

FINDING KATE

The Unlikely Journey of 20th Century
Healthcare Advocate
Kate Macy Ladd

Meryl Carmel



Open Door Publications

Finding Kate
The Unlikely Story of 20th Century Healthcare
Advocate Kate Macy Ladd
Copyright© 2018 by Meryl Carmel

ISBN: 978-0-9981208-8-1

All rights reserved
Printed in the United States of America

No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without the written permission of the author except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.

Published by
Open Door Publications
2113 Stackhouse Dr.
Yardley, PA 19067
www.OpenDoorPublications.com

Cover design: Eric Labacz, www.labaczdesign.com
Front cover photo: Kate and Comus at Sunnybranch Farm, circa 1910
(*Courtesy of Edith Macy Shoenborn*)

For Doug, my North Star and companion on every journey.

“Free to choose a life of ease and pleasure she has been guided since childhood by a consuming desire to be of service to those in suffering or need or eager for education and growth. A self denying champion of the good and fair in life she has added to her many other deeds of generosity also the sponsorship of science and its contributions to the welfare of mankind...”

From the Josiah Macy Jr. Foundation Archives
New York, New York

Preface

WHY WAS I SO DRAWN TO KATE MACY LADD? Looking back, it appears that our lives were meant to intersect. Once I decided to find Kate, I had to dig below the surface to understand who she was and why she responded to people in need of care and compassion. Uncannily, as I searched for her motivations, I illuminated my own. Bringing to light aspects of another woman's life is a way of showing respect for her unrecognized contributions, and I had been training for a mission of this kind since I was a little girl. I have long yearned to tell another woman's story. At an early age I was inspired to learn about people from the past when I first discovered the *Patriot Signature Biography* series at the library. For me, these tales brought to life the prominent Americans who explored the continent and established the nation, including a lone female, Elizabeth Griscom Betsy Ross (aka Elizabeth Calhoun).

In 1960, the story of Betsy Ross particularly captivated me because it was the first biography of a woman that I ever read. My teachers offered scant information about the achievements of women. Betsy was the exception. I learned that she was born into a Quaker family, married three times, and became the mother of many daughters. Her defining achievement was the creation of the first American flag. I accepted that while the "great men" explored new lands, waged war, and led the nation, this seamstress lived simply in my hometown of Philadelphia. I embraced the private and domestic nature of her contribution to history, and I was motivated to pick up needle and thread and attempt to sew a small sampler in her honor. I eagerly visited her home, and it was there, in the tiny row house on Arch Street, that history came to life for me for the first time.

For years thereafter I believed, as I had been taught, that at the invitation of George Washington, my female heroine spun the thread, wove the cloth, and sewed the first American flag. Never mind that the legend of Betsy Ross was just that—a fabrication. Over time, I

was astounded to learn that much of what I had read in my history books was inaccurate and that key information about women's lives and contributions to American society was limited or missing altogether.

For a time, I was enamored with the field of archeology, delicately unearthing the remnants of long-ago lives with small hand tools and determination. In graduate school I gravitated to the study of Colonial women and the twentieth century historians who were committed to illuminating women's lives through a careful reconstruction of the past. Happily, I discovered the work of one Colonial woman who was a historian in her own right: Mercy Otis Warren. A member of an eminent New England family, this remarkable woman wrote an early and comprehensive account of the Revolutionary War published in 1805. In three volumes, and more than 1,300 pages, her *History of the Rise, Progress, and Termination of the American Revolution* was praised by political leaders of the day. President Thomas Jefferson was so impressed with Warren's insightful work that he presented copies of the book to all of his cabinet members.

My own research focused on Colonial era Quaker women who lived in Maryland and Delaware at roughly the same time that Betsy Ross lived in Philadelphia. Through an analysis of primary sources, I reconstructed the stories of their lives, seeking to provide fresh insights about women of the period. The female Friends I studied were generous spirits who tended hearth and home and, like Betsy, spun thread to weave into cloth to sew garments for their families. In the latter half of the eighteenth century, however, despite their inherently domestic roles, the Quaker women I came to know assumed decidedly public roles traveling from their farms to local court houses to sign and witness the deeds of manumission that legally freed their slaves from servitude. It was humbling to document and contemplate the participation of conscientious women setting aside their household duties to participate in their society's effort to eliminate slaveholding by 1792. My experience documenting the actions of rural Quaker women only confirmed for me the need to research and retrieve history about women's lives. Ideally, I hoped to find one woman to be the subject of my future work. She would be generous of spirit and, like my female Friends, a person who showed

compassion toward others. I was not sure just how I would find her.

It was not until 2007 when I realized that my subject had been waiting for me in the shadows a short way from my home. Her name was Kate Macy Ladd, and as I read in the park brochure about the women's convalescent home she established right on her estate, I knew that this was an act that set her apart from other women of her era, and that it represented Kate's extraordinary compassion toward women. I was sure that it was the key to understanding her, and that I must dutifully bring it to light. *Finding Kate* is her story, and in a way my own.

How the Journey Began

IT ALL STARTED WITH A HIKE IN EARLY FALL 2007. On that September Sunday, I set out for a local county park I had not visited before. The colors of autumn lacked confidence, and a sunless sky muted them even further. Yet, vast verdant lawns extended in every direction. Overlooking it all sat an imposing mansion, the jewel in one of the region's foremost grand estates: Natirar. The name conveys a hint of opulence entirely in keeping with the considerable cachet of the area; but significantly, the property's southern edge is defined by a narrow bubbling river, a branch of the Raritan, and although it diminishes the mystique of an exotic name, Natirar is merely an anagram for Raritan.

The lush and expansive area between Morristown and Somerville, New Jersey, became host to a great variety of country homes or "cottages" in the Gilded Age, resulting in an elegant estate enclave that continued to expand well into the twentieth century. Affluent industrialists and their families populated Natirar's neighbor estates. More recently, Natirar itself has been the home of the King of Morocco, an intimate of the rich and famous. Malcolm Forbes and Jackie Kennedy Onassis were among the elite who called these hills home at one time or another. As I scanned the landscape, I recalled that President Dwight D. Eisenhower used to fish the very river within my gaze.

Connected to New York by rail, the Somerset Hills made an idyllic residence for those with city business ties and cultural interests, but who wished to come home to a "country" retreat. It was easy to succumb to the allure of the Somerset Hills, originally known as the Upper Raritan Valley of New Jersey. The area is tucked away in a peaceful and picturesque corner of the Garden State. Since the mid-nineteenth century wealthy individuals had been discovering the distinct pleasures of summering just forty miles west of New York City; before the close of the century, many chose to become part of the more permanent colony that was developing in these gentle and

luxurious hills.

On that autumn day in 2007, as I completed the pleasant loop trail, I noticed a park kiosk with a wooden box labeled “Trail Maps.” Inside was a well-designed publication, *Welcome to Natirar*, which provided more than the promised map. I learned that Natirar is a 411-acre property located in Somerset County, divided among the municipalities of Peapack-Gladstone (247 acres), Far Hills (124 acres), and Bedminster (40 acres). The North Branch of the Raritan River and the Peapack Brook traverse the property. Most importantly, I discovered that Natirar was formerly the estate of Kate Macy Ladd and Walter Graeme Ladd. The property features extensive lawns and woodlands, river access, and scenic views as well as historic farm buildings and various other residential structures and outbuildings dating from the mid-eighteenth through mid-nineteenth centuries. As the brochure notes, “Natirar presents a unique opportunity for a single property to preserve, showcase, and interpret many aspects of the area’s rich architectural, cultural, historic, and archeological heritage.”

But I was more interested in the people of Natirar. Catherine (“Kate”) Everit Macy Ladd and her husband, Walter Graeme Ladd, began to acquire land in Somerset County in April 1905. Eventually, they created one of the largest estates in the area, Natirar, encompassing some thousand acres stretching from what is now Route 206 on the west, across the North Branch of the Raritan River on the east, and from Highland Avenue in Peapack on the north, to what is now Route 202 on the south. The Ladd’s brick, 40-room Tudor-style mansion was completed in 1912. It was designed by Guy Lowell, a Boston-born architect who is most famous for his design of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and the New York County Court House on Foley Square in Manhattan.

The Ladds and their wealth fascinated me, but it was a brief paragraph in the park brochure that riveted my attention and brought together the “perfect storm” of personal and professional interests that led to this book. I read that in 1908 Mrs. Ladd established a convalescent facility on the Natirar estate, originally at “Maple Cottage,” a large residence that once stood along Peapack Road where “deserving gentlewomen who are compelled to depend upon their own exertions for support shall be entertained without charge, for

periods of time while convalescing from illness, recuperating from impaired health, or otherwise in need of rest.”

The fact that the estate’s original owner, Kate Macy Ladd chose to provide a convalescent home on this stunning property for women “who are compelled to depend upon their own exertions for support” stopped me in my tracks. I am well aware that in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, as today, the activities of wealthy women included entertaining; attending luncheons, dinners, and society parties; supporting the opera and theater; and participating in garden clubs and literary societies and, as time permitted, doing their bit for those less fortunate. But the notion of an affluent woman, more than a century ago, establishing a women’s convalescent facility on her property struck me as remarkable and unique.

I left the park that day feeling intrigued, excited, and certain that I must know more about Natirar and Kate. I was simply following my curiosity at first. Of course, that is how all good journeys begin. I love to explore the physical world, navigating trails with the assurance of compass and map; but as an amateur archeologist and historian I have been trained to navigate through time—to sift through earth, sand, shells, paper, and myriad fragments of the past. Whether hiking the present or sifting the past, I have learned that following a trail requires persistence and faith and, as my search for Kate has taught me, a willingness to accept that the story of another woman’s life falling into my hands, piece by piece, through amazing coincidences and connections neither of us could have imagined, could bring with it an obligation to tell her story.

A stroke of luck further convinced me to follow Kate’s trail. Just when I was ready to give up, source material being scarce, I stumbled upon a memoir written by her in 1929. It was offered online by an antiquarian bookseller in the Adirondacks. The bookseller’s tasteful website provided a telephone contact number. I decided to call and a pleasant voice answered the phone immediately. I learned that the memoir was found in a carton filled with textbooks at a home on Long Island. Within minutes, the transaction was complete. My first primary source had been purchased and shipped by day’s end, and I was reminded of how much has changed since 1929. Today an online search makes it possible to hunt for almost anything in the comfort of your own home. Digging in the past can be merely a click away.

Nevertheless, I had a sense that it would require time and persistence to unravel and reconstruct Kate's past.

Kate's memoir arrived in pristine condition, 269 cream-colored pages interspersed with copies of nineteenth century photographs, carefully protected by thin sheets of tissue paper. I eagerly opened the leather cover to find a picture of six-year-old Kate, a shy-looking child, her delicate face dominated by her dark eyes. The volume is inscribed: "For dearest Helen with fond love from Kate."

When Kate began her memoir, the stock market had recently plummeted, and even though her personal wealth was not affected, she felt distressed over the misfortune of others. By the fall of 1929, she was troubled by a variety of family and household issues as well. Her husband, Walter, suggested that she write a sketch about her life. He thought this might be a distraction from her worries, and Kate took his recommendation to heart.

Her memoir spans the years 1863 to 1929. In the preface Kate attributes her joy in life to her early religious training and faith in a Higher Power, her splendid parents, devoted husband, fine and capable physicians, and her greatest blessing, "a most unusual woman whom I had as a companion for twenty-five years." With the completion of her memoir, which was published by the venerable Mosher Press in Portland, Maine, Kate felt temporarily uplifted. She was pleased when the beautifully bound books arrived at her New Jersey home, and she carefully personalized them for friends and relatives.

Further investigation reveals that a few months later, perhaps emboldened by her recent "literary" accomplishment, as well as appreciative of the preservation of her wealth, Kate shifted gears. She moved forward with a plan that had long been on her mind. Inspired by the example of generations of family involvement in charitable work, and moved by a desire to honor her beloved father, she established a medical foundation in his memory. Simply called "The Josiah Macy Jr. Foundation," it was a significant aspect of her philanthropic legacy and yet one that has remained in the shadows. Reflecting upon Kate's creation of Maple Cottage for convalescing women, and her establishment of a medical foundation that persists to this day I became more determined than ever to "find" Kate.

Chapter 1

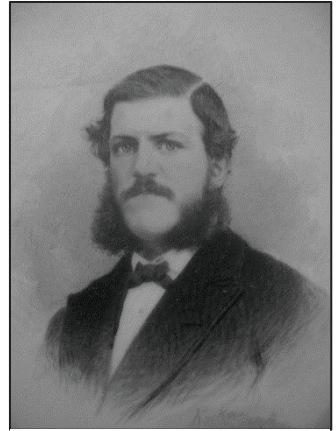
KATE EVERIT MACY WAS BORN at 55 West Twenty-Eighth Street, New York City, at a time when a child of privilege entered the world in the privacy and comfort of home, on April 6, 1863 at 8 a.m., the Monday after Easter. It had been a snowy winter followed by a muddy early spring, and Kate arrived just as the roads were drying out and the daffodils were peeping up along country lanes. She was greeted by a family circle filled with love. Upon learning the news of her birth her mother's female relatives made their way to her bedside to visit and inspect the small bundle nestled by her breast while the men made haste to attend the St. Nicholas Society gathering at Delmonico's. Kate was the second child in the family; she and her sister Mary, not much more than a baby herself, were showered with attention.

The timing of Kate's arrival could not have been more auspicious: It raised her family's spirits immeasurably. Most Americans felt more apprehension than joy in those days. The front page of *The New York Times* carried grim news of the Civil War. Although the tide of victory appeared to be turning toward the north as the Union cavalry overwhelmed Rebel strongholds throughout Tennessee, her pacifist relatives did not celebrate. They were not buoyed by the news of Union triumph with Vicksburg under siege and Fort Sumter facing bombardment. The Macys had traded in southern cotton for years and had strong bonds with their Alabama kin; however, they were not Confederate sympathizers. They were northerners, big city merchants, and members of the Society of Friends who opposed slavery. As humanitarians, they were horrified by any kind of cruelty and suffering and outraged by accounts of the goings-on at Richmond where it was reported that desperate women raged in the streets. Hungry and equipped with clubs and stones (and according to some accounts guns) they broke into government stores to secure food and clothing for themselves and their children. The

Macys spoke out against injustice for years to come; their sympathy for unfortunate women and children never diminished.

Kate was the newest addition to the ninth generation of Macys in America. Her parents were Caroline Louise Everit, always known as Carrie, and Josiah Macy Jr. Their families had been well acquainted through the New York Friends Meeting as well as business for years. As leather manufacturers and oil merchants they had more in common than might meet the eye. The family lines intermingled as the old Quakers tended to worship, socialize, and marry within the Religious Society of Friends. As Kate's Grandfather Macy put it, a man should "look for a wife not far from the chimney of his father's house."

Carrie and Josiah were wed on the bride's twentieth birthday, December 9, 1858, in a simple Quaker ceremony at her home, witnessed by relatives and friends who signed the marriage certificate, as was the custom. They made the round of wedding calls to family members all over the city, and soon thereafter the newlyweds traveled to Niagara Falls, Canada, with Josiah's parents, Eliza Jenkins and William Hussey Macy. At that time, Niagara Falls was considered one of the world's greatest natural wonders, recently immortalized in Frederic Edwin Church's majestic oil painting, "Niagara." The nuptial journey (as honeymoons were called) was memorialized with an early photograph of the two couples perched self-consciously on a simple wooden bench, the mighty falls cascading in the background. Boaters, swimmers, barrel riders, and tightrope walkers—all manner of thrill seekers—sought fame and fortune at the falls. The first to attempt a dangerous stunt was a showman trained in the tradition of the European circus; he walked the tightrope over the gushing waters just months after the Macy wedding trip. Even more stunning than this was the derring-do of a young woman who crossed the cavernous gorge walking backward on a taut wire. A paper bag covered her head, a wooden peach basket sheathed each foot!



Josiah Macy Jr., 1838-1876 (*Courtesy of the Macy Family*)

The newlyweds were aware of the notoriety attached to the place of their first journey as man and wife. Although they were members of the Society of Friends, they were not provincials. With their nuptial trip to Niagara they were very much in the forefront of the customs of the time. They were stunned, however, to learn that some men and women had become fixated with Niagara for another reason, which no one mentioned within earshot of children. The eerily beautiful falls were like a magnet to would-be suicides whose desperate deeds were recorded in newspapers throughout the country, shocking even perfect strangers.

Leaving the excitement associated with Niagara behind, Carrie and Josiah settled down into a calm and predictable daily routine that was consistent with their similar upbringing. For Carrie this meant managing her first household aided by a housemaid, a task for which she had been in training for years. She aimed to perfect the creation of a home that would serve as a refuge for her husband, who went off to the offices of Josiah Macy and Sons on Front Street early each morning. They lived close to Josiah's parents, renting a variety of homes for a number of years, and were never too far from Carrie's family. The young couple regularly visited with their relations, spending Sundays at Quaker meeting, followed by tea or supper on Twenty-First Street in Manhattan or in Brooklyn Heights, a short ferry ride away.

Chapter 2

CAROLINE LOUISE EVERIT WAS THE DAUGHTER of Beulah Elma Kirby and Valentine Everit, well-respected Brooklyn Friends. The Everits were Brooklyn and Long Island people going back before the Revolutionary War. Carrie and her siblings were raised in the fashionable part of town. At the time of her birth, Brooklyn was the seventh most populated municipality in the nation, and her father was considered one of Brooklyn's elite as affirmed in a guide to Brooklyn's wealthiest citizens. As a successful leather merchant, he was a member of a circle of businessmen that included the Macys. Kate's grandfathers were well acquainted through the Leather Merchants Association and Bank of which William Macy was president, as well as their Friends Meeting.

Valentine Everit operated a tannery in Brooklyn and conducted commerce at 32 Ferry Street in an area called "the Swamp" where the top leather manufacturers congregated. He had worked there since his youth alongside his father, Kate's great-grandfather Thomas Everit (also spelled Everett), who carried on several businesses before settling on the leather trade. Born and raised in 1764, people called Thomas Everit a scholar. He was said to be happiest when surrounded by his books, yet he was a practical man and understood the need to earn a living so he exchanged his beloved volumes of Shakespeare and Greek and Roman history for a butcher's knife and apron. He and his brother



Caroline Louise Everit Macy,
1838-1898 (Courtesy of the
Macy Family)

assumed their father's stall in the Old Fly Market at the foot of Maiden Lane. This was the site of slave auctions prior to becoming a well-known food market where meat, fish, and produce were hawked under covered stalls.

The Everit men had been butchers for generations without interruption until Thomas Everit's father took leave of his stall to go off to fight in the Revolutionary War. He joined the Long Island militia, and he served as second lieutenant in Captain Adolph Waldon's Light Horse Brigade, participating in the Battle of Long Island. This was the first major action of the war fought under General George Washington and a major defeat for the Americans; it resulted in their evacuation of New York in August 1776.

Lt. Everit was never a member of the Religious Society of Friends. It was not until after he married and tried his hand at farming at Hempstead that his son Thomas Everit, Jr. joined the Society of Friends in what was a thriving Quaker community that included the Titus, Hicks, Underhill, and Willets clans, with whom the family's future would be intertwined. The Society of Friends informed much of what the Everits and Macys believed and chose to do in life. Although he was comfortable following the ways of the Friends, Thomas Jr. was not so well suited for farming, and so he and his wife, Susannah Valentine, returned to Brooklyn where good land for homes could be acquired cheaply. Uniting with his brothers he became a heavy leather dealer.¹

The leather business had its ups and downs, but eventually was passed on to Valentine, who referred to himself as a leather manufacturer. He was involved with a group of local businessmen, many of whom were Quakers. He built a store and carried on trade on Ferry Street. With improvements in production methods, Valentine engaged in a far less gruesome enterprise than did his forebears. In an earlier period, the Everits had earned their living butchering pigs and cows; while in Nantucket, the Macys slaughtered whales for their highly prized sperm oil. By the time Kate was born, both sides of the family had progressed to new trades and prospered in their businesses. As butchers, tanners, whalers, and merchants they were all hardworking men who passed down their Quaker values of modesty, philanthropy, and compassion—values that would one day define Kate as well.

While the Macys often seemed larger-than-life to Kate, she knew far less about her Everit ancestors. Her grandfather Valentine shared stories about his father's generous and charitable nature, explaining that he and fellow Brooklyn Friends were committed to aiding the sick and poor and ensuring that fuel and foodstuffs were available to those in need throughout the difficult winter months. Along with a small band of Quaker merchants Thomas Everit pledged to rid a particularly unsavory downtown district of a level of vice, filth, and poverty said to rival the notorious Five Points area of New York City. Joining together, the men managed to clean up those mean streets. While there is no record of how this was accomplished, their efforts were recognized with gratitude by residents in the vicinity and acknowledged in the press. Although they were modest people, Kate's relatives did not mind good publicity, and they also seemed to relish having their images captured by photographers who appeared to be setting up studios on every corner in Brooklyn and Manhattan. Kate's home was filled with portraits, daguerreotypes, hand-painted miniatures on ivory (sometimes encased in gemstones). Eventually, photographs—countless photographs—were grandly displayed in sterling frames or placed in elaborately decorated velvet, satin, or leather-covered books so that they might easily be viewed and admired.

Kate's dearth of information about the early Everits stemmed from the fact that her mother, Carrie, had no memory of her altruistic grandfather Thomas and so she shared little information about him or his wife, Susannah Valentine. This was in stark contrast to Kate's father, Josiah, who was more well-versed in his family story. However, Carrie's father, Valentine Everit, had a pair of sisters whom Carrie knew well. They were called Phebe and Catherine; Catherine was the first Catherine Everit, Kate was the third. Phebe was the last Phebe in the line.

The daughters of a successful merchant such as Thomas Everit, whose American roots were planted in Connecticut in 1632, could expect to marry into the family of a wealthy businessman, and Catherine Everit managed just that. At age sixteen she wed Robert Titus Hicks, the son of Whitehead Hicks, a prosperous lumber merchant and one of the founders of the Seventh Ward where the early New York merchants located their homes and businesses. He

followed in his father's mercantile footsteps, establishing a chandlery business at Crane's Wharf near Fulton Market. In time he owned a fleet of sailing vessels engaged in the South American and the West Indies trade, making Catherine a very wealthy young matron. Carrie's Hicks relations retired to Poughkeepsie and built an elegant country seat, after which the Everits saw them sparingly. It was not until her husband died that Catharine Hicks returned to Brooklyn, living on Hicks Street near Everit kin.

Phebe did not fare as well. Marriage prospects for a second daughter were often somewhat dimmer; in this case her father's sudden reversal of fortune may have also worked against her. The family owned a showplace of a house on Willow Street where blue Catawba grapes ripened on vines in a sunny garden. This fine address was a gathering place for local society and enabled the Everit daughters to mingle with Brooklyn's finest families. But once the family's fortune dwindled it was necessary to sell their showplace and move into a more ordinary house. Their society-driven existence abruptly ended, and Thomas died not long thereafter. Phebe Everit was consigned to share a home with her widowed mother; after her mother died, Phebe joined Carrie's family.

Phebe's unfortunate life might have provided food for thought for her great-niece Kate. Catherine Everit had made a spectacular marriage but her younger sister was left out in the cold. Kate knew that men had greater control of their lives than women. To marry or not was their own decision; bachelors were well-thought-of while spinsters were disdained. An unattached gentleman was the beneficiary of feminine fawning and attention, sought after as an escort and included on the guest list for all the best society occasions. Everyone had such a man in the family: a charming, gracious raconteur, well-traveled and always good company. A double standard governed relations between the sexes and gave women limited options in life.

This could have been somewhat confusing to a girl raised in an egalitarian nineteenth century Quaker family. Female Friends were educated and encouraged to possess a distinct voice and develop leadership skills in their Women's Meetings. Their opinions about religious and community matters were sought and granted equal consideration. And the women of Nantucket from whom Kate

descended were strong and independent by necessity.

Kate also saw the traditional Quaker influence in the way her maternal grandmother dressed. Beulah Everit, the picture of sweetness with delicate features, wore prim, dark frocks that never went out of style. Her gowns had long full skirts of wool or silk for First Day, the simple bodice enhanced only by a sheer lawn kerchief to match her cap. Over her shoulders she wore a shawl to precisely match her dress. A special occasion or a formal portrait called for greater finery but the effect was always the same. A ruffle here or there did nothing to alter the overall proper and buttoned up look.

Unlike Beulah Everit, Carrie Macy was very modern and would rebel mightily against what she considered old-time Quaker dress; she was what some called a worldly Quaker. Carrie passed on her love of fashion to Kate, who never tired of dressing up. Carrie's silks, laces, and furs were always exquisite; she never wore a prim little white cap.



Mary "Mae" Kingsland Macy, age 10, and Kate Everit Macy, age 8 (*Courtesy of the Macy Family*)

In her youth a leghorn bonnet, or later a French Chapeau created by Vennet in Paris was more her mode, and her hair was always perfectly dressed with swirls and braids woven throughout her thick, dark tresses. When she finally traveled to Paris she kept the dressmakers busy filling trunks for the trip home with skirts and dresses and down-filled petticoats for herself and friends. She was not insistent on Worth Couture like her favorite sister-in-law Mary Kingsland, who patronized the popular high-fashion design house whenever she visited Paris. And yet in a way, she did share Mary's taste for expensive finery; Carrie was mad for old Venetian and Flemish lace.

After they married, Josiah spoiled her with costly antique laces. She had exquisite pieces transformed into elaborate dress collars that made a real statement—what a contrast they were to her mother's simply adorned necklines and lawn

collars! While she owned a few pieces of ancient lace, Beulah Everit's taste was more subdued. It was not for lack of money—she could have been outfitted by the finest dressmakers in New York—but this was of no interest to her. She was simply prim and modest in every way. It was her way of life.

Another Quaker custom that appealed to Kate was the simple Friends marriage ceremony even though she would not follow the custom herself. It is a hallmark of Quaker matrimony that the couple undertakes marriage on equal terms, neither one promising obedience to the other. No one said “I promise to love, honor and *obey* 'til death do us part.” It was universally accepted that couples should have “no rule but love between them.” Obedience was expected based on cooperation. Once vows were exchanged and the congregation observed a brief period of silence, the large marriage certificate, carefully written and embellished on fine paper, would be displayed and signed by those who witnessed the ceremony. Beulah Kirby's sister Sarah Ann and Valentine Everit's brother Henry had become man and wife following this distinctly Quaker tradition several years before Beulah's marriage, and they were among the family witnesses when Kate's grandparents were joined in matrimony.

Kate assumed that it was through their respective siblings that her shy, older grandfather, a thirty-eight-year-old bachelor, came to know and eventually court her grandmother who was a dozen years his junior. She wondered if her grandmother had fallen in love with his romantic sounding name of Valentine. It was his mother's family name, one which would appear in future male generations despite its cherubic ring. The couple married the day after St. Valentine's Day, and their first child, Carrie, arrived before year's end.

Beulah and Valentine raised a good size brood, most of which reached adulthood—no small feat in those days of high childhood mortality. Their son Thomas would become his father's partner. He married Caroline Lansing and their first baby, a son, was born soon after Kate. His death fifteen months later struck fear in the hearts of Carrie and Josiah; perhaps this explains why they tended to hover over Kate and her sister so closely. Happily, Thomas and his wife produced three girls in quick succession: Anna, Helen, and Beulah; however, the Everit line ended in that generation.

By the 1850s Beulah and Valentine Everit owned a handsome

brownstone at 64 Clark Street, a fashionable address. The Brooklyn neighborhood streets were graced with lovely names: Willow, Orange, Pineapple, and Love Lane, and lined with cherry trees whose puffy blossoms were softly scented in the spring.

During her youth, Carrie's neighborhood was a peaceful and comfortable place and boasted some of the finest homes in the vicinity. It was an elite enclave of merchants and professional men, worlds apart from the hectic and crowded wards of Manhattan. In her rarefied corner of Brooklyn Heights, Carrie Everit attended Quaker meeting and, with her mother's patient guidance, mastered the lessons of Victorian domesticity while maintaining a slightly independent bent. Always a quick study, she was tutored in reading, writing, and mathematics and she was known to have a keen head for figures. As a young lady she traveled over to Manhattan by ferry to visit friends, attend religious gatherings, or enjoy shopping along the Ladies' Mile. When she decided to marry a young man from across the East River she felt comfortable knowing it would always be easy to return home to the Heights. By the late 1850s dependable ferry service existed between Fulton Street and Lower Manhattan, with travel time under five minutes and the fare just a few cents each way.²

While she prepared for a life of marriage and family, her brother Thomas operated under the wing of their father, learning the tanner's trade and participating in mercantile affairs as heir apparent to the Everit leather manufacturing business. At home, Carrie, and to some extent her sister Catherine, helped with their two younger siblings, Anna, who married Laurence Hurlburt, the son of a Utica lawyer, and baby of the family Edward Augustus, who must have been a surprise to Beulah at age forty-two. Before he arrived there were two other little babes who were not long in this world, William Henry and Valentine, Jr.

The youngest Everit child, Edward, was just age four or five when Carrie wed and was more of an older brother to Kate and Mary; he was expected to keep a watchful eye out for them as they became young ladies and often accompanied them on excursions and holidays, which Carrie paid for. She was dependably generous with her less affluent siblings, bringing them along when the family traveled and making sure they enjoyed simple luxuries, and was considered a model daughter and sister: dutiful, loving, and

considerate. After she died, her relatives were financially set for life.

Carrie and Josiah's marriage ceremony took place at the Everitt home. The newlyweds made a striking pair. Carrie was pretty and petite, with dark hair and penetrating eyes to match. Josiah was tall, angular, and blue-eyed, with mutton chops. He was infatuated by his bride, and letters reveal that he remained so always. He believed that Carrie was a perfect wife except for the fact that unlike the Macys she was never much of a letter writer. He said that this was the only thing that she could not do equal to anyone.

Carrie Macy was passionate about many things. She was descended from people who, like the Macys, were committed to helping those less fortunate, a pledge that increased as her own fortune grew, and she instilled her values in her children. If someone needed to borrow money she rarely refused to make the loan, and never expected to be repaid. Anonymous acts of generosity were her hallmark, and this impressed Kate, who wanted to follow her mother and use her inherited wealth to "do good" in a quiet and unobtrusive manner.