

THE LIFE
of
CAROLINE IRENE HUBBARD KLEINSTUECK

When, in the autumn of 1889, I came to Kalamazoo as minister of the First Unitarian Church, I was the guest for a time of Mr. and Mrs. Silas Hubbard in their West Lovell Street home. What a comfortable, spacious lovely home it was, with its great bow-windowed living room, its cheerful study fire, and a bedroom below-stairs with long, wide French windows opening on the garden — the very room in which little Carrie Hubbard was born!

But that had happened some thirty years before. When I came to know the family, the little first-born of the Hubbard Homestead had grown to womanhood — was herself a wife and mother, presiding over her own home.

It seems so futile for one who never knew her in those earliest years to try to re-create in any satisfying measure the life-likeness of her; of her home and home-life; of the village in which she passed her childhood; of her school and University days, and of the days and years of study and travel abroad. But, now that she has left us, and not one remains from those old days, I have asked leave to try, knowing that those who loved her will give all

the help they can.

Kalamazoo was still a village when Caroline Hubbard was born — indeed did not surrender its title as "the largest village in the United States" until 1894 when it became a city of some sixteen thousand inhabitants. The Hubbard Homestead, situated on the southwest corner of Rose and Lovell Streets, extended on the South nearly to Cedar Street, making ample room for the garden which was always an integral part of the home. On the east side a grape arbor extended from the dining-room porch to the rear of the house. A trellised wistaria grew also on the east side. I myself remember a glossy dark green bed of myrtle which grew in the shade of the house, near a spreading syringa tree which, despite its unfavorable position, was loaded with fragrant white blossoms every spring. Ferns, crocuses, violets, grape-hyacinths, and daffodils (in springtime), and many lilies of the valley used to grow at the rear of the house. Some of these lilies of the valley that little Carrie gathered as a child were later transplanted to grow about the home of her married years. Mr. Hubbard's special garden-love was roses. He had several rare varieties. Irene has had many of these flowers, especially moss-roses, transplanted from that old garden, to grow around the Kleinstück home. Loveliest of all these roses is a white "Baltimore Belle" which, in the days of Carrie's childhood, grew under the dining-room windows of the Hubbard Homestead. It is now growing and blooming on a trellis in Irene's garden at the Kleinstück home.

And at the Hubbard Homestead, when Carrie was a child, there were beds of luscious strawberries which Carrie and her sisters used to pick — and also weed — since the pertinacious habits of weeds seem not to have changed through the generations.

There were tall trees when I first knew the Hubbard Homestead — elms, horse-chestnuts, maples. But one thing I recall with ever-recurring wonder; the great magnolia tree which then, and for years after, grew on the lawn of that house and never failed to astonish us each early spring, by its sudden burst of candelabra-like bloom. This lovely thing (when, years after, Frieda built a home on Oakland Drive next-door to that of her Mother) was transplanted with infinite care to a spot by the stepping-stone path that ran between the two houses. It did not long survive removal; though who could forget the annual miracle which had given to Frieda's children flowers as beautiful, as rare, as fragrant and as young as those who had planted that tree four generations ago!

But it is the life within the home when Carrie was a child that I want to picture. It is impossible to picture Carrie without Minnie. "Here is where Mama and Tante Minnie used to keep their dollies' house," said the little Frieda to me long ago, pointing out the spot; and indeed it is difficult to think of them separately, — these two little girls born less than twenty months apart, sharing the same room, playing in the same garden with the neighbor-children — Harriet Winslow, Florence Smith (Mrs. I. N. Wattles), Jennie Gilbert (Mrs. Dem den Bleyker) and Anna and Minnie Cobb of

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South Rose Street. And there were the Southard children almost next door on Lovell Street; nor must we forget small Ed. Foster, the Episcopal minister's son, who used to tease Carrie about her red curls. Red curls she had, though dark, approaching chestnut; light brows, and a very fair skin; a tiny slender figure scarcely promising the ultimate "five feet-two inches, and ninety pounds" which she had achieved at marriage. Such a little laughing curly haired, bright-eyed daughter it was who played with her sister and the neighbor children in the Hubbard garden long ago!

And what did they play? I know, for one thing, they loved to swing on the gate, even as their children remember having done, — for, of course, in those days a fence surrounded the premises. Whether there was a regular swing nobody seems to remember for sure; but I am going to think there was, — between those tall twin chestnut trees. Then, on the east lawn, there was a spacious croquet ground where the family all played — but not on Sunday! Was there a teeter-board? Did they play marbles, "crack-the-whip," or "toss the blanket," or pom-pom-pullaway?" These were perhaps too boyish for our little girls. However, Pauline remembers her mother speaking of having played jackstones as a child. And surely — as children do perennially — they must have played "hide and seek" and "keeping store." (Once, when my little boy was "keeping store," I politely inquired, concerning some article, "How much is this?" "How much you got?" was that young highwayman's response.) And of course all little girls played "Going Visiting." I can see these two little women, arrayed in dignity, as perhaps "Mrs. Smith" and Mrs. Jones,"

sallying forth, to trip over the voluminous clothes and hoop-skirts of their elders and vastly bigger.

What did they play in winter? Coasting on Austin Street hill, then on the outskirts of "the largest village;" snow-balling, I don't doubt; and one can imagine a quite respectable "snow-man" on the corner of Rose and Lovell Streets - the handiwork of two small maidens of that vicinity.

As for winter in-door sports, there were candy-pulls and popcorn bouts and guessing games galore. I have inquired about one, particularly, which was very popular here. It was called "Animal, Mineral or Vegetable?" You must always ask the leader, first, to which of the "three kingdoms" the object of quest belongs. If it is an animal, pursuit may narrow down from a quadruped to a legless immobile creature which looks and behaves, and doubtless feels like a vegetable, and might just as well be one - only that it happens to be a sponge!

Then the glorious sleigh-rides the children had, - in long bobsleds on which was mounted a wagon-bed, fitted with blankets, over a lining of straw. Into this vehicle the happy children piled, pell-mell, to go singing, laughing, shouting through the streets and the country-side, - all to the entrancing music of "jingle bells!"

All these diversions and amusements seem sufficient for the children. But how was it when these little girls grew to young womanhood? How did they combat the ennui of school vacations and "evenings at home"? No movies to go to; no automobiles to

go in, and, above and beneath all, no radio even dreamed of in their philosophy! Yet, of those days, Carrie has told me:

"I really think, as I look back upon it, that we did impose upon Father and Mother. Night after night, often week-in and week-out, we used to have our gay times here. But, if it wearied them, they never let us know."

But what did our young people do, to be so incessantly and happily occupied? Well, for one thing, they did not sit wistfully crystal-gazing towards the latest streamline Chevrolet or listening for the piping voice of Fu Pi in unimaginably remote Manchuquo. They were not thinking enviously of "modern times" and "modern inventions" to come. They were "modern youth," rejoicing in the still expanding achievements of our railway systems; in the young marvel of the Transatlantic cable; in lifelike photographs that could be taken if you will only hold that lovely iron-braced pose and that vacuous smile for three seconds; and sure that the telephone was a remarkable invention - though some people thought Mr. Bell might have been more usefully employed.

Yes, these young people, Carrie and her friends, were -- and felt themselves to be -- of the "younger generation, in the foremost ranks of time," and fully rejoiced to arrive on the scene. They had all the world could offer; and that was quite enough! They doubtless philosophized after a fashion about the future (even as you and I, about protons and atom-smashing and what, if anything, the stratosphere is going to do for us.) Never-the-less, modern, eager, gregarious, bubbling Youth in its leisure and lightsome hours could certainly find plenty to do! They could dance. Carrie remembered well the protecting canvas that used to

be stretched over the carpet. They danced slow, graceful, dreamy waltzes, lively polkas and schottishes and all those lovely figures, round and square, that Mr. Ford is trying to make popular again. They danced - but, of course, never on Sunday! They could play cards (was "euchre" the "bridge" of that day?) Cards afforded a recreation looked upon askance by most of their elders, which may have heightened the zest of the players. There were, however, numerous card games above suspicion, - "Authors," for instance, which tested one's knowledge of famous names and titles, if not of actual literature. Charades were ever popular, whether gotten up out of books or out of one's own head. (How well I remember when my own parents presented an unguessable puzzle by simply walking arm-in-arm the length of the company-filled sitting room. It proved that here was "the Bartlett pair," spelled for the occasion.)

And in those days almost every home had a piano - though refrigerators were far from common - and practically every girl could "play." Alas for the piano which once was more of a social centre than the fireplace, and today is less in evidence than the triangular "what-not" of two generations ago! And so much harder to dispossess one's self of, in these days of smaller dwellings. Our fast multiplying modern inventions alas! have all but completely superseded that imposing "instrument," the piano.

Carrie, however, always kept her piano and something of her art of playing. Her children particularly remember "The Last Rose of Summer" which, on request, she would play for them - as she

might wear some jewel of "auld lang syne."

Today the victrola in the home is fast going the way of the piano, the organ, the melodean. This is the era of Radio. We set it going and forget it; live, read, eat, bathe, dress in it! only turn it off a moment at the insistence of the doorbell or the telephone. — Ah! but wait for the wireless and wonders to come!

No automobiles? But who missed them, with the comfortable family carriage for summer rambles, and, in winter, the sleigh, warm with its buffalo robes and gay with the music of jingling bells. The Hubbards were independent people who dared the lifted eyebrows of their neighbors and went to ride at their pleasure — even on Sunday!

Everybody went sleighing on Thanksgiving Day, and if one didn't own a horse and cutter, as the Hubbards did, one had to engage them at a livery stable weeks in advance. Sleighting was one of the gayest and most frequent diversions of the young people of Carrie's age — for seldom, then, was Michigan in winter without abundant snow. And after the sleighing parties came refreshments, — sandwiches and cakes for ever-hungry youth, and hot, fragrant drinks to warm chilled fingers and toes. But, we may be sure, no intoxicating liquor was ever served in the Hubbard home.

As for theatrical entertainments, worth-while road-shows were few and far between. The moving picture had not contributed its too often tawdry and tiresome substitute. There was need of resource and ingenuity on the part of each community to supply its own entertainment. This was the opportunity for amateur theatricals which constituted a highly popular amusement for the ^{young} and the not-so-young.

And New Years calls! For on New Year's Day "everybody" kept "open house" -- that is to say, all the ladies and lasses did, and "everyman" went calling and presented his especially engraved card. Sometimes four or five young gentlemen had themselves photographed in a group, most conventionally clothed, and inscribing their joint wishes for a "Happy New Year" to all their lady friends. These gentlemen partook of the cakes, sipped the wine or other proffered beverage, and went their way -- secure in the thought of having begun another year aright.

And every lady had a "calling list." Ladies called on one another at least once a year, and staid about twenty minutes, talking of nothing in particular; then, on to the next person listed on that street. If no one was at home, they left cards. One was in behalf of the husband of the caller, presenting his compliments to the callee; while the lady left for herself as many cards as she had "calling acquaintances" in the house. It was a somewhat complicated ritual, (like the proper use of the fork which I, a congenitally left-hand person, never could master beyond occasional misgivings). This, however, seems all to belong to the past. Who, nowadays, has the quaint idea of a "calling list," or of calling on even a new-comer except it be by 'phone?

All this was long before the days of the "Great White Way," to say nothing of our marvelous neon lighting which began in brilliant red, to blossom out in all colors of the rainbow. The street lighter ran about the streets, lighting kerosene lamps with his long torch, and turning them out at break of dawn. 'Yes, we had

no bananas' then, nor grape fruit, nor broccoli, nor artichokes. "Baker's bread" in the home was prima facie evidence of slack housekeeping, and "crocks" of farmers' butter were preferred to the best dairy product. Heinz "57 varieties" had but just begun the domestic revolution upon our cellar and pantry shelves, and this was the second generation to recognize "love apples," (tomatoes) as non-poisonous and to grow them, not for ornament but for consumption.

How Caroline Hubbard developed into the kind of woman she was can best be made clear through some understanding of her home environment and education. Even when she was a very little girl, play was not suffered to relegate to the background the more serious business of life. The formal education of the sisters began a year or so before the natural advent of "school." Their father, who in his early years had been a teacher, taught them to read. He taught them, also, the beginnings of arithmetic, in which, including the allied branches of mathematics, Carrie always excelled. Mr. Hubbard (as I have told more at length in his "Memoirs") was mainly a self-educated man — though it would surprise anyone who conversed with him to be told so. By virtue of much study of grammar and correct diction and the reading of innumerable good books, his speech was invariably that of an educated man — which indeed he was in the truest sense of the word. When his daughters, following

the example of their mother in her school-days, entered Mrs. L. R. Stone's private school on what is now Kalamazoo College campus,¹ they were no strangers to study and discipline, and under Mrs. Stone's stimulating influence their progress was rapid. Later they entered the rather newly-established high school, one of the first (if not the first) free public high schools in the United States, and not achieved without overcoming some legal obstacles.² Carrie's foundation and progress were so thoroughly good that she completed the curriculum and graduated in June, 1871 at the age of fifteen.

As an aid in picturing the background of Caroline Hubbard's life, I must say that her father was in all respects a man of force and character. Not only did he urge upon his children the importance of good diction until correct speech became an unconscious habit; but, in days when temperance was far from popular, he was an ardent temperance advocate and total abstainer.

He and Mrs. Hubbard, who shared his principles, brought up their children in this practice. He also believed in the abolition of Slavery. When the Civil War began, Mr. Hubbard, being above the age of service, gave the first one hundred dollars given in Kalamazoo for the equipment of soldiers. Mr. Hubbard's allegiance to liberal and humanitarian religion is attested by his most generous gift which made possible the erection of the People's Church with

1. The "Old Branch" of the University of Michigan.

2. The right to use public moneys for high school building and teaching was contested in the courts, and it was the victory in Kalamazoo which settled the matter for the whole country.

its many institutional features in service of the community, and which I have described in the pamphlet, "The Story of An Institutional Church in a Small City." It was doubtless Mr. Hubbard's views on religion and his rational and forward-looking attitude in all theological controversies which influenced Carrie and Minnie in their church affiliation. To this choice Mrs. Hubbard acquiesced, though herself a communicant of the Episcopal Church. (Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard's daughter Frances, born in 1865, also joined her mother's church, without objection by the father.) In a Memoir to Mary Olivia Loomis Hubbard written in the year of her death in 1889, as well as in some verses dedicated to her on the occasion of her sixty-sixth birthday, I have tried to show something of the breadth, sweet reasonableness and real piety of this mother. Her gifts and bequest to the People's Church, and, above all, her gift of the money necessary to add a much needed fully-equipped women's gymnasium to the many institutional activities of our church, will always remain with me in tender and grateful (and somewhat wondering) memory. Only such parents, in such a home, could have nurtured such young women as Caroline and Mary Hubbard.

Carrie, in particular, in her childhood, was a very religious little girl, given to frequent and fervent exercises of devotion. But, also, she was interested in the polemics of the day, and would leave her dolls at any moment to hear her father discuss theology or politics. It has often been remarked that she remained throughout her life actively interested in politics which, with her

keen insight into social problems, is not so alien to religion as commonly supposed.

It should be told that Mr. Hubbard's fondness for such discussions would frequently cause him to be oblivious to the passage of time. Often Mrs. Hubbard would have to call him to his meals which he apparently had forgotten. Nevertheless, Mr. Hubbard was a thorough business man, administering the affairs of a growing industry which was presently to make Kalamazoo one of the great manufacturing centres of the world. He and Mr. Jeremiah Woodbury organized the Kalamazoo Paper Company in the late '60's. A destructive fire laid waste to a large part of this enterprise, and it was largely due to the encouragement of his wife that Mr. Hubbard put more money into this venture when he could spare it only with great difficulty.

With regard to Mrs. Hubbard, it may be added, that, of the two, she was much the more skilful with her hands. She was not only adept with the needle, but she could wield a hammer and paper a room much better than her husband. It was probably upon her initiative that the Hubbard Homestead was the first house in the village to have a bath with running water, and among the very first to have gas, furnace heat and a telephone. "When, many years later, Doctor Crane and I took residence in that Homestead, I had no idea that the bath off the down-stairs bedroom was so historic, but I remember that the tub was inclined, though the fixtures were of more modern type.

Carrie, as I have said, graduated from the Kalamazoo high

school in June, 1871, at the age of fifteen. The University of Michigan was naturally the next objective of such an eager young mind.

But reverses had come to the Hubbard family. The Kalamazoo Paper Mill, in which Mr. Hubbard had engaged his capital and his energies, burned, as I have related, entailing severe losses upon all the stockholders and raising a question about University expenses. But Mr. Hubbard, who had himself experienced the difficulties of inadequate schooling in his youth, said: "Little Carrie" shall go to the University ~~if I have to chop wood to keep her there!~~"

But, meantime, grave misgivings arose at Michigan University. This applicant was so obviously too young to tread academic halls; could muster but fifteen years and a scant eighty pounds avoirdupois! And, furthermore, was she not a woman? What was "the largest village" trying to put over on the august University, devoted, as a matter of course, to the higher education of Michigan males? Already one female, Miss Madeline Stockwell of Kalamazoo, had gained entrance, with advanced standing, to the Literary department, being graduated in 1872. And as for other more technical departments, there were the Upjohn sisters, daughters of Doctor Uriah Upjohn, — that sturdy modern of four generations ago about whom, it seems to me, not the half has been told or written. He was a practicing physician making his home in Richland, travelling to his widely scattered clientèle mainly

on horseback (the roads guaranteed passage for no vehicle), and building a house in Ann Arbor to further the education of his twelve children — five sons and seven daughters. Mary N. Upjohn (now Mrs. William Sidnam,) and her sister, Amelia Upjohn, (deceased, graduated from the University College of Pharmacy in 1871. So far as I can ascertain, they were the very first women to graduate from the University of Michigan. A sister, Helen Maria Upjohn (Mrs. Hugh Kirkland) graduated in Medicine the following year.

But Caroline Hubbard, despite her youth and child-like appearance and the tremendous drawback of being a girl, nevertheless matriculated in the fall of 1871, in what was then known as the Latin-Scientific course. She was graduated in 1875, and returned to the University that autumn to study for her Master's degree which she received in 1876, the first "M.S." so far as I can ascertain, granted by the University of Michigan to a woman. In all but her first two years at the University she had the company of her sister Minnie, who entered as a freshman in 1873, and graduated in 1877. In Carrie's class of '75 was her childhood playmate and life-long friend, Harriet Winslow, whose father, also, had been an almost life-long friend of Mr. Hubbard.

Of those University days Carrie always cherished dear remembrances, and the University held her always in warmest and most grateful regard. She was fond of society and popular with her college mates, and ever remained so. In all the years since that time, whenever her picture is shown at class reunions and similar gatherings, it never fails to call forth particularly hearty applause. It is never forgotten that all her four children, Irene,

Frieda, Pauline, Hubbard, and her two sons-in-law, Carl C. Blankenburg and Otto R. Ihling, are graduates of the "U. of M."

In those days there were no sororities, and such a thing as a "Woman's League" was undreamed. In later years, it became her privilege to be the first to subscribe to the building fund of the beautiful League House. It was a joy to her to see her daughter, Frieda Kleinstück Blankenburg, of the class of 1909, made President of the League and an able administrator of its important and diversified affairs. Her grand-daughter, Dorothy Irene Blankenburg, is now duly enrolled in the class of 1937, the first one of a beginning third generation of students loyal to the "maise and blue."

The period immediately following graduation was spent by the Hubbard girls at home, in the company of their parents and their ten-year-old sister, Frances, then a pupil in the public schools. They also had the companionship and instruction, in French, of Miss Julia Beerstecher, a young woman whom they had known since their days in Mrs. Stone's school where Miss Beerstecher was a teacher. She was born in Switzerland in a province neighboring on France, and where the purest of French is spoken. Miss Beerstecher became a member of the Hubbard household when Carrie and Minnie were still in high school. She was of the greatest assistance in enabling Carrie, especially, to acquire an easy speaking acquaintance with the French which she never wholly lost in after years. She studied German with Moritz Levi, a nephew of Mr. Samuel Rosenbaum, at the same time that she taught him English. (Mr. Levi afterwards became

a member of the faculty of Michigan University.) Her knowledge of these two European languages was not mere book-knowledge which may prove so disappointing when one is confronted with the necessity of speaking — still more, of listening and comprehending — an alien tongue. French and German were frequently spoken in the Hubbard family.

We may be sure that these accomplished young women, full of the joy of living, took their part in the pleasures and hospitalities of society and in whatever cultural opportunities Kalamazoo then had to offer. Perhaps it was at this period that they became members of the Ladies' Library Association which Mrs. Stone had founded — second in order of time to Sorosis, the pioneer woman's club of America, if not of the world. They doubtless drew books from the "L. L. A." circulating library which loaned books long before we had any such a measureless boon as a public library in Kalamazoo — for which, thanks forever to good, great, modest Doctor and Mrs. E. H. VanDeusen!

The Hubbard girls traveled quite a bit. There was a trip around the Great Lakes which I have told about in the "Memoir" to Minnie. Carrie has also told in her diary of a visit East, when they went to see Mr. Hubbard's father in Courtland, (originally Cortland) New York. Also, there was a boat-trip down the St. Lawrence which Carrie records that the rest of the family made without her company, because she elected, instead, to purchase "a beautiful new silk dress." But not "purchasing a dress!" Rather, one purchased many yards of lustrous silk; also, the linings, the interling of crinoline, the lace trimmings, the whalebone, the

thread and needles, and all that go into the making of a dress out of the raw materials. Then came the selection of the pattern and of the dress-maker, after which began the arduous hours of fittings, pinnings, chalkings, bastings, and trivings-on - till, lo! the "creation" was created and the returning family was invited to criticize or admire as the case might be.

We will agree that young Carrie and Minnie Hubbard, with their up-bringing, their University training and a familiar knowledge of both German and French, were exceptionally well prepared for a visit to the Old World. Fortunate girls! In those days a journey to Europe, to say nothing of study and travel extending over more than two years - was a most exceptional experience. And nothing was wanting to make it complete. Miss Julia Beerstecher, their friend, teacher, and housemate of some years, made up a small party which included Miss Anna Grahame of Philadelphia and a Miss Avery of Detroit.

The party sailed from New York on a Cunard steamer in June, 1878. Here is where Miss Graham first met them. She surely came, saw and was conquered, to remain a close friend almost like another sister, all the days of their life. She was, and is, dear "Tante Anna" to their children and their childrens' children to this day. A wonderful woman! I remember her of years ago; tall, spare, energetic, alert, singularly expressive in every feature and gesture; a person surely good to know. And now she is a woman of eighty-odd years who runs up-stairs and does other astonishing things that nobody would dare think of for her! And she is just as expressive and friendly and lovely and beloved as ever she was! - But this is

what she wrote after that meeting in 1878, with "the little HUBBARD GIRLS:"

"When I first saw those two dear pretty little things in their little black silk walking-dresses, I never felt so big and awkward in my life! I was charmed with them at once, and loved them better and better with every day."

The first summer of that trip abroad was divided between England and Miss Beerstetcher's beloved Switzerland. Carrie's diary, though full of interesting tourist experiences, gives little to be quoted from this period. The first winter was spent in Munster, in a German family where they had lessons and daily practice in speaking the tongue native to that region. Carrie writes appreciatively of the love of the German people for art, music, and the out-of-doors. She marvels at their eating at the sidewalk tables on March 12, when it had been zero weather on March 1. (I am wondering whether Fahrenheit or Centigrade.) The thronged galleries and the intelligent appreciation of the working people both surprised and delighted her. The popular low-priced seats at the great operas she attended and the high-class out-door concerts everywhere in summer, especially along the banks of the Elbe, struck her as a considered national plan to spread culture throughout Germany — and not reserve it for the élite.

The following February the party, consisting at that time of the Hubbard girls and Miss Grahame, went to Dresden, taking rooms with Herr and Frau Friedrich Kleinstück, who conducted a pension which the girls found much to their liking. (Formerly the name had been "von Kleinstück." However the prefix had been dropped a generation or so before, when the title, "Baron von Kleinstück"

became a somewhat onerous burden financially.) The American girls were particularly pleased with the pension "family" which, in addition to Herr and Frau Kleinstück, consisted of two interesting Russian ladies, Madame Lebedoff and daughter, Anastasia, (whom the mother innocently addressed as "Nâsti,") and a couple of young Americans named Moore and Stanton.

The name "Kleinstück" in this connection inevitably suggests so much of romance that I hasten to say that young Carl Kleinstück was not at that moment a member of the household. Having developed a slight illness which hinted a possible tuberculosis, he was at that time in Saxon-Switzerland, but luckily came home in improved health soon after.

The girls, especially the petite, youthful Carrie and Minnie, were often in trouble and put to it to maintain their proper dignity amid German swains who cast languishing glances at them, indicating something more than a readiness for flirtatious adventure. They were relieved by the presence in the pension of two young Americans already mentioned "who," to quote from Carrie's diary, "do not think a girl is madly in love with one of them if she happens to look that way." The elder Kleinstücks had conventional ideas on the subject of chaperonage, and when the young girls proposed going to the opera unattended, Frau Kleinstück rather insisted that her husband should accompany them. Carrie records in her diary (a trifle impatiently?) "that finally we all staid at home."

The Father Kleinstück escorted the girls on long walks when they often breakfasted in the Grossen Garten, to the accompaniment of fine music. There are pages upon pages in this precious diary

about the pictures in the galleries and about her joy that these paintings and the privilege of grand opera were made possible for the German poor whom she found intelligent, appreciative, and uniformly courteous to strangers.

Carrie was not well - had frequent headaches and a chronic cough which would have seemed more significant if it had not then been the fashion for girls to be "delicate." On April 28th her diary records "The weather is cold, unpleasant and oh! misery itself, our fire won't go! I have been coughing steadily for the last four weeks and it is not to be expected that the temperature of the room will improve my condition."

However, she persisted in doing everything that other tourists did, even mountain-climbing in the ranges along the Elbe. She seems to have been none the worse for these excursions; for only a few weeks later, on May 13th, she commented on the fact that an excursion had been abandoned because so many of the women of the household were unable to go. She concludes, "What a houseful of invalids -- How thankful I am not to be obliged to class myself among them any more."

She speaks of her pleasure in visiting the "Grüne Gewölbe" even though "we were taken from one thing to another so fast and there was so much to be seen that the feeling after you leave is about that after eating at a railroad station -- you are not quite sure whether you have been there or not -- a very indistinct idea of the whole."

Many excursions are recorded to the art galleries and museums in which Dresden abounds, as well as to instructive lectures on

Music and Art. "This morning," the diary says, "I viewed some of the pictures of the early schools of Padua, Venice and Umbria." Then follow frank and charming comments in some detail. Of one painting she wrote: "More deep thought than real beauty." Of another: "A lovely Madonna and Child' which would have entranced me, had it not been beside one of di Credi's which always takes my thoughts from everything else." (Later she records that 'it was not de Credi's at all, but probably by one -----? of the school of Mailand.') She especially admired the execution of del Sarto's "Sacrifice of Isaac."

Of the Supreme art treasure of Dresden, she exclaims: "How the Sistine Madonna grows on one!" Of Raphael's St. Cecilia: "Can one wonder that Francia died looking at it?" She thought the frequent depiction of Joseph as an old man and the Virgin as a very young woman (especially as exemplified in the Italian school) "absurd."

Meantime the young Carl had arrived from his Swiss exile. Carrie's diary, however, remains very circumspect, tho' confessedly, we are looking for "symptoms." Often she speaks in admiration of the family, the intelligence, culture and courtesy characteristic of them all. Twice she speaks of the young Carl as "Herr Kleinstück;" once, as "Carl." (It must be stated, however, — since it is not to be found in the diary — that in May of that year 1879, (so An Aunt told Irene in Dresden some thirty years after), Carl took Carrie to Tharandt and, during a lovely boat-ride on that charmed lake, he proposed marriage and was accepted.) Concerning the diary, there are details infinitely less important and less thrilling;

much about the interesting Russian ladies of the pension, excursions, many to delightful places, including Gewerbe Haus and the Krauen Kirche, to hear the lovely Easter concerts. Also were recorded a few very prosaic details: "So few really well-heated rooms; so many stone-cold ones!" "Being too proud to wear old shoes," she visited a gallery, wore a pair of shoes too short for her (whose usual size was 2-A!) and "suffered much pain in consequence."

One entry tells of the sheet-and-pillow-case party she joined the other young people in giving on the birthday of Father Kleinstück. He was a prime favorite with each and all -- a particularly fortunate circumstance for the young girl about to become a member of the Kleinstück family. Carrie does venture, however, to record, that "his anecdotes are very interesting, though rather often repeated."

Here I have asked Irene to select and arrange from the "Diary" the passages which she thinks most illustrative of this visit abroad, and of the reactions of the keen appraising young mind which recorded them. I have begged her to comment freely on anything especially concerning the progressing acquaintance and final engagement of her Father and Mother.

Irene says:

On March 12, the diary exclaims: "The portraits of Titian are indescribable; they seem to speak to you in a way no others do."

Ten days later this sentence appears in the diary, after an enthusiastic description of "Antigone" given in real Greek style. "For the first time in my life I wished I were a Greek scholar." She especially admired the fine Mendelssohn music which accompanied the play. The only disagreeable feature of this

performance seems to have been an Englishman, seated just behind Mother's party, who "insisted on talking throughout" the production.

Of the early Flemish and Dutch School in the Dresden Gallery she wrote: "Most of the pictures of the school were most dreadfully uninteresting." She nevertheless "rather liked Barend Van Osley's 'Holy Family' of this school.

The early German School, influenced by the Dutch, is "a mass of dull colors, to me generally without a single idea." An exception to this category was a "crucifixion" by Albrecht Dürer in pleasing blues and greens. She liked Holbein's "Madonna," the portraits by the Cranachs, and was charmed with the Italian School of the seventeenth and eighteenth century.

Again the diary: "May 13 -- Some reason that is to me unknown makes it almost impossible for me to understand Rubens." She also tho't Van Dyke's "Children of Charles I" a stiff group' but the coloring 'superb.'

"May 28 (among other comments): Ruisdael is wonderful. There is something that appeals to one's feelings in the simplest scenes" (Thruout her life she retained a love of Ruisdael's landscapes.)

May 22, we read in the diary of a "pleasant excursion to Wesenstein" castle. "The castle is nothing remarkable except that it is cut out of the solid rock.....We went through.... with a large party and had the satisfaction of hearing the names of all the Saxon kings and their relatives since the creation, at least several hundreds of them."

On the above date, very circumspectly as before mentioned, Mother mentions "Herr Carl Kleinstück" for the second time in her diary but only to remark that he called upon an old teacher "while Min and I strolled in the churchyard and watched the school-children." Yet, if one may read between the lines, the fact that "the moonlight was lovely" in the Grosser Garten, only a few days later, may not be without romantic significance. In her restrained way, Mother did not speak of her future husband as "Carl" until this diary was many months old, shortly before the departure for Paris.

On June 21: "How I wish we were not obliged to leave our pleasant Germany and go to horrid Paris -- only a little over a week more."

"Tuesday, the first day of July, we left Dresden for Leipsic, laden with flowers, books and presents till we were quite overcome with the kindness of all." There follows a charming description of the sight of the Wartburg at twilight, with sun peering thru rain. This was seen on the journey from Weimar to Eisenach.

In spite of her worst fears about Paris, Mother found herself liking the French pension. The French everywhere were amazed that girls should travel alone, but they were usually treated with courtesy. An amusing incident occurred over their baggage because, in their confusion, the girls, in attempting to speak French, would now and then insert a German word inadvertently. (This was only a few years after the Franco-Prussian War.) Immediately, the girls were "spotted" as Germans — and treated accordingly. It was only when they explained that they were Americans that friendly agreement was possible.

Tuesday July 22 — "Rain, rain, rain every day since we have been here." "The stores are really very beautiful in the evening, especially the jewelry stores, and how lovely is the Avenue de l'Opera with its electric lights."

There follows a painstaking description of some of the Paris churches, particularly St. Sulpice and St. Germain des Prés. The latter had historical rather than religious interest for Mother because it was from its tower that the signal for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew had been given.

July 23 — She and Tante Minnie visited the Louvre. On this day, a Catholic priest who seems to have been a boarder at their pension told their fortunes, with cards, I believe.

July 24 — Cluny Museum. "The old Roman baths found....in the heart of Paris seem so strange, this relic oflong ago right in with modern thought and works is a good proof of the existence of all things."

July 26: "Today is my birthday. Twenty-four years have passed since I came into this world but I fear it has had little effect on the world for better or for worse....I received from Herr Kleinstück a book, from Carl a poem (fourth mention of Father) and from Mr. Stanton a very nice letter. This morning a letter from Carl and a letter and lace points from Frau K. How nice they all are — I almost wish they would not overwhelm me so with kindness."

July 29 records a "pleasant walk with the young ladies" of the pension (to improve their French) in the Champs Elysees. On Sunday of that week, they attended the American church in the morning. Here the minister preached on the necessity of cherishing high ideals in order to accomplish anything worth while. In the evening of that day they heard a French minister on "Jesus Christ, the Same, Yesterday, To-day and Forever."

"Thank fortune, we have had our last lesson with our lady teacher," Mother writes at the end of July.

A marble Joan of Arc in the Luxembourg aroused Mother's

admiration. Of the pictures in this gallery, she wrote, "There are some beautiful pictures, and some terrible."

The extreme heat of Paris at this time caused her a two-days' illness.

Monday August 11: "Am in a great state of excitement — The vessel has arrived on which Father, Mother and Frank sailed. Grandfather's diary tells of the family reunion at Calais on August 20 (or did he not record the meeting until nine days later because of the excitement and general happiness?)

Mother's diary continues on the theme of the art of the Louvre. A visit to Père-la-Chaise evokes the exclamation "but really this is anything but a pleasant place to be buried in."

There is more about the art of the Luxembourg. Of the Bon Marche, she writes, "The Bon Marché, with which I am quite in love....The next day, at the Magasin du Louvre, was not as much pleased."

The last thing recorded in the diary is "a delightful day spent with Anna. We found her much better than I expected." (Miss Grahame was recovering from an extremely critical attack of Roman fever.)

After joining their parents, the sisters visited Belgium, Switzerland and Italy, the whole family travelling together. Unfortunately, I have not found the portion of Mother's diary belonging to the latter part of the journey, tho I recall her using it for reference in 1928 or 1929.

The Hubbard family of five sailed from Queenstown August 6th, 1880. During the long year when the ocean separated Carrie and Minnie from their parents, Mr. Hubbard was often anxious about them, even doubted the wisdom of permitting them to go to far and strange lands and unpredictable experiences. But the mother was always cheerful and kept up courage for them both. And now, their lives enlarged and enriched by sojourn and travel in foreign lands, they were so glad to be home again! to be one with the life and surroundings

of their own proper place, and to take their part in the affairs of the day, entering, we may be sure, into the social life and the political and religious discussions and movements of that time. We have no diary of this period, and letters were, at Carrie's request, destroyed shortly before her death, as too personal and painful a heritage to be left to her children.

Now began the new life, - that of an engaged young woman; the mingling of home interests with thoughts of that other home-to-be; memories of a strange land, yet not so strange, because it held someone both loving and beloved; the sending of letters and looking for letters in return; the impatience of waiting for the day when the wide Atlantic would no longer roll between two who had elected to spend their lives together.

Of Carrie's impending separation from the home circle her sister Minnie wrote to a friend in February, 1883, (doubtless expressing the feelings of other members of the family as well):

"It is to be May. I must rejoice in the things of today, and not think of the loneliness which a few months will bring me....Of course Carrie has told you that she is to live in Chicago, which is not so bad as San Francisco, but still bad enough! We are all at home for the time being, but we shall soon have to count on being in Chicago, so that our home circle will not remain unbroken very long at a time."

In another letter of near the same date, she writes of the "coming loneliness" for her, and of trying to "dispel all thoughts of orange blossoms and preparations therefor."

America was not totally strange to Carl Kleinstück. A few

years previously, he had made a brief visit to this country, spending most of his time in Ohio. But now he was to leave Germany. Long before leaving he had finished the period of military training which was considered an integral part of the education of every able-bodied German youth. He had taken, also, the further training which enrolled him as a reserve officer to be called to the colors in case of his country's need. His civilian occupation was engraving. He had received no technical training in this art, but nevertheless, he had developed much skill. It was as an engraver that he found occupation in Chicago when he came from Dresden, stopping for the long-cherished visit at his true American goal in Kalamazoo.

I never met Carl Kleinstück until the Autumn of 1839 when he was thirty-six years old and had been married to Caroline Hubbard six years, during which time three children, Irene, Frieda, and Carl Hubbard, had been born to them.

My picture of him is that of a slight, spare, erect man of military presence and bearing, punctiliously courteous, and a brilliant and most engaging conversationalist. His penetrating observations and droll humor enlivened every occasion. His exquisite English betrayed a foreign origin only because no American could be found to enunciate so crisply and faultlessly as he! "Who is that delightful Mr. Kleinstück?" my dinner guests were sure eagerly to inquire after an evening around our table.

I admit that, in my unsuspecting innocence before a perfectly straight face, I was the victim of more than one of his ingenious jokes -- as when I exclaimed in momentary astonishment at the

"bologna tree" on the Kleinstück lawn, which he had elaborately dressed up for my special benefit.

He was my comrade and friend, whose presence always stimulated me to my best, whether in the pleasant give-and-take of the home, or on those more formal Sunday morning occasions when he was one of my most sympathetic and appreciative listeners. But never missing an opportunity for a bit of fun. How well I remember a sequel to the day when, in speaking of our duty to look on the brighter side of things, I quoted a phrase from a current poem:

"It isn't raining rain to me, -
It's raining daffodils."

The next day Carl called me on the telephone.

"Miss Bartlett, is it raining down your way?"

"Yes, it is," I replied.

"Well, what is it raining, please?" he inquired.

Recalling my quotation in yesterday's sermon, I quickly said, "Why, it's raining daffodils and violets, of course."

"How very extraordinary," said Carl. "Out here it's raining pitchforks, and cats and dogs!"

I have few mementoes as precious as the one he carved for me, all so casually, from a piece of wood he had picked up on our lot at Gull Lake. "The Brownthrush," it says, naming the cottage on whose porch he sat chatting with us. Over its entrance door this beautiful superscription remained as long as the cottage was ours, - Now it is at home above my study door.

I think life in America must have been hard for Carl Kleinstück, amid the differences in racial viewpoint and in social and

family behavior. Then came the terrible War, and America's entrance into it against the side of Germany. How he was torn between opposing and irreconcilable loyalties! (Carl had been naturalized in 1882.) And then, alas! our own stupid acceptance of every propagandist lie spread by the Allies, which he, poor Carl, felt to be false to the heart of Germany! It was too much! No wonder that he felt himself surrounded by a hostile people, a stranger in a land grown strange to him! I shall always feel that I, too, failed him in those last beclouded, desperate days which preceded his death. -- Let this be my final tribute to a beloved, understanding friend -- alas! not always understood.

On May 3, 1883, ^{his} thirtieth birthday, Carl Gotthold Kleinstuck of Dresden, Saxony, and Caroline Irene Hubbard of Kalamazoo, Michigan, were united in marriage. The wedding took place at high noon, in the flower-decked bay window of the living room, the spot which was to witness the marriage of the two other daughters of the family. The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. A. N. Alcott, minister of the First Unitarian Church, the beautiful small Gothic structure which then stood on ~~XNE~~ Park Street just in the rear of the present People's Church. The bride was attired in a lovely white silk dress and a veil -- the same dress and veil worn years after by Pauline when she became the wife of Otto R. Ihling. Frieda, on her marriage to Carl C. Blankenburg in 1911, wore the same veil.

The Kalamazoo Gazette of May 4th contains a notice of the wedding, though by no means such an elaborate account as we are

accustomed to in these times. In fact it seems to have been the first and only wedding reported in that period.

The newly wedded pair took no honeymoon, left straight-way by train for Hyde Park, Chicago, where Carl had a position as engraver with the Western Bank Note Company. The young couple presently set up housekeeping in Hyde Park where Carrie encountered her first experience of administering the affairs of a home, and for a brief time "did her own work." They lived in a pretty frame house surrounded by a generous garden which Carl took much pleasure in planting and tending. However, his enthusiasm was temporarily checked when an innocent-looking little ivy vine he had dug up and transplanted from the countryside turned out to be of the poison variety. The amateur botanist good-naturedly endured the jokes of his neighbors along with other consequences of his mistake.

I can gather but few details of this period. The young couple were visited by the Kalamazoo relatives and by college mates from there and elsewhere. They belonged to a South Side literary club which numbered young Clarence Darrow among its members. However, the impending birth of their first child soon disinclined them to social life. When little Irene was born, both mother and child paid a heavy penalty because a fashionable, rather than a competent, conscientious doctor had been engaged. Both of them nearly died and the delicate baby was given in charge of its grandmother. The mother did not soon recover her health.

Carl's health, too, was far from robust in his daily confinement to a city desk. Chicago became ever less congenial and the insistent family ever more compelling, until in the fall of 1885 Carl and Caroline Kleinstück, with the infant Irene, came to Kalamazoo to life. They purchased the Darling Place on what was then called Asylum Avenue (because on it is situated Michigan State Hospital for the Insane). This afterwards was popularly known as Upland Road, and later received officially its present name of Oakland Drive.

The "largest village" included this region. There were few houses in the district which had not enjoyed the city privileges of gas, electricity, water, and sewer service, fire protection, etc., for many years. The Kleinstücks owned practically all the surrounding land in that beautiful region, (situated high above the town in the Kalamazoo river valley) which has since become one of our choicest residence districts. (When, some ten years ago, we purchased a home on Hillcrest Avenue in this district, one of the reasons for my choice was, that from my study windows I could see the roof and upper veranda of my friend's home. Let me here gratefully record the friendship and generosity of Caroline Kleinstück, in that she came to my help when I was distressed by the proposal of an adjoining lot-owner to build his garage close to our line. She purchased the three lots abutting on our property, on the west, and gave us a strip one rod wide all the way across. She never let me pay for this gift, representing that she sold the lots at the price they would originally have

brought. I shall always remember the gift. This border plot is planted to shrubs and flowers which speak her memory.)

Here, on the outskirts of Kalamazoo, Carl Kleinstück made a radical departure in the way of business. He engaged in poultry-and-egg production, which, however, he soon changed over to dairying. During the following years both Carl and Carrie worked like slaves (only they worked with enthusiasm) and maintained what was at that time an almost un-heard-of degree of cleanliness and sanitation in the production, handling and distribution of milk and cream to this community. The capacious barns, with their frequent scrubblings and the lavish use of disinfectants, smelled like a hospital. Carl rose at one to milk the cows. Both Carl and Carrie were up at five when the milk delivery began the long day of ceaseless toil, so foreign, one might suppose, especially to the college-trained, widely traveled young woman reared in a home which had lavished on her every pleasure and advantage known to that time.

And was she, then, discontented, rebellious at this transformation in her lot? Irene, who was an observing little girl, said of her life at this time, "I positively never knew anyone who seemed to get such joy out of mere living!" And yet she related that her mother's life was so full and she so dead tired at each day's end, that she used always to begin to unfasten her dress as she was going up-stairs to bed. She thinks now, it might not have been due so much to weariness as to her habit of utilizing every moment, - just as, on sitting down, she invariably seized a book or magazine to read.

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Carl, (or, one might more correctly say) Carl and Carrie were in the milk business for some twelve very toilsome years. Meantime, many things had happened. The Kleinstück family of three had become six through the birth of Frieda, Carl Hubbard and Pauline. (Frieda was born in the Hubbard Homestead in the same room where her Mother first saw the light; and Frieda's first three children also were born there - Frederick; Dorothy; Robert. This was the third generation born in the Homestead founded by Silas and Mary Olivia Hubbard in 1854.

But life unhappily brings other things. To the Kleinstücks it brought sorrow of death to nearest kin. Carrie's youngest sister, Frances, who was married in 1888, died in 1892, leaving to her sister Minnie her little two-months old daughter, Margaret -- a precious consolation to all the family. In September 1894 Mr. Hubbard died. We of the People's Church felt a special sorrow at his passing just before the Dedication when we had hoped fittingly to express our profound obligations to him.

This crowning sorrow, added to that of Frances' untimely death, greatly affected the health of Mrs. Hubbard, and was a factor in the decision of all the family to go abroad for change and relief from unhappy reminders of loss. Accordingly, in 1896, the Kleinstück family left for Europe, to be followed presently by Mrs. Hubbard and by the Hoyt family, including little Margaret. Carl Kleinstück had hastened his visit to Europe hoping to pay a visit to his widowed step-mother to whom

he was much attached. However, Frau Kleinstück, so anxiously awaiting her son's arrival, died while he was yet at sea.

The Kleinstücks took up residence in Dresden where the children addressed themselves to the study of German. The other members of the party travelled at leisure on the Continent. The Kleinstücks, the Hoyts and Mrs. Hubbard returned from Europe in 1896, and resumed life as best they could with the changes and losses which time had brought. Mrs. Hubbard's health, however, continued to decline, and in June 1899, she passed away at the age of seventy-one.

Then, in the following February, came the crushing blow to Carrie and her family of her sister Minnie's death in San Diego, California. If it is hard to write of such accumulating sorrows - how almost unendurably hard must it have been to experience them!

Caroline Kleinstück bore all bravely, with but few words - devoting herself the more to little Margaret, twice bereaved by the death of her mother and aunt. With Carrie life was not, "What do I want?" but "What ought I to do?"

Fearing to undertake this office for my friend, I have asked Irene to write what she felt to be, in late years, the religious faith of her mother. She says:

"I think that Mother's religious beliefs continued to grow and change thruout her life. Even if her beliefs might differ from those of the incumbent pastor, she always wanted to attend church on Sunday, invariably stating that "it helped her to go to church." The later years found her greatly interested in Humanism. Tho she refrained from much religious discussion, she would, when pressed for an opinion, not avoid expressing herself.

I hesitate to say much about what she did or did not believe, lest my own ideas should color the picture. Beyond the fact that she frequently expressed a doubt in the theory of immortality and that she was interested in Humanism, as I have said, I do not feel justified in saying more."

I must add this: I have more than once quoted to my friend what Emerson said, in effect, "If immortality is necessary, there will be immortality." "It seems as if that must be true," said Carrie wistfully. - I believe that, in her inner heart and brain she believed in an endless continuance of personal life. She did not derive this from texts; she did not quote or rely upon "authorities." She had no positive, sensible assurance as we have of the facts of our present day existence. It was with her a feeling, a faith in the very nature of things: and it was the outgrowth, the flowering, of what she was - of what she had become, in all the rich unguarded treasury of her out-giving life. - If I am wrong in this, let it do no wrong to my beloved friend. Immortality seems to me necessary to account for such a life as hers.

In the days when Carl Hubbard was a babe in arms and before Pauline was born, began my first memories of the friend I am trying to commemorate in this so inadequate story.

How strange life is! I well remember, when seated on the train which was to take me East from Chicago, that I, a young woman of thirty, looked with considerable trepidation towards that new State and new town and those new people I was about to cast

my lot with. All rather foreign and formidable: not at all of "the West" to which I distinctly belonged; too settled and cultured to welcome unreservedly a somewhat raw and adventurous person like myself. I felt a sinking of the heart, a sense of loneliness and misgiving, a homesickness for the fine, fore-looking young people, scarcely one with graying hair, in the congregation I was leaving in Sioux Falls, to embark on this uncharted venture. And here — I found the dearest, most understanding friends of my life; the most forgiving of my so many faults; the most generous and eagerly cooperating towards every good idea or aim I ever had; friends without whose understanding and upholding I could have done little; without whose love I perhaps would not have even tried. And the home of my effort, the place where I always found sustaining and encouragement, and a never-failing renewal of faith, hope and charity was in this same Hubbard Homestead which strangely enough, after my marriage, years later, became my home.

In December, 1900, after the passing of Mrs. Kleinstuck's mother, I wrote, in a memorial to her:

"For one who is no kin to dwell in the house they so loved; to work by the window where for forty years he worked; to sleep in the room where she slept and where her babes first saw the light; to have the little Frieda say, "Here is where Mamma and Pante Minnie kept their dollies' house;" to sit in the arched bow-window where the parents saw each of their three daughters in turn become a happy wife; to gather her loved violets and myrtle, even from under the snow, as I have done today; to watch the climbing vines and the procession of bloom from spring to winter of the flowers and shrubs they tended; to sit beneath their trees and by their hearthfire: these things are almost too much! And yet I dare believe it is as they would wish; for they were so good!"

In the years before I was married I was always included in the anniversaries and other happy occasions of that home, as also, of the Kleinstück home. This may explain, perhaps, better than any present words, my relation to this family. I am reminded that years later, as a Thanksgiving Day guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Kleinstück, I looked up and down the long table filled with happy home-coming people and the, quite unconscious of my own status, whispered to my nearest neighbor, "We are all relatives but Eddie!"

The things which most attracted me to Caroline Kleinstück when I first met her, — and indeed up to the end of her life — were her animation, her brilliance, her receptive attention to what others were saying in earnest, and her own forthrightness and downrightness on controversial questions. She was not a person to hush controversy by quoting "authorities." She cared not for what was "customary," but for what was reasonable, just and right.

And so, from the first, she was powerfully attracted by a proposed church founded not upon time honored belief, but founded on character, aspiration and service. Though personally Unitarian in my belief, I always stated to my congregation my opinion that the name Unitarian attached to a church is in itself a creed, in that it proclaims belief in the Unity, rather than the Trinity, of the God-head. It is not what we believe concerning God — not even whether or not we believe in His existence — which is the vital thing. The vital thing is, Do

you believe in the Good, and do you try to make the Good supreme in the thoughts and acts of your daily life? In this Carrie was one with me, as her father and her sister Minnie were. In 1891 Mr. Hubbard gave to the First Unitarian Church a sum of money which made possible the erection of a new church to house not only the enlarged congregation but the many new undertakings by virtue of which it was called an Institutional Church. I wished to call this new church by what seemed to me a seven-day descriptive title: "The People's Church." At first Mr. Hubbard hesitated; but, recalling Abraham Lincoln's designation of ideal government as a "Government of the people, by the people, and for the people," he gladly gave his assent, even himself proposing to the congregation the name, "People's Church."

And both Carrie and Minnie gave their whole-hearted and enthusiastic assent. I think with never-ending gratitude how those two young women stood by me, upheld me, worked unceasingly with me to make the People's Church what it became. I think of the scores of our people who gave of themselves and of their means to make an ideal come true. I remember with such gratitude how the Jewish people recognized their welcome -- the Desenberg's, the Schusters, the Rosenbaums, the Speyers -- and came to help us help a cause they, too, held sacred. I remember how our kindergarten -- the first free public kindergarten in the State of Michigan -- overflowed the little parlors of the First Unitarian Church and how, rapidly exceeding two hundred little children, the overflow from the new People's Church was received into the Frank Street schoolhouse. Then, having made our demonstration

of the great need, we asked the Kalamazoo School Board to adopt and make the public Kindergarten its own. And Caroline Kleinstück, with Amelia T. Streeter, another loyal friend, stood near the polls and explained the urgent need to all comers - and we won the day!

Caroline Kleinstück was long a trustee, as well as an active member, of the People's Church. I cannot remember any cause for which the People's Church ever worked which found her lukewarm or lagging. The schools of manual training and household science which likewise we induced the public schools to adopt - she helped to mother them. She helped with the monthly Mother's and Father's meetings in connection with the kindergarten - the fore-runner of our Parent-Teachers' meetings of today. She helped with our Audubon Society and the Social Science Clubs in which the conditions of the various parts of the city were studied, mapped, and reported, and, if possible, improved.

So with the Women's Gymnasium which, as I have related, her Mother equipped and supported in the People's Church; the "Evening Rest" which provided for working women, suppers at low cost and offered them afterwards a pleasant evening of relaxation; the large Frederick Douglass Club which (in the Stone Parlor at the suggestion of our Mrs. L. H. Stone,) provided the first comfortable place for evening gatherings of our colored people - all these must remember Caroline Kleinstück.

When Caroline Kleinstück's Father lay upon his death bed, almost his last words were these, uttered to his elder daughters: "O, my children, do all the good you can!" Many are the children

who in after years remember in penitence and bitter shame the thoughtless heedlessness they opposed to parental entreaties; but of Caroline Kleinstück and her companion sister, can it not be truly said that these two had been, were, and always were to be, the very incarnation of a noble father's ideal? Truly he could say, as he did in his declining years: "Not one of our children ever gave us an hour's sorrow in all their lives."

I would not forget or slight other gifts and bequests whose purpose was to further the ideal which created the People's Church: The Hubbard-Heneka Fund, composed of bequests from Mrs. Silas Hubbard, Mary Hubbard Hoyt, Mrs. Heneka and her daughter, and still administered by Caroline Kleinstück's son, Carl Hubbard Kleinstück; the beautiful pipe organ and the piano given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Blount in Memory of their daughter, Helen; and the Potter Emergency Fund given by Mrs. Allen Potter, one of the most beloved members of our early days — all these bequests speak of a forward-looking faith in that ideal which created the People's Church.

All this was many years ago, and, alas! the People's Church no longer is the center and the fountain of institutional activity. But let it be remembered that Caroline Kleinstück, all her life, had been working for good causes. She was an earnest worker for woman suffrage, a charter member of the Michigan State Association, and rejoiced to see that cause won. However, she was not one to be satisfied by a victory of "the cause." She was one of the first women to serve on the Republican State

Central Committee in 1920-21. She studied questions of politics, and public issues, and voted for what she believed to be the best measures and men. The ballot was to her an instrument to be used, and used intelligently and conscientiously. No party and no candidate could hold her allegiance as a matter of course. Yet she strongly believed in party, and in the principles of the Republican party. She labored to keep it true to these principles, and to attract to that party the voting allegiance of both men and women. She saved Clippings and helped her daughter Frieda work out the "Do's and Don'ts" for Speakers which the National Organization used in the last Hoover Campaign. She was always alert, interested, constructively helpful in the cause of better government.

During the World War she became chairman of Home Service in the American Red Cross and discharged these duties with devotion. The system of cataloging which she initiated in Home Service here is still being used by the Michigan Red Cross thruout the state. Prior to this, very few Red Cross chapters had had case work in their Home Service. Her long experience on the civic League Board as well as an almost life-long enthusiasm for social service undoubtedly aided her in all her War work. This work was a god-send to her just following her husband's death.

Caroline Kleinstück, while in good health and in her years of activity belonged to various clubs in Kalamazoo, having been president of the Twentieth Century Club, a member of the Travel Club, of the Kalamazoo County League of Women Voters. She served with distinction as Regent of the Daughters of the American

Revolution, for two terms, 1907-9. She was an active member of the American Association of University Women, (in fact, a charter member of the Chicago Chapter before one was formed in Kalamazoo). She was always particularly interested in the section on International Relations. The meetings of this section were often in her home.

The University of Michigan, as well it might, always held high place in Caroline Kleinstück's loyalty and affection. Not only was she the first woman to receive its Master's degree, but, as already related, all her children had been graduated there and two daughters had chosen University of Michigan men in marriage. She manifested her devotion to the Women's League by the first large gift of money it received. The beautiful rugs in the Kalamazoo Room were presented to the League by a member of her family. While her daughter, Frieda Blankenburg, was President of the League, the Mother presented life-memberships to each of her four granddaughters who, in due course of time, will enjoy them, as indeed, one granddaughter, Dorothy Irene Blankenburg, enjoys them now — the first member of a third generation of which Caroline Kleinstück was the founder. She was an active member of the Board of "Alumnae House," designed for girls of small means who were working their way through the University.

Caroline Kleinstück contributed liberally to every good social undertaking in this city, spent her strength in behalf of every worthy public cause, and became during her life a symbol of the good citizen. At whatever meeting she appeared her presence

gave subtle notice that the gathering had a worth-while object. No woman of our city has been more universally revered and honored — or more deservedly so. I love to think of the little tree already grown to the height of a man which the Vine Street School, on Arbor Day, 1932, planted on her childhood school playground, and in her honor. (There could be a forest of little trees whispering deeds like that!) A beautiful large silk American flag which she gave to the People's Church during the pastorate of Mr. Gysan, stands beside the platform to speak to us at every service of those sacred human rights which a real church stands for.

In addition to unnumbered benefices to Kalamazoo, Caroline Kleinstück gave in 1922 a valuable fifty-acre tract of land, known as the Kleinstück Reserve. This she deeded to the Michigan State Board of Education for the designated purposes of Nature Study and Recreation of our youth. This land was given by Mrs. Kleinstück in memory of her husband whose great love of Nature she wanted to perpetuate in the hearts of the young people who attend the educational institutions of Kalamazoo. Within easy reach of our schools, the Kleinstück Reserve affords ideal conditions for nature study, and preserves rare species that otherwise would be destroyed by careless or ruthless hands.

In 1928 Caroline Kleinstück's health began to fail. The best of medical care and nursing, journeys to various climates, the tender devotion of her family, — above all, of her daughter, Irene, whose whole life has been given in love

to her care - all failed to restore her strength. We watched her fail in bodily vigor, - but we never saw her lose interest in those around about her, in the welfare of her friends, her neighbors, her city, her nation or the world. To the last she was informed, interested, intelligently critical of passing events, and fervently devoted to all true progress in the world.

Caroline Kleinstück had a kind of beauty which did not vanish with the flight of years. I often looked at her as she reclined on her couch or lay amid the whiteness of her bed scarcely whiter than she. That pale, slender, sensitive face, with the beautiful high-arched brow and nose, - a face I hope I may be allowed to call patrician, because it has always so appeared to me - and the small frail lovely hands never lost their beauty and distinction to the end of her life.

Caroline Kleinstück died February 28, 1932, quietly, peacefully, as if death were a part of life. So passed my friend, the dearest I have ever known; who, I hope, forgave much in me she could not wholly approve, - but believed in me and loved me all these many years.