot his fame will still abide.

We love him not for any cause but simply 'cause we love him,

For Waddy's every inch all wool and a full yard wide.

JASPER WHITING

KING LOG

(1931)

Bring in King Log: his girth, his honest heart.
Let four stout men stagger to bring him in,
And let the clustered Taverners stand apart
To let him pass: — the Bears, the Wister-kin.
Bring in King Log, and set him on his throne.

Give him his crown, that dances in the flue,
Made all of sparks; and on his shoulders throw
His robe of torrent-splendor glittering new.
And for his footstool let red rubies glow.
Bring in King Log, and set him on his throne.

Grant him to reign, and may his puissance roar,
Spreading gold whirlpools on the ceiling's height,
Scattering doubloons upon the Tavern floor,
Clothing us cutthroats in a Christmas light.
Bring in King Log, and set him on his throne.

DANIEL SARGENT

For the ANNUAL DINNER

(1932)

In these drab days when all the world is moaning
And counting losses on the Stock Exchange,
Amid the sighing, weeping, moping, and the groaning
At fortunes lost or sadly out of range,
May we not spend a moment here assessing
The priceless treasures that we all can share
As, cup to lip, our fellowship confessing,
We pledge allegiance to our lord, the Bear?

All earthly riches are, in truth, but fleeting,
 But wealth like ours ever remains at rest;
 Our gold lies hid in every heart that's beating
 Beneath a green, red, blue or yellow vest.
 And on each oldster's head, as if belying
 The youthful spirit of its cheery host,
 A crown of silver sits. There's no denying
 This is the silver that we value most.

Our Bonds are ties as stout as strongest rafter;
 Their coupons, happy hours of deep content;
 Our Stocks are music, songs, and ribald laughter
 That pay in dividends full cent per cent.
 Our Notes, on call, produce gay glees and catches
 With increased interest as each evening fades;
 They do not flare and die like Kreuger matches
 Nor cut unkindly like some razor blades.

Treasures once won were made to prize, not squander;
 For Luck's a fickle jade who can't be spurred;
 And when she falls, she dives like Anaconda
 Or U.S. Steel or Radio, Preferred.
 So let me charge each man, as he is able,
 To shun all Bulls and each seductive snare
 And place his knees beneath Old Bruin's table
 And drink to that rare thing: — a well loved Bear.

JASPER WHITING

CHRISTMAS AT THE TAVERN

(1932)

You who had and now have not,
 You whose jobs and income dwindle,
 Whose investments go to pot
 In mine and railway, loom and spindle,

Gather for some Christmas cheer
On December twenty-second;
Banish care and banish fear,
Wights with whom too long you've reckoned;

Drink to Nineteen Thirty-three
As a year of golden promise;
In your Yuletide minstrelsy
Sound no note of doubting Thomas;

Though the wolf is at the door,
Have no longer dread of ruin.
He will vanish when a roar
Issues from the mouth of Bruin.

Gather then and join our Bear
In his Christmas celebration,
And through Masque and Dinner wear
A mien of calm exhilaration,

Confident that when at last
Home you go to sleep refreshin'
You have done your bit to cast
Out the devil of Depression.

A. S. PIER

JAMES L. HUNTINGTON

SECRETARY OF THE TAVERN CLUB

(Annual Dinner, 1933)

Once more in festive conclave, the legion of the Bear
Forgathers, in the custom of our clan,
To assess our gains and losses at the ending of the year
And refresh with food and wine the inner man.

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Who has led us through our jungle without let or hap or bungle?
Who has held the tiller true from sun to sun?
Who has raised our routs and revels to high and higher levels?
Our faithful scribe: James Lincoln Huntington.

No common man is Jimmy. He's as versatile as sin.
(And the Devil is a master at his trade)
Yet, like the worthy clergyman who was of his kith and kin,
Of neither man nor fiend is he afraid.
To see him in his white gown — reminiscent of a nightgown,
Such priestly robes strange fancies oft induce —
Orating at a function with ecclesiastic unction,
You'd think he was a Bishop on the loose.

An obstetrician famous for his sure but subtle skill,
He aids the propagation of the race.
With his forceps and his tweezers, his ipecac and squill,
He brings order to the most accursed case.
Scorning ifs and buts and maybes, he produces pretty babies
Without scrofula or rabies, one by one,
While each proud, expectant mother says it really is no bother
If attended by dear Doctor Huntington.

As an actor James is something 'twixt a Garrick and a Booth
With a touch of Marie Dressler on the side;
He can play the part of 'Nero' or a hag without a tooth,
Though a lady of slim virtue is his pride.
And he makes a gallant figure, flashing-eyed and crammed
with rigour,
As he reads his Rudyard Kipling for our sport;
With his 'ram you' and his 'cram you' and his heavy-throated
'damn you,'
He lifts the old 'Three Decker' into port.

All arts are one to Jimmy. By the turning of his hand
He can start the Muses caroling sweet figments of his mind.
Of one art he is master and on that alone he'd stand:
The art of making friendships with his kind.
Nature has nobly made him but for one thing we upbraid him,
He will eat no sugars, starches, and no fat
Till now no wraith so slim is as our Secretary Jim is;
We fear he'll blow away and leave us flat.

JASPER WHITING

THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER

(Christmas Dinner, 1933)

We've done our part and signed the N.R.A. code;
We've chipped in chips to aid the C.C.C.;
We've watched the dollar slide far down the gold road
Though often fearing what the end might be.
It matters not to us what sorts of Hell come;
Our wayward girl at last has ceased to roam.
She's back once more to claim a Christmas welcome
In Bruin's Tavern — her most proper home.

Her bed's been empty now for fourteen summers;
We feared our erring child, alas, was lost;
The while she cruised on tugs with bootleg bummers
Knocking about from pillar and from post.
But she's returned, her beauty unaffected
By the storm and stress of ocean and of earth,
So we've killed the fatted calf, as she expected,
And installed her as the Mistress of our Mirth.

She's brought back, too, her famous gowns and habits;
Costumes from France of red, plum, yellow, green;
A simple suit of brown much worn with rarebits,
And creations varicolored, saccharin.

Tonight she sports her most entrancing treasure:
 A costly amber costume, richly plain,
 Sparkling with gems, a pledge in fullest measure
 Of Christmas cheer — a robe of rare champagne.

What boots it if her raw, young bastard sister
 Soothed for a space our parched esophagi?
 She's now dethroned and no one yet has missed her,
 'Tis sad but 'twas decreed: Vox Populi.
 The rightful claimant now — may Bacchus bless her,
 Her charms and amorous beauty all extol —
 Offers herself to those who would possess her
 And pay her bills, Miss Ethyl Alcohol.

JASPER WHITING

CHRISTMAS

(1933)

Now it is winter, and from branch and bough
 The hoarfrost hangs, and all the birds are still.
 Still, too, the muffled voice where once the rill
 Endlessly sang beneath the meadow's brow.
 And still the icy fields and, from the plow,
 The plowman's cry on the snow-drifted hill.
 Softly by walls and road the winter chill
 Strews the fine snow, and all the forests bow.

Now evening lights the kindled cheek of mirth
 And fire-lit company and quiet thought,
 In sign of childhood, keep again the birth
 Of Him by whom, a child, our sins are bought,
 While bells repeat the hope of all the earth
 That none might live, poor sheep, to mourn unsought.

J. H. FINLEY, JR.



J. L. HUNTINGTON — 'WHY DRAG IN VELASQUEZ?'

Autumn Salon, 1925

By R. H. I. Gammell

THE TAVERN CLUB'S FIFTY YEARS

(For the Semi-Centennial Festival, November 1, 1934)

WHAT if the lights of the Tavern Club went out?
If the ship's lamp at the door should close its eye?
If the roaring oven we like to stand about
To warm our haunches at, should choose to die?

And if those lights in the library, which Mort —
Our Morton Prince — as I remember well,
Once said weren't lights at all of any sort,
Back into non-existence really fell;

And if in the dining-room those butterflies
The candle-flames, should close their golden wings,
And no lamp in the billiard-room had eyes
To see Frank Benson's wonderful caromings;

And if upstairs in our dark theatre-room
That aureole of flames which once was gas —
That ring that floated o'er us in the gloom —
Should cease to be the halo that it was?

And what if in that same room up the stair,
The picture-frame which makes the actors live,
Should lose its fringe of fire, and we should stare
At entertainments that the dark can give?

What if, I say, some cataclysm that we
Cannot foresee should steal away our light
And leave us darker than our library
Has ever been: in more perpetual night?

Or what if Henry Vaughan, our Treasurer —
The only tyrant that our hearts obey —

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Should say the lights that light a Taverner
Had best go out: they do not really pay?

Why, even then, the Tavern Club would glow.
People that pass through Boylston Place would say —
Seeing the light-streaks through our brick-seams show —
‘The Taverners must be revelling today.’

For in the Tavern Club the years are bright,
The fifty years that enter there have stayed,
Together they have made a sea of light
Which even into our closet-room has strayed.

The entire Club is drowned. No twisting stair
Can guard a patch of shadow emptiness.
There’s not a room where rats or men repair
But blazes with bright unforgetfulness.

The kitchen’s drowned. The room where actors walk
Like half-plucked chickens, changing their attire,
Which once was termed a squash-court in our talk,
Looks like a swimming-pool of golden fire.

It is a wondrous light. It makes outstand
From our Club’s walls, as the sea does from a stone —
A pebble which it drowns on the sea-strand —
Colors so bright they scarcely seem its own.

It bids the veins of pannelling depict
The legends that our Upham loves to tell,
As he rises like a glorious derelict
Stalwart, with all sails set, from the sea-swell.

It touches to the heart. It makes the heart
Wish it could sing as Wister sometimes sings

Up in the shadowy theatre-room apart
Composing songs of old-remembered things.

It is a light the eye loves. On the eye
It paints a phosphorus that lets it see
The thing that once here in the days gone by
It looked upon, most fixed, most lovingly.

Tonight the feasts of old days are reset,
And here to take their place at them once more
There throng the Taverners we can't forget.
They blow like summer wind through a June door.

They pour like children to a school-recess
Out to a sunny play-ground from school-hours.
On every side they mill in eagerness:
All of them here from Howells' day to ours.

Barrett is here — remember how his hand
Used to shoot out for hand-shake like salute. —
Norton is here ready to take command
Above our feasting with his phrase astute.

Each of our eyes is blazing with the glow
Of making relive some Taverner that's dead,
Some friend that holds us rapt, but who can know
With what friend is it our eyes are diamonded?

I know a man — his face is chiselled stone —
Just saw descend portentous down the stair —
Hugging beneath his arm, like his rib's own,
His Philoctetes: Chapman — Chapman's hair —

It was his friend Jack Chapman. Others see
Others their hearts remember: Hemenway.

And well I doubt a Taverner could be
Who has not talked to Holker Abbott today.

And who of us can forget the man death took,
Just as we lit the lights here in the hall,
And turned the fiftieth page of our Club-book,
And told our friends to be prompt at the festival?

For instance Harry Lyman, and our droll,
Our unforgettable Waddy, with his fist
Grown like a root about his pipe's black bowl,
Standing four-square to steady the world's list.

So let the rats gnaw every Tavern wire,
And drink up all our gas, and even devour
The matches so we cannot strike a fire,
Or let our mighty Treasurer, our tower,

Our seven-foot Henry Vaughan, refuse to us —
Which he will not — that little craintive mite
Of coal-fire in the library cavernous,
And make us pay hereafter for black night.

We have the light. We have the fifty years. —
Wister and Agassiz and Huntington and all
You officers that guide us, it appears
We have no need for lighting in this hall.

DANIEL SARGENT

VIII

THREE AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES

NO RECORD of the vast majority of speeches at Club dinners remains. Out of the few that survive in the written word three are given here, both for themselves and for their representation of notable occasions between 1900 and 1920.

SPEECH BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

AT DINNER IN HONOR OF S. WEIR MITCHELL, MARCH 4, 1900

It is for others to give their appreciations, so far as may be consistent with the modesty of our guest, of his double achievement in science and in literature. We have here distinguished doctors and the writers of successful books. It is for them to speak according to their calling of what our guest has done in each. For I doubt if any one man would assume for himself even a corner of Dr. Mitchell's mantle large enough to cover him in the attempt to do justice to both. I offer my few words of welcome in the more modest capacity of the representative of another doctor, who in his day, I am encouraged to believe, paid his debt to his profession, and who also was not unknown in letters. It was a pleasure and pride of his later years to call Dr. Mitchell his friend. His son would be wanting in human feeling if he did not join in this occasion with a full heart.

I shall venture for a moment away from the field of personal reflection. It seems to me that in one sense the sphere of literature is narrowing. Art and religion, in spite of their kinship, long have lived under separate roofs. Law left the hands of the priests even further back. Today the whole domain of truth concerning the visible world belongs to science. One half re-

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sents sporadic *aperçus* about the universe because he discovers that they are fragments of an actual or possible science. It no longer would be possible for any but superficial persons to repeat Mrs. Browning's attitudinizing exclamation concerning the poets: 'I speak of the only truth-tellers now left to God.' We know that God is not so hard up as she professed to think. We yield back scant sympathy to Tennyson's posing 'Vex not thou the poet's mind with thy shallow wit.' We know that the epoch-making ideas have come not from the poets but from the philosophers, the jurists, the mathematicians, the physicists — from the men who explain, not from the men who feel. We realize that explanation and feeling are at the opposite poles of intellectual life, and require and come from opposite interests and opposite gifts. We no longer ask of *belles lettres* that they should be a 'criticism of life' in Matthew Arnold's phrase, as though they should help us to fix our attitude toward the world. We do not read novels for improvement or instruction. We do not want 'medicated fiction' — to quote what once was said to my father — we want only to be amused, to be moved, to be uplifted, and to be charmed.

To my mind the great realistic movement is perfectly consistent with what I have said. The end of art is to pull the trigger of an emotion. But what will pull the trigger depends upon the audience. If they know too much to believe a ghost story even for half an hour, there is no use in telling them ghost stories. If the instantaneous photograph has made them notice more exactly how animals move, the old pictures of races, in which the horses' legs stuck out straight fore and aft, no longer give them the feeling of speed, and the pictures miss their end. Realism seeks more truth, not because truth is the end of art, but because at the present day more truth is the condition of our feeling what the artist wants to make us feel.

So I say that there has been a further differentiation of call-

ings; that art no longer is a handy man about the house with a general business of imparting useful information, but that it more and more definitely is and will be confined to the function of making us feel what it is for others to prove and in the main to discover. For the most part thinkers belong in the opposite camp. Few indeed are the men who unite in any degree the power to disclose truth and the power to make it live in our hearts. Few are they who at once can reveal and charm.

I have made these general reflections, partly because they naturally come into my mind when I think of literature, and because, while no general proposition is worth a straw, the chief end of men is to frame them, but mainly in honor of our guest, who presents so very unusual an example of success at both the poles. A man must indeed command large forces who can turn both flanks of the enemy and not himself be cut in two.

SPEECH BY ROBERT GRANT

AT DINNER IN HONOR OF PRESIDENT LOWELL

OCTOBER 26, 1909

Abbott Lawrence Lowell! By virtue of the authority reposed in me by those members of the Honorable and Reverend the Board of Overseers who are also members of the Tavern Club I hereby congratulate you that this is one of the last functions, if not the last, in the orgy of felicitation and ceremonial by which you have been inducted into office. You ought to be pretty well used up. It is no fault of your admirers that your cheeks still retain the glow of prolonged youth and your eyes their habitual keen animation; that your digestion is unimpaired and that your stock of stories and metaphor still holds out.

In the attempts to set forth worthily your characteristics the choicest flowers of speech not only of the English language but

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of foreign tongues have been gathered into bouquets and thrown into your lap. You have been pelted with degrees and decorated with all manner of academic insignia. With the exception of Cook and Peary and possibly the former chief magistrate of the nation who is now being lionized in Africa, you are the best advertised citizen of the United States. Far be it from me to inflict upon you any further testimonials other than to assure you of the solidarity of the Tavern Club on the subject of your attainments and good fellowship. You have deserved all these honors, though you may be weary of them. And so modestly do you bear them that you may be fitly and briefly described as a 'Harvard Classic' unconfined by any five-foot shelf.

As I have said, you must be feeling impatient to settle down to what the American public calls your job without being invited further to predicate or forestall your policy. You have been signally discreet in your utterances and have avoided indicating with too great precision how you intend to round up the Freshman Class in one great happy family or raise the thermometer of enthusiasm for scholarship on the Gold Coast to the high temperature of the athletic life.

'The tumult and the shouting dies,
The Captains and the Kings depart,'
A timely aphorism wise,
Which you already know by heart.

We are a people who go to extremes. It may well be said of the public man in the United States that one day he is at the top of the tree, another at the bottom of the pond. Remember your predecessors in popularity, Dewey and Hobson. As I sat the other evening at the banquet given to the visiting delegates and listened to five hours of speeches — speeches each one half hour long, which sparkled on the out-stretched finger of old Time and threatened to last forever — and saw you rise to each occasion with the aplomb of a gentleman and a scholar, I was

lost in admiration; but I could not help thinking, wait until all this is over and he is left alone with the governing boards of the University—the Corporation, the Board of Overseers, and that zoological body, the College Faculty. How long will it be before the bright weather is at an end, the horizon lowers and even the newly protected Freshman be heard to remark ‘I wonder what old Lowell will be up to next.’ The crimes of one administration become the virtues of the next. Or is it exactly the opposite? As your emeritus predecessor in office has sagely remarked, the University is always in a state of transition.

I too can be discreet. Far be it from me to attempt to elucidate that riddle of the ages which our friend Barrett Wendell in a volume of interesting addresses published the other day happily terms ‘The Mystery of Education.’ I have in my ignorance always wondered why a seething world has not long ago discovered beyond peradventure what the best method of education is, just as I have wondered why the best kind of stroke for a winning crew is still a debatable question. Both subjects are thread-bare from discussion and yet we seem almost as far from the exact truth as ever.

Here are two mysteries indeed. But the responsibility is chiefly yours, Mr. President, not mine to solve them. You are in the saddle and yet excuse me for saying in the metaphor of the cow boy that you have no cinch. I say chiefly yours for the reason that the initiative must come from you. At the same time let us not forget that you are only the creature of the Governing Boards of the University—the Corporation and the Board of Overseers; and it was in my capacity as a member of the latter body that I was called to my feet. We made you; and it is our privilege to listen and be convinced if possible; to agree with you if we can, but to dissent if we must and even to antagonize your policies in open meeting. The Corporation is a close-mouthed body; it is the House of Lords, so to speak, of

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our college system and is concerned largely with the Budget over which it worries from time to time. A recent critic has described it as a 'commercial body'; I doubt the justice of this epithet for it is always talking poor and claiming that its funds are barely sufficient to go round. Speaking of the Corporation, I will for the sake of example recall an old story. A Jackson who had married a Hallowell went to stay with a Cabot and took her little girl with her. When the mother went upstairs to hear the child's evening prayer she was astonished to hear it take this form: 'Our Father who art in Heaven, Cabot be Thy name.' 'Why do you say that, dear?' exclaimed the Jackson who had married a Hallowell. 'I always say Hallowell be Thy name at home' was the answer 'and as I am staying here I thought it would be politer to say Cabot be Thy name.' Now there is a certain fitness in the phrase 'Cabot be thy name' when applied to the Harvard Corporation. Among the seven members thereof we have the well known Tavern Club man Dr. Arthur T. Cabot, and Judge Francis Cabot Lowell. If Henry Lee Higginson's grandmother wasn't a Cabot I am very much mistaken. You yourself, Mr. President, if you were not a Lowell and a Lawrence would doubtless have been born a Cabot unless it had pleased Divine Providence to create you an Adams — which last named family either by blood or marriage fills two other seats at the Corporation table. Moreover the Corporation is a self-perpetuating body; so the wonder is how Dr. Walcott ever managed to slip in.

But the popular branch to which I belong is elected by the people — the Alumni. On what principle they choose their representatives has never been perfectly clear to me, but it would be ungracious of me to analyze their theory of choice too closely seeing that I have had the honor of sitting as an Overseer for two terms of six years each at the feet of President Eliot, and have five years of service still ahead of me in the memorable

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years of new broom practice in which you will be engaged. As a Tavern Club member of the Board of Overseers, and as a friend of your youth I am, frankly speaking, prejudiced in your favor; but I am not authorized to speak for anyone except the Tavern Club. Theodore Roosevelt was once a member of the Board of Overseers and he may come back. Or John Jay Chapman be elected; who knows? At one time the Lawrence family did either by blood or marriage hold four places on our board. But what is four out of thirty, especially now that the four has been reduced to three? Barring this there is no predominant family interest among us behind which an obstreperous President who endeavors to raise the standards of scholarship too high can fortify himself. Please remember this, and govern yourself accordingly.

I could not speak thus lightly to your eminent predecessor although he is a Taverner. I feel an awe of him which I shall never feel of you, which dates back to the day when I was summoned into his presence as a Sophomore on the charge of blowing up my brother with a bomb in Stoughton Hall. I entered college the year when he was inaugurated and therefore am almost a venerable person. I was ten years at Harvard; my sons cannot understand why; and received from his hand one of the first degrees of Doctor of Philosophy given by the college. I had the opportunity not long ago to tell him with all my heart that to have listened for twelve years as an Overseer to his illuminating wisdom and his marvellous power of statement was an education in itself. And now, sir, you are worthily in his place and I as a Tavern Club member of the Board of Overseers salute you. Our thought is not 'Under which king, Bezonian, speak or die!,' but we celebrate the passing of a well trimmed torch from the hand of one Taverner to another in the confident faith that it will burn no less brilliantly because the hues of its radiance are slightly altered.

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How is enthusiasm for learning for its own sake not as a trade to be instilled in the minds of the picked youth of the country — among them the sons and grandsons of those who sit about this table? How is Harvard to turn out men who will be effective leaders in our great democracy and in sympathy with its aims, and yet preserve her traditions and standards untarnished? Such were the noble inquiries of your soul on that great day when amid a host of scholars from all over the world in their gowns of many colors you blew the clarion note of your administration. We wish you God speed in your endeavor.

A. Lawrence Lowell, you're the proper kind;
A vigorous body, a judicious mind,
Heir of achievement doubly in your name,
No parvenu in nature's breeding game;
With sense and learning and with pious trust
That lack of energy brings rust and dust;
Lord of yourself, yet ready to allow
A higher Lord, though not too low to bow; —
We drain to you with pride the festal glass
And weave through you new ties to 'Veritas.'
Long may you rule, and Harvard's sons endure
More mighty still by your ideals pure.

SPEECH BY HENRY M. ROGERS

AT DINNER IN HONOR OF GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING
MAY 29, 1920

The reason why I have been called upon first is, I suppose, because I have intruded myself longer into posterity than any of the others of our number of Civil War days.

At the outset I shall ask General Pershing to pardon me for presenting a few facts to my younger brethren which he knows and they do not. The Civil War ended May 25, 1865, by the surrender of the army of Confederate General Kirby Smith to

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General E. R. S. Canby in command of the Military Division of the Gulf. Lee had surrendered to Grant April 9, 1865, Johnston to Sherman shortly after, and so army by army the Confederate forces were overcome till that final surrender of May 25.

At the close of the War the North had in the field upwards of one million men. A few weeks after May 25, 1865, the whole of that great army had disappeared as suddenly as a mountain mist dissipates with the rising dawn, and these million men resumed their places in their respective communities as simple citizens, a solid and enduring nucleus of patriotism to the ideals of our Republic.

To keep alive the fraternal relations and the memories of service together the Grand Army of the Republic was instituted in 1866 at Springfield, Illinois, with its motto — Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty. In May, 1868, there issued from the Commandery-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic an order, from General John A. Logan then Commander-in-Chief, that the 30th day of May of each year shall be Memorial Day and it was ordered that the Companions of the Order should strew with flowers or otherwise decorate the graves of comrades who died in defence of their Country during the late Rebellion and whose bodies now lie in about every village, hamlet and churchyard of the land.

Thus it happens, General Pershing, that you are here at the most sacred day in the calendar to those who survived the Civil War — a day of sweet remembrance and of renewed consecration: the day when we pledge ourselves anew to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, our great avatar, and to the principles for which he lived, worked, suffered and died.

My friends, tomorrow and Monday you will see grayhaired and graybearded men — members of the Grand Army of the Republic — aged, infirm, unsteady in their steps, marching to

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fulfill their holy mission. They will try to march erect and to show something of the old martial stride and spirit, but you will see them as they are and may well think of them as they go by merely as a body of old soldiers already hastening towards their own graves. There will be pity in your hearts, perhaps, but no elation, no trumpet call to high endeavor: you do not know them. Shall I who do know them tell you of what *they* will be thinking?

Their minds will be in a past of nearly sixty years ago. They will see as in a vision the friends of their youth still young and still touching elbows as they march, or gather around the camp fires, or midst the heat and dust and rain and mud and slush and snow of their daily round of duty. They will be thinking of the days when their companions midst the shrieks of shell and the storm of battle dropped dead or wounded at their sides. They will be with Grant and Sherman and Sheridan and McPherson and Hancock and Devens and Meade and Hooker and Farragut and Porter, and the hundreds of others whom they followed through defeat and disaster and death and wounds to final victory. They will be thinking, likely as not, of the Negro who as a shell from a rebel battery came aboard his ship and lodged under the furnace, half naked crawled under the fire bars, dragged the shell out of the ashes and threw it overboard; or of that great gentleman, Captain Craven, who at Mobile Bay as his torpedoed ironclad was sinking and there was only room for one at a time to pass up to the deck by the steps of the house where he and the pilot were stationed, paused, drew aside, saying, 'After you, Pilot.' The pilot climbed to safety; the Captain went down encoffined in his ship. They will perhaps be thinking of those who were by Farragut, when engaging the forts at the mouth of the Mississippi, and his flagship the Hartford was set on fire by rebel fire rafts and had already caught the rigging, who in his agony cried out, 'My God, is

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this the end?' Then turning to his men he put himself into them. Command followed command; the fire was extinguished and you know how he won the Mississippi. They will be thinking of Hooker and Lookout Mountain and the battle above the clouds, when shouting to their comrades, 'Let's go up,' they led their officers, and probably gave to Grant one of the great surprises of his life.

These are the heroisms of which they will be thinking and so, my friends, when you see them marching past you, feeble and infirm, behind the flag they love and reverence and which to them is the symbol of all their beloved Country stands for, I beg you salute them as you salute their flag, for you are seeing the last survivors of the Grand Army of the Union.

General Pershing, I have said you have come on the day most sacred in the calendar to the veterans of the Civil War — but let me tell you now one thing you may not know, that when after weary years of weary waiting you took command of their sons and grandsons across the seas, they sent their loving and loyal benedictions to you for they knew, none better, that it was not as crusaders they were in France, for they went into the War too late to bear that highest honor: they knew, and you could not deceive them, that they were there to save, if they could, the honor of their Country in the great war, for to them, and long before they had said, the Eastern line of the defence of the United States is the Western line of France and history will so record the story; they don't want their sons to be called anything but one hundred per cent Americans, but their love and hope and faith and prayers followed you every day, and they rejoiced that their sons were true to the traditions of their fathers and that they were there to fight and die that the truth, as they saw it, might prevail and equality of opportunity should not perish from the earth, and that the flag they loved should have a place beside those of the Allies in

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the great work of soul emancipation.

Decoration Day has outgrown now the days of the Civil War, and the limits then presented. It has become a national Holy-Day and tomorrow we shall have the privilege to share with you the nation's mourning and every hamlet in our broad land, North, South, East, and West, will reverently strew with flowers the graves of their beloved and honored dead, of the Civil War, of the Spanish War, of the Great World War, and from every lip and on every side benedictions and God-speed will follow you. On my own behalf this evening, on behalf of the men of older time, and for my friends here tonight I am sure I may be privileged to say to you, Welcome and Benediction.

LIST OF MEMBERS

THE following list attempts to include all members of the Tavern Club, past and present, resident, non-resident, and honorary. The names of living members are printed in boldface type.

Gaps and inconsistencies in the Club records impose similar defects here. A few names cannot be given in full, and certain dates, especially of resignations, must be omitted or approximated. The letter *c* (for *circa*) stands before dates which are known to be but approximately correct. The list must obviously be read 'E. & O. E.'

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|------|--|------|--|
| 1885 | Abbott, Holker. Died 1930. | 1887 | Bacon, Gorham. Non-res. |
| 1889 | Adamowski, Josef. Resigned. | 1912 | Bacon, Robert. Died 1919. |
| 1884 | Adamowski, Timothee. Char.
Mem. Resigned 1910. Re-el.
1931. | 1902 | Bailey, Walter Channing. |
| 1934 | Adams, Charles Francis. | 1892 | Baker, George Pierce. Resigned. |
| 1916 | Agassiz, George Russell. | 1934 | Baker, Myles Pierce. |
| 1933 | Aldrich, Richard Steere. Non-
res. | 1893 | Balch, Franklin Greene. |
| 1897 | Aldrich, Thomas Bailey. Hon.
Died 1907. | 1915 | Baldwin, Thomas Tileston.
Died 1923. |
| 1922 | Aldrich, William Truman. | 1894 | Bancroft, Wilder Dwight. Non-
res. 1901. Resigned 1932. |
| 1932 | Allen, Philip Ray. | 1915 | Barbour, Thomas. |
| 1920 | Alsop, John De Koven. Non-
res. Resigned. | 1886 | Barrett, Lawrence. Non-res.
Died 1891. |
| 1924 | Ames, Adelbert, Jr. Non-res. | 1904 | Bartlett, Francis. Died 1913. |
| 1887 | Ames, Oliver. Resigned 1892. | 1899 | Barton, George Edward. Re-
signed. |
| 1896 | Ames, Winthrop. Now non-
res. | 1911 | Bass, Robert Perkins. Non-res. |
| 1933 | Amory, Harold. | 1888 | Bates, Arlo. Died 1918. |
| 1884 | Andrews, Robert Day. Char.
Mem. Died 1929. | 1887 | Bates, Samuel Worcester. Re-
signed. |
| 1886 | Apthorp, William Foster. Died
1913. | 1909 | Baynes, Ernest Harold. Non-
res. Died 1925. |
| 1894 | Atkinson, Robert Whitman.
Died 1934. | 1900 | Bell, Gordon Knox. Non-res. |
| 1892 | Attwood, Francis Gilbert. Died
1900. | 1892 | Benson, Frank Weston. |
| 1884 | Bacon, Francis Henry. Now
non-res. | 1888 | Betts, J. Sanford. Non-res. Re-
signed 1889. |
| 1919 | Bacon, Gaspar Griswold. Re-
signed. | 1929 | Bigelow, Chandler. |
| | | 1924 | Bigelow, Edward Livingston. |
| | | 1899 | Bigelow, Henry Forbes. Died
1929. |
| | | 1894 | Bigelow, Joseph Smith. Died
1930. |

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|------|--|----------------|--|
| 1906 | Bigelow, Lewis Sherrill. Non-res. Resigned 1933. | 1885 | Browne, Alexander Porter. Resigned 1892. |
| 1887 | Bigelow, William Sturgis. Died 1926. | 1884 | Bullard, William Norton. Char. Mem. Died 1931. |
| 1910 | Blake, Gerald. | 1885 | Bunker, Dennis Miller. Died 1890. |
| 1902 | Blake, John Bapst. | 1930 | Burke, John Randolph. |
| 1884 | Blake, William Payne. Char. Mem. Died 1922. | 1884 | Burnett, Edward. Char. Mem. Resigned. |
| 1896 | Blaney, Dwight. | 1884 | Burnett, Harry. Died 1927. |
| 1912 | Blumer, Thomas Spriggs. | 1896 | Burnett, John Torrey. Resigned 1897. |
| 1900 | Blunt, John Elijah. Resigned. | 1886 | Burrell, Herbert Leslie. Died 1910. |
| 1888 | Bohlen, Charles. Non-res. Resigned. | 1895 | Bush, Samuel Daere. Resigned. |
| 1884 | Booth, Edwin. Resigned 1888. | 1884 | Butler, Sigourney. Char. Mem. Resigned 1889. |
| 1916 | Bowditch, Edward. Died 1929. | 1928 | Byrd, Richard Evelyn. Hon. |
| 1884 | Bowditch, Henry Pickering. Hon. 1907. Died 1911. | 1896 | Byrne, Francis Henry Balfour. Non-res. 1908. Resigned. |
| 1907 | Bowditch, John Perry. Resigned <i>c.</i> 1911. | 1887 | Cabot, Arthur Tracy. Died 1912. |
| 1887 | Bowditch, Nathaniel Ingersoll. Resigned. | 1928 | Cabot, Charles Codman. |
| 1887 | Bowditch, Vincent Yardley. Died 1929. | 1918 | Cabot, Frederick Pickering. Died 1932. |
| 1889 | Bowen, John Templeton. Resigned <i>c.</i> 1903. | 1933 | Cabot, Henry Bromfield Jr. |
| 1884 | Bradford, Edward Hickling. Died 1926. | 1907 | Cabot, Samuel. |
| 1887 | Bradford, George Hillard. Died 1890. | 1888 | Carey, Arthur Astor. Resigned. |
| 1887 | Braggiotti, Isidore. Non-res. <i>c.</i> 1901. Resigned 1931. | 1922 | Carey, Arthur Graham. |
| 1922 | Breed, William Bradley. | 1888 | Carter, John Ridgeley. Non-res. Resigned. |
| 1901 | Brewster, George Washington Wales. | 1889 | Chadwick, George Whitfield. Died 1931. |
| 1905 | Brice, Walter Kirkpatrick. Non-res. Died 1926. | 1887 | Chamberlin, William Everett. Resigned 1888. |
| 1902 | Briggs, LeBaron Russell. Hon. Died 1934. | <i>c.</i> 1901 | Chanler, Robert Winthrop. Non-res. Resigned <i>c.</i> 1905. |
| 1885 | Brimmer, Martin. Hon. Died 1896. | 1894 | Chanler, Winthrop. Non-res. Resigned 1905. |
| 1893 | Brooks, Frederick. Resigned. | 1926 | Chanler, Theodore Ward. Non-res. Resigned 1933. |
| 1922 | Brooks, Henry Howard. | 1884 | Chapin, Henry Bainbridge. Resigned 1886. |
| 1923 | Brooks, Winthrop Sprague. Now non-res. | 1887 | Chaplin, Heman White. Resigned. |
| 1888 | Brown, John Appleton. Non-res. 1891. Died 1902. | 1925 | Chapman, Chanler. Non-res. |
| 1928 | Brown, John Nicholas. Now non-res. | 1885 | Chapman, John Jay. Non-res. Resigned 1887. Re-el. 1909. Died 1933. |

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|------|--|------|--|
| 1889 | Chase, Theodore. Died 1894. | 1896 | Cummings, Charles Kimball. |
| 1928 | Chittenden, George Peters. Now non-res. | 1925 | Curtis, Charles Pelham. |
| 1923 | Chittenden, Gerald. Non-res. | 1919 | Curtis, Charles Pelham, Jr. |
| 1900 | Churchill, Winston. Non-res. Resigned. | 1892 | Curtis, Francis Gardner. Died 1915. |
| 1930 | Clafin, William Henry. | 1906 | Curtis, James Freeman. Now non-res. |
| 1899 | Clemson, Walter John. Resigned 1933. | 1922 | Curtis, Richard Carey. |
| 1886 | Clough, Charles Ayer. Died 1908. | 1912 | Cushing, Harvey. Now non-res. |
| 1897 | Clymer, William Branford Shubrick. Died 1903. | 1884 | Cushing, Hayward Warren. Died 1934. |
| 1926 | Cobb, Boughton. Non-res. | 1897 | Cushing, Howard Gardiner. Non-res. c 1907. Died 1916. |
| 1908 | Cobb, Frederick Codman. Now non-res. | 1884 | Cutler, Elbridge Gerry. Char. Mem. Resigned 1886. |
| 1931 | Cobb, Robert Codman. Non-res. | 1922 | Cutler, George Chalmers, Jr. Non-res. Resigned 1931. |
| 1920 | Cobb, Stanley. | 1922 | Cutler, Robert. |
| 1893 | Codman, Charles Greenough. Non-res. Resigned. | 1922 | Danielson, Richard Ely. |
| 1922 | Codman, Charles Russell. | 1884 | Davenport, Francis Henry. |
| 1899 | Codman, John Sturgis. | 1884 | Davis, Arthur Edward. Char. Mem. Resigned 1886. |
| 1887 | Collins, Alfred Quinton. Died 1903. | 1887 | Davis, Charles Edward, Jr. Resigned 1907. |
| 1929 | Colt, Henry Francis. | 1896 | Davis, Theodore Montgomery. Non-res. Died 1915. |
| 1933 | Compton, Karl Taylor. | 1926 | Deane, Frederick. |
| 1933 | Conant, James Bryant. | 1894 | DeFord, Henry. Resigned 1907. |
| 1899 | Converse, Frederic Shepherd. | 1889 | De Koven, Reginald. Non-res. Died 1920. |
| 1887 | Coolidge, Charles Allerton. Resigned. | 1893 | Deland, Lorin Fuller. Died 1917. |
| 1922 | Coolidge, Charles Allerton, Jr. | 1919 | Denny, George Parkman. |
| 1930 | Coolidge, Harold Jefferson, Jr. | 1887 | Dixey, Richard Cowell. Died 1915. |
| 1890 | Coolidge, John Templeman. | 1885 | Doe, Orlando Witherspoon. Resigned 1887. |
| 1912 | Coolidge, John Templeman, Jr. | 1904 | Dorr, George Buckman. Now non-res. |
| 1932 | Coolidge, Lawrence. | 1888 | Dumaresq, Francis. Died 1902. |
| 1925 | Coolidge, Thomas Jefferson. | 1895 | Dunham, Carroll, Jr. Non-res. Died 1923. |
| 1915 | Copeland, Charles Townsend. | 1884 | Dunham, Edward Kellogg. Char. Mem. Non-res. 1892. Died 1922. |
| 1933 | Courtney, Paul Graham. | 1885 | Dunham, Theodore. Now non-res. |
| 1887 | Cranford, Kenneth Rylance. Resigned 1890. | | |
| 1914 | Croly, Herbert David. Non-res. Died 1929. | | |
| 1894 | Crosby, Stephen Van-Rensselaer. Resigned. Re-el. 1932. | | |
| 1913 | Croswell, James Greenleaf. Non-res. Died 1915. | | |
| 1884 | Crowninshield, Frederic. Char. Mem. Resigned 1886. | | |

- 1884 Durand, Henry Strong. Char. Mem. Non-res. 1888. Died 1929.
- 1889 Duveneck, Frank. Non-res. 1892. Died 1919.
- 1888 Dwight, Theodore Frelinghuysen. Resigned.
- 1885 Dyer, Louis. Resigned 1890.
- 1933 Edmonds, John Buckeley. Non-res.
- 1925 Edgell, George Harold.
- 1884 Eldridge, William Thompson. Non-res. 1887. Resigned.
- 1884 Eliot, Amory. Resigned.
- 1904 Eliot, Charles William. Hon. Died 1926.
- 1913 Elliott, Howard. Non-res. Later res. Died 1929.
- 1887 Elliot, John Wheelock. Died 1925.
- 1921 Emerson, William.
- 1910 Endicott, William Crowninshield.
- 1919 Evarts, Richard Conover. Resigned 1933.
- 1908 Fairbanks, Arthur. Now non-res.
- 1885 Fairchild, Charles. Resigned.
- 1921 Fairchild, Gordon. Non-res. Res. 1931. Died 1932.
- 1908 Farley, John Wells.
- 1888 Fearing, Daniel Butler. Non-res. Resigned 1890.
- 1884 Felton, Thomas Cary. Char. Mem. Died 1898.
- 1891 Fenollosa, Ernest Francisco. Died 1908.
- 1900 Fessenden, Franklin Goodridge. Non-res. Died 1931.
- 1911 Field, Whitcomb. Died 1912.
- 1932 Finley, John Huston, Jr. Non-res.
- 1896 Fiske, Arthur Lyman. Resigned.
- 1913 Fitz, Reginald.
- 1884 Fitz, Reginald Heber. Char. Mem. Died 1913.
- 1905 Fletcher, Horace. Non-res. Died 1919.
- 1890 Foote, Arthur. Resigned 1933.
- 1918 Forbes, Allan. Resigned 1932.
- 1907 Forbes, Charles Stewart. Now non-res.
- 1918 Forbes, Francis Murray.
- 1932 Forbes, Francis Murray, Jr.
- 1908 Forbes, John Wells. Resigned.
- 1899 Forbes, William Cameron.
- 1884 Freeman, Horace Vinton. Resigned 1886.
- 1884 Freeman, James Goldthwaite. Char. Mem. Died 1912.
- 1923 Fremont-Smith, Maurice.
- 1885 French, Daniel Chester. Resigned.
- 1913 Frothingham, Channing.
- 1920 Gammell, Robert Hale Ives.
- 1934 Gardiner, Robert Hallowell.
- 1933 Gardiner, William Tudor. Non-res.
- 1911 Gardner, George Peabody, Jr.
- 1887 Gardner, John Lowell. Died 1899.
- 1884 Gaugengigl, Ignaz Marcel. Char. Mem. Resigned 1917.
- 1899 Gay, Frederic Lewis. Died 1916.
- 1884 Gericke, Wilhelm. Hon. 1890. Died 1925.
- 1899 Goodhue, Bertram Grosvenor. Non-res. Died 1924.
- 1906 Goodrich, Wallace.
- 1888 Grant, Robert. Resigned and re-elected.
- 1885 Gray, Morris. Resigned 1893.
- 1913 Gray, Morris, Jr.
- 1912 Gray, Ralph Weld.
- 1884 Gray, Reginald. Resigned 1893.
- 1902 Greeley, Russell Hubbard. Non-res. 1907.
- 1901 Greene, Henry Copley.
- 1886 Greenleaf, Edward Hale. Resigned.
- 1884 Greenough, Francis Boott. Char. Mem. Died 1904.
- 1922 Griswold, Roger.
- 1888 Guild, Curtis, Jr. Died 1915.

- 1885 Guitèras, Ramon. Non-res. Resigned 1891.
- 1933 **Gulick, Charles Burton.**
- 1904 Hale, Herbert Dudley. Non-res. Resigned 1908.
- 1912 **Hale, Philip.**
- 1894 Hale, Philip Leslie. Resigned.
- 1933 **Hall, John Loomer.**
- 1920 **Hamlen, Joseph Rochemont.**
- 1897 Hamlin, Charles Sumner. Resigned.
- 1909 **Hammond, John Hays.** Non-res.
- 1885 Harding, Emor Herbert. Resigned.
- 1930 **Harkness, Edward Stephen.** Non-res.
- 1884 Harris, Francis Augustus. Resigned 1886.
- 1896 Hathaway, Horatio. Non-res. Resigned.
- 1896 Hathaway, Thomas Schuyler. Non-res. Died 1924.
- 1909 Hay, Clarence. Non-res. Resigned.
- 1884 Hayward, George Griswold. Char. Mem. Died 1910.
- 1886 Heard, John, Jr. Non-res. Died 1895.
- 1886 Hemenway, Augustus. Died 1931.
- 1924 **Hemenway, Lawrence.**
- 1933 **Henderson, Lawrence Joseph.**
- 1927 **Henry, Barklie McKee.** Non-res. 1928.
- 1919 **Hepburn, Andrew Hopewell.**
- 1924 **Herter, Christian Archibald.**
- 1884 Higginson, Henry Lee. Hon. 1897. Died 1919.
- 1896 Hill, Adams Sherman. Hon. 1908. Died 1910.
- 1899 **Hill, Arthur Dehon.**
- 1926 **Hoar, Samuel.**
- 1908 **Hobart, Richard Bryant.**
- 1891 Hodges, Harrison Blake. Non-res. Died.
- 1885 Hodges, William Donnison. Resigned 1888.
- 1887 Hodgson, Richard. Died 1905.
- 1889 Holmes, Oliver Wendell. Hon. Died 1894.
- 1894 **Holmes, Oliver Wendell.** Hon.
- 1898 Homans, Robert. Resigned.
- 1887 Hooper, William. Resigned 1891.
- 1925 **Hopkins, Ernest Martin.** Non-res.
- 1897 **Hopkinson, Charles Sydney.**
- 1887 Hopkinson, John Prentiss. Died 1900.
- 1884 Horton, Charles Paine. Resigned 1893.
- 1884 Howard, Thomas Howard. Non-res. Resigned 1889.
- 1893 **Howe, Mark Antony DeWolfe.**
- 1917 **Howe, Wallis Eastburn.** Non-res.
- 1884 Howells, William Dean. Hon. 1888. Died 1920.
- 1918 **Howland, Llewellyn.**
- 1920 **Hubbard, Edward Arthur.**
- 1887 Hubbard, Eliot. Resigned 1932.
- 1884 Hunt, Clyde Du Vernet. Non-res. 1893. Resigned.
- 1921 **Huntington, James Lincoln.**
- 1900 Hurlbut, Byron Satterlee. Died 1929.
- 1901 Hyde, Arthur. Non-res. Resigned 1905.
- 1900 Hyde, James Hazen. Non-res. Resigned.
- 1892 Ingersoll, Henry McKean. Non-res. Resigned 1897.
- 1884 Jackson, Frank. Died 1921.
- 1886 Jackson, James. Resigned 1896.
- 1915 **James, Alexander Robertson.** Now non-res.
- 1911 James, Henry. Hon. Died 1916.
- 1911 James, Henry, 2nd. Resigned 1928.
- 1906 James, William. Hon. Died 1910.
- 1908 **James, William, Jr.**
- 1884 Jaques, Eustace. Non-res. 1890. Died 1920.

- 1884 Jaques, Herbert. Char. Mem. Died 1916.
- 1913 Jenkins, MacGregor. Resigned.
- 1884 Johns, Clayton. Died 1932.
- 1912 Joy, Benjamin. Now non-res.
- 1906 Kernochan, Marshall Rutgers. Non-res.
- 1921 Kidder, Alfred Vincent. Non-res.
- 1922 Kimball, Day. Resigned 1926.
- 1887 Kinnicut, Leonard Parker. Non-res. Died 1911.
- 1895 Kinnicutt, Lincoln Newton. Non-res. Died 1921.
- 1914 Kinnicutt, Roger. Non-res.
- 1884 Kip, Charles Hayden. Resigned.
- 1933 Ladd, William Edwards.
- 1888 Lamb, Horatio Appleton. Died 1926.
- 1906 Lane, Gardiner Martin. Died 1914.
- 1919 Lang, Malcolm.
- 1884 Langmaid, Samuel Wood. Char. Mem. Died 1915.
- 1932 Lanman, Thomas Hinckley.
- 1886 Lassiter, Francis Rives. Resigned 1888.
- 1932 Laughlin, Henry Alexander.
- 1893 Lavallé, John. Non-res. Resigned.
- 1884 Lee, Elliot Cabot. Char. Mem. Died 1920.
- 1884 Lee, Francis Wilson. Char. Mem. Died 1923.
- 1888 Lee, Henry. Hon. Mem. Died 1899.
- 1916 Lee, Roger Irving.
- 1884 Lee, Thomas. Resigned 1885.
- 1914 Lincoln, Merrick. Non-res. Died 1923.
- 1900 Lincoln, Waldo. Non-res. Resigned 1932.
- 1884 Linzee, John Torrey. Char. Mem. Resigned 1891.
- 1922 Little, Clarence Cook. Non-res. Resigned 1933.
- 1920 Little, James Lovell. Resigned 1932.
- 1885 Lodge, Henry Cabot. Resigned 1890.
- 1923 Lodge, Henry Cabot, 2nd.
- 1885 Loeffler, Charles Martin.
- 1885 Lombard, Warren Plimpton. Non-res. Resigned.
- 1888 Longfellow, Alexander Wadsworth. Died 1934.
- 1887 Lovett, Robert Williamson. Died 1924.
- 1894 Lowell, Abbott Lawrence.
- 1904 Lowell, Frederic Eldredge. Resigned 1932.
- 1900 Lowell, Guy. Died 1927.
- 1922 Lowell, James Hale.
- 1885 Lowell, James Russell. Hon. Died 1891.
- 1888 Lowell, John Jr. Died 1922.
- 1884 Luce, John Dandridge Henley. Char. Mem. Died 1921.
- 1893 Luce, Matthew.
- 1892 Lund, Fred Bates.
- 1903 Lyman, Henry. Died 1934.
- 1900 Lyman, Theodore. Resigned c 1903.
- 1884 McCollum, John Hildreth. Char. Mem. Died 1915.
- 1916 McCoy, Frank Ross. Non-res. Resigned.
- 1910 Maclaurin, Richard Cockburn. Died 1920.
- 1922 MacLeish, Archibald. Resigned 1930.
- 1893 McLennan, John Stewart. Non-res. 1903.
- 1927 Marquand, John Phillips.
- 1889 Mason, Marion Otis. Non-res. Died 1890.
- 1902 Mason, Philip Dana. Died 1907.
- 1931 Matthiessen, Francis Otto. Resigned 1932.
- 1902 Mauran, John Lawrence. Non-res. Died 1933.
- 1884 Mercer, William Robert, Jr. Resigned.
- 1930 Merrick, John Vaughan. Non-res.

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- 1913 Meyer, George von Lengerke. Died 1918.
- 1890 Millet, Josiah Byram.
- 1930 Mills, Charles Elliott. Non-res.
- 1902 Minott, Joseph Otis. Non-res. Died 1909.
- 1931 Moffat, Donald.
- 1884 Monks, George Howard. Died 1933.
- 1911 Moors, John Farwell.
- 1919 Morize, André. Resigned.
- 1891 Morse, Edward Sylvester. Died 1925.
- 1886 Morse, Henry Lee. Died 1929.
- 1914 Morton, James Madison. Non-res.
- 1912 Muck, Karl. Resigned 1918.
- 1926 Munro, Donald.
- 1926 Munro, Edward Squibb. Non-res. 1929.
- 1887 Munro, John Cummings. Died 1910.
- 1884 Munzig, George Chickering. Char. Mem. Died 1908.
- 1899 Murchie, Guy. Resigned 1933.
- 1921 Neilson, William Allan. Non-res.
- 1894 Nevin, Ethelbert. Died 1901.
- 1885 Nickerson, George Augustus. Died 1901.
- 1890 Nikisch, Arthur. Resigned 1893.
- 1885 Norton, Charles Eliot. Hon. Died 1908.
- 1904 Olmstead, Frederic Law. Resigned.
- 1884 Olney, Richard. Resigned.
- 1884 O'Reilly, John Boyle. Resigned.
- 1927 Osborne, Maurice Machado.
- 1904 Osborne, Thomas Mott. Non-res. Died 1926.
- 1884 Osgood, James Ripley. Resigned.
- 1885 Otis, Harrison Gray. Resigned 1886.
- 1922 Otis, James.
- 1891 Otis, William Sigourney. Died 1893.
- 1895 Paderewski, Ignace Jan. Hon.
- 1914 Page, Arthur Wilson. Non-res.
- 1893 Page, Thomas Nelson. Non-res. Died 1922.
- 1910 Paine, Ralph Delahaye. Non-res. Died 1925.
- 1932 Paine, Richard Cushing.
- 1929 Palmer, Franklin Hall.
- 1902 Parker, Herbert. Non-res. Resigned 1933.
- 1894 Parker, Horatio William. Non-res. Died 1919.
- 1933 Parker, James, 2nd.
- 1894 Parker, John Harleston. Resigned.
- 1933 Parker, John Harleston, Jr.
- 1886 Parker, William Lincoln. Died 1915.
- 1904 Parker, William Stanley.
- 1930 Parkman, Francis. Non-res.
- 1929 Parkman, Henry, Jr.
- 1884 Parsons, Arthur Jeffrey. Char. Mem. Died 1915.
- 1902 Patten, William Samuel. Died 1927.
- 1917 Peabody, Francis Weld. Died 1927.
- 1888 Peabody, John Endicott. Resigned 1899.
- 1887 Perkins, Edward Cranch. Resigned 1907.
- 1910 Perkins, John Forbes.
- 1931 Perkins, Thomas Nelson. Hon.
- 1905 Perry, Bliss.
- 1896 Perry, Edward Wright. Later non-res. Resigned.
- 1915 Perry, Lewis. Non-res.
- 1905 Peters, Andrew James.
- 1888 Peters, Edward Gould. Resigned 1889.
- 1920 Phillips, John Charles.
- 1913 Phillips, William. Now non-res.
- 1923 Pickman, Edward Motley.
- 1901 Pier, Arthur Stanwood. Now non-res.
- 1928 Pitman, Theodore Baldwin.
- 1890 Plummer, Charles Warner. Non-res. Resigned 1897.
- 1933 Pollock, Harry Evelyn Dorr. Non-res.

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|------|---|------|---|
| 1920 | Pool, Eugene Hillhouse. Non-res. Resigned 1931. | 1892 | Saint Gaudens, Augustus. Non-res. Hon. 1904. Died 1907. |
| 1884 | Porter, Benjamin Curtis. Char. Mem. Non-res. 1893. Died 1908. | 1884 | Sampson, Charles Edward. Char. Mem. Now non-res. |
| 1898 | Potter, Austin. Resigned. | 1894 | Santayana, George. Resigned. |
| 1926 | Powel, Harford Willing Hare, Jr. Now non-res. | 1897 | Sargent, Charles Sprague. Resigned. |
| 1894 | Pratt, Bela Lyon. Died 1917. | 1919 | Sargent, Daniel. |
| 1884 | Prince, Frederick Octavius. Resigned 1888. | 1890 | Sargent, John Singer. Non-res. Hon. 1904. Died 1925. |
| 1884 | Prince, Morton. Char. Mem. Died 1929. | 1887 | Sargent, Joseph, Jr. Died 1910. |
| 1900 | Pritchett, Henry Smith. Now non-res. | 1928 | Sargent, Lucius Manlius. Resigned 1931. |
| 1931 | Proctor, Robert. | 1888 | Sargent, Sullivan Armory. |
| 1895 | Putnam, Herbert. Non-res. 1901. Resigned. | 1884 | Sears, Joshua Montgomery. Char. Mem. Died 1906. |
| 1884 | Quincy, Henry Parker. Char. Mem. Died 1899. | 1910 | Sedgwick, Ellery. |
| 1895 | Renshaw, Alfred Howard. Non-res. Resigned. | 1931 | Sedgwick, Henry Dwight. |
| 1891 | Reynolds, Edward. | 1934 | Sedgwick, William Ellery. Non-res. |
| 1928 | Reynolds, George Phillips. | 1904 | Sewell, Frederick E. Resigned. |
| 1933 | Rhineland, Philip Hamilton. | 1886 | Shattuck, Frederick Cheever. Died 1929. |
| 1903 | Rhodes, James Ford. Hon. 1917. Died 1927. | 1887 | Shattuck, George Brune. Resigned. |
| 1904 | Rice, Alexander Hamilton. Now non-res. | 1930 | Shattuck, George Cheever. |
| 1921 | Richards Theodore William. Hon. Died 1928. | 1932 | Shattuck, Henry Lee. |
| 1884 | Richardson, William Lambert. Char. Mem. Died 1932. | 1891 | Shaw, Henry Russell. Resigned c 1904. |
| 1932 | Ricketson, Oliver Garrison, Jr. Non-res. | 1884 | Shepley, George Foster. Resigned. |
| 1890 | Ritter, Louis. Resigned. | 1884 | Sherman, Horace Vinton. Resigned. |
| 1886 | Robinson, Edward. Non-res. 1906. Died 1931. | 1915 | Shurcliff, Arthur Asahel. |
| 1922 | Rock, John. | 1922 | Sills, Kenneth Charles Morton. Non-res. |
| 1885 | Rogers, Henry Munroe. | 1921 | Sims, William Sowden. Hon. |
| 1884 | Rotch, Arthur. Char. Mem. Died 1894. | 1888 | Slater, William Albert. Non-res. Resigned. |
| 1889 | Russell, Averly Claude Holmes. Non-res. Resigned. | 1900 | Slocum, William Frederick. Non-res. Died 1934. |
| 1896 | Russell, William Eustis. Died 1896. | 1890 | Smith, Francis Hopkinson. Non-res. Died 1915. |
| 1919 | Russell, William Eustis, Jr. Died 1932. | 1903 | Smith, Jeremiah, Jr. |
| | | 1892 | Smith, Joseph Lindon. Now non-res. |
| | | 1928 | Spencer, Theodore. |

List of Members

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|------|---|------|---|
| 1884 | Sprague, Henry Harrison. Char. Mem. Died 1920. | 1909 | Thayer, William Roscoe. Died 1923. |
| 1884 | Stedman, George. Char. Mem. Resigned 1886. | 1892 | Thiebault, Eugene. Non-res. Resigned. |
| 1906 | Stephens, Henry Morse. Non-res. Died 1919. | 1894 | Thomas, Douglas Hamilton, Jr. Died 1915. |
| 1931 | Stillman, Chauncey Devereux. Non-res. | 1887 | Thomas, John Babson. Non-res. Active 1896. Resigned. |
| 1891 | Stimson, Frederic Jesup. Resigned c 1911. | 1930 | Thompson, Leslie Prince. |
| 1892 | Storer, Bellamy. Non-res. Resigned. | 1894 | Thompson, Lewis Sabin. Resigned. |
| 1884 | Story, John Patten. Non-res. Resigned 1886. | 1890 | Thorndike, Paul. |
| 1923 | Stratton, Samuel Wesley. Died 1931. | 1885 | Thorndike, Samuel Lothrop. Died 1911. |
| 1915 | Strong, Richard Pearson. | 1920 | Thorndike, William Tecumseh Sherman. Resigned 1931. |
| 1885 | Stuart, Charles U. Resigned 1886. | 1884 | Tilden, George Horton. Char. Mem. Non-res. 1893. Died 1910. |
| 1896 | Sturgis, Charles Russell. Died 1909. | 1884 | Torroja, Joachin Maria. Resigned 1886. |
| 1884 | Sturgis, Charles William. Char. Mem. Died 1913. | 1912 | Trask, William Ropes. Died 1933. |
| 1884 | Sturgis, Francis Shaw. Char. Mem. Died 1922. | 1885 | Tucker, Lawrence. Resigned 1886. |
| 1890 | Sturgis, Richard Clipston. | 1904 | Tweed, Charles Harrison. Non-res. Died 1917. |
| 1916 | Sullivan, James Amory. Now non-res. | 1884 | Upham, George Baxter. Char. Mem. |
| 1884 | Sullivan, Thomas Russell. Char. Mem. Died 1916. | 1901 | Vaughan, Henry Goodwin. |
| 1885 | Sumner, Allen Melancthon. Died 1901. | 1884 | Vinton, Frederic Porter. Char. Mem. Died 1911. |
| 1928 | Sutton, Harry, Jr. Resigned 1931. | 1907 | Wadsworth, Eliot. |
| 1884 | Swift, Frederick. Non-res. Resigned 1890. | 1884 | Wadsworth, Oliver Fairfield. Died 1911. |
| 1884 | Swift, Henry Walton. Char. Mem. Resigned 1888. | 1891 | Wadsworth, Oliver Fairfield, Jr. Resigned. |
| 1919 | Tallack, John Francis. Now non-res. | 1910 | Wadsworth, Philip. |
| 1892 | Tarbell, Edmund Charles. | 1911 | Wadsworth, Richard Goodwin. Resigned 1932. |
| 1884 | Tarbell, George Grosvenor. Resigned. | 1893 | Wadsworth, William Austin. Non-res. Died 1918. |
| 1917 | Taylor, Henry Osborn. Non-res. Resigned 1932. | 1884 | Wainwright, Henry. Died c 1904. |
| 1927 | Terry, Lawrence. | 1887 | Walker, Charles Howard. |
| 1924 | Thayer, Edward Carrington. | 1923 | Walker, Charles Rumford. Now non-res. |
| 1930 | Thayer, William Greenough. | 1884 | Walker, Henry Oliver. Non-res. 1889. Died 1929. |

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|------|--|------|--|
| 1885 | Ware, Arthur Lowell. Resigned. | 1913 | Whiting, Jasper. |
| 1912 | Ware, Gordon. Died 1920. | 1884 | Whitman, Royal. Char. Mem.
Resigned 1890. |
| 1887 | Warner, Charles Dudley. Hon.
Died 1900. | 1922 | Whitney, Edward Allen. |
| 1909 | Warner, Langdon. | 1886 | Whitney, Henry Austin. Died
1889. |
| 1902 | Warren, Edward Ross. | 1931 | Whitney, Hugh. |
| 1884 | Warren, Joseph Weatherhead.
Resigned 1892. | 1888 | Whitridge, Roland Barker.
Non-res. 1903. Resigned 1907. |
| 1902 | Warren, Samuel Dennis. Died
1910. | 1885 | Whittier, Charles Albert. Re-
signed 1888. |
| 1884 | Warren, William. Resigned
1888. | 1920 | Wiggins, Charles, 2nd. |
| 1884 | Watson, Francis Sedgwick.
Char. Mem. | 1922 | Wiggins, John Gregory. Non-
res. |
| 1909 | Weed, Arthur Henry. Died
1931. | 1929 | Williams, Gluyas. |
| 1918 | Weed, Charles Frederick. | 1926 | Willis, Harold Buckley. |
| 1884 | Weld, William Fletcher. Char.
Mem. Died 1893. | 1886 | Winch, William Johnson. Died
1919. |
| 1916 | Wells, Edgar Huidekoper. Non-
res. Resigned. | 1932 | Winship, Lawrence Leathe. |
| 1892 | Wells, Stiles Gannett. Died
1907. | 1884 | Wister, Owen. Char. Mem. |
| 1893 | Wendel, Theodore. Died 1932. | 1893 | Wolcott, Henry Roger. Non-
res. Died 1921. |
| 1887 | Wendell, Barrett. Died 1921. | 1909 | Wood, Leonard. Hon. Died
1928. |
| 1893 | Wendell, Jacob, Jr. Non-res.
Died 1911. | 1884 | Wright, Frederick Eleazer. Re-
signed 1886. |
| 1895 | Wharton, Edward Robbins.
Non-res. Resigned. | 1917 | Young, Benjamin Loring. |
| 1884 | Wheelwright, John Tyler. Char.
Mem. Resigned. | 1924 | Young, Owen D. Non-res. |
| 1924 | White, James Clarke. | 1914 | Zantzing, Clarence. Non-res. |
| | | 1885 | Zerrahn, Franz Eduard. Died
1928. |
| | | 1925 | Zinsser, Hans. |
-

Elected in week before Semi-Centennial

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|------|--------------------------|------|---------------------------------------|
| 1934 | Bacon, Leonard. Non-res. | 1934 | Fuess, Claude Moore. Non-res. |
| 1934 | French, Stanley Goodwin. | 1934 | Kittredge, Henry Crocker.
Non-res. |

OFFICERS OF THE CLUB

PRESIDENTS

William Dean Howells,	1884-1887
Henry Lee,	1888-1889
Charles Eliot Norton,	1890-1898
Henry Lee Higginson,	1899-1919
Barrett Wendell,	1920-1921
Bliss Perry,	1921-1928
Frederick Cheever Shattuck	1928-1929
Owen Wister	1929-

VICE PRESIDENTS

Charles Eliot Norton,	1886-1889
Thomas Russell Sullivan,	1886-1908
Henry Munroe Rogers,	1887-1900
Martin Brimmer,	1890-1896
Henry Lee Higginson,	1896-1898
Oliver Wendell Holmes,	1898-1902
Adams Sherman Hill,	1900-1906
Henry Pickering Bowditch,	1902-1907
Abbott Lawrence Lowell,	1906-1908
Arlo Bates,	1908-1911
James Ford Rhodes,	1909-1910
John Bapst Blake,	1910-1911
Robert Grant,	1911-1914
Edward Hickling Bradford,	1912-1914
William Roscoe Thayer,	1914-1915
Francis Sedgwick Watson,	1914-1915
Frederick Cheever Shattuck,	1916-1918
Philip Hale,	1916-1928
Barrett Wendell,	1919-1920
Edward Reynolds,	1920-1921
Holker Abbott,	1922-1923
Edward Reynolds,	1924-1928
Christian A. Herter,	1929-1930
Benjamin Loring Young,	1929-1933
William Cameron Forbes,	1930-1931
Philip Hale,	1931-1934
George Russell Agassiz,	1933-
Lewis Perry,	1934-

SECRETARIES

William Norton Bullard,	1884-1885
George Howard Monks,	1885-1888
Vincent Yardley Bowditch,	1889-1890
Isidore Braggiotti,	1890-1891
George Baxter Upham,	1892-1896
Herbert Putnam,	1897-1898
Winthrop Ames,	1899-1900
Lorin Fuller Deland,	1900-1902
Holker Abbott,	1902-1922
Daniel Sargent,	1922-1924
Walter Channing Bailey,	1924-1927
William Truman Aldrich,	1927-1928
Edward Squibb Munro,	1928-1929
Edward Livingston Bigelow,	1929-1929
Arthur Stanwood Pier,	1929-1930
James Lincoln Huntington,	1930-

TREASURERS

John Dandridge Henley Luce,	1884-1891
Francis Wilson Lee,	1892-1895
Horatio Appleton Lamb,	1896-1897
Harry Burnett,	1898-1900
Charles Russell Sturgis,	1901-1909
Henry Goodwin Vaughan,	1910-

CHRONOLOGY OF TAVERN CLUB EVENTS

1884

July 1	Lease of rooms at 1, Park Square signed
July 23	First Meeting of Executive Committee
August 14	House Committee elected
September 1	First Club Dinner
October	Dinner in honor of Wilhelm Gericke
November 18	Dinner in honor of Edmund Gosse
December	Dinner in honor of Henry Irving

1885

January 8	Dinner in honor of George Augustus Sala
February 28	Business meeting; Totem of Bear adopted; supper in honor of Lawrence Barrett
March 23	Dinner in honor of Mark Twain
September 28	Dinner in honor of W. D. Howells
November 4	Dinner in honor of James Russell Lowell
December 2	Dinner in honor of Tommaso Salvini
December 31	New Year's Musical Festival

1886

March 5	Dinner in honor of Generals Devens and Gordon and Mr. John C. Ropes
March 31	Mi-Carême Festival
October 12	Supper in honor of Justin McCarthy
November 9	Dinner in honor of Wilson Barrett
December 31	The First Salon, Paintings and Statuary

1887

January 25	Dinner in honor of Charles Dudley Warner
February 28	Business Meeting; discussion of purchase of 4, Boylston Place
March 18	Dinner in honor of Elihu Vedder
July 15	Old Club Rooms closed
September 1	New Club House (4, Boylston Place) opened
October 21	Dinner in honor of Edward Burgess
December 9	Club Dinner
December 29	Special Meeting to increase membership to 150: plan defeated

1888

February 10	Dinner in honor of George William Curtis
April 4	Narrenabend: Lochinvar and The Circus

256 *Chronology of Tavern Club Events*

June 8	Fête Champêtre, at Riverside
June 18	Yachting Excursion. Hull to Marblehead (six yachts)
October 11	Dinner in honor of W. D. Howells
October 29	Supper in honor of M. Coquelin
December 24	Christmas Tree

1889

February 1	Concert (Whitridge, Gericke, Winch, Hubbard, Johns and the Adamowski Quartette)
February 9	Reception in honor of Edwin Booth
February 16	Dinner in honor of George Kennan
February 22	Dinner in honor of James Russell Lowell's 70th Birthday
March 8	Concert
April 26	Supper after Artists' Festival
May 24	Farewell Dinner to Wilhelm Gericke
June 8	Edward Robinson's House Warming in Manchester
October 2	Baseball game with St. Botolph Club
October 9	Dinner in honor of Arthur Nikisch
October 26	Supper in honor of Charles Wyndham
October 29	Supper in honor of C. and Jean Coquelin
November 14	Dinner in honor of Tommaso Salvini
November 21	Evening Reception at Mr. Norton's house in Cambridge
November 30	Adm. Walker's Reception for Taverners and their families
November 30	Reception for Messrs. Sarasate and D'Albert, 10 P.M.
December 1	Reception for Adm. Walker and his officers, 4 P.M.
December 24	Christmas Tree
December 31	New Year's Supper, 11 P.M.

1890

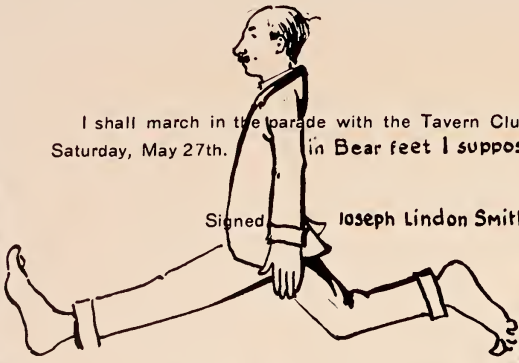
January 31	Musical Evening
March 7	Musical Evening
March 25	Dinner in honor of Hon. E. J. Phelps
April 1	Burlesque Artists' Festival: Narrenabend: Antigone
April 9	Exhibition of the Phonograph and Kerns Scientific Rowing Machine
June 2	Annual Meeting
June 9	Fête Champêtre at Riverside
October 22	Musical Evening
November 6	Business Meeting
December 24	Christmas Tree

1891

January 7	Musical Evening
January 17	Supper in honor of Sergius Stepniack
February 18	Musical Evening
February 20	In Darkest Africa
February 21	Supper in honor of V. de Pachmann
February 28	Supper in honor of W. H. Kendal
March 17	Dinner in honor of Henry Lee and Henry Lee Higginson

I shall march in the parade with the Tavern Club on Saturday, May 27th. in Bear feet I suppose.

Signed Joseph Lindon Smith.



TAVERN CLUB,
4 BOYLSTON PLACE

September 19 1906

9000 Eye Holder
9000 Eye
Tavern Club.



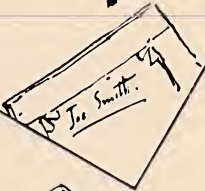
LOOK POINT
DUBLIN, I.R.

DEAR OLD BEAR
OF COURSE
I WILL HELP ON
YOUR HALLOWEEN
PARTY



I shall come to the Narrenabend on Wednesday, April 17th.
I would like costume provided.

Signed



93 MOUNT VERNON STREET
BOSTON
APRIL 30TH - 1913

I shall come to the Narrenabend on Friday, April 7th.

Signed

Joseph Lindon Smith



FAREWELL DEAR O.D
BEAR

J L S
NOV
21
1914



HOL KER

JOJOWILLCOME



DEAR JIMMIE
THIS POOR JOJO-BEAR CAN'T
COME TO THE NARRENABEND.
APRIL 5

HERE
LIES
QUEEN TII
FAMOUS
QUEEN OF
EGYPT
XVIII DYNASTY



JoJo WAS IN IT.

I shall come to the Hallowe'en dinner on Thursday, October 29

Signed



Chronology of Tavern Club Events 257

March 21	Story-Tellers' Supper
April 1	Narrenabend
April 24	Farewell Dinner in honor of George Tilden, Eliot C. Lee and J. Appleton Brown
May 16	Supper in honor of E. S. Willard
June 1	Annual Meeting
October 10	Welsh Rabbit and Beer Supper; Stuart Robson, guest
October 31	Welsh Rabbit and Beer night
November 25	Musical Evening
December 5	Supper — I. Paderewski, guest
December 24	Christmas Tree

1892

January 16	Dinner in honor of Thomas Nelson Page and F. Hopkinson Smith
January 27	Dinner in honor of Joseph H. Choate
March 4	'The Maid's Tragedy' (Beaumont and Fletcher)
March 26	Supper in honor of Jean de Reszke, Edouard de Reszke and J. Lassalle
April 1	Narrenabend. 'A Quiet Lodging,' by Arlo Bates and G. W. Chadwick
May	Annual Meeting
December 12	Dinner in honor of Architects and Artists of the World's Fair
December 24	Christmas Eve Celebration

1893

February 7	F. Hopkinson Smith and Thomas Nelson Page dined informally at Club
February 17	Japanese Evening
March 10	Musical Evening
April 3	Narrenabend: 'The Cat's Paw,' by T. R. Sullivan
May 1	Annual Meeting
June 10	Fête Champêtre (Augustus Hemenway, host)
July 14	Sandow Exhibition, 12 noon
October 14	Supper in honor of Herr Paur
November 11	Dinner in honor of Prince Wolkonsky
December 1	'Sapho' and 'Pitou Soldat' by Madam Pilar Morin and M. Aimé Lachaume
December 4	Dinner in honor of Paul Bourget
December 23	Christmas Celebration

1894

January 24	Supper in honor of M. Herrmann
March 6	Dinner in honor of Jean and Edouard de Reszke
April 1	Narrenabend
April 27	Dinner in honor of Mr. Carl Zerrahn
May 7	Annual Meeting
June 13	Fête Champêtre; (Franz Zerrahn, host)
November 9	Tenth Anniversary
December 5	Dinner in honor of John Fiske
December 24	Christmas Celebration

258 *Chronology of Tavern Club Events*

1895

- February 6 'To Whom It May Concern' Dinner
March 1 Musical Evening
March 29 Narrenabend: 'A Rehearsal of a Wintry Tale' (Shakespearean; Music
by Clayton Johns and R. W. Atkinson)
April 24 Dinner in honor of Rudyard Kipling
May 6 Annual Meeting
June 19 Fête Champêtre (Franz Zerrahn, host)
November 20 Adventurers' Dinner
December 23 Christmas Eve Celebration: 'A Restoration Christmas,' by Arlo Bates

1896

- January 20 'Portraits of Men,' opened with a dinner
February 10 Auction of Portraits
February 29 Supper in honor of John Hare
April 1 Narrenabend
April 28 } Lecture on Japan. G. H. Tilden
May 1 }
May 4 Annual Meeting
June 12 Fête Champêtre (Augustus Hemenway, host)
November 24 Dinner in honor of R. C. Lehmann
December 23 Christmas Eve Celebration: 'A Night in Seville,' by Arlo Bates

1897

- February 4 Magic
February 22 'Raleigh in Guiana,' by Barrett Wendell
March 25 Dinner in honor of Capt. Mahan
April 1 Narrenabend
May 3 Annual Meeting
May 14 Dinner in honor of George Monks
October 27 Dinner in honor of Prof. G. H. Darwin and Prof. Michael Foster
December 22 Christmas Eve Celebration. 'Olympus Unbound,' by Winthrop Ames,
and 'The Prodigal Son,' by Arlo Bates.
December 30 Dinner in honor of Pres. Seth Low

1898

- February 11 Kneisel Quartette
March 26 Dinner in honor of Theodore Thomas
April 1 Narrenabend: 'L'Affaire Dreyfus,' by F. J. Stimson
April 27 Artists' Festival
May 2 Annual Meeting
October 18 Dinner in honor of Wilhelm Gericke
November 4 Dinner in honor of Albert Vann Dicey
November 22 Dinner in honor of the Hospital Ship 'Bay State'
December 22 Christmas Eve Celebration 'The Masque of the Prodigal Son' by G. P.
Baker; 'The Farce of the Party and the Tart,' by Baker, Sullivan
and Johns

Chronology of Tavern Club Events 259

1899

- January 14 Supper in honor of John Drew
March 1 Dinner in honor of Curtis Guild
March 23 Dinner in honor of the Father-in-law Elect [O. F. Wadsworth] and the Elect [T. R. Sullivan]
May 1 Annual Meeting
June 7 Fête Champêtre (Augustus Hemenway, host), and 'The Dispossessed Gods,' by Arlo Bates
October 14 Supper for Wilhelm Gericke
December 22 Christmas Eve Celebration: 'Friends from the Pantomime' and 'The Quest of the Golden Goose,' by Arlo Bates and Clayton Johns

1900

- January 31 Dinner in honor of Prof. Elisha Gray
February 7 Musical Evening
February 14 Valentine Dinner. Guest, George Grossmith
March 5 'The Children's Hour'
March 14 Dinner in honor of S. Weir Mitchell
April 2 Narrenabend
April 18 'The Double Marriage' (Fletcher, abridged by Arlo Bates)
May 4 Musical Evening
May 7 Annual Meeting
June 13 Fête Champêtre (Franz Zerrahn, host)
October 20 Supper after First Symphony Concert
November 19 B. F. Keith's Theatre Party
December 5 Sportsman's Dinner
December 21 Christmas Celebration: 'Father Hot-Time's Youngest,' by M. A. DeW. Howe

1901

- January 15 Dinner in honor of Samuel L. Clemens
February 14 Masquerade Tournament (St. Valentine's party)
March 21 Informal Dinner in honor of H. L. Higginson
April 1 Mr. Jarley's Wax Works (Narrenabend)
April 4 Dinner in honor of Commandant Suymair
April 10 Orphans' Night
April 25 Musical Evening (Gericke)
May 6 Annual Meeting: Exhibition Billiard and Pool Shots
November 13 J. J. O'Brian; exhibition of Jiu Jitsu
November 25 Dinner in honor of Sir Robert Ball
December 2 Architects' Dinner
December 23 Christmas Celebration: Crusader Costumes; Masque, 'Lord and Master,' by Barrett Wendell and Winthrop Ames

1902

- January 15 Orphans' Dinner. Exhibition Pool
February 3 Lawyers' Dinner: Vaudeville

260 *Chronology of Tavern Club Events*

February 19	Doctors' Dinner: 'A Day with the Specialists'
March 12	Orphans' Dinner
March 31	Narrenabend: Auction of Shields: 'Harpin & Co.'
April 25	Dinner in honor of C. W. Eliot, J. C. Warren and H. P. Bowditch
April 28	Musicians' Night
May 5	Annual Meeting
May 15	Special Meeting: Question of enlarging Club House
June 3	Fête Champêtre, at the Hoosic-Whisick Club
August 11	Fête Maritime, off Marblehead
October 30	Hallowe'en: Pony Raffle: Dinner in honor of Crown Prince of Siam
November 14	Dinner in honor of Chief Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes
December 22	Christmas Feast: 'R.L.S.' by A. S. Pier

1903

January 10	Twelfth Night Supper (an act of 'Twelfth Night,' Shakespeare)
January 20	Dinner before Artists' Festival
February 5	Dinner in honor of John Singer Sargent
February 24	Literary Dinner: 'Mercedes,' by T. B. Aldrich
March 14	Supper in honor of Dr. Wilfred Grenfell
March 27	Dinner in honor of Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood
April 14	Narrenabend: 'The Mercedes of the West,' by A. S. Pier
April 20	Musical Evening: Gericke
May 4	Annual Meeting
May 28	Pop Concert
June 2	Baseball Game with St. Botolph Club
October 6	Fête Champêtre (Augustus Hemenway, host)
December 4	Hallowe'en Dinner
December 22	Christmas Dinner: 'The Vanished Bride,' by Henry Copley Greene
December 31	New Year's Eve Supper

1904

January 15	Dinner in honor of Owen Wister: 'We Bostonians,' by Barrett Wendell
February 3	Dinner in honor of 'Perrier Jouet'
February 25	Musical Dinner
March 24	Narrenabend: Old Home Week, 'The Chivalrous Doctor,' by A. S. Pier
April 27	Musical Evening: Gericke
May 2	Annual Meeting
May 26	Farewell Dinner in honor of W. Cameron Forbes: 'Buzzard Gold,' by T. R. Sullivan and J. L. Smith
June 21	Baseball Game with St. Botolph Club
August 23	Fête Maritime: <i>Gerfalcon</i> (George Upham, host) from Marblehead
September 21	Fête Champêtre (Arthur Cabot, host)
October 12	Informal Luncheon in honor of Prof. Barrett Wendell
November 1	Dinner in honor of Rt. Hon. James Bryce
November 11	Twentieth Anniversary of the Tavern Club: Concert: 'Bear and Forbear,' by M. A. DeW. Howe; 'Lord Ullin's Daughter'
December 23	Christmas Dinner: 'Wild Animals We Have Known,' by F. S. Sturgis
December 31	New Year's Supper

Chronology of Tavern Club Events 261

1905

- January 20 Billiard Dinner
February 14 St. Valentine's Dinner
March 15 Dinner in honor of Booker T. Washington
March 31 Narrenabend and 'The Men of Gad's Hill': Dickens Revival
April 24 Tavern Club Symphony Concert
May 1 Annual Meeting
June 1 Business Meeting
June 2 Baseball Game with St. Botolph Club
June 9 Fête Champêtre (Augustus Hemenway, host)
November 14 Informal Dinner and Talk: 'An Egyptian Tomb,' by Joseph Lindon Smith; 'The Philippines,' by W. Cameron Forbes
December 1 Coming of Age of the Bear and 'The Carnival of Crime,' by T. R. Sullivan and J. L. Smith
December 23 Funeral Services for Richard Hodgson

1906

- January 19 Dinner in honor of Gov. Curtis Guild
January 31 'The Pipe of Desire,' by G. E. Barton and F. S. Converse
February 14 St. Valentine's Day and 'Tom Thumb the Great'
March 2 Dinner in honor of Edward Robinson
March 7 }
March 9 } Mystery Play: Ames, Greeley and Johns
March 23 Dinner in honor of *Collier's Weekly*, and 'Town Tropics vs. Jolliers,' by A. S. Pier
April 3 Narrenabend and 'The Tribulations of Bec Bac,' by W. Cameron Forbes
April 6 Luncheon in honor of Robert Loraine
April 26 Luncheon in honor of H. G. Wells
April 30 Dinner in honor of Wilhelm Gericke
May 7 Annual Meeting
June 12 Baseball Game with St. Botolph Club
June 20 Fête Maritime: *Gerfalcon* and *Gundred* (Upham and Vaughan, hosts)
October 29 Hallowe'en and Minstrel Show
November 2 Dinner in honor of Henry Arthur Jones
December 21 Christmas Dinner: 'The Three Wishes' and 'The Need of Men,' by G. E. Barton
December 31 New Year's Supper

1907

- January 18 Dinner in honor of Winston Churchill
January 25 Supper in honor of Forbes Robinson
January 28 Artists' Festival Dinner
February 9 Yale Dinner in honor of President Hadley
March 8 Naturalists' Dinner in honor of Ernest Harold Baynes
March 15 Dinner in honor of Dr. Karl Muck
April 8 Narrenabend: Lawyers' Night. 'A Meeting of the Boston Bar Association'

262 *Chronology of Tavern Club Events*

April 12	Musical Evening: Wallace Goodrich
May 6	Annual Meeting and Puppy Raffle
May 13	Dinner in honor of J. M. W. Van Der Poorten-Schwartz
June 7	Baseball Game with St. Botolph Club
June 27	Fête Maritime: <i>Gerfalcon</i> and <i>Gundred</i> (Upham and Vaughan, hosts)
August 15	Midsummer Dinner
October 7	Informal Dinner in honor of G. P. Baker
October 29	Hallowe'en: 'The Irish Inn,' by W. S. Parker
November 20	Informal Dinner in honor of Joseph Lindon Smith
December 5	Dinner in honor of His Excellency Baron Rosen
December 16	Special Business Meeting
December 23	Christmas at the Tavern: 'The Earl of Dunmont,' by Arlo Bates
December 31	New Year's Eve Supper: 'New Year's Fantasy'

1908

March 3	Mardi Gras Dinner to welcome Holker Abbott: 'Gullible's Travels,' by J. F. Curtis and A. S. Pier
April 4	Narrenabend and 'Royal Vauxhall Gardens' (A Thackeray night)
April 20	Dinner in honor of Sir William H. White, K.C.B.
May 4	Annual Meeting and Dinner
May 26	Musical Evening: Goodrich and Sargent
June 12	Fête Maritime: <i>Winnebago</i> , <i>Sakuntala</i> , and <i>Gundred</i> (Cobb, Cummings, Vaughan, hosts)
June 16	Baseball Game with St. Botolph Club and baseball dinner
August 20	Midsummer Dinner
October 5	Dinner in honor of W. Cameron Forbes
October 29	Hallowe'en: 'Dr. Heidegger's Experiment,' by T. R. Sullivan
November 23	Dinner in honor of Alexander Agassiz
December 1	Dinner in honor of J. Pierpont Morgan
December 23	Christmas at The Tavern: 'The Chorister,' by R. C. Sturgis and M. A. DeW. Howe
December 31	New Year's Eve: Concert

1909

January 12	Informal luncheon in honor of Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans
January 15	Twenty-Fifth Anniversary: 'The Arraignment,' by Arlo Bates and R. W. Atkinson
January 22	Luncheon in honor of Harry Lauder
February 1	'The Arraignment' for the Tavern Ladies
March 22	Narrenabend: Dutch Band
April 24	Luncheon in honor of Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood
April 26	Finance Commission Dinner
May 3	Annual Meeting
May 11	Luncheon in honor of Baron Takahira
June 15	Fête Maritime: <i>Sakuntala</i> and <i>Gundred</i> (Cummings and Vaughan, hosts)
June 21	Baseball Game with St. Botolph Club
June 24	Dinner at St. Botolph Club



GOING ABOARD — FÊTE MARITIME

Taverners, left to right: Hopkinson, F. H. Bacon, E. R. Warren, F. G. Curtis, Vaughan

Chronology of Tavern Club Events 263

- July 14 Dinner in honor of Bliss Perry
August 23 Midsummer Dinner
October 26 Business meeting to elect a Treasurer: Dinner in honor of A. Lawrence Lowell
November 23 Hallowe'en at The Tavern
December 21 Christmas at The Tavern: 'A Page from History,' by G. P. Baker
December 31 New Year's Supper: 'Symbolism in Pantomime,' by Arlo Bates

1910

- January 12 Aeroplane Dinner in honor of Prof. Octave Chanute
February 17 Informal Dinner: Lecture by Capt. Robt. A. Bartlett
March 21 Luncheon in honor of Dr. G. W. Prothero
April 6 Narrenabend: 'Letters of Introduction'
April 15 Dinner in honor of James F. Curtis
May 9 Annual Meeting and Dinner
June 3 Fête Champêtre (Eliot Hubbard, host)
June 9 Fête Maritime: *Alice* and *Gundred* (Cummings and Vaughan, hosts)
June 13 Baseball Game with St. Botolph Club
October 13 Dinner in honor of Perry, Rhodes, Bates, and Curtis
November 11 Hallowe'en and lecture by Lorin Deland and others: 'Milestones of the Tavern Club'
December 13 Informal Dinner and reading by John Jay Chapman
December 22 Christmas at the Tavern: 'The Fool's Wedding' and 'The Nativity,' by Arlo Bates
December 27 Luncheon in honor of Forbes Robertson
December 31 New Year's Supper: 'The Vale of Years'

1911

- January 18 Dinner in honor of Hamilton Rice
January 21 Supper: Curtis Guild speaking on experiences in Mexico
February 23 Luncheon in honor of Maj. Frederick R. Burnham
March 2 Dinner in honor of Eben D. Jordan
April 7 Narrenabend: 'Don Quixote,' by A. S. Pier and another.
May 2 Dinner in honor of Prof. Svante Arrhenius
May 15 Annual Dinner and Meeting
June 1 Dinner in honor of Curtis Guild
June 14 Fête Maritime: *Alice* and *Gundred* (Cummings and Vaughan, hosts)
June 19 Baseball Game with St. Botolph Club
October 4 Luncheon in honor of William B. Yeats
October 26 Dinner in honor of Dr. George A. Reisner
October 28 Luncheon in honor of Arnold Bennett
November 9 Hallowe'en: 'Don Quixote,' by Arthur S. Pier
November 24 Dinner in honor of George Upham, Henry Vaughan, and Charles Cummings
December 21 Christmas at the Tavern: 'The Wedding Guest,' by T. R. Sullivan
December 30 Business Meeting and Supper
December 31 New Year's supper: 'The Prisoner of the Old Year'

264 *Chronology of Tavern Club Events*

1912

- January 6 Saturday Supper: 'Russia,' Hon. H. H. D. Pierce
January 11 Artists' Festival Dinner
January 13 Saturday Supper: Authors' Reading, Sullivan and Howe
January 20 Saturday Supper: 'African Adventures,' F. T. Colby
January 27 Saturday Supper: Music, Parker and Codman
February 3 Saturday Supper: Sparring Match, Sullivan vs. Allen
February 10 Saturday Supper: 'Personal Reminiscences,' F. S. Watson
February 17 Saturday Supper: Reading 'The Troth,' G. P. Baker
February 24 Saturday Supper: 'Sonder Races at Kiel,' Guy Lowell
March 2 Saturday Supper: 'Sam,' the educated terrier
March 9 Saturday Supper: 'Barnum's Methods,' Olcott
March 16 Saturday Supper: Talk, William J. Burns
March 18 Luncheon in honor of John Galsworthy
March 20 Annual March Dinner
March 23 Saturday Supper: 'Cuba,' Ralph D. Paine. 'Round the World,'
A. Hemenway
March 30 Saturday Night Dinner: Address. 'Travels through Alaska,' Hon. C. S.
Hamlin. Concert and Italian Supper.
April 4 Dinner in honor of Sir Gilbert Murray
April 17 Narrenabend: 'Old Paris Atelier Days'
May 15 Annual Meeting: Twenty-Eighth Birthday Celebration
June 25 Baseball Game with St. Botolph Club
June 28 Fête Maritime: *Alice*, *Winnebago*, and *Wyvern* (Cummings, Cobb, and
Longfellow, hosts)
October 23 Luncheon in honor of George Arliss
October 30 Dinner in honor of Sir William Ramsay
November 26 Dinner in honor of W. Cameron Forbes
December 23 Christmas at the Tavern: 'The Bear's Christmas,' by M. A. DeW.
Howe and 'The King's Christmas' (adaptation)
December 31 New Year's Supper

1913

- January 20 Luncheon in honor of Isidore Braggiotti
January 23 Lecture by Rustum Rustumjee
February 4 Dinner in honor of Talcott Williams
February 18 'Il Commendatore,' by Owen Wister
February 19 'Il Commendatore' for the ladies
March 3 Luncheon in honor of Alfred Noyes
March 12 Lecture: 'Single Tax,' J. Z. White. Supper and Music
March 21 Luncheon in honor of Robert Loraine
March 22 Lecture by Prof. Harrison Smith: 'Borneo'
April 13 Narrenabend: 'Old Home Week'
May 14 Annual Dinner and Meeting
June 6 Luncheon in honor of Norman Angell
June 9 Concert: John S. Codman
June 12 Fête Champêtre (Horatio A. Lamb, host)

Chronology of Tavern Club Events 265

June 25	Baseball Game with St. Botolph Club
June 26	Fête Maritime: <i>Sunshine, Wyevern, and Odysseus II</i> (Gay, Longfellow, and Prince, hosts)
October 28	Hallowe'en: Welcome to Travellers
November 25	'The Master of The House,' by L. F. Deland
December 9	Dinner in honor of Dr. M. Anesaki
December 23	Christmas at the Tavern: 'The Misa del Gallo,' by H. Morse Stephens
December 31	New Year's Eve

1914

January 13	Informal Dinner: Moving pictures of African Animals, J. T. Coolidge, Jr.
January 20	At Thirtieth Anniversary: 'The Beast and Beauty,' by M. A. DeW. Howe
January 29	Luncheon in honor of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson
February 26	House Warming
February 28	Smoke Talk: 'The Preferential Ballot,' Prof. L. J. Johnson
March 4	Informal Dinner: 'Further Explorations in the North West Amazon Basin,' Hamilton Rice
April 17	Narrenabend
April 23	Dinner in honor of W. Cameron Forbes
April 27	Ladies' Day
April 30	Dinner in honor of Col. Francis Younghusband
May 11	Annual Dinner and Meeting
June 3	Baseball game with St. Botolph Club
June 10	Fête Maritime: <i>Avenger and Gundred</i> (Cummings and Vaughan, hosts)
June 23	Dinner in honor of St. Botolph nine
June 26	Fête Champêtre (H. F. Bigelow, host)
July 20	Midsummer Dinner
November 11	Luncheon in honor of Prof. H. Lichtenberger: Dinner in honor of Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood
November 24	Hallowe'en at the Tavern: 'The Quiet Lodging'
December 3	Dinner in honor of Henry Lee Higginson
December 10	Dinner in honor of Frank W. Benson, Ignaz Gaugengigl and Edmund C. Tarbell: 'The Quiet Lodging,' by G. W. Chadwick and Arlo Bates
December 10	'The Quiet Lodging' for the Ladies
December 23	Christmas at the Tavern: 'A Roman Christmas Eve,' by A. S. Pier
December 31	New Year's Eve

1915

January 7	Dinner in honor of George Von L. Meyer
January 22	Luncheon in honor of Cyril Maude
February 8	Dinner in honor of Langdon Warner
February 24 } February 25 }	'Il Commendatore'
March 4	Dinner in honor of Professors Dupriez and de La Vallée Poussin
March 16	'Antwerp during the Siege,' H. Van Loon
April 14	Dinner in honor of George Macaulay Trevelyan

266 *Chronology of Tavern Club Events*

- April 21 Narrenabend and Nigger Minstrel Show
May 1 'A Month in Belgium,' Henry James, Jr.
May 8 'The Arctic Coast of Alaska,' John Heard, Jr.
May 18 Annual Dinner and Meeting
June 9 Ushers' Dinner in honor of Henry Vaughan
June 16 Fête Maritime: *Avenger* (Cummings, host)
August 2 Baseball Game with St. Botolph and Midsummer Dinner
October 26 Informal Dinner: 'War Experiences,' Morton Prince, Jeremiah Smith, Jr., Eliot Wadsworth
November 3 Dinner in honor of Richard P. Strong
November 16 Hallowe'en. 'The Chivalrous Doctor', by A. S. Pier
December 11 'Political and Military Condition in England,' Morton Prince
December 23 Christmas at the Tavern: 'The Messengers of Peace,' by W. S. Parker
December 31 New Year's Eve Supper

1916

- January 14 Dinner in honor of Edward S. Morse
February 14 Valentine Dinner
March 8 Wednesday Dinner: 'Gallipoli,' A. J. Gallishaw
March 11 Informal Dinner: John Masefield, guest
March 29 Narrenabend: 'Romeo and Juliet in Boylston Place,' by L. F. Deland and others
April 26 Luncheon in honor of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson
May 7 Dinner in honor of James M. Beck
May 12 Annual Dinner and Meeting
June 8 Fête Maritime: *Avenger* (Cummings, host)
July 13 Midsummer Dinner
October 24 Dinner in honor of John Scott Haldane
November 2 Luncheon in honor of Sir Herbert Tree
November 3 Moving pictures of American Ambulance Field Service
November 23 Business Meeting and Luncheon: Autumn or Thanksgiving Dinner
December 8 Dinner in honor of Eliot Wadsworth
December 11 Dinner in honor of Capt. Ian Hay Beith
December 21 Christmas at the Tavern: 'The Glastonbury Thorn,' by Arlo Bates and 'Second Shepherds' Play' (Townley)
December 31 New Year's Eve: 'The Watcher by the Tomb'

1917

- January 4 Luncheon in honor of Otis Skinner
February 16 Spring Poets' Dinner
March 27 Dinner in honor of James MacNaughton
March 29 Special Meeting: Resolutions in regard to War with Germany
May 2 Annual Meeting
May 8 Luncheon in honor of Brig. Gen. Clarence R. Edwards
May 16 Dinner in honor of Six Officers from the French Army
June 11 Fête Champêtre (W. Cameron Forbes, host)
August 23 Midsummer Dinner
October 16 Dinner in honor of James M. Beck and J. D. Adams

Chronology of Tavern Club Events 267

- November 5 Hallowe'en
November 16 Dinner in honor of Brig. Gen. John A. Johnston
December 12 Luncheon in honor of Andrew J. Peters
December 22 Christmas at the Tavern: 'Today' and 'The Gift,' by Arlo Bates
December 31 New Year's Dinner: 'Experiences in France.' J. L. Smith

1918

- January 14 Luncheon in honor of F. G. Balch and J. F. Moors
January 22 Luncheon in honor of John Masefield
January 29 Luncheon and Special Business Meeting
February 6 Luncheon in honor of Francis W. Peabody
February 6 Dinner in honor of Arthur Fairbrother
March 9 Dinner in honor of Archbishop of York
March 22 Dinner in honor of Rear Admiral S. S. Wood
March 27 Luncheon in honor of Lt. C. K. Cummings
April 5 Dinner in honor of Rev. Hugh Birckhead
April 25 Luncheon and Special Business Meeting
May 11 Annual Dinner and Meeting: Presentation of Flags
August 19 Midsummer Dinner
September 23 Dinner in honor of Ralph D. Paine: 'Ships and Men of the Allied Navies'
October 19 Luncheon in honor of Pierre Monteux
October 31 Dinner in honor of Chaplain Van Dyke
November 11 Dinner in honor of Lord Charnwood
December 9 Dinner in honor of Ellery Sedgwick
December 11 Dinner in honor of Henri Rabaud and Pierre Monteux
December 23 Christmas at the Tavern: 'The Masque of the Flags'
December 31 New Year's Eve

1919

- February 11 Luncheon in honor of Maj. Guy Lowell
February 17 Business Meeting
April 2 Luncheon in honor of Gen. Sir F. B. Maurice
April 10 All Fools' Celebration: 'The Wine-Cellars of Zeus,' by Daniel Sargent
May 15 Annual Dinner and Meeting
June 5 Dinner in honor of T. C. members of the Base Hospital No. 5
June 6 Special Business Meeting
June 12 Luncheon in honor of Morton Prince
June 14 Fête Champêtre (W. Cameron Forbes, host)
June 25 Professional Billiard Match
June 30 Auction Dinner: Farewell Wet Dinner
October 14 Luncheon in honor of Russell Greeley
October 22 Luncheon in honor of Arthur D. Hill
November 8 A Supper to Crooks: Guests of T. M. Osborne
November 24 Meeting to take action on death of President Higginson
December 10 Dinner in honor of Ernest Harold Baynes
December 23 Christmas at the Tavern: 'The Maid of Bernesdale,' by Daniel Sargent

268 *Chronology of Tavern Club Events*

1920

- January 9 Thirty-Fifth Anniversary of the Tavern: 'The Arraignment'
January 24 'The Arraignment' for the Ladies
February 4 Luncheon in honor of John Drinkwater
February 11 Special Meeting to elect a President
February 19 Dinner in honor of President Barrett Wendell
March 13 Luncheon in honor of W. S. Parker
March 20 Luncheon: 'Manifestation of the Subconscious,' Morton Prince
April 6 Luncheon in honor of Dr. Wm. Halse Rivers
April 10 All Fools' Celebration: 'Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works,' by Richard Evarts
May 5 Dinner and Lecture by Mr. Donald B. MacMillan
May 10 Annual Dinner and Meeting
May 18 Dinner in honor of M. Casenave
May 29 Dinner in honor of Gen. John J. Pershing
June 11 Fête Champêtre (John W. Elliot, host)
June 21 Luncheon in honor of Eliot Wadsworth
August 13 Luncheon in honor of Maître Legrand
September 29 Special Business Meeting
November 23 Hallowe'en at the Tavern: 'The Lonely Inn'
December 3 Luncheon to Gen. Nivelle, French Army
December 23 Christmas at the Tavern: 'The Campbells are Coming,' by Jasper Whiting

1921

- January 8 Luncheon in honor of Arturo Toscanini
January 11 Luncheon in honor of Dr. Rabindranath Tagore
April 8 Special Meeting to elect a President
April 13 Dinner in honor of President Bliss Perry
April 28 All Fools' Celebration: 'Jessie's Experiment,' by Isidore Braggiotti
May 3 Luncheon in honor of Pierre Monteux
May 13 Annual Dinner and Meeting
June 28 Dinner in honor of Gen. Sir William Rice Edwards
November 21 Hallowe'en at the Tavern: 'Pantaloons' Garden,' by F. de N. Schroeder
December 6 'Pantaloons' Garden' for the Ladies
December 10 Luncheon in honor of M. Vincent d'Indy
December 22 Christmas at the Tavern: 'The Friends of the Prodigal Son,' by Daniel Sargent

1922

- January 9 Luncheon in honor of George A. Reisner
January 19 Fête d'Hiver: Costume Supper at house of H. F. Bigelow, 142 Chestnut Street, Boston
January 28 Saturday Luncheon: Prof. Kirsopp Lake
February 11 Saturday Luncheon: Hon. Andrew J. Peters
February 18 Saturday Luncheon: Dr. Harlow Shapley
February 25 Saturday Luncheon: Lewis Perry
September 27 Birthday Dinner for Henry Munroe Rogers
March 15 Saturday Luncheon: T. W. Richards

Chronology of Tavern Club Events 269

- March 25 Business Meeting: Saturday Luncheon, Jeremiah Smith, Jr.
March 29 Dinner in honor of Rear Admiral William S. Sims
April 18 All Fools' Night: 'The Lying Valet' (David Garrick)
August 23 Dog Star Dinner
November 8 Hallowe'en: 'Sir John with all Europe' (Shakespeare)
December 21 Christmas at the Tavern: 'Chechevache,' by Daniel Sargent

1923

- January 5 Saturday Luncheon: Walter Hampden
January 20 Saturday Luncheon: James F. Curtis
January 23 Dinner in honor of Samuel Wesley Stratton
February 3 Saturday Luncheon: 'The Inhabitants of Mars,' George Agassiz
February 17 Saturday Luncheon: Judge James M. Morton
February 24 Saturday Luncheon: Maj. Gen. André W. Brewster
March 3 Saturday Luncheon: John Jay Chapman
March 17 Saturday Luncheon: Arthur W. Page
March 27 Saturday Luncheon: George Leigh Mallory
April 5 All Fools' Night: 'Beyond the Behind,' by Robert Cutler
May 7 Annual Dinner and Annual Meeting
May 14 Luncheon in honor of the Moscow Art Players
June 8 Fête Champêtre (Augustus Hemenway, host)
August 16 Maritime Dinner
November 15 Hallowe'en Dinner: 'Le Cocu Imaginaire' (Molière)
December 15 Luncheon in honor of Arthur Weigall: Recent Egyptian Excavations
December 21 Christmas at the Tavern: 'The Bear Tavern,' by Guy Lowell
December 31 New Year's Eve. Music

1924

- January 10 Dinner in honor of M. Gaston Liebert
January 15 Bachelors' Dinner
January 19 Luncheon in honor of C. P. Curtis, C. P. Curtis, Jr., Richard Curtis:
'East Africa'
February 9 Luncheon in honor of Maj. Richard Mallet: 'India'
March 1 Luncheon in honor of George Macaulay Trevelyan
April 1 All Fools' Night: 'The Return of the Cocquecigrues,' by A. Graham
Carey
April Dinner in honor of Pierre Monteux
October 21 Luncheon in honor of Cyril Maude
October 31 Hallowe'en: Joe Smith and Co.
November 17 Monday Night Dinner: 'A Journey in Uganda and Eastern Congo,'
illustrated by J. C. Phillips
December 6 Fortieth Anniversary Dinner: 'The Arraignment'
December 21 Christmas at the Tavern: 'Punch and Judy,' by Jasper Whiting

1925

- January 12 Monday Night Dinner: 'The Sapo Mts. and Sambu Valley in Eastern
Panama,' by Thos. Barbour
January 24 Informal Dinner: Owen D. Young, speaker

270 *Chronology of Tavern Club Events*

January 31	Luncheon in honor of Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice: 'Did the Armistice Come Too Soon?'
February 3	Dinner in honor of Dean Charles R. Brown: 'Abraham Lincoln'
February 14	Saturday Luncheon: 'Fertility and Sterility,' Dr. Edward Reynolds
February 16	Fine Arts Carnival Ball after Regular Monday Night Dinner
February 28	Saturday Luncheon: 'Economic Situation in Europe,' Prof. E. M. East
March 9	'Watch Your Thirst,' by Owen Wister
March 19	Dinner in honor of Prof. Alfred N. Whitehead
April 27	Informal Welcome to Jeremiah Smith, Jr.
May 18	Annual Meeting and Dinner
May 22	Fête Champêtre (Henry Lyman, host)
October 17	Saturday Luncheon in honor of Richard Curle
November 5	Hallowe'en at the Tavern: 'The Autumn Salon'
November 12	Tea and Portrait Exhibition for the Ladies
November 23	Dinner in honor of J. St. Loe Strachey
December 14	Monday Night Dinner and Music: Codman, Lowell, Breed
December 22	Christmas at the Tavern: 'The Reveller,' by Daniel Sargent and C. M. Loeffler

1926

January 6	Dinner in honor of Joseph Lindon Smith
January 9	Ladies' Day: 'The Reveller'
January 13	Dinner in honor of E. F. Wise: 'Russia'
January 29	Dinner in honor of A. Hamilton Rice: 'The River Branco-Uraricuera-Parima'
February 5	Luncheon: Prince V. Galitzine and Col. Malersky-Malevitch
February 20	Saturday Luncheon: 'Coal,' Mr. J. G. Bradley
February 24	Dinner in honor of Ernest Martin Hopkins
March 6	Saturday Luncheon: 'Walt Whitman,' by Bliss Perry
April 12	April Fools' Day: 'Waddy's Woist Play'
April 26	Musical Evening: Philip Wadsworth and Malcolm Lang
May 17	Annual Dinner and Annual Meeting
June 7	Monday Dinner: 'A Cruise to Samoa through the Panama Canal,' by Herbert H. White
August 20	Midsummer Dinner
October 23	Dinner in honor of Sir Frederick Whyte
October 28	Hallowe'en at the Tavern: 'Lorenzo's Last Legacy, or The Alchemist's Daughter,' by A. Graham Carey
December 1	'The Happy Ending,' J. L. Smith
December 15	Luncheon in honor of Sir Gilbert Murray
December 21	Christmas at the Tavern: 'Sir Patrick of the Bells,' by Langdon Warner

1927

January 17	Monday Dinner: 'The Glastonbury Excavations,' by Frederick Bligh Bond
February 5	Saturday Luncheon: 'The Mysteries of Modern Advertising,' Harford W. H. Powel

Chronology of Tavern Club Events 271

- February 14 St. Valentine's: Poetry Competition
February 19 Saturday Luncheon: 'Impressions of China,' Dean David L. Edsall
March 5 Saturday Luncheon: 'Education of the Adult,' Frederick P. Keppel
March 19 Saturday Luncheon: 'What We Mean by Infectious Disease'
March 29 Luncheon in honor of Mr. Ernest Newman
April 20 All Fools' Night: 'A Quiet Lodging'
May 10 Annual Dinner and Annual Meeting
December 8 Musical Evening: Clayton Johns and others
December 23 The Tavern Christmas: 'The Three Bears,' by J. P. Marquand

1928

- January 20 Musical Evening: John Codman
March 15 Dinner in honor of John Black Atkins
March 16 Gallery of Art opened
April 4 Luncheon in honor of Commander Richard E. Byrd, U.S.N.
April 23 Dinner in honor of Henry L. Mencken
May 16 Annual Dinner and Annual Meeting
June 6 Fête Champêtre
July 26 Returns from the Tunney-Heeney Fight
August 20 Midsummer Dinner
November 15 Hallowe'en Celebration and Autumn Jubilee
December 10 Spiritualistic Evening
December 22 Tavern Christmas: 'Bear and Forbear,' by Harford Powel
December 28 Ladies' Night: 'Bear and Forbear'

1929

- January 23 Forty-Fifth Anniversary: 'One Hundred Per Cent American' and
'A Message from the Absent,' by A. S. Pier
February 25 Exhibition of Black and White Pictures opened
March 21 Dinner in honor of Owen Lattimore
April 6 Luncheon in honor of Prof. E. K. Rand
April 12 All Fools' Night: 'What the Doctor Ordered,' by Robert Cutler
May 6 Annual Dinner and Annual Meeting
October 21 Sportsmen's Night: George Wright
October 31 Hallowe'en at the Tavern: 'A Hallowe'en Party,' by A. S. Pier
November 4 'Flying with Lindbergh over Yucatan,' A. V. Kidder
November 20 General Art Exhibition opened
November 22 The President's Dinner in honor of Owen Wister
December 6 Dinner in honor of H. W. Garrod
December 12 Dinner in honor of Edward S. Harkness
December 23 Christmas at the Tavern: 'An Interrupted Christmas,' by Theodore
Spencer

1930

- January 17 Dinner in honor of Thomas Nelson Perkins
January 27 Regular Monday Dinner: Music composed by Clayton Johns; Stanley
Parker, Hobart and Johns

272 *Chronology of Tavern Club Events*

- February 15 St. Valentine Dinner: 'The Mormon's Valentine,' music by Malcolm Lang, text anonymous
April 21 Regular Monday Dinner: Music, John Codman
May 9 Annual Dinner and Annual Meeting
June 7 Fête Champêtre (W. Cameron Forbes, host)
October 16 Luncheon in honor of Sir George Henschel
November 1 Luncheon in honor of Leslie Howard
November 4 Hallowe'en: Moving Pictures of Taverners
November 22 Luncheon in honor of M. Bernard Fay: 'Benjamin Franklin'
December 1 Water Color Exhibition
December 23 Christmas at the Tavern: 'The Underground Railroad,' by Harford Powel and J. P. Marquand
December 27 Dinner in honor of Ignace Jan Paderewski

1931

- January 5 Ladies' Night: 'The Underground Railroad'
January 12 Dinner in honor of George W. Chadwick
March 7 Luncheon in honor of Lewis Perry
April 6 Narrenabend: 'The Princess and the Poet,' by Mary and Maurice Fremont-Smith
April 8 Ladies' Night: 'The Princess and the Poet'
May 11 Annual Dinner and Annual Meeting
August 6 Midsummer Dinner
September 9 Golf Tournament and Dinner: St. Botolph Club, guests
October 16 Dinner in honor of William Phillips
October 29 Hallowe'en at the Tavern: 'The Truth at Last,' by A. Graham Carey
November 20 Dinner in honor of Stephen Vincent Benét
December 22 Christmas at the Tavern: 'England Expects Every Man to do His Duty,' by Robert Cutler and Theodore Spencer

1932

- January 25 Regular Monday Dinner: Moving Pictures of Alaska (by Claffin and Pitman) and 'The Cowboy's Bride' in 3 reels
February 27 Luncheon: Henry M. Rogers present, his 93rd birthday
February 29 Monday Night: by Sven Hedin
March 29 Luncheon in honor of Robert Loraine
April 5 Narrenabend at the Tavern: 'The Three Bears,' revised
April 29 Dinner in honor of Dr. Harvey Cushing and Dr. Elliott Cutler
May 16 Annual Dinner and Annual Meeting
August 8 Midsummer Dinner
September 22 Golf Match with St. Botolph and Dinner at St. Botolph Club
October 10 Dinner in honor of Bentley W. Warren
October 25 Hallowe'en at the Tavern: 'The Truth at Last'
November 12 Luncheon in honor of Prof. C. B. Gulick
December 1 Dinner in honor of Julian Huxley
December 22 Christmas at the Tavern: 'Slaves of the Ring,' by Owen Wister

Chronology of Tavern Club Events 273

1933

- January 9 Regular Monday Evening: 'Animal Life in Africa,' J. K. Howard
January 16 Regular Monday Evening: A. V. Kidder
January 20 Dinner in honor of W. Cameron Forbes: 'Pomporoso,' by Forbes
February 1 Annual Exhibition opened
February 6 Luncheon in honor of Lord Gorell
April 5 Narrenabend at the Tavern: 'Baby's First Tooth,' by Donald Moffat
April 17 Dinner in honor of Karl T. Compton
May 8 Annual Dinner and Annual Meeting
June 12 Fête Champêtre (George Denny and Lawrence Hemenway, hosts)
August 14 Midsummer Dinner
October 9 Dinner in honor of Mark Sullivan
October 30 Hallowe'en: 'The Lure of the Mystery Novel,' by P. G. Wodehouse,
dramatized by W. Cameron Forbes
December 21 Christmas Dinner: 'Christmas Duel,' by C. Howard Walker

1934

- February 1 Luncheon in honor of Sir Frederick Whyte
February 26 Dancing Around the World — Pictures with Native Music, by Charles
Collens
March 6 Dinner in honor of President J. B. Conant
March 9 Luncheon in honor of Herbert C. Haseltine
March 20 Dinner in honor of Stephen Leacock
April 10 Narrenabend: 'Watch your Thirst'
April 10 Ladies' Day: 'Watch your Thirst'
May 7 Annual Meeting and Dinner
August 23 Fête Maritime, Marblehead: W. T. Aldrich, host
November 1 Fiftieth Anniversary



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1912

