

THE PRIDE OF PULLMAN.

A Royal Theatre Crowns the Charming Suburb's Fair Brows.

Chicago's Richest, Best and Most Beautiful Attend the Coronation.

Greetings by the Host—Oratory Worthy the Occasion—The Play—
The Audience.

The completion of the Arcade Theater at Pullman, made nearly perfect that ideal city, where the useful and the beautiful are so harmoniously brought together as to blend in a bright picture such as many people have dreamed of, but never before seen realized. The opening of this beautiful place of amusement furnishes to the inhabitants of the town a place of recreation in keeping with their surroundings. It fills the one vacancy that remained after the workshop, the home, the school, the church, and the library had taken their places in the picture, and it needed but the brilliant company of Chicago's first society people who attended the formal opening last night, to give to Pullman a place in social events second to few cities in the country.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pullman issued three hundred invitations to their social friends to attend this opening, and at 7 o'clock last night a train of bright new cars stood on the track at the Illinois Central Depot to carry these visitors to the suburb christened with his own name. There were six palace cars of the latest design, just from the shops, Mr. Pullman's private car and a baggage car in the train, and shortly after 7 o'clock these were all filled with elegantly dressed ladies and white-cravated gentlemen, the whole presenting a scene that rivaled the drawing-rooms of the palace homes when they are thrown open to the guests on grand occasions. This train, beautiful without and elegant within, furnished with the loveliness of a great city, rolled out of the dingy old depot into the storm, but there was all gay-

ety on board, and none heeded the howling wind and driving snow. At the home of Mr. Pullman, near Eighteenth street, a halt was made, where Mr. and Mrs. Pullman and daughters, with a large party of guests, joined those already enjoying his hospitality on the train. The family were escorted to his private car, where they received many friends during the journey. At Twenty-Second street another stop was made, and the party was further added to by quite a company of prominent South Side people. No more halts were made until the palace train rolled into Pullman and stopped just opposite the Arcade Building, and but a few hundred feet from the entrance to the theater. An awning covered the way and a platform spread with rich carpet furnished an attractive and comfortable means of reaching the place of destination, while a band of music welcomed them. A calcium light stood at the entrance to this covered way.

THE GUESTS.

Among Mr. Pullman's guests on the special train were: Messrs. and Mesdames Wirt Dexter, Wm. Penn Nixon, Robert Patterson, Kindley, W. A. Lincoln, O. W. Potter, Grannis, Murray Nelson, John B. Jeffery, E. T. Jeffery, W. W. Kimball, Charles Towne, H. S. Monroe, Arthur Towne, C. M. Henderson, Sidney Williams, George Armour, General P. H. Sheridan, L. M. Johnson, Edwin Walker, A. A. Parker, Thos. Hoyne, Colonel M. V. Sheridan, H. Field, John Jones, James McKay, N. K. Fairbank, Charles Barnes, General Thompson, Chas. Ham, G. B. Marsh, Jesse Spalding, Colonel Volkmar, John M. Clark, Stewart Clark, S. B. Cobb, J. McGregor Adams, General Chetlain, Dr. Isham, Jerome Beecher, T. B. Blackstone, C. B. Sawyer,

General Strong, J. W. Doane, Alfred Cowles, M. Marsh, Judge Dunlevy, J. C. Peasley, W. F. Cobb, Edson Keith, Lyman Trumbull, George L. Dunlap, C. B. Farwell, H. C. Humphrey, Byron P. Moulton, Harman Spruance, Marshall Field, Thomas L. Kimball, General and Mrs. J. T. Torrence, the Hon. Thomas Hoyne, Mr. Peter VanSchaack and daughters, Miss Lizzie Eames, of New York; Mrs. James D. Whitmore, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Dunham, Colonel Huntington W. Jackson, Frank Stone, Robert Barry, O. S. A. Sprague, Philip Wadsworth, Leslie Carter, A. B. Pullman, Graeme Stewart, R. W. Rathborne, Jr., S. G. Field, H. I. Kimball, D. G. Wells, E. W. Henricks, A. Rapp, Geo. F. Brown, H. A. Richards, Dr. McLean, Major Woods, James H. Smith, S. S. Beman, F. G. Secord, R. A. Parke, Dr. Cooke, Professor and Miss Swing, Mr. and Miss Cox, Mrs. M. C. Sanger, Mrs. H. O. Stone, Mrs. Dr. Irwin, Mrs. Helen Mott, the Misses Pullman, Doane, Brooks, Parks, of New York; Emma Wadsworth, the Misses Campbell, Fannie Cowles, Fannie Doane, Kitty Arnold, Jenny King, Nellie Hibbard, Rose Buckingham, and Misses Frances Keep, Alice Keep, Lizzie Isham, the Misses Jones, Miss Rucker, Fanny Matthews, Laura Kimball, Mae Kimball, Miss Wells, Mrs. Lucy D. Fake, Mrs. Amos T. Hall, Mrs. Ludington, Mrs. Wirt Walker, Fred Keep, Alonzo Page, Mr. Brunswick, the French Consul; General Anson Stager, Isaac N. Arnold, Norman Williams, Charles Munn, Emerson Tuttle, Samuel W. Allerton, B. H. Campbell, Ben. Campbell, Jr., Wm. H. Chappell, James D. Ludlam, A. S. Appleton, Dan. Goodwin, John B. Drake, L. J. Gage, A. B. Stone, William Munroe, W. M. Hibbard, Prof. Fiske, F. Chandler, Henry Norton, Fred Keep, Wm. Keep, Henry Isham, Dr. I. J. Jones, J. Russell Jones, Dr. DeLaskie Miller, Charles Schwartz, M. Bishop, Arthur Towne, Major Benyuard, Colonel Gregory, Capt. Clarke, Daniel Johnson, George W. Montgomery, Louis Fisher, M. Matthews, Watson Blair, Philo Wilbur, John Crerar, Jr., A. S. Weinsheimer, H. H. Hewitt, M. Nichols, G. H. Quinn, Colonel E. A. Jewett, Captain Geo. M. Gray, the Hon. O. A. Lochrane, Jesse Meehan, L. M. Bennett, L. G. Matthews, N. F. Barrett.

THE THEATER.

It was 8 o'clock when the company arrived, and, when wraps had been laid aside in the elegantly-appointed cloak-room, and the ladies and gentlemen had taken their seats, not according to checks, but in groups and parties as they pleased, the theater had an audience such as has not been seen on "first night" even in Chicago.

THE INTER-OCEAN has already given an elaborate description of this theater in its dramatic columns, and it is not necessary to here repeat that. It is modeled after the Madison Square Theater of New York, and has all the appointments of the modern first-class play-house. It is not large, but while it is cozy, there is no appearance of crowding

the audience together. The entrance is through a large arched way from the wide corridor of the Arcade Building. As one steps through this arclaway he finds himself in a beautiful foyer, with a picture of elegance and beauty before him, as he looks through the curtain drawn away into the auditorium with the bright colors and dazzling lights. The prevailing tone of the wood-work within the auditorium is of mahogany, relieved by gilding. From the somber hue of this background rise the tinted walls, graded so skillfully from dark to light that there is an air of cheerfulness and light. The body color is purple, changing to pink and brightening as it approaches the frieze. The ceiling is of blue and olive, and has silver trimmings, from the center of this drops a huge bronze chandelier,

UNIQUE IN PATTERN,

which lights the whole auditorium as brilliantly as it were possible for gas to make it. From the walls the gilded gas brackets stand out in pretty ornamentation, and give light to that part of the auditorium under the balcony. The boxes are of novel design, of Mooresque styles, in graded order of five on each side in groups under a pagoda, except the close stage boxes, which are projecting balconies. The main double boxes were thrown together to accommodate parties of seven or eight, and the one on the right was occupied by Mr. Pullman and family, while that on the left was occupied by General Sheridan and wife and a party of friends.

The seating of the invited guests was admirably arranged. Mr. Pullman purchased 300 seats in the body of the house, and reserved them and the boxes for his guests. These tickets were distributed, but the ushers were told to pay no attention to checks, but to give parties seats together as they desired.

The whole of the orchestra and several rows of the dress circle were thus occupied, and with friends together chatting and laughing when their attention was not directed to the stage, it gave a warmth and

AIR OF SOCIABILITY

to the house that is rarely seen in a public place of amusement. All the remainder of the house was occupied by residents of Pullman, or those who had purchased tickets to witness this brilliant "first night"

It was 8:30 o'clock when the audience was seated, a few minutes after, the curtain rose and there was a good representation of the dramatis personæ of the great drama, Chicago—a score of the men who have played leading parts in Chicago's past and present, seated on the stage. Mr. George M. Pullman, the host, sat in the center, and on his right were Hon. Stewart L. Woodford, Marshall Field, Judge Lyman Trumbull, Norman Williams, Hon. C. B. Farwell, O. W. Potter, T. B. Blackstone, Hon. N. K. Fairbank, and J. Russell Jones; while on the left were General P. H. Sheridan, John Crerar, Lyman

J. Gage, Hon. J. W. Doane, Prof. David Swing, Judge O. A. Lochrane, Edson Keith, and B. H. Campbell. As the audience saw this strong company of actors in everyday life, there was loud applause.

MR. PULLMAN'S GREETING.

When the applause had subsided, Mr. Geo. M. Pullman stepped to the front and said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

In behalf of my associates and myself, I desire to say, that we feel extremely gratified by the presence of this large audience, comprising so many distinguished people, assembled in honor of this opening.

I am very happy to announce the presence with us to-night of a gentleman of national reputation, who has generously consented to make a brief address upon topics suggested by this occasion. It affords me great pleasure to introduce to you the Hon. Stewart L. Woodford, of New York. [Applause.]

THE ADDRESS.

THE HON. STEWART L. WOODFORD

was received with loud and long continued applause. He said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Entire frankness is, I am sure, the best policy for me to-night. Although our generous host asked me to come a thousand miles to be with you at this christening of a city, I was still very glad to accept. I had read much of Pullman; I had heard much of its purpose; and I wanted to know something of the method and scope of what was being done here. I wished to see and study it for myself, with my own eyes, and on the spot. I fancied that a few candid, earnest words of sympathy, and good wishes, might justify my being here.

But I have found so much more than I had hoped to find; so much more has been done than I had expected; so much more is here than I had even dreamed possible, that I must frankly say, had I formed any just idea of what Pullman really is, I would not have come, but should have left these words of welcome and of benediction to be spoken by some one else more fitly.

It was Sunday when I reached this factory town. I strolled through its streets and by its shops; into its church, arcade and library. All was quiet, orderly and restful. Yesterday I came again. The town was then at

work; it was full of labor; full of energy; rich in accomplished results; richer far in the prophecy of a sure future. [Applause.]

It is just possible that you, who come to-night as visitors from Chicago; that even you who live and work here, and are thus most familiar with its form, have not as yet comprehended what this town of Pullman really is and what it really means. Pardon such frank speaking. But right under your eyes there is being worked out a sum in practical business and in business-like liberality, which, if successful, is to demonstrate the money value of the golden rule. To me Pullman proves, in hard, practical dollars and cents, that it pays to love your neighbor as yourself. I stepped from the cars. Beauty, grace, art, met me on every hand. I had seen landscape gardening elsewhere. Here was also architectural gardening. Eye and taste were at once content and glad.

I went into the great workshops, and, lo! beauty was subordinate to use. There was order, there was symmetry, there was honest labor efficiently at work. This is the marvel of organizing genius—to create and use great power, and yet never to forget the necessity and utility and beauty of perfect accuracy in the most minute detail. So Nature works. So works the best human brain when it does the best things either in coarsest production or in most delicate art. Nature is ever strong, yet nature never neglects either detail or beauty. With giant force she heaves the tides in resistless flood, and yet with most exquisite tints she paints the shell that her waves toss up at play and leave as loving gift upon the shore. All this strength and all this accuracy of detail I saw in the great water-tower; in the powerful forcing pumps; in the system of sewerage; in the Corliss engine with its Centennial memories and its Centennial suggestions; in the patient care and prudent thrift which picked up the tiniest shaving and made it fuel; and in the scientific art which condensed each drop of steam, until even from the engines' waste a crystal lakelet flashes into beauty. [Applause.]

Thus power, brain, art and labor work together, producing things of use in forms of loveliness. Nothing wasted; nothing lost. Order without tyranny and economy without meanness.

From the shops I passed into the streets. They are graded, guttered, sewered, lighted,

and planted with trees. In the summer, as I am told, they are bordered with lawns and bright with flowers.

From street to house and tenement, where each can have that for which he can pay. But the cheapest tenement has the three essentials of life: good air, plenty of it; good light, plenty of it; good water, plenty of it. The man, woman or child who is not clean in Pullman has literally no excuse. It must be for love of dirt. It cannot be for lack of the means to be clean. [Applause.] Clean streets will teach the people to be clean. Beauty and order without will produce neatness and comfort within. The teachings of village and street will be reflected in humblest home and smallest tenement. [Applause.]

From house and home I went to the market. From the market to the stores. From stores to play-grounds, boat-course, to school, and church; from church to library, arcade and theater, and nowhere did I find gaming-table, bar room, or brothel. [Applause.] Everywhere is utility, order, cleanliness, beauty. These are the silent teachers that minister to eye, to heart, to brain. They must make men live more cleanly lives within as well as without. They must help children, women and men to grow into sweeter, whiter, nobler and more productive manhood. [Applause.]

As I saw these things, I asked myself:

How has this come? Rather—for I fancy that things seldom come—how has this been done?

Less than three years ago here was low, swampy prairie-land lying idle, almost useless, beside Lake Calumet.

But just this fact made it possible to secure enough land at reasonable cost to make such an experiment feasible. The idea was a large one, and it needed a full-sized lot in which it could be planted and grow.

Then there was in the great car company a business that required the employment of regiments of diversified labor. That labor is of all kinds, from the honest muscle that shovels coal and piles pig-iron to the art which rivals nature in the hue and form of the lily that it paints and in the glass that it engraves with almost the delicate tracery of winter's frost.

Diversity of labor, diversity of gift, diversity of thought and skill, is the condition of successful human union. Here was such a

business need, in a corporation that builds the car for heaviest, rudest freight and yet that puts upon the rail a carriage combining strength, use, beauty and luxury such as even Cleopatra never knew as she floated in her perfumed barge with silken sails upon the waters of the mystic Nile. Such palace cars as are here built even royalty has not yet equaled on modern continental rail-ways.

There was place; there was business need; there was *also* sufficient capital to do the required thing, when it had been intelligently demonstrated that the effort would pay as well in dollars and cents as in the larger and better and more enduring results of happier and better manhood.

But place, and need, and money would have been powerless had not the brain, the vision, the will and the courage been found. In a word, there were the conditions of just such an effort and just such a result, and the man alone was needed. And *he* was there. He is here. You know him as your neighbor. You love him as your friend. [Loud Applause.] You speak *his* name and you have christened the town. [Applause.]

This is indeed a monument worthy of a brave, wise, just and liberal man. But there is here a likeness that is more than in name. In its industry, in its returns of economy and frugality and wise financial results; in its order, in its quiet, in its comfort, in its culture and its beauty, this town expresses the brain and heart and manhood of your friend as fully as its name repeats his own. [Applause.]

Such is this place in its form. Such were the conditions that made its creation possible. And now you logically ask that which I have almost answered in telling *what* Pullman is and *how* it has been built, *why* was it wise to do the thing as it is being done?

Let me attempt a simple answer. This great Palace Car Company operates its lines from Brindisi, by the far waters of the Adriatic, to the Golden Gate of California. Its cars are peculiar in construction. It must build them for itself, to build them most economically and best. The Company can also build all other cars of every grade for every kind of use. The demand is enormous. Five great shops are thus used to-day, at St. Louis, at Detroit, at Elmira, at Philadelphia, and here at Pullman. Here alone two thousand men are thus employed.

Needing, using this army of industry, you

and I can see the wisdom of having this labor close by the factory and shops.

Then follows, from simplest rules of practical economy, the wisdom of dealing with this labor fairly and justly. The employer who gives his labor the best home at the lowest price that will secure fair interest on the investment, by so much really increases that laborer's wages. If for every dollar that a man can earn in Chicago it costs him ninety cents to live, his profit is just ten cents. If he can get just as good living here for eighty-five cents, he practically on the same wages earns five cents to each dollar more here than he does there. That is, he saves five cents to the dollar more. [Applause.]

So if it was wise to secure cheaper houses for the men, it was even wiser to secure better houses, so that the wife and child should be happier during the day, and the man happier when he comes home at night tired and needing rest for eye and heart, as well as body. The dirty tenement and the unwashed and uncombed wife and the dirty and unkempt children drive men from home to groggery and saloon. The flower in the pathway; the tree by the sidewalk; the church spire; the lighted and warm and graceful arcade; the reading room and library; the ball ground; the boat course, and the theater are worth all they cost in dollars and cents, because of the interest in dollars and cents that they will certainly return. They will pay, I know they will pay, because they will help the working people of Pullman to grow upward as God meant that labor should grow, and not downward as capital, tempted by the devil of selfishness and greed has so often compelled labor to grovel and debase itself. [Long and hearty applause.]

Then if beauty and cleanliness, and recreation and culture counted in securing just money returns, the next step was naturally to provide honest shops and stores for sale of honest food at honest prices; schools for children; churches for those who would worship; play grounds for athletic sports; boat tracks; books for those who would read, and the theater for such as felt need of such recreation. As I have already said, it all pays and will pay. [Applause.] Men must play! Men will play! They must have and will have rest and recreation. They will have it in virtuous forms and under virtuous conditions or they will get it under vicious forms and under vicious conditions. [Applause.]

When I think of the suffering that is kept from the women and children of this factory town by the absence of the groggery and the gin-mill, I know that the mothers and the little ones in many a small, clean tenement are tonight blessing the loving heart and wise brain and resolute purpose that made such homes possible for the working people here in Pullman. [Long applause.]

But to go back. All this chance for manly sport and healthful recreation for body and brain are not given as charity, but are wisely and justly furnished to all who need and will pay fair prices for fair enjoyment. So the whole is done from no false philanthropy, with no suggestion of sickly charity, but on the square and business-like basis that there is a commercial value in beauty, and that fair and generous dealing with your brother man earns and will pay good interest. Thus the old argument of the schools is answered. The useful is beautiful. The truly beautiful is and must be useful. Capital does not here seek to rob labor. Nor does it seek to coddle and emasculate and pauperize labor. Labor does not here seek to cheat capital, or to steal from it, or borrow from it, or beg from it. Labor earns its own wages, pays its own way, and respects itself. [Applause.]

These, as they seem to me, are some few of the reasons *why* it was very wise to build Pullman, and try this great experiment under such fair and broad conditions.

But what of the future? *Whither* does this effort lead?

I do not dream that the millennium is about to dawn even at Pullman. It will be strange if the serpent does not hiss even under the rose leaves of this Eden. Strange if there is not still a fib on the lip of some Eve, and cowardice in the heart of some Adam even here. But here there is at least a fair, earnest effort to adjust and equalize the conditions between labor and capital. [Applause.]

As I have walked these streets and looked upon these homes, I have recalled the factory and mining towns as I saw them in Italy, and France, and Germany, and Belgium, and England.

Thus recalling what I have seen elsewhere, I have said, all honor to the loving heart and strong, wise brain which here demonstrate, so that the coldest may feel and the blindest may see, that the true, essential and enduring interests of capital and labor are forever one. [Long applause.]

When I earn one dollar and save therefrom ten cents, I am just that far and to that extent a member of the capitalist class. Capital is only the difference between what labor earns and what labor spends. That saving, wherever it may be invested, in shop or savings bank, is allied to the great millions of the business world. It runs into them and blends with them, just as the mountain rivulet runs into the sea. Let it be the part of wise capital to know and to act on the knowledge that precisely as the sea must give back its water to the mountain spring through absorption, cloud and returning rainfall, so capital must return its strength and sustenance to labor.

Otherwise capital itself would be dried up and disappear.

Thus I answer that the reasonable expectation is, and I think the sure and certain result must be, that this effort, if bravely continued and wisely controlled, must be successful. It will help the laborer. It will help the capitalist. The corporation and the working people must be alike benefited. Just as surely as the beginning was wise, the end will be beneficent. This is not experiment. The idea was involved in that first idea of beauty and harmony subservient to use and comfort, to answer which the first Pullman Palace Car was built. In 1863 or 1864 they were put in use. And just as surely as they wheeled their way at once into being a necessity and proved themselves a wise investment, just so surely this experiment of a factory town, where beauty, books, art and culture adorn labor and lighten its burdens and increase its joys, is already an accomplished and demonstrated success. It is no longer an experiment. It is a proved result. [Applause.]

To what does it lead? I can keep you no longer by what must at the best be only brief analysis and unsatisfactory suggestion. Shall men be manlier for this brave effort? Shall women be sweeter and kindlier? Shall children be more hopeful and more aspiring? Schools shall here culture and teach. Churches shall lift the people up by simpler faith and broader and more Christ-like charity. Books shall broaden and art shall develop. Men must thus be manlier and better, for

"Man, though he beareth the brand of sin,
And the flesh and the devil have bound him,
Hath a spirit within, to old Eden akin,
Only nurture up Eden around him."

Pullman will build cars, and will team with manifold production. Labor will earn fair

wages and capital will get generous returns. But better than factory, and richer than material production; sweeter than flowers and more beautiful than theater, or library, or church, shall be the manhood that will be developed here. [Long and hearty applause.]

GREETING THE HOST AND HOSTESS.

As the eloquent speaker thus closed his address and the curtain descended, the audience again gave expression to their appreciation by a vigorous clapping of hands.

Again the sociabilities were renewed, and gentlemen visited their lady friends in other parts of the house, or paid their respects to the host and hostess in the right-hand box.

THE PLAY—THE THEATER.

It was 9 o'clock when the curtain again rose and the beautiful play "Esmeralda" was presented by the excellent cast of the Madison Square Company. The play with all its suggestions and pictures of homely life so foreign to the surroundings of those in the audience, was none the less enjoyed because of the difference in station between the old North Carolina farmer, the timid and unlettered lover, and the representatives of wealth to whom they appealed.

The play has so recently been produced in Chicago by the same Company, and fully commented upon in the dramatic column of this paper, that it would be but repetition of words of commendation for author, dramatist and actors to speak of it again in this place. It might be well to state, however, that the stage settings were rich in new scenery painted especially for the production of this play, and Mr. Frohman, manager of the Madison Square Company, says the whole stage belongings are as complete and perfect as any other theater in the country. Labor and expense and experience have not been spared to make this a model theater, and the result shows that Mr. Pullman has carried this idea out in every detail, from the elegantly furnished cloak and toilet rooms, to the stage settings and the seating arrangement of the auditorium. It may also be stated that Mr. Pullman will retain the control of the theater himself, and every performance will be first-class in every particular. No questionable performance, and no company of secondary merit will be allowed on the stage. The theater will be a model of its kind, as is everything about the little city where it finds home. It will seek to cultivate

the very highest standard of dramatic art, and the people are assured that they need never fear for the teaching it gives the young of Pullman.

LUNCHEON AND HOME.

Upon entering the cars to return home the

party found tables spread with an elegant collation, and the trip into the city was rendered most enjoyable in every way. The unanimous verdict of every one was that the party was without exception, the largest, most elegant and successful theater party that had ever been given.

