

THE TWISTING TRAIL

by

JAMES DRUMMOND ELLSWORTH

Dedicated to my grandchildren,
Edith and James Robert Scannell and
Sylvia and Jeremiah Domenech Ellsworth,
to read and be tolerant.

J. D. E.

December, 1936.

To the Historical Library
the Memorial to pioneers
and pioneering.

In gratitude
James Ellsworth

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My adventures in life began in the small Massachusetts town of Milford. It was a town where they made shoes, but the only environment which counted with me was the parsonage of a young Congregationalist minister, and in that home I grew and waxed fat for some three or four years. I must have been a backward baby because I have not the slightest of memories for those years.

My first and rather vague memories are of Newburn in North Carolina. Both my father and an aunt who lived with us were fond of riding and took Jamie, as they called me, to ride in front of one or the other of them. It was in such a fashion that I was taken to a farm where peanuts were raised. The huge piles of drying peanut vines made such an impression that, to this day, I see them in the background of every peanut stand on the city streets.

We had two colored servants, Nan and Lill. To my mind Nan was the good sister and Lill the bad sister, and when Lill chopped the toes off Nan's recently acquired shoes, I was sure of it.

Another vivid memory was that of a visit to a little work shop with a variety of tools which I was aching to handle.

Of the more important incidents of that period I have no recollection whatever. I cannot recall, for example, going to the medicine closet and taking a good long drink out of the ammonia bottle and getting a burned throat which was cured with much difficulty. This experience took away most of my fat and much of my strength so that I fell an easy victim to a prevailing malady and became so sick that the doctor said my life could not be saved. The trouble seemed to be that I was unable to take any nourishment. When the doctor could do nothing, my father asked if there was any additional danger in trying an experiment. He was assured that nothing could make me any worse. So he fed me bits of salt codfish which I was able to retain and which started me on the road to recovery.

Newburn did not do much for me; rather it robbed me of my former robust health. Naturally this was not the fault of the town, or the reconstruction period, or my parents. The responsibility was wholly my

own, and I may add that the ammonia incident has made me reluctant ever since to drink out of bottles.

Childhood in Weymouth Landing

It is a peculiarity of many Massachusetts towns that they are divided up according to the points of the compass, as North, South, East and West, but Weymouth had a variation in Weymouth Landing. This village clustered around the head of navigation of Fore River, famous once for building yachts and steam launches and later for important ship yards.

All this came later, for at my time only a few small coasters carrying coal came up to the docks and lay on the mud flats at low tide.

Our house was on a hill side overlooking the coal sheds. The front yard was pleasantly landscaped with shrubs and evergreen trees, according to the New England custom, but the back yard was my playground. Behind the house was a railroad cut and three or four times a day an old fashioned locomotive with a flaring smoke stack would be hauling trains to or from Boston, and making the air vibrate with its puff, puff, puffing. There was a private bridge over the cut which gave access to the part of the property on which stood the stable, always an attraction to small boys. Then, as during most of his life, my father kept a driving horse. The one I recall seemed to me a very handsome gray. The stable was also used as a storehouse for unused odds and ends, among them at one time being a small stove. For some unaccountable reason it was my brother and not I who started a fire in this stove and inadvertently burned up the barn, fortunately when there was no horse within.

I took this catastrophe very much to heart as I had frequently thought of doing just what my brother did.

The house itself was early Victorian, square with a mansard roof. It had either been built or rebuilt for two families and two elderly maiden sisters, the Misses Loud, owned it and lived in the right hand part.

A Child Looks at Death

During our occupancy one of the sisters died and as she lay in her coffin I looked for the first time on death, and, as I believe, without fear or any particular emotion. But the picture of that nice old lady, calm in her eternal sleep, remained with me for years and in

fact is not entirely effaced after half a century of diverse sights in many parts of the world.

Many years afterward in the cathedral of Milan I saw in the crypt a plate glass casket, brightly lighted with electricity, containing the remains of a popular Archbishop. Rich garments covered his bones, a jewelled crown rested on his hairless skull and another and even richer crown was suspended above it. The bones of his fingers were still encircled with priceless rings, immovable but flashing in the rays of the incandescent lights as I myself moved. The spectacle was garish in the extreme. The brilliance of the light and the jewels in contrast to what had been the Archbishop, recalled the phrase, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

That picture will also remain in my mind, but it does, not like the other, seem a picture of death.

In Weymouth Landing there was a druggist, a Mr. Ambler, with a genial manner but with a built-up boot to compensate for a shortened leg. A cousin of my father's, the Rev. Fullerton, had the same infirmity and attractive manner, both of which characteristics I found later in a business friend in Buffalo. My boyish idea that these two characteristics were somehow related became well grounded although in recent years the short-legged gentlemen seem hard to find.

There was a Mr. Pond who visited us in Weymouth Landing who was connected with the Patent Office in Washington. It was said that he knew and could name all the complicated parts which went to make up a locomotive. That made him a hero in my eyes because to me a steam engine was the most wonderful product of mechanical ingenuity, as perhaps it was.

I asked Mr. Pond why they did not make locomotives to run on the streets. His answer, as I recall it, was that in order to produce the power to travel streets, the machine would have to be so heavy that it could not move itself. This answer did not seem entirely satisfactory but it had to suffice.

About that time steam engines were given distinctive names like ships, and boys had notebooks in which they collected as many names as possible. There was the "Comet", the "Rocket", the "Tornado" and hundreds of the same order, until locomotives multiplied to such an extent that numbers were more convenient. With trains, probably numbers were mostly used as now, and it was to catch the popular fancy that names were more

recently added, and advertised. Naturally it was easier to speak of the Twentieth Century or the Congressional Limited than to fix in the mind for only occasional use, an arbitrary collection of digits.

At the age of eight I became a steam engineer on my own account. A friend from Worcester gave me a toy steam engine having a tin boiler the size of a tomato can, with a tiny piston which turned a balance wheel. Supplying the boiler with water and putting the contraption on the hot stove, I could watch the wheel go around until steam as a source of power became an old story.

On rare occasions I was driven down to Nantasket Beach to play in the sand. This was one of those excursions which was looked forward to with eagerness but left no lasting memory. More vivid was the memory of an ice cream in Copeland's restaurant on Tremont Street and the peripatetic Punch and Judy show on Boston Common. The ice cream at Copeland's had the custard taste which boys love and the iron tables and chairs gave a foreign and exotic air to the place.

The Family Moves "Out West"

It was in the year of the great Chicago fire, when I was nine years old, that we left Weymouth Landing for the West, a long, hot, tiresome ride in day coaches, with basket lunches somewhat the worse for travel.

At Chicago we drove in a crowded hack through the still smoking ruins to a rough board shanty where our west-bound train was waiting, already crowded with fleeing victims of the fire, carrying in bags and bundles the few of their possessions which had been saved. The smoky smell of the windy city was fascinating to a small boy not yet old enough to have become dulled to such primitive sensations.

In the interior of Iowa straddling the Cedar River was the town of Waterloo, which was to be a rich field of adventure. I was not conscious of having been affected by my eastern environment but the reality was quickly brought to my attention by the boys of the neighboring families. They said I talked like a "sissie" because I slurred my r's and put a "w" in "calf" and had not the western vigor of speech. The ridicule of my playfellows was constant and under such intensive instruction I soon acquired a western accent which caused unfavorable comment when, a few years later, I visited in Massachusetts. This seems a small matter today but it was serious to a youngster and consequently made a

deep impression. It takes small boys, or girls for that matter, to make a target of anything out of the ordinary in the speech, clothing or actions of one another, and a new comer is given no quarter.

An Iowa Home

Our home was a grim, brown house in a large corner lot on a thoroughfare used by farmers coming to market. In winter they put their wagon boxes on runners to bring wheat to the grain elevators. In the early part of the day it was fine to pick up kernels which fell from the wheat-filled wagon boxes, or to catch on behind with a sled and get a free ride. Unfortunately some of these farmers would spend the day drinking beer, so when they started on their return trip at night they would be lashing their horses and shouting at a great rate. A prudent boy then stayed in his own yard.

The environment at Waterloo had much to recommend it. The Cedar River was a place to fish in summer and skate in winter, and also furnished duck hunting in season. The great wheat fields were unfenced and in the autumn after the harvest, the stubble was the feeding ground of myriads of prairie chickens which could be hunted from field to field.

My father had a team of horses and a two-seated democrat wagon. With two or three companions and their dogs and guns we would set forth for a day's sport. The men would follow the dogs from field to field and I, as driver, would bring up the rear. As birds were shot and retrieved they were thrown into the body of the wagon. I had my own little muzzle-loading shot gun, a family heirloom, but somehow I am unable to recall that I ever personally shot a prairie chicken, but when we drove home at dark the wagon would hold a hundred or two birds, of which each of the other men would take as many as he wanted, leaving the remainder for the parson's large family. As I drove each hunter to his home, he would fish out bird after bird and select the tender ones by the feel of their breast bones. The birds, whether old or young, tasted equally good to me.

In theory, a Waterloo boy could make money trapping ground squirrels and the larger variety called gophers which make such havoc in the fields that a bounty of perhaps five cents was paid for each scalp. This was an ideal sport because it was fun to find the gopher holes, to set the traps and to collect the game, and in addition there was a feeling of patriotic service for which the County was willing to pay. But the

heedlessness of youth made our attempts of little value. We were constantly diverted and as a result little money was really made by town boys. No doubt farmers' sons worked harder and were more successful.

It is sad to recall that two of us discovered that the gopher traps could be used to catch pigeons on the flat roofs of the main street buildings, and a pigeon pie gave us a prompt reward for little effort.

Lessons in Craftsmanship

The effects of my Newburn illness lasted for years and my health was so poor that I could not go the pace of other boys. I was frequently being taken out of school and having no companions during school hours, roamed the town at will, making friends as I could with tradesmen and craftsmen. After I had been standing for an hour watching a blacksmith, he would kindly let me have an iron rod, which I could heat in the forge until red hot and then hammer into some odd shape. This was real fun, but when I tried welding I was seldom successful.

Then when this palled there was a good-natured harnessmaker who taught me the rudiments of his trade, and the tin-smith did likewise, and I was allowed to turn the sausage grinder in the butcher shop.

As I accumulated some small change I secured an awl and waxed ends for small jobs of harness making at home, and a soldering iron for mending holes in the family tin ware, but home-made sausages were never within my scope.

My indifferent health was always an embarrassment and as it kept me from taking part in baseball and rough sports, it increased my sensitiveness. But my worst trial was to be lined up with the family to meet some visiting minister who would look at my sturdy brothers and then turn to me with the words, "Oh, this is the sickly one." It seems to me that no visiting clergyman ever failed to single me out as an inferior being.

I always had a few boy pals, some of whom became lifelong friends, but school children in groups gave me the shivers. I might be playing alone in our yard when a crowd of boys and girls noisily approached on their way to school, and more than once I ran to hide behind the woodpile so as to escape their scrutiny.

Learning about Horses

Horses were cheap in Iowa and we always had them in the stable and in my earliest teens I had the whole care of them. As I rode bareback

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I was always being tossed off and I counted up to thirty-two falls before I ceased to keep track. All the residence blocks were intersected by alleys and a few of us used to play "sheet goal" on horseback. A broom handle or pole would be leaned against a barn and all of us would ride out of sight except the goal keeper. When he sought a victim some one would try to ride in and knock down the pole. If this rider was unsuccessful he would become goal keeper, and if not we would all ride away again and the poor goal keeper would make another try.

Black Betty was my favorite horse. She won a blue ribbon as a combination riding and driving animal but she unfortunately acquired the habit of running amuck when hitched to a buggy or sleigh. On one occasion in winter my father drove out of town to deliver a lecture at a country school house, taking with him a leading lawyer who lived near by. Black Betty evidently became cold and impatient waiting for the end of the lecture, so when she was headed for home she promptly ran away, dumping the parson and the lawyer in the snow.

About the time they were due back we were summoned to the front door to see Betty, her black hair glistening with sweat, and a badly frightened saloon keeper holding the reins. She had burst through the glass door of his place of business as if the devil himself was after her, if indeed she herself were not his Satanic Majesty.

I figured that Betty was going so fast that she could not stop when she passed our place, and with her feet balled with snow had slid into the bar room at the end of the street. The townspeople got a good laugh out of the fact that the dominie's horse headed straight for his favorite resort.

This was only one of Black Betty's many exploits. Finally she achieved such a bad reputation that she was practically turned over to me. I used to ride her day in and day out and even drove her without the slightest fear of a runaway. It would be too much to say in the Kipling style that I learned about horses from her, but without question she taught me a lot.

But in these rambling recollections I am not giving the Cedar River its due place. Following Betty we had a large slate colored horse that I grew to hate most heartily. He was so large and I was so small that he was constantly, whether intentionally or not, stepping on my feet. His previous owner had strangely got him in the habit of breaking into a run as soon as his feet struck the old wooden bridge which spanned

the river and connected the two sections of the town. I was never able to break him of this rather startling peculiarity and I saw him pass into other hands without regret.

Fun on the Cedar River

The river was dammed just above the bridge and below the dam the water was shallow in a broad stony bed. In these shallows I caught my first fish, called a sunfish. It was not so large but I took it home and ate it with proud pleasure. This trifling incident was important to me because my exploit was entirely on my own initiative, without suggestion or advice from any one. In fact no one knew what I secretly planned to do until my success was achieved! Hence that little six-inch sunfish loomed big in my boyish experience.

Above the dam the Cedar River was, of course, broad and deep. It furnished fine skating in winter and was an interesting place to visit during the ice harvest. One day when I had put out alone on my ice skates, my return route was through the midst of the ice cutters. The big blocks of ice were floated in open canals to the runway and a path had been left for the workmen and their pikes. In turning out for these men I attempted to walk over some straw which proved to be only floating on open water. The nearest man fished me out. Doubtless because my clothes were frozen stiff before I got half way home, there were no bad results.

Ducked while Duck-hunting

Again in summer, with another boy who is still my friend, I went duck hunting on the upper reaches of the river. Bert was rowing and I was in the stern of the small boat with the gun. As we got to the edge of the bulrushes I said that we could not row any more but would have to pole or paddle. So I stood up to see what I could see. Contrary to my suggestion Bert took a strong pull at the oars that shot the boat ahead and toppled me into the water. Quickly coming to the surface I seized the gunwale of the boat and started to clamber in, but Bert noticed I had dropped the gun and it was his gun. He would not let me in the boat until the gun had been recovered. Fortunately, after clawing around on the bottom under eight feet of water, I came across the gun and Bert took us both aboard, but we got no ducks that trip.

An Indian Encampment

Some miles above Waterloo on a branch of the river was a favorite Indian camping ground. I quivered with the excitement of the camp smell the first time we approached it. This smell, which I recall as having a suggestion of pole cat, simply drenched the air of the woods for rods around, even before the tepees came into sight.

That these were tame Indians did not destroy the enchantment. The camp itself had a sufficiently wild appearance, with skins of animals stretched out to dry and lazy smoke issuing from the peak of the conical tepees. It was only in town that the Indians lost their romantic charm, for they were beggars and their methods were peculiar. I recall the family sitting in the parlor around the hard coal stove called a "base burner." It was pleasant to watch the fire through the isinglass stove windows, but not so pleasant to look around suddenly into the stoical faces of three or four Indians, squaws most likely, who had entered the house without the slightest sound. "White man give," was the demand which my father once met by a present of some old shoes. Before the departing savages had passed the limits of our yard all the shoes were nonchalantly thrown over the fence, as utterly useless for their moccasined feet.

Enter Romance

I could not have been more than twelve when I first lost my heart. At the County Fair a feature of the simple horse show was the outfit of an east side banker, probably named Farley. Four beautifully matched gray horses were harnessed to an open carriage. Mr. Farley had wide flowing whiskers and wore a fawn-colored high hat. On the back seat with Mrs. Farley was a beautiful girl, with blue eyes and blonde curls, who reminded me of a princess from a fairy story.

I gazed, spellbound as a commoner towards royalty, at a picture I could never forget. My delight can therefore be imagined when a day or so later I was invited to a children's party at the Farley's. Moreover it was decided that we should play marriage, with this same little girl as bride and (by the goodness of the fates) with me as bridegroom. All my wonted bashfulness was submerged and I was in a state to believe anything after that. Forty years later I dined in one of the old New Orleans houses and after dinner found myself on a veranda with a white-haired old

lady, who got me to tell something of my past life. When I mentioned having lived in Waterloo, she said that she too had made it her home. Then I told her of the four gray horses. Yes, she remembered them, they were her husband's. "And do you remember the fair-haired little girl who rode with you at the fair grounds and for whom you gave a party?", I asked. "Oh yes, she was my niece. She is married now and lives in South Dakota with three fine children. She is still charming and very happy." "I am glad," I responded. The incident was closed.

Practical Agriculture

A friend of my father's had a farm about three miles out of town, where in my early teens I went for a visit. There for the first time in my life I really earned my bread by the sweat of my brow. It was the season of the spring planting and my first job was dropping corn into the hills. A gunny sack was arranged to hang from my shoulder and in each hill I deposited five kernels, "one for the blackbird, one for the crow, one for the cutworm and two to grow."

It was my father's idea that farm work might improve my health and probably it was not without its benefits, morally as well as physically.

But the long hours in the field seemed pretty tedious, so occasionally I was changed to pulling pigweed for the hogs. That too palled, but when four horses were hitched to a breaking plow to turn up the sod of the virgin prairie and I was given the reins, farm life seemed more attractive.

But in spite of the healthful life I was living there came another setback for in one summer I had measles, scarlet fever and pneumonia in quick succession. Again my life was saved by a narrow margin and again I was left a semi-invalid.

On the whole however the life in Waterloo was rough and wholesome. It was mainly an outdoor life even in winter, when I wore copper-toed boots. These would become so soaked with snow and slush that to dry them without shrinking we filled them with oats before we stood them by the kitchen stove.

In winter it was not uncommon to have a barrel of frozen game outside the kitchen door and to haul out a bird or perhaps a rabbit as needed. To tempt my appetite when I was recovering from my long illness,

one of our good friends went into the marshes and shot a brace of woodcock especially for me.

Perhaps my most definite impressions at that time came from human contacts not so much with those of my own age as with older people. Some of these contacts seem as fresh in my mind as if they had occurred yesterday, but I shall make one of them suffice.

One day Bill Whitney, an east side livery stable keeper, drew up in front of the house, with a very bony horse hitched to an ordinary democrat wagon. Why a light wagon with a shallow box body should have been called a democrat wagon I never found out, but such was the case in those pre-automobile days. With the impudence of short pants I sang out, "Say, Mr. Whitney, why don't you feed your horse more oats?" "What's the matter with him?", replied Bill. "Why, he's so thin I can see all of his ribs," was my rejoinder. "Oh," said Bill, with a twinkle in his eye, "He's a democrat horse and the fat is all on the inside."

At the time the political significance of this remark was lost on me, but when I finally got the point I was as amused at my own innocence as I was with Bill's dry humor. Occasionally I drove around with Bill Whitney and can remember some of his sayings, but when, many years afterward, I wrote him of these memories I found that he remembered my father but had forgotten me completely. This might be merely another illustration of youth's greater susceptibility to impressions.

But my friend Bert, who made me dive for his gun, and who has become an important banker of the west and still lives within gun-shot of the Cedar River, tells me he cannot recall the incident and at the time he also was young. Perhaps after all any event is to us important or not as we choose to consider it, and perhaps I have forgotten really important happenings because to my mind they were unimportant.

An Illinois College Town

My next home was in the college town of Galesburg in Illinois. I remember that two men, one small and thin and the other in stalwart middle age, came from the church in Galesburg to sample my father's preaching. On our arrival in our new stamping ground we put up at the Union Hotel where Main Street is broken by a small square. Nearly half a century later the Union Hotel looked just the same and perhaps even today it holds its own.

We first occupied an inconspicuous house just beyond the square and fortunately next door to a boy a bit older than me, who had a book on parlor magic. In Waterloo we had a book which told us how to make and operate a Punch and Judy show and the product of the combined family jack knives and needles was eminently successful. My mother carved a very convincing Mr. Punch and a ghost's head which is probably still in the family. But tricks of magic became strictly my own affair. I was supposed to study Latin at home and do some miscellaneous reading, but if I went to the public school at all it must have been briefly, as I have no memory of so doing. All I can recall of the first year in Galesburg is my association with the book of magic and its owner. No, that is not true. I can recall my attempt to pay court to a young lady who seemed to me very attractive. There was a small sociable at our house and a bench from the vestry had been placed in the front yard in case it might prove useful. I suggested to the beautiful Nettie that we go out and sit on this bench. She assented and we sat and we sat, and we sat. I was trying desperately to think of something to say and finally blurted out the factual statement that there were a lot of stars. Being unable to contradict me, Nettie promptly left me and returned to the party and that incident was closed.

Life offered more at our next location. It was called the Gulliver house (from its former owner, an earlier president of Knox College). The yard was the quarter of a city block and the house which sat on a small rise was an ark of a place, in not too good repair. Even with our large family we could not occupy all the rooms, and avoided those into which water, leaking in from the flat roof, had made its way. The stable was on the same generous scale and to me was the most attractive part of the estate. Not only was there an excellent workshop, but I had also a room for my chemical experiments which naturally followed parlor magic. I did not like sawing or splitting cord wood or working in the garden or raking vast quantities of dead leaves, so my job was taking care of the horse and milking the cow, as had finally been the case in Waterloo.

Anything having to do with horses interested me, and I even got myself an occasional chance to ride race-horses at the fair grounds, not in races, to be sure, but for quiet exercise. We had a big bay horse of our own, and after many trials I was able to ride standing on his back. Not that I turned somersaults or jumped through paper hoops, but on a

straight road I could keep my balance fairly well and for some distance. I had been riding standing, not far from home, and the John horse was jogging along stoically, when he made up his mind to suddenly turn a corner at a time when I planned to go straight ahead. Not only did our minds fail to go along together but our bodies also parted company and I went home in a more conservative posture with a strained ankle. I paid no attention to my hurt until some days after I found that while going upstairs my ankle gave a clearly audible squeak. Nobody else had a musical ankle so I proudly cherished that squeak for several years, until it, too, passed.

My first attempt to make my own sled was important in the results. I had constructed from boards what looked like a regular sled, even to the iron-bound runners. When my father saw it he pushed it sideways with his foot and my sled folded itself flat on the ground. Of course in my hurry I had neglected to put in cross braces. What finally happened to that particular sled I cannot recall, but I took the lesson to heart, and my idle days were for long spent at a wooden cistern factory down by the creek. The Swedish maker of cisterns was a friendly soul who had been trained in the old country as a cabinet maker.

After the process of making cisterns, which were merely huge wooden tanks hooped with iron, had become to me an old story, my friend suggested that I make myself a set of bedroom furniture. I hesitated over the cost of materials but was advised to make my furniture of pine and then stain it like mahogany. So gradually I accumulated a bed, table, washstand, chairs and even a book rack, all stained a modest brown, which I installed in one of the vacant rooms of our rambling dwelling. With my collapsible sled in mind this furniture was strong, I might almost say massive, and proved very serviceable, particularly as it enabled me to sleep in a ground floor room, ideal for exit as well as entrance at unlawful hours!

Entrance at Knox Academy

But the time finally came when I was entered in Knox Academy to prepare for college. That threw me more with boys of my own age and had obvious advantages, but also drawbacks. I was still bashful and sensitive because I could not do all that other boys could do, but the chief drawback was in the matter of clothes. My costume was usually made

up of old clothes of my father's unskillfully cut down to approximate my size, on occasion topped off with blue felt hat of my aunt's or mother's, minus its trimming. Until I went to the Academy it did not matter what I wore but my classmates were for the most part the sons of the well-to-do, and to them I must have looked like a distant relation to a scare crow. Of course I was ridiculed and humiliated but as long as I was not physically attacked there was no serious harm done.

In the West I once saw a sick hen put in a cage with a golden eagle. The hen was just sick enough to be reckless and when she ruffled her feathers belligerently and made passes at the big bird, the eagle at first backed away in surprise, although he soon gave the hen a coup d'etat with stalwart claws.

Social Life in Galesburg

In Galesburg I was occasionally invited to a party, and thus learned it was the custom of boys to escort the girls home, usually in couples. I was informed that the thing to do was to ask some girl if you could see her home. So, screwing up my courage I picked a certain girl and blunderingly asked her the question. When she said, "No!", I was so embarrassed that I in turn asked each of the other girls and each refused, without exception.

After this social disaster it was a long time before I made another try, but when I finally got a very pretty little Academy girl to go skating on Crystal Lake, I felt that I was no longer a social outcast.

At another party it was determined to have an orchestra that made a noise of a sort with a comb and a piece of paper. I had never seen this done so when a desirable girl who had a double-edged, fine-tooth comb, offered to let me play opposite her, I had to admit that I did not know how. For days after I practiced until I was an expert comb player, but the lost opportunity never came again.

Even with young ladies much my senior I seemed to be followed by ill luck. Once I took two school teachers sleigh-riding and was cosily snuggled in between them when the sleigh capsized and the joy was gone from that excursion.

Visiting Chicago Cousins

My cousins twice removed (actually my mother's second cousins) came from Chicago for a visit when I was perhaps fourteen years old.

Cousin Addison apparently took a fancy to me and I was invited to visit their home in Chicago and later their summer camp at Lake Geneva in Wisconsin. Addison Pierce was formerly a prosperous Chicago merchant, but he had gone bankrupt and, to make both ends meet, had organized his house on Michigan Avenue for the manufacture of small articles of feminine attire and cheap millinery, which he himself peddled from store to store. Mrs. Pierce, their two daughters and some outside help comprised the shop force, and a pudgy brown horse and a small delivery wagon were Cousin Addison's means of travel.

He himself was a picturesque figure, with some of the grand air remaining from past success, a glib tongue and much worldly wisdom.

On the trip to Chicago I had had my first meal in a dining car and had eaten roast duck with such enjoyment that the memory of that meal lasted for years.

Camping on Geneva Lake

Before we went out to Geneva Lake, I saw a lot of a Chicago which was vastly changed from the smoking ruins which I beheld half a dozen years before. My job was taking care of Cousin Addison's horse and keeping the delivery wagon clean. The horse I found was well upholstered for bareback riding and it was a delight to ride thus on the avenue which in those days was a muddy thoroughfare, cluttered with hay wagons and all sorts of traffic.

Finally we took a train for the Lake and at the station there went aboard a boat for Keye's Park. My cousin had stored there his tents and camp equipment. There was a dining tent, a kitchen tent and several sleeping tents of various sizes. There was also a row boat and a twelve-foot pier into the lake.

I was dimly conscious that I was expected to be handy man around camp, to which Cousin Addison and Cousin Bert usually came only on weekends. As the man of the camp among a group of women and girls I was not a conspicuous success. With another boy named Harry Eaton I was generally up to something somewhere else than in camp. We used to steal rides on the "Lady of the Lake" as she steamed from camp to camp. We rigged a sail to the row boat and managed to get shipwrecked in sudden squalls. We went on frogging expeditions into the hinterland and stole away at night to visit Camp Bon Ami or to hang around a dance on the opposite shore. It

was there that I was able to swim not merely under water but also on the surface and of course get into trouble with the neighboring campers. In succeeding years Cousin Addison asked me to come to Chicago for a visit but never again invited me to Geneva Lake.

A Printer's Devil

My next summer was spent learning the printing business in the office of the "Galesburg Plaindealer." This was a place of constant discipline and I did better as a printer's devil than as camper. It was my father's idea that in learning to set type, I would also learn to spell - a hope which was only partially realized. On the whole the "Plaindealer" and I got on well together and the experience left me with a romantic desire to become a newspaper reporter.

However my next job was in the insurance field. For a while I worked in the office of Lake Sanborn, now long gone to his reward. One of my duties was the collection of bills for the Gas Company but my more serious occupation was the writing out of insurance applications and policies for Lake to sign. In idle moments I practiced copying his signature and frequently relieved him of the task of writing his name on the dotted line, of course with his good-natured permission.

But office work finally palled and I applied for a chance to sell insurance to farmers. On my Indian pony I rode to the home of a man named Bowman who specialized in farm insurance. He looked me over and thought I was too young. While helping hitch up his horse, I kept on talking until he agreed to give me a trial. He also gave me some good advice and I rode for days among the Illinois farmers and got one risk from which my share of the premium was exactly ten dollars.

Days at Knox

In those days Knox College was housed in the old two-story brick building before which Lincoln had debated with Douglas. The main building housed the academy or preparatory school, as well as the college and the teaching staff was mainly identical. Flanking Main were low dormitories and there was a new gymnasium in the background. Across the park from the college was the young ladies' seminary, a bleak brick building of three or four stories where I used to intrude when the matron was out.

I was not a quick or industrious student, but at Knox I learned much even though it was not in the curriculum. For the first time in my life I had an active part with girls and boys of my own age. Sam McClure was several classes ahead but I got to know him as a caller at our home. He was working his way through college in many ingenious ways and among them was a project for a history of college journalism. There were not so many college papers in the country at that time and Sam was able to collect the material for a book in response to a reasonable number of letters. But when he had his manuscript prepared he had no publisher and no money to pay a printer. Nothing daunted he wrote out a prospectus of the book and a letter soliciting advertisements which he proposed to send out broadly. Here was where I came in. I was to copy the form letter in my own handwriting and make numerous copies by means of a gelatine plate. Then in the same handwriting I was to address the envelopes and for each communication I was to be paid three cents. Strangely enough, the plan worked, Sam was able to print his books and the receipts from advertising gave him a comfortable profit. Years later when McClure's magazine was started I was invited to join it, but for some personal reason of my own I declined.

Perhaps the most educating factor at this period were the Galesburg girls. My list of acquaintances grew amazingly and in the gallery of my mind the pictures of the girls of Galesburg are highly cherished, perhaps the more because these faces were hung high above my reach. For a time Nellie W. was my ideal, even though I could only see her by calling on her three brothers. Her aunt, a much-travelled and talented matron of course knew of my admiration, and once invited me to attend a painting lesson which she gave Saturday morning to a class of girls. Nellie, apparently, was so flustered by my presence that she sat on her palette to the great amusement of the class. Somehow Nellie blamed me for the humiliation and our friendship progressed no farther.

Then there were Nettie B. and Mary S. and Mattie B. and Hattie M. and so on, all attractive pictures. One day when I was with my father, he called on two sisters who had a millinery store and who went to his church. The older, Marie, was a startling beauty, rather on the order of the famous Maxine Elliott, and perhaps in her middle twenties. But the younger, Sydney, was about my own age, a quietly pretty girl with, as I soon learned, mismatched eyes, one brown and one gray. They lived with

their foreign-born mother and a rather cynical brother, an insurance actuary. But my visits were chiefly at the shop. Going there at closing time we three would have a gay time behind closed doors, indulging in a bottle of champagne cider or some harmless refreshment.

Sydney had a sweet nature and many friends, particularly among older people to whom she was kind and thoughtful. Meeting her at a church sociable I followed her from group to group as she gave a pleasant greeting to one person after another. One summer evening I saddled our two horses and took Sydney for a ride around town. Unbeknown to me some of the Fourth of July fireworks had been held over on account of a rainy holiday, and when they were shot off near us, Sydney's horse gave a plunge which unseated her. She fell on the right side where she hung head down with her left foot fast in the stirrup. I caught her horse's reins and gave a jerk which stopped him in his tracks. Then I practically fell off my own horse and soon things were straightened out. It was a rather tremulous Sydney that I took home that night.

On the occasion of a joint debate of a Knox team with that of another school, a party was made up to attend, Sydney and I being included. After the contest there was some time to wait so that most of the Galesburgers went walking and in consequence missed the last train. Some of our opponents invited us to spend the night at their homes. So a dozen or more of us slept or tried to sleep on the floor with the girls in one room and the boys in another. It was broad daylight when we got home and I left Sydney at her gate to face her family alone. We both thought this would be best. In the excitement of leaving for the farther west, I am afraid that Sydney had little place in my mind, but often since I have looked back with a sort of pride in our delightful companionship.

Farther West

My last summer in Galesburg was that of 1880 when I was seventeen. That fall I started for Colorado Springs by the way of Denver. Crossing the plains I noticed that dust fell from the car wheels as they stopped, which seemed strange until I learned that when the wheels were in motion they held the dust by centrifugal force.

At Colorado Springs I was to enter the small Colorado College and regain my health in the clear air of a high altitude. It was not that I seriously considered my health more important than my education.

My motivation was simpler than that. With only half a thought I could see that the things which made for health were fun, while the studies that made for education were somewhat of a bore.

The most I got from Colorado College was the membership in a literary society called the Lowell Institute, which gave me a good working knowledge of Robert's Rules of Order. But the country around Colorado Springs was indeed a happy hunting ground. In those days everybody rode a horse and horses were so plentiful that they could be had for the feeding. To the west stood Pike's Peak, in hiking distance, with many neighboring cañons inviting exploration and with deer and bears to be had by the lucky hunter. On the east stretched the limitless plains, populated by jack rabbits, prairie dogs, coyotes and great wandering herds of antelope. The air was dry and invigorating, due to the town's altitude of about six thousand feet. Then too, there was almost perpetual sunshine, so continuous that I became homesick for a little, just a little rain.

First Attempt at Antelope Hunting

How could Greek verbs compete with such an environment? Early the first year I was driving an invalid classmate out to a sheep ranch to recuperate when over a rise we saw a herd of perhaps fifty antelope. I had a 22-calibre revolver in my pocket so I jumped from the buggy, unharnessed the sorrel mare and leaped on her back to ride for an antelope. We had not gone far before that herd took a notion to go somewhere else, and in a minute they were out of sight. The invalid, left stranded in the horseless buggy, was not too sick to give me a good laughing at. Of course I realized that my action was that of a very tender tenderfoot, but I had actually seen antelope and the desire to hunt them was firmly implanted.

As soon as practical I arranged with a teamster who brought in a load of antelope saddles every week, to take me to the camp of two men who made a business of hunting for the market. I was equipped with an old cavalry carbine, for which I melted my own bullets and loaded my own shells. Entirely ignorant of how antelope were hunted, I trekked out some sixty miles until we reached the camp, a plain, wooden shack. The professional hunters were not glad to see me, and I believe took out on the poor teamster their resentment at my presence. These hunters had fine, long-range rifles with telescope sights and each in addition to the

horse he rode, led a pack horse to bring in the game. However, these men felt there was nothing they could do about it except treat me like a poor relation, in spite of which I ate fried antelope steak with gusto and spread my blankets on the floor as far away from them as possible. After they had gone out the next morning I persuaded the teamster to lend me one of the work horses which I rode bareback with the long reins gathered up in a bunch. In the course of the day I sighted a small band of the graceful beasts, and leaving my horse unhitched I crawled up a little knoll and shot an antelope, at least I knocked him down. While I was reloading he got to his feet and galloped away so I shot another that stayed down. When I came up to him I could see that he was mortally wounded and it was for me to finish him quickly with my knife. This I did with a boy's stoicism in spite of the almost human eyes looking into mine.

Thus far all went well but while I had bagged the game, I was miles from camp, faced with the problem of getting myself, the gun and the antelope all on a barebacked horse at the same time. The smooth rolling surface of the plains offered no assistance and there was not a stone or a tree to help me. It was easy to mount with the rifle, but then without a saddle I could not get hold of the antelope. It was not so difficult to put the beast on the horse but another matter to jump on, with the gun. Finally, by luck, I got the three pieces of baggage on the quiet old work horse and rode into camp. Although I contributed my bag in payment for my board, the teamster and I started back to town the next morning and this particular hunting fever was cured.

One of the strangest characters in town was known as Dr. Smith, which, I afterwards found, was his real name. He was at least three score years of age, and his long white beard reaching to his waist made him look older. Dr. Smith owned a log structure, well up towards the summit of Pike's Peak, called the Seven Lakes Hotel and he gave me the job of driving the stage coach between the hotel and town. He lived in a small house with a cluster of barns and sheds, and he had a similar place on the edge of town, equally dilapidated. If he had a stage coach I never saw it, but he had a collection of horses, cows, donkeys, farm wagons and nondescript vehicles.

A One-man Road Repair Gang

Probably nothing was said about pay but the adventure seemed to me to be its own reward. It was still early in the spring when he

told me that the county commissioners were to make an inspection of his toll road which started at Cheyenne Mountain and ran for twenty-five miles onward and upward to the lakes. He said for me to take a team of horses and a wagon and by starting before day light, go over the road ahead of the commissioners and make any necessary repairs. For this purpose I was given a shovel and an axe, and as provender for the horses and myself I had a dozen bags of potatoes and a package of pancake flour.

I did not like the appearance of the horses and asked for oats. The doctor was sure that potatoes would do because once in history Austrians eating nothing but potatoes conquered the flower of the French army, or vice versa.

So with some misgivings I set out in the dark of the night and had gone no farther than the steep road up Cheyenne Mountain before the team failed me and several bags of potatoes had to be thrown out to lighten the load.

The first bridge I came to was in bad condition and in order to cross I had to cut saplings to fill the gaps and cover the whole with dirt. Next I lost my way and took a wood road that ended in a gully so narrow that I had to unhitch the team and turn the wagon end for end by hitching the horses first to the forward and then to the rear wheels. The way out of the gully was so steep that the potato-eating team could not make the grade, so I decided to take the potatoes first and then come back for the empty wagon. When the sacks were packed on their backs the horses carried them easily enough and seeing another hill ahead I decided to climb that before going back for the wagon. After two or three miles I came to a broad mountain valley, called a park, where I expected to meet Dr. Smith's red-headed brother-in-law who was driving up a herd of angora goats. I saw nothing of the goats but I found a half-ruined log cabin, and in the gathering darkness decided to camp there for the night. With only an axe I pushed ahead to spy out the road and look for goat signs, but when I saw a bear also looking things over I returned to the tethered horses and after eating some half-baked potatoes spent an uneasy night.

Next morning bright and early I brought up my empty wagon, loaded in the remaining sacks and continued my journey. My first obstacle was a tree about a foot thick which had fallen across the road. That proved that the county commissioners or the goats had not passed that way. It was the work of more than an hour to chop through the obstructing tree and by means of the team haul it off the road.

Then upward and onward without hindrance until the road reached the crest of the Seven Lakes Valley. But now I was stopped by deep snow through which I had to shovel a passage. At last I had reached haven, having taken two long days to cover twenty-five miles. The sprawling log hotel in that snow-covered valley was not a very hospitable sight, but anyway I was there. The building stood on the shore of the longest lake, said to fill the crater of an extinct volcano. How deep it was nobody had been able to find out but in more clement weather I swam in its pure cold water.

My first duty was to feed and water my team of tired horses. The potatoes were at hand but to get water I had to chop through a foot of ice. By dark I was ready for a supper of flapjacks, potatoes and coffee, to which I did full justice. There was little in the hotel but old newspapers and rats, so spreading my blankets I slept the sleep of the just. I had opened the toll road so the next morning I started back after again chopping through the ice for water, and by mid afternoon, from a road that clung precariously to the mountain, I looked down on the sun-drenched plains, green with the first touch of spring.

The old doctor's first words were about his angora goats. Why had I not joined the red-headed brother-in-law and so forth. Then the truth came out. The redhead had spent the night in the same park where I did, but in another half-ruined cabin. The goats had scattered into the mountains and were gone beyond recovery. I had, to be sure, opened the road but the county commissioners had gone no farther than the first bridge and seeing that had been repaired, had taken the rest of the road for granted. If I had met the brother-in-law the precious goats might have been saved. The precious brother of the doctor's young wife did not like me even before he tried to make me the goat, so with some hot words I threw up my job as stage driver to the Seven Lakes Hotel.

Pilgrims from Newburyport told many tales of Dr. Smith. As a young man he had a delight in cutting two holes in the ice on the Merrimack River, and diving down one hole only to pop out of the other. At one time he had been a foreign missionary which seemed to have inured him to any hardship. One cold winter day I met him in a cañon putting on his clothes. To my question he explained that he had become so heated by his climate that he had taken a bath in the icy stream to cool off! When in another summer I passed Seven Lakes on my way to the Peak, the hotel

seemed to be efficiently managed by the doctor's wife who gave me a look as cold as her husband's favorite bath. I did not linger.

Colorado Springs

Colorado Springs is on a mesa rising from the stream named the Fountain That Boils or the Spanish equivalent. Looking across this stream and the first foothills where is the Garden of the Gods, the distance to the true foothills where Manitou lies is something more or less than five miles. From these true foothills many canons debouch, a number of them with mountain streams tributary to the Fountain. In the early eighties there were no roads into the mountains except the one to Ute Pass and the one in Engleman's Cañon leading to the famous Cave of the Winds. Access to the other cañons was by crude trail, merely worn paths that crossed and recrossed the mountain rivulets.

One day President Tenney of the College, knowing my love of horses, asked me to ride a beautiful bay pony which he had bought for his daughters. This pony had everything, including too much spirit to be safe for young girls. When I asked where I should ride he said, "Anywhere to take him down a bit. Why not North Cheyenne Cañon?" So that is where I went and first found the mysterious charm of the Rocky Mountains. For some reason the pony and I agreed perfectly, his gait was as easy as the proverbial rocking chair and after a smart ride to the mouth of the cañon, we began to climb. Now we would ford a brawling stream, now we would jog along a path of granitic wash, then another ford and a path covered with pine needles and shadowy from the trees themselves. Then we would climb along the face of a steep hill, and have a view of mountains rising on mountains. It was wild, it was picturesque, it was enchanting to a boy of eighteen. I have always remembered that ride as if it were one of the great events of my life. Years afterwards when life had toned down my enthusiasms and streaked my hair with grey, I sought, like Conrad in quest of his youth, to recapture the miraculous charm of North Cheyenne Cañon. I was stopping briefly at the beautiful Broadmoor Hotel, and from its stables I secured a saddle horse far different from Preat. Tenney's pony. There was a good road leading up the cañon and instead of a narrow trail houses had been built and the whole appearance spoke of crowds of tourists. North Cheyenne still has beauty but some of it has been blasted away to make the road and pines have been

sacrificed to the same end. The fords were gone and each time I crossed the brawling stream it was on a broad and substantial bridge. I can now recall two rides up the cañon, my first and my last, but the two have no relationship.

A Courier for College Girls

On another occasion I travelled the cañon and saw nothing of it. I was courier for a group of college girls and my mother was the chaperone.

It was planned to have these girls take land under the Federal preemption law by living on it a certain time and paying the Government a dollar an acre. Early in the day of the expedition I drove some eight or ten pack donkeys to the end of the then road and awaited my mother and the girls who were driven over in a wagon containing the camp equipment. Picking the largest and best natured burro, I put my mother in the saddle, gave her a small switch and headed her up the trail. I told her that Ymalik, as the donkey was named, could be trusted to stay on the trail as long as he was kept going, but if he was allowed to linger he might stray. Then one after another I got the girls aboard their mounts. But that was only the beginning of my trouble. Saddles would turn, stirrups would be too short or too long, the wayward burros would try to scale steep mountain sides, and withal my assistant was not well versed in donkey management. Loading the pack animals with the camp equipment and supplies was a task in itself and when the burro loaded with pots and pans fell wrong side up in the stream my patience had reached its limit. By hard work and awkwardness and a judicious use of profanity the cavalcade was finally in motion and as it ascended the narrow and sometimes perilous trail I began to wonder what had become of my mother who had had time to reach the limits of the beaten path. Three or four miles from our starting point in a little natural park I found my mother contentedly sitting on a rock while Ymalik was feeding on the sparse grass. They had found a good place to rest. If North Cheyenne Cañon was beautiful on that day I did not know it, having animate rather than inanimate nature on my mind.

It might be added that the expedition was doomed to failure. The would-be settlers were eastern girls unused to camp life and unable to cook even a steak. It was evident that they would starve if left to

their own resources, and after two days' experiment, we (like the King of France, who with twice ten thousand men had marched the hill) then marched down again.

Attempt at Land-owning

My own attempt to become the owner of cheap Government land took me up Bear Creek Cañon to a charming valley called Jones' Park. The late lamented Jones was possessed without title of a two-pronged valley, where he had built several log cabins, and made other improvements including a painted fence at the lower entrance to keep his stock from straying down to the plains. He even made a pool for hatching trout, and had started to dig in a number of places in the hope of finding gold or silver. One of the cabins was made of logs upended instead of being laid horizontally. This cabin with the surrounding acreage was included in my filing while the larger cabins and the remainder of the park was filed upon by another pilgrim from the East. Under the preemption law the settler had to make certain improvement and live on the property for a reasonable portion of each year, for three years, if my memory serves.

Jones' abandoned cabin was a sufficient improvement as the park was grazing land and did not need to be planted, hence all I had to do was to live on my claim long enough to satisfy the law. So from time to time I would pack my blankets and supplies on a docile burro and make the ten mile trip to my property. Game was scarce in that region and consequently my only weapon was a 22-calibre rifle. Many and many a night with my blankets on the floor I lay reading by candle light, and occasionally taking a shot at a mountain rat. If I could get three or four during an evening I felt that I was making progress, but the supply seemed to be as inexhaustible as the oil in the widow's cruse, which was not surprising when the fecundity of the rodent is considered.

With a "Cow Outfit"

One summer I chose a more active experience and joined, as the vernacular had it, "a cow outfit." A herd of two thousand head of cattle were being driven from Texas to northern Colorado where some rich grazing lands had been taken away from the Indians and thrown open to whoever came. As the herd was camped just outside of Colorado Springs I applied

for a job, which I got more because the outfit was short handed than for any other reason. Although I knew my way among horses and had played cowboy in several round-ups, I was nevertheless a tenderfoot even to the naked eye. For one thing I had never learned to throw a rope sufficiently to catch a moving steer, and my other deficiencies were too numerous to mention, though the hardened Texas cow hands were not slow to call them to my attention.

Five horses were turned over to me, the worst in the outfit as I was soon to learn. One of them had been "locoed", they said, and would fall backward each time the saddle was put on his back. Moreover he would fall over backward again when he felt one's weight in the saddle so that I had always to mount when he was in motion and had his mind on movement. It did not matter how tired he got, he always had strength enough to attempt a back somersault providing he was standing still. None of my string of horses was otherwise hard to ride as they were too worn out to buck and all had sore backs.

The first day we drove the herd to the outskirts of Manitou, which is directly at the mouth of Ute Pass, through which we were to drive, thence over Breckenridge Pass, on our way to the White River reservation. My first duty was to rope or lasso my own horse among all the horses of the outfit. Two ropes were stretched out from either end of the mess wagon, making a crude corral into which all the horses were bunched. I finally got my horse but after many futile throws, which marked me for what I was.

Reaching Manitou in the early evening we made camp and I again was busy with my rope but my pinto night horse being gentle, gave me less trouble.

Manitou was well known to me as I had once for a few months been the part owner of the "Manitou Item", a weak weekly. By answering a real cough with an artificial one, my cowboy companion and I got into trouble with the village blacksmith and his brother-in-law, the town marshal. For our boyishness we were arrested as desperate characters and marched towards the lock-up. As we passed a saloon kept by a friend of mine I suggested that we liquor up, as the saying is. The town marshal said "No", as if he meant it. As I reached into my hip pocket for the makings of a cigarette, he struck my arm with his club, and delivered himself into my power. When I proved that I was unarmed I gave him such

a howling out that by common consent we all entered the bar room and our hard feelings were speedily washed away.

My tour of night work, to keep the herd from straying, was from midnight till three o'clock. As the camp day began at five, my watch was the least desirable for which reason it went to the tenderfoot.

To drive two thousand Texas cattle up the narrow road of Ute Pass, running for the most part along a steep mountain side, was no joke. We had passed through the town before people were astir and after we had sweated and sworn our way through the worst of the Pass, I, being the rider who could best be spared, was sent back to town for the mail.

Loping easily along on my cayuse I came upon a young lady from one of the hotels standing beside a big American saddle horse. The saddle had become loose and the rider did not know what to do. Strange as it may sound, I gallantly doffed my sombrero, and threw myself from my saddle. The girl's saddle was quickly adjusted and the rider helped into it. With mutual satisfaction we went our separate ways.

Her difficulty was one common to Easterners in the West, and for a very good reason. Most of them were accustomed to saddle girths with buckles while western saddles had latigo straps fastened by a conventional knot easy to learn but puzzling to the buckle-conscious.

When I had reported back to the boss of the outfit, I was sent with a reliable old-time cow hand to the very head of the herd. There we found trouble between two crack riders who had "liquored up" rather too generously at some wayside shack. After expressing themselves freely concerning one another they had squared away with drawn guns to enforce their opinions. They were just drunk enough to be reckless and my companion told me to disarm Ahn House while he secured Jones' gun. Acting simultaneously we were both successful. Afterwards I realized that I had again been given the worst of it, for Jones was the best shot with a revolver I ever saw, being able to shoot the head off a chicken without musing it up otherwise.

That drive up to Breckenridge Pass was just one trouble after another. Texas fever broke out and many of the animals died and even more so sick that they could hardly be driven along. Some indeed seemed to become crazy and dangerous. During the day the cattle would stray in to the scrub pines and brush, from which hiding places they had to be forced out one by one. At night it was hard to keep them together,

especially when a mountain lion was prowling around and occasionally having as a midnight meal a half-grown heifer.

Then there were the night stampedes caused by fright or by a downpour of rain. The rain was the worst because then the whole herd would get to their feet and turn tail to the storm, those in the rear pushing forward until the whole herd was on a mad run, heedless of where they were going. At such times the men on watch would go to the lee of the herd with their back also to the storm. When the stampede broke forth all the riders could do was to ride ahead and make a noise, in the hopes of stopping the leaders. Usually it was terrifying to see in daylight where we had ridden and where we just did not come to grief.

I never got to White River because by the time we reached Breckenridge a feud had developed between Ahn House and myself and when the boss took me to task for it I told him that I would say Goodbye whenever he pleased. "How about now?" he broke forth, and we parted as friends.

Later I saw Ahn House in the mining camp of Aspen. In a friendly mood he told me that the substitute they had taken on at Breckenridge was so much worse than I was that he often wished me back.

Newspaper Work at Aspen

I was in Aspen to help start a new daily paper. Just before that time I had been writing college notes for the Gazette and staying around the office late enough to go out to a midnight lunch of coffee and sandwiches with the staff. When college closed I connected myself with a little evening sheet which was on its last legs. Much of the time I would sleep on the table where the papers were folded and eat on a meal ticket which the boss gave me. When the inevitable end came the boss owed me a small amount and when I asked for it he gave me a bunch of uncollected bills, and told me we were square. Perhaps he had been unable to collect from these small advertisers, but my methods were my own, since I would simply camp on the delinquent's doorstep until he would pay me to get rid of me. When the boss suggested that I go to Aspen with him I was keen for the adventure and was given a pass to Granite, the nearest railway point. When I left the train I was still forty miles from my destination and the route lay over a pass so high that it was above timber line. I watched the stage driver strap a wide belt almost like a

corset over his overcoat and snap his whip at his four horses. The wide belt, I learned, was a protection for his insides as the stage bumped over the rough road. As I had only two or three dollars, the stage was not for me and with a feeling of regret I watched it disappear.

My only means of covering the distance was on my own feet, and without much courage I started along the muddy road. I had gone only a few miles however, when I was overtaken by a teamster hauling a load of baled hay, who, in a true western spirit, offered me a ride. The bales were piled high and my seat on the top of the load seemed very precarious when the wagon wheels dropped into deep ruts, but I clung on with my finger nails until we reached a rest house late in the afternoon. It cost me a dollar for supper and another dollar to sleep on the floor without blankets, but as the station was surrounded by water from melting snow I considered myself lucky.

When I awoke the next morning my kind driver was already gone, and from the rest house arose the zigzag road over the snow-covered pass. It was the most terrible road I ever saw or imagined. Snow was banked deep on both sides and although the freighters had changed to runners, the snow water made the road the bed of a stream. The line of freight sleds was almost continuous. As one team would stall, the whole line would be stopped and starting was no easy matter. The air was blue with the oaths of the drivers, punctuated by the cracking of their whips.

Again fortune favored me and I was allowed to ride on a sledge loaded with whiskey barrels. As we made our slow way up the steep side of the divide, we passed dead horses and burros that had died of exhaustion and been pushed out of the track. Passing the summit, as we zigzagged down, I saw where sleds had gone over the edge and smashed against a tree or rock. All kinds of merchandise, even including a piano, had been spilled below the road and abandoned.

When we had passed the snow and changed to wheels my driver concluded that I could foot from there into town. Aspen was a new silver camp which was sending out ore in wagons and on the back of burros and everything had come in by similar conveyances. In due time I found the boss had set up shop in a large log cabin which was also used by the staff as a dormitory and kitchen.

When the boss learned that I had no breakfast he generously took me to a hotel where we had a dollar dinner. Most everything I found was on the dollar basis except a uhave which could be had for fifty cents.

It seemed that the paper had not started publication because a steel bar without which the press would not run, could not be found.

As we sat on a box in front of a dry goods store, I leaned against the thin glass window and broke through. The boss undertook to make good the loss which was considerable, and I was in debt even before I got to work. The waiting for that missing bar was most discouraging. We lived chiefly on canned goods which I imagine were bought on credit. One day the boss thought we might as well spend our time cleaning out the type cases and gave me a half dollar to buy a brush broom. Dropping into a prominent saloon to inquire where a brush broom could be found, I was fascinated by a faro game in full swing. Rather nonchalantly, I fear, I staked the half dollar and won, and kept winning until I had eleven big silver cart wheels. A veteran reporter suggested that we go to a variety show and buy some beer for the girls. As those eleven dollars were the first I had seen since I struck the town, I consented, but when my wealth had dwindled to a single half dollar I broke away and bought a brush broom. On my return to the cabin the boss was growling because it took me so long to do an errand.

Logging Operations

Two Missouri boys whom I had known at Colorado College were cutting logs to be used in timbering up mines, and as the paper had not started, offered me a job. They had a camp well up on a steep hillside, and the logs were delivered at the town level by means of a chute which they had constructed from some of their own logs. I had often seen a full length tree sliding down the chute to pile up with a crash at the bottom, but was rather doubtful when I learned that I was to be the pusher-off. The brothers cut and trimmed the trees. My task was to drive a steel dog into one, and haul with a horse over the snowy trail to the top of the chute. Then by placing the dog near the middle of the log, hauling it forward until it was nearly balanced, knocking out the dog at the critical moment, I could easily start the log down the mountain side. There seemed to be a fair chance that the horse and myself might both be dragged down with the log, but this did not happen. Facing such a risk I was a better logger than I had imagined myself.

Finally I came to the conclusion that I was wasting time in Aspen and as the press bar had not as then been found, as it was later,

sticking in a snow bank on the pass, the boss agreed. I had no money coming to me; neither did the boss. All I asked was a pass to Colorado Springs. In the existing state of things, a special pass seemed out of the question but he agreed to lend me his own annual pass, good over all the Denver and Rio Grande lines. All I had to do, he said, was to sign his name if the conductor should question my identity, and under no stress should I surrender the precious pasteboard.

Starting early I found an empty freighter which took me through to Granite in good time. Learning at the station I had several hours to wait, I betook myself to a saloon and spent the entire time copying the name as written on the pass, - B. Low, B. Low, B. Low, and so on for hundreds of repetitions. It certainly was fortunate that the signature contained only four letters, and by train time I could write it with my eyes shut.

Now the boss and I looked as much alike as a bear and a kangaroo, and when I presented my pass the conductor asked my name. He did not catch me that way for I promptly and confidently gave the boss's name. Then he asked me to sign my name which I did, casually, without looking at the paper. At Colorado Springs I mailed back the pass with, I hope, a proper letter of thanks.

In those days I was as careless about letter writing as I was about everything else, which was why my mother came out from Galesburg to look me over. Without warning, she arrived and went at once to the college club where I was supposed to live. It happened that I was not there and nobody knew where I had gone. Everyone, however, was certain that I would turn up in a few days, which was right, as my mother saw her erring son after a mere three-day wait.

I recall that one day we were starting for Denver on a train that was due to leave at five in the evening. We had been in our seats some time before we learned that floods had weakened the bridge over which we were to pass, but we were assured that the delay would not be serious. Deciding to make my own inspection, I jumped a work train going to the scene of the trouble, thinking that our train would not start until the work train returned. In this I was mistaken for my train was on a siding when the regular train steamed by for Denver with Mother on board. My arrival in Denver was not until the next morning but fortunately something had been said about the St. James Hotel where my mother serenely

awaited me. My mother doubtless thought that I was too restless, if not indeed too reckless, for my own good. Certain it is that I got to thinking about my own wayward ways. For the first time in my life I did some hard thinking and for two days did nothing else. I took myself to pieces, and looked the pieces over without approval. I constantly was demanding something new, and something newer still. I was unhappy unless I had exciting entertainment and as a result much of the time I was unhappy. So I wrestled with myself and finally began to realize that new and exciting things were not necessary for happiness if I had the spirit of happiness inside me, just as Scrooge had the spirit of Christmas after he had been haunted by Marley's ghost.

It would be too much to say that then and there my philosophy of life was determined, but a start was made toward a more wholesome viewpoint and I never fell completely back into my old irrational state.

A Guest of Lillian Nordica

Let me give an illustration. Though I frequently cut classes, I assiduously attended the literary society and even entered the semi-finals of an intercollegiate speaking contest. Although I did not win, I was allowed to accompany our team to the State University. While in Denver I learned that the young prima donna, Madame Lillian Nordica, was singing in the old Academy of Music with Col. Mapleson's Opera Company. Her mother and my mother were cousins and I had met Lillian when she was in her teens and only thinking of being a singer. The whole troupe was quartered at the Windsor Hotel where Nordica welcomed me, and urged me to be her guest during the week of the engagement.

That certainly was a glorious week. The first evening she took me to hear Minnie Hauk sing Carmen and the next evening Madame Hauk took me to hear Nordica sing Marguerite. Of course I had nothing to wear but my rather shabby school clothes but I dined with tenors, baritones, contraltos and sopranos, and played around with the Italian ballet and chorus between the grander functions. In seven days at the Windsor Hotel I became friendly with most of the company and when the engagement was nearing its end, Nordica suggested that I go with them to San Francisco. By her agreement she was to have her mother travel with her at the company's expense. Now, as Mrs. Norton had stopped over in Chicago, I could take her place as Col. Mapleson's guest. It was a most tempting offer as I ardently wanted to see the Pacific Coast, but it did not fit in with my

new philosophy. Feeling a bit heroic I returned to college, because that seemed the sensible thing to do.

Sometimes my conduct was far from ethical as when an upper classman, studying for the ministry, joined me in daubing a professor's barn with a life-size caricature roughly drawn with red paint. We had no especial grudge against the professor who had painted the roof of his barn but not the sides. He had annoyed me by refusing to let his daughter play with me, but the prank was really inspired by the paint buckets, idle in the moonlight. Our exploit seemed more serious when townspeople came to stare, and two covering coats were required to make the barn respectable. The professor, as acting president, threatened expulsion, legal proceedings and other dire penalties unless I gave him a written apology and paid the bill for repainting. My fellow offender, the ministry student, was never apprehended but he generously paid half of the paint bill.

As Colorado College was co-educational, girls were quite a factor in our life and one boy and girl affair became to the minds of the participants an unannounced engagement. She was the prima donna in the amateur Mikado and I her constant attendant.

Journalism in Coal Creek

Before the end of my fourth year I had given up all hope of a degree and decided that as an engaged man I must speedily make a fortune. Hence I seized an opportunity to take over the control of the Coal Creek enterprise, a small weekly paper in a small coal mining center. It was a gloomy place, dominated by the mine machinery and the constantly smouldering refuse heap. Not a building had a suspicion of paint, all being smudged with smoke. There were no gardens, no trees, but there were a dozen or more saloons. The Enterprise office was over a saloon, and from its windows could be seen one dry goods store and five saloons.

So I packed my trunk and said a final good bye to Colorado Springs and became editor, manager, printer and office boy of the Coal Creek Enterprise. At twenty two years I was hailed by friendly newspapers as the youngest editor in the state and if they implied I was also the worst editor in the state, they kindly refrained from making that statement.

The smell of printers ink was sweet to my nostrils, the writing of a few columns of local gossip and some attempts at political comment

were not distasteful, the task of being my own printer's devil was not difficult, but setting up in type my own writings was a tedious job and soon became a dreaded necessity. After a while I could not write anything without being conscious of the work of putting it in type, because I never became a good compositor. The postmaster was a master printer and would sometimes help me out and at times I hired a boy who had a knack for typesetting. I also had to hire someone to help me print the edition on an old Washington hand press which required two to operate.

The Enterprise had some two thousand subscribers in Coal Creek and the neighboring camps of Rockville and Williamsburg. There were also subscribers in the Hardscrabble district and among the scattered farms of Fremont County.

Looking back, it seems incredible that so many experiences came to me in the college town of Colorado Springs in less than four years and equally strange that all that happened in Coal Creek was encompassed in a year and a half.

The Penalty for Frank Obinions

Right off the bat one of my editorials got me in trouble. Looking across from my office window I saw a one-eyed man come out of a saloon and, after some words, begin beating a woman, obviously his wife. With journalistic ardor I inveighed against wife-beating in general but particularly that of the Cyclops in human shape who indulged in this inhumane practice in front of Joe's saloon. On the Friday night after the paper was issued, I was knocked down twice, each time by a man who had two perfectly good eyes. The "Cyclops in human shape" I never encountered.

Of course all the saloons were good customers, as they used small pasteboard cards, "Good for one Drink" and occasionally other job printing, and all had small advertisements in the Enterprise. My paper was of four pages, two of which, called patent insides, came ready printed with miscellaneous articles; hence there were two pages for me to fill, partly with advertisements and partly with original matter. To assist in filling them I had correspondents in Canon City, ten miles away; Florence, three miles away, and in a rural settlement in the hills where I loved to go to see the trees.

The paper was really owned by two local officials of the mining company who, when they turned it over to me, gave the impression that they

were through with it. I always suspected that the paper had gotten them in trouble with the higher-ups and to save their jobs they had disowned it. Certain it is, they gave me no advice, hindrance or assistance, so the Enterprise and I were essentially co-orphanans.

An Oil Boom

Soon after my arrival, there was an oil boom at Florence, three miles away, where our little coal carrying narrow gauge road connected with the main line. There were two rival outfits, one Standard Oil and one independent, in the field and derricks sprouted over night like asparagus stalks. Naturally the Enterprise began to carry oil news, particularly news of fights and destruction of rival derricks. My friend in one camp was Mr. Gumaer, and in the other Mr. Canfield. I liked Mr. Canfield, an old veteran of the Pennsylvania fields, the best without counting his attractive daughter, but on the other hand, Mr. Gumaer was good for a touch and my weekly needed that sort of thing.

I have often wondered whether I could have made a success of the Enterprise if I had not had an editor's annual pass on the Denver, Rio Grande railroad. Surely I would have been better off without that bit of pasteboard, which would take me to Leadville, or Denver whenever I wished, and gave me frequent weekends with my youthful fiancée in Colorado Springs without any cost for transportation. The free ride inevitably led to other expenses which I could not well afford and I was always on the verge of bankruptcy. To be sure, I kept a saddle horse which enabled me to travel through the oil wells and the adjacent camps, but that seemed a legitimate business expenditure. One day as I was returning to town, past some miner's cottages, my saddle turned, leaving me on my back in the road, partially stunned. My horse was frightened by the dangling saddle and as he ran by the cottages, one of the flying stirrups hit a child and made it cry. Before I could recover myself I was being roughly kicked by an indignant miner who fortunately had not stopped to put on his shoes. Escaping as soon as I could, I recaptured my horse and returned to my office. There a few hours later came a delegation of miners demanding \$20 damages for the frightened child. Not having the money at hand I took the matter under advisement, but in the end paid. My favorite saloon keeper when he learned the circumstances and the man involved said it would be unwise to resist, and as he provided the \$20, I took his advice.

Mining Camp Life

The miners were Welsh and Scotch, with an occasional Italian. They brought with them the customs of the old country. They would come out of the pit so black that I would not know them. At home they would find a tub of water before the fire and in it they would wash with their backs to the other occupants of the room. At a wedding, after much eating and drinking, the women would put the bride to bed. They were followed by the men, including myself, who put the bridegroom to bed. If they roughly pulled the covers away from the face of the shrinking bride, it was all in good fun. I was told that in some of these families the ancient custom of bundling was still in vogue, but this I could not confirm.

Pay day was once a month, and on that night the town was wide open. Every bar room did a smashing big business, and there was a dance at Odd Fellows Hall. A railroad hand called "Shorty" and I took two girls to one of these balls and after one square dance went across the street for a drink. The proprietor, named Patterson, had been sitting in a large poker game in a side room, but business was so rushing that he wanted to be at the bar. He asked me to take his place in the game as the representative of the house, turning over to me his pile of chips. From that moment I had no thought of the ball or the girl I had left there. Gradually I lost all Patterson's chips, necessitating a trip to the bar for more funds. Again and again I had had to have my chips replenished and it was not until nearly noon the next day I got even. That was the last time I took this particular girl to a ball.

A Ranch House Dance

Quite a different dance was given on a ranch some ten miles across the Arkansas Valley. It was a family affair, but I was allowed to participate. The main room of the ranch house had been cleaned out for the occasion, the furniture piled up outdoors and the mattresses and bedding heaped up in a corner of the kitchen. I did not dance much but nevertheless had a good time, even riding a steer bareback the next morning to justify my claim to cowboy experience.

In the Enterprise I made an innovation by printing local news in the form of a diary, no one entry was, "Ye editor laid down his pen to show his commonship. Both he and the steer he rode are still intact. A good time was had by all."

There was a man at my boarding place named Tom who worked in a livery stable. He was a big, husky fellow, but nevertheless he died. It was up to me to help bury him. With three other men we took the wooden box in a wagon to a bare, lonely spot where a hole was dug, and where we buried Tom without benefit of clergy or any ceremony. When as a boy I lost my little pet pig, there had been a real funeral, which was denied poor Tom by his hard-bitten western comrades.

On the Rocky Mountain News

About this time my wise girl playmate in Colorado Springs called our engagement off and as it became evident that I was making less and less of a success of the Coal Creek Enterprise, I took my annual pass and little else to Denver, to get into important newspaper work. With my sombrero and high-heeled cowboy boots I ventured into the city room of the Rocky Mountain News to apply for work. The city editor was busy writing at a small table. He did not look up so I sat down, and as he kept on writing I kept still. Finally the "Judge", as he was called, turned to me, asking "What can I do for you?" "Give me a job," was my brief reply. As there was a gathering of Knights of Pythias just then, the Judge finally put me to work as an extra man at a weekly salary of twelve dollars.

My friend, the then famous Colorado free lance, "Fitz-Mac", got me a room and a place to eat, so my experience as a city newspaper man was auspiciously begun. I lingered on the News until the end of the year, when I wrote for the New Years edition a long article on the Colorado Oil industry. Louis Seibold, afterwards the well-known Washington correspondent of the New York World, read my story and said it would have been better if I had not used so many "which's!" I realized that he was right but my trouble connecting words seems incurable to this day.

Brief Tenure as City Editor

I left the News of my own volition, strange as it may seem. My friend Fitz-Mac had been persuaded by a politically-minded judge to start a new evening daily and I was offered the job of City Editor. This newspaper did not last long. Today even its name is forgotten, for there are few alive who ever saw it. This publication may have had a short life, but it certainly had a merry one, for Fitz-Mac was brilliant and even I was industrious enough to grind out a daily column of comment on politics,

news and the drama. When the judge, our angel, failed in his political ambition, the paper had no reason for being. A silver senator offered to buy the paper at the judge's price, whereupon the price was raised. In the end no sale was made and the enterprise was allowed to dryup and blow away.

First Telephone Experience

For a time I worked on another evening paper of that day, The Times, which enabled me to get my first view of the telephone business. Back in Galesburg I had first talked over the telephone by invitation of Mrs. Winsor, the wife of a prominent photographer, but since then the telephone had meant nothing in my young life. In the year of grace 1885 or possibly 1886, there was a fire in the Denver Exchange which stopped all service. The engineer of the Company, Mr. Ford, explained that the fire had occurred in the cupola into which the wires gathered from all over town, and in consequence not a circuit was working. The story of the fire was quickly told but the result of the stoppage of service offered great opportunities for an imaginative writer, and I tried to take full advantage of them.

But the Times was only a stop gap, for my objective was the solid old morning paper, the Republican. This was the paper of Rothecker, Eugene Field, Fred Skiff and many other notables, who gave it a reminiscent glamour. When I joined the staff Bill Stapleton was the editor - a very forceful politician who had previously been the head of the Denver mint, "Melter of the Mint" I believe the title was.

By this time I considered myself a full fledged newspaper man, able to tackle anything, no matter how difficult. Neither then nor later did I prove a particularly good reporter, but I did make friends and many a time it was my friends who saved my scalp.

The Romance of Reporting

The old Republican offered all the romance that could be gotten out of newspaper reporting. My first assignment, if I remember correctly, was the covering of police headquarters in the basement under City Hall. Stapleton was at odds with the Chief of Police whom he was trying to put out of office. The previous police reporter named Moore had written some attacks on the department and had been beaten up, as he claimed, by the

police themselves. My city editor warned me that the assignment was a risky one in two senses. If I did not dig up something discreditable Stapleton was likely to fire me, and if I did satisfy Stapleton the police might put me in the hospital, as they had my predecessor.

By instinct I took a middle course. I told the police that I was a friend but purely for bread and butter reasons I would write what I found out, but I would not make it any worse than it was.

As far as I could see the police were as efficient and honest as anybody else but I did find them a little braggy when they announced a certain arrest. The story as I wrote it was that a plain citizen had brought the culprit to headquarters in his own wagon, while the police claimed the credit for a capture. This put me right with Stapleton and gave a good-natured laugh at the expense of the force. For a long time I covered headquarters and enjoyed good health.

Riding the Patrol Wagon

Denver claimed to be the first city to have a patrol wagon, Boston coming second. The wagon had a reciprocating gear which kept it from skidding at corners, and was drawn by two horses. It responded to every fire alarm and raced the fire apparatus to be first on the scene. Being persona grata I rode in the wagon whenever I was near enough to catch on, and to race through the streets at the dead run, and especially at night, was an experience of which I never tired. That I frequently got a better story by being first on the scene was an added satisfaction. One night, as we turned a corner, the wheels caught in the car rails and we were all spilled in the gutter. Only the wagon sergeant was hurt. I retrieved his gun and said nothing about it, nevertheless when he was back on the job he demanded his gun. Somebody had given me away.

As police reporter I became hardened to the sight of blood which had made me sick in my boyhood. I rode in the wagon with a workman whose hand had been blown off by an accidental discharge of dynamite, he all the way groaning and waving his bloody stump. I responded to a fire and saw a tramp whose body had been roasted in the burning shed as if for a barbecue. I sat on the chest of a man who had been struck by a street car, and while the physician fished around for pieces of a broken jaw, the half-crazed patient tried to kick the back of my head. I helped the police doctor restore a lodger who had taken poison and rescued the tube of the stomach pump which was about to slip down his throat. For an hour or

more we slapped that patient with towels and walked him back and forth by main strength only to have him successfully commit suicide two weeks later.

Learning the "Hangman's Noose"

For the Republican I officially attended an execution at Buena Vista where the deputy sheriff from Leadville explained to me the trick of the correct hangman's noose, and proved his words by instantly breaking the neck of an Italian who apparently had no neck. These were routine matters. But friendship counted when the sheriff of Arapahoe County sent for me to come to the jail and let me talk with a supposed murderer who had come to Denver with two four-horse teams. The prisoner would not talk even when I reconstructed the murder of his friend McLean who was found in an arroyo near Florence, a part of the country I knew well. I was enabled to go on the train which carried the prisoner to Canon City and the next morning I saw him hanging by the neck from a convenient telegraph pole.

Covering a Barroom Duel

My biggest opportunities were unwittingly given me by our star reporter, a fine looking man of forty named Johnson. The brilliance of Johnson was dimmed only by the fact that starting with one drink, he was likely to follow it with others until he was down and out. One night I was called into a popular barroom where I learned that a prominent editor and prominent judge had quarrelled and even drawn their guns. A fatal duel had been prevented by the chief of police. Johnson had been a witness of this affair and it was simply nuts for Stapleton. But Johnson fell to the lure of the glass that inebriates and had disappeared completely. The principals were in hiding and even the chief of police could not be found. If headquarters had the story the officials there had been sworn to secrecy. But on the floor near the bar I found the quick notes which Johnson had made in his perfect script before he had passed out, and with these as a leverage I got an adequate report, which pleased the editor. That is, I could see that he was pleased although he grimly said, "If this is wrong you are through." My copy just caught the press and with much trepidation I left the office, not knowing whether or not it was for the last time. By good luck I met a patrolman named Ingosol, whom I had nicknamed Adonis. To him I told my predicament in case my story could be contradicted. For some time he insisted that he

knew nothing of the affair, but when I told him I was so worried I could not sleep, he said I could sleep all I wanted to. With this assurance I did.

The next time Johnson let me in for a good thing was on the occasion of a Mardi Gras celebration in Pueblo. The promoters had made a deal with the Republican for a flamboyant write-up in advance and during the affair. Naturally Johnson had been given the assignment and had gotten the facts from the promoters. Again, as usual, he had taken copious notes and then had gone out for a drink and not returned. I was sent out to find him but at his home could get no word of him; neither could I find him at his usual haunts.

When I reported at the office the city editor said that if I could not find Johnson I must write Johnson's story. That was not so difficult because anything that sounded important and interesting would satisfy the carnival people, who in fact were so well pleased that they asked to have me sent to Pueblo on the carnival king's private car, and then to telegraph back a story of the carnival itself.

Perhaps this celebration was a bit on the small side as compared to those at New Orleans and across the seas, but for me it was a thrilling experience. One event followed another in quick succession and I was provided with a costume to wear at the masquerade ball. I did not wear it for I reported that ball from the telegraph office where I spent the night grinding out a long story of an event that ordinarily would have given work for three or four men. That time Johnson's failure produced a three-dollar boost in my twenty-dollar salary. By that time I must have been in my twenty-fifth year, still fresh in the enjoyment of the ever-changing work of a reporter.

One of the leading physicians of Denver was a Jewish gentleman who was famous as a generous entertainer. The family gave me the freedom of the house, and I had a standing invitation to dinner or to their late supper no matter how many guests they had. In this home I got to know Alexander Hennann, the prince of magicians and the forerunner of Houdini and others of more recent days. Then there were the Kiralfi Brothers, leaders in spectacles and burlesques; James and Marie Wainwright when Marie was a favorite beauty the nation over, and many other stage celebrities. There I met Daniel Bandmann who came to Denver with his version of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. I got to know him and his pretty leading lady very well and was asked to revise his script for the larger cast with

Hennann
RSM

which he planned to open in London. I afterward learned that his play was not a success in London but was somewhat comforted to learn that the great Mansfield's was equally unsuccessful.

With Bandmann I drove to a nearby ranch where a band of young horses were being branded which led to a suggestion from him that I take charge of his horse ranch in Wyoming. This offer I had sufficient time to consider and wrote of it to my mother who advised against it, I cannot tell why, unless she thought that horse raising was not my forte.

First National Bank Robbery

The news came to police headquarters that there had been a robbery of the First National Bank. I got there as soon as possible and obtained the story from the president himself, David Moffatt. A young man had entered his office wearing a light overcoat in the pockets of which he kept his hands. He told Moffatt that in one pocket he had a gun and in the other a bottle of nitro-glycerine. He demanded that the president write out a check for twenty thousand dollars and go with him to the wicket to get the money. Otherwise it was death from the gun or the explosive. The plan was carried out without arousing the suspicion of the bank force, and the stranger in the light overcoat took his departure. He did not flee or run away, but simply walked out. He dropped the distinguishing light overcoat in the nearest alley and when the police found it there was a bottle of harmless medicinal glycerine in a pocket. Of the gun, the thief, or the twenty thousand there was never a trace.

Dave Moffatt came to Colorado as a pick and shovel man. At the time of the robbery he was rich, respected and cultured. Before he died he put every dollar he owned in the Moffatt Railway, which was completed by others after his death.

When I trudged behind a loaded burro up Bear Creek Cañon to my preemption claim, I could see in imagination the great cities of the world as something beyond my reach, like castles in Spain. It was not that I was ambitious but that I could appreciate a wonderful life which I could not hope to realize. I can see just how New York looked to me through the old green and white gate approaching Jones' Park. In Denver I was fairly launched in newspaper work. Fitz-Mac said if I had not climbed well up in journalism, to be the editor of a big daily, for example, by the time I was thirty, he advised that I should quit absolutely, even if I had to sell peanuts to make a living.

I had not got anywhere near the top in Denver at twenty-five and after a final row with Stapleton over the police, I decided to at least approach the eastern cities, and try my luck. Another reporter and I persuaded a railway agent to give us passes to Omaha where he had friends and we might get work. It was not the East but it was a long step on the way. Nobody wanted us in Omaha, neither the newspapers nor anyone, and for a longer time we lived on less food than has been my bad fortune either before or since. One night a former Galesburg friend took me to dinner at a French boarding house and was disgraced by my greediness. My family by this time had moved back to Massachusetts and my father, out of the goodness of his heart, sent me three small checks just sufficient in the aggregate to take me home.

Back to New England

My newspaper friends out west, learning that I was heading for Boston, told me that the papers of that city were not worth working for, but that the Herald was the best of the lot and by all means tie up with it or none. So I went to live with my folks in Braintree and offered the Herald my valuable services. The city editor gave me a doubly definite refusal. He would not even talk with me. Somehow, from another source, I learned that there was a special reportorial department quite independent of the city department, so I followed up this new lead. The editor in question was S. A. Wetmore, with whom I had a pleasant chat. When I told him my specialty in Denver was police scandals, he said Boston did not have anything of that sort. I am afraid I reflected in my talk the western idea of the Boston press, as he finally suggested that I should go home and write an article on the differences between western and eastern journalism. He must have had his tongue in his cheek when he made that suggestion since we both knew that my ignorance as to eastern journalism was abysmal.

Covering an Epidemic

Suffice it to say that my article was never printed but on the strength of it, Wetmore took me on his staff. At that time, probably the fall of 1889, Boston was suffering from an epidemic of epizootic or influenza. So my first work was covering the Board of Health and allied centers of news relating to the epidemic. Looking back, I can see a chain of circumstances which led from the health physician, to the quarantine

service in the harbor, to the custom officers and special Treasury agents, to Chinatown and to the centers of other foreigners, the Jews, the Italians and the Greeks.

Most of the men I met in this way became my friends, still recalled with deep affection.

In the course of duty I saw a great deal of Dr. Samuel Durgin, head of the Board of Health, not only in his office on Beacon Street but on board the quarantine boat, "Vigilant." Whenever I went into the Health Office it was with a feeling of friendly people who regarded me as an individual who happened to be a reporter. When it was learned that some steerage passengers had landed in New York, from a plague ship and were supposed to have come to Boston, the Health Officers were deeply concerned. When they told me (not for publication of course) they had hunted the city for those immigrants without success, my proposal to make a few inquiries on my own account was agreed to very readily, but probably without much hope. I sought out my friend, the then King of Little Italy, in a barroom in North Square. He was polite and even friendly but denied any knowledge of any immigrants. Then I started in to argue with him as to the danger to his own people and his own position as leader if the plague was spread. I explained that the quarantine of the suspects would not hurt them, nor would it lessen his standing. Of course the weight of argument was all on my side and after half an hour's discussion he gave in and told me if the health agents came to see him, he would tell them where to go.

When, some years later, I was married, Dr. Durgin sent a handsome present, and when my Savin Hill neighbors assembled for a hearing on the Cow Pasture nuisance, the doctor asked me to sit with the Board as a pro tem member. Probably I did not give the Board any material assistance, but my neighbors must have been impressed by the Chairman's action.

The Customs Service and Chinatown

While covering quarantine I naturally saw a good deal of the Customs officers who were helpful when I began to cover the Custom House and the Immigration Office. Many a time the representatives of each of these services met on an incoming ship and I enjoyed the purser's hospitality with them.

When I was sent to the Post Office in the days of Thomas N. Hart, I came in contact with the special Treasury agents who were chiefly

interested in smuggling, forgery and narcotics. Much of their activity had to do with incoming ships and the Immigration Service, although most of the smuggling they had to do with was the running of Chinamen over the Canadian border. It was through the special agents that I became intimate with the leaders of Chinatown, then centering in a narrow Harrison Avenue. The fact that I had known Sing Wah, Sing Lee and other prominent Denver Chinamen was also a help to the establishment of confidential relations, particularly with Sam Wah Kee, then the leading Boston celestial. Going ahead again to my marriage, Sam Wah Kee attended in his best silk robes and brought a number of presents which he himself had imported.

The special Treasury agents never took me into their confidence until after the fact, perhaps for the very reason of my intimacy with the Chinese, but they did suggest that I join their service at about twice the salary the Herald paid. It seemed to me however that the service was too political. Converse J. Smith, who headed the Boston office, was a protege of Senator Proctor of Vermont and in fact all the Government officers seemed to be involved in New England politics. Massachusetts had the collectorship, the naval office going to New Hampshire, and so on.

Most of my gleanings from the friendly Chinese were in the nature of human interest stories, told by the members of one society at the expense of the other society. I would go into a store, pour myself a cup of tea, light a cigarette and talk about nothing in particular. Pretty soon my friend would give a chuckle and tell how the Sings got ahead of the Lees, or vice versa. I was the honored guest at banquets which started early in the afternoon and lasted until late at night, and had the task of writing for the big Chinese Restaurant its first bill of fare, trying to spell with English letters the names of the dishes as the Chinese pronounced them. There may have been in other cities English versions of these Chinese dishes but I had never seen them, so chop suey and chow mein were born again if they had ever been born before.

Aboard a Revenue Cutter

There were many big stories that made newspaper history in which I had a minor part, but the Chinese stories were all my own and for a time they were my private monopoly.

Because of my waterside acquaintance I learned that a new revenue cutter had been brought into port and would soon set out on her maiden

voyage. I got the city editor to wire Washington for permission to report this trip and the permission was granted providing the Captain was willing. The master, Capt. Munger, did not at first take kindly to the idea, but his sister, a famous singer, was in the cabin when I made by request, and as I learned afterwards, said a word in my behalf. What she is reported to have said was that someone would surely be sent and if he refused me he might get someone worse.

We had a mighty rough voyage to look for a derelict off Cape Sable, unsuccessfully as it turned out. Most of the cooks and stewards were new hands and were so seasick that they could not get out of their bunks. Our cabin boy and the cook of the officers' mess worked overtime to keep us fed. The ship itself proved to be up to specifications. After that trip Capt. Munger and I were good friends and he seldom came into port without hunting me up for dinner. Some years later I saw the "Manning" lying off Squirrel Island, and boarding her found that another friend, the former navigating officer, had succeeded to the command.

Master of the "Ilibius"

When at the beginning of the Spanish War the "Manning" was ordered to the Pacific coast, Capt. Munger offered to take me along as war correspondent, but my responsibilities would not permit. Instead I became master of my own boat, a fifty-foot steam launch called the "Ilibius", a name supposed to be the Greek for waterbug.

The counsel for the Herald had a house on Middle Brewster Island at the entrance to Boston Harbor and used the "Ilibius" to ferry back and forth. That spring there were rumours that the Spanish fleet was making for the New England coast, in fact there were stories that Admiral Cervera's long, low, rakish ships had been actually sighted. The fact was that Cervera was bottled up at Santiago de Cuba, but the alarm along the Massachusetts coast was none the less real, and summer residents were staying away from the shore. There was even talk of sending specie from the Boston banks to Worcester and other inland cities. The owner of the "Ilibius" decided not to occupy his island home, and offered his boat to the newspaper for scouting purposes. So she was turned over to me, with a word from the business manager that if I got a scoop on the Spanish fleet nothing would be too good for me.

The "Ilibius" carried a Swedish pilot and an Irish engineer-fireman. She had a glass enclosed cabin amidships and could probably make

about nine miles an hour, but get her out to sea and she certainly did look like a water bug. I called her a dispatch boat as she did occasionally carry messages and officers unofficially to and from our own war vessels, but her chief function was the gathering of news.

It was a great life since I soon knew all the officers of the North Atlantic fleet and whenever I boarded a ship I was invited to go below to splice the main brace as a protection against the weather. Most of my cruising was within a twelve-mile radius of Boston Light, and some days the weather made my rounds difficult in even that restricted area. When the fleet was ordered to make Provincetown its base, we sailed down also. As we were rounding the point the flagship was coming out, looking as big as all outdoors. But when the water bug gave three squeaks of the whistle, the flagship responded with blasts which must have created some curiosity in the minds of any navy men ashore. Here was the flagship saluting, with no other ship in sight. "What was Captain Leary thinking about?"

At this base our duties were chiefly social, as we took officers ashore and brought out fair guests to the ships. But it was when returning through the narrows of Boston Harbor that the good little "Ilibius" hauled a grounded lime schooner off a sand bank and got her picture in the paper.

Spanish Prisoners of War

I am unable to resist telling another of my naval experiences. It was after Lieutenant Hobson had not closed Santiago Harbor, after Cervera's fleet had steamed out to meet an ignominious defeat at the hands of Admiral Schley acting for his chief, Admiral Sampson, after the naval prisoners had been taken from their stranded ships, that prisoners of war were for the first time in years landed on American soil. These defeated Spaniards were to be interned at the Portsmouth Navy Yard and the Herald sent me to cover their arrival. Admiral Gherardi, the father of the present Admiral, was Commandant and I went on a day ahead to get acquainted with him. He was a fine old sea dog and gave me a cordial greeting. I was followed the next morning by one of the Herald's artists, Louis Mora, who was to do the illustrations for my story. The set-up seemed to be all right until Louis arrived at the guard house, gave his name, and replied to a question that he spoke Spanish. For this reason he was barred entrance. In this dilemma I sought out Admiral Gherardi

who kindly told me that if I would give him my word that my sketch artist would not speak Spanish with the prisoners we could both have the freedom of the yard. Louis and I both appreciated his confidence and no Spanish was spoken.

The ordinary seamen were brought ashore in flat boats such as are used for freight and they were a miserable lot of men. Some had only a pair of trousers, some only underwear and others had no clothes at all, only blankets. They looked hungry and many looked sick as if with malaria, and they allowed themselves to be herded like dumb driven cattle.

The coast of New Hampshire was not like the coast of Cuba and the yard officials threw open the stores and we all fell to the task of distributing much needed clothing. Cevera and his officers were supposed to be aboard the "St. Paul", but if so they were incommunicado, as I could not secure an interview. My only regret as I left Portsmouth was that I could not properly thank Admiral Gherardi.

A One-Man Strike

In the West I found a number of people who said that Boston was a great place to get away from, and to my mind the Herald was in the same category. At one time after pay by the column was stopped, a number of us were paid a flat salary of fifteen dollars a week. Somebody suggested that we all quit and find jobs elsewhere. When the time came I was the only one who actually handed in a resignation, - which, by the way, was promptly accepted. As I was about to start for New York, the low-priced men who had not resigned, wanted to give me a dinner on the eve of my departure. At first blush that sounded all right, but on second thought I wondered how the one-man strike would be looked upon by the management. So I slipped away a day earlier and had no farewell dinner.

The New York adventure was merely a pleasant interlude, giving me, to be sure, a valuable knowledge of the largest American city, but not productive of opportunities for important newspaper work. I had not been in New York since I was a small child, too young to take notice, so the city had for me the charm of the unknown. Landing from the Boston boat, I went at once to the office of the McClure Newspaper Syndicate, in the World Building. After some talk, Sam McClure took me to an office of the New York Herald, then in an old building facing City Hall. On the strength of Sam's introduction, I was given a chance to become a copy reader at thirty-five dollars a week. This was more money than I had ever been paid

but it involved desk work, while I would have much preferred reporting and a chance to learn the city. Before the next Monday, when I was to begin work, I heard of a new daily, the Recorder, and went to see the city editor, Mr. Hoy. We discussed the relative styles of the Sun and the World, until finally he said that although he did not need another man, and although I did not agree with him in the matter of style, I at least knew what newspaper style was. He gave me a job at the same old fifteen a week, with a promise of advancement if I made good. McClure could not see why I should want to work on a new paper at a low salary when I could get more than twice as much on the then famous Herald of James Gordon Bennett. It may be added that my release from the Herald job was obtained almost too readily.

First Recorder Assignment

The temptation to tell of my first assignment on the Recorder is too strong to resist. I reached the office about noon on Sunday, to be told to make a story of the sunset gun on Governor's Island. Having thirty-five cents in my pocket, I walked to the Battery where I saw a sign "meals 25 cents." It was one of the best meals I ever had in New York because it was my only one for that day. The ten cents I had left was to take me over and back on the ferry. Browsing around the post I found the veteran corporal who fired the sunset gun and we talked of many things, including all he had heard of the old "pill box" fortress where his pet cannon was stationed. Altogether he furnished me the material for a half column story which appeared in the Recorder the next morning, and on the strength of which I acquired credit and was able to eat again. Before the week was up however, I ate an overcoat and a suit of clothes which I loaned to a pawnbroker and never bothered to recover.

Duty at the State Militia Camp

The city editor was as good as his word and raised my salary from week to week, finally sending me for a ten weeks tour of duty to the State Camp at Peekskill. Each week a different militia regiment was in camp, with the regimental band and such famous old bandmasters as Cappa and Pat Gilmore. There was a newspaper row of tents as each New York paper sent a representative who was facetiously called a war correspondent. There were practically no expenses and the first time I went to the city,

my wealth was no apprehensive that I ordered my first champagne cocktail, regardless of cost. Occasionally we would go to the town of Peekskill of an evening and more than likely, linger until after taps. The direct route to the camp ground was by way of a row-boat ferry. One night a headquarters orderly and I stayed away late and at the ferry could not rouse a boatman. We had started to row ourselves, when a boatman heard us and, threatening us with an uplifted oar, brought us back. After that he refused to take us across and we had to take to the railway and make the long half circle to enter camp from the further side. When we came upon some horses in pasture, it was my suggestion that we catch a couple and ride to our quarters. My luck was good and I was soon astride a peaceful steed with my belt in his mouth in place of a bridle. In the West I had often ridden with a single strap around the pony's jaw Indian fashion but Terry, the orderly, was less fortunate. He couldn't seem to get him a horse, and he was lamed by one that stepped on his foot. There was nothing for it but that he should get up behind me. When we got near the boundary he slipped off to pass the lines without detection, while I rode boldly to my tent in Newspaper Row. Just at that time a sentry rushed over and halted me, ordering me to dismount. As he was on my right he ordered me to dismount on that side so that he could keep an eye on me. With commendable patience I explained that all horses were used to being mounted and dismounted on the left and I could not be responsible for what might happen should I dismount on the right. He was a reckless fellow, that sentry, and, as he had a fixed bayonet, I finally took chances and dismounted on the right. Thereupon I was ordered to bring my horse and proceed to the guard tent. Of course when I tried to lead my horse, the belt slipped out of his mouth and he began to crop the grass. As for me, I was kept under arrest for an hour or so, but as I kept arguing that I should have dismounted on the left, the guard was willing to dispense with my company and ordered me to my quarters.

Back to Boston

When the Peekskill camp broke up, I went to Boston for a visit which resulted in a new and better job on the Herald. The New York Recorder knew me no more.

Comfort and the Black Cat

About this time I ran across Herman Umbstaetter who was editing a magazine called Comfort, supposed to have a million circulation at a

price of twenty-five cents a year. The owner, the Gannett-Morse concern of Augusta, Maine, had other fish to fry and used Comfort as a feeder to their patent medicines and mail order novelties. Despite this fact, Umbstaetter was making an excellent paper of Comfort and showed his good judgment by buying some of my stuff. He had previously made a big success of St. Jacob's Oil and for this reason was sought out by a New Hampshire silver manufacturer to promote a preparation called "Puritana, Nature's own remedy for all the ills of the stomach." The result was that I became the advertising man for the Puritana Company and when Umbstaetter presently left Comfort to start a magazine of his own, I became also a partner in The Black Cat, as it was duly named.

In those days patent, or as we preferred to say, proprietary medicines were dependent for their sale on the grateful testimonials of those who had used the remedies and been benefitted. Puritana received its fair quota of grateful testimonials from the people of New England, as well it might, for the natural roots and herbs from the woods and fields were preserved by an honest brand of Kentucky whiskey. A great deal of money was spent in advertising, and all of us had high expectations, but the remedy never became a pronounced success.

On the Road for Puritana

I was doing many things I had never dreamed of doing, and enjoying myself on the whole until I was put on the road to sell wholesale lots. At Bridgeport, the old home of the great Barnum, I called on the wholesalers and failed to sell a single case. Rather disheartened, I returned to my hotel and while I was buying a cigar, the clerk said that the lone man at the bar was the mayor of the city. When I asked him to join me in a champagne cocktail, he assented. One word led to another, till I told why I needed the cheering effect of champagne, and one drink led to another until I told him how valuable Puritana would be to Bridgeport. By the time he agreed that perhaps after all he had done for Bridgeport Puritana was what it now needed, it was getting late. After a final drink to Puritana, I went to my room, and with a wet towel on my head wrote out three truthful interviews with the mayor to the effect that while he had done much for the city, Puritana was still needed. I inserted these interviews in the three morning newspapers at advertising rates and went to my much deserved rest. Next day, when I again called on the trade, each wholesaler had read the mayor's interview and each ordered

several cases of Puritana. When I reported these sales to headquarters and told how I got them, I was instructed to go to New Haven and a number of other cities to get similar interviews with each mayor, but that kind of lightning does not strike twice.

Housekeeping at Braintree

When I returned from the West I lived in the town of Braintree where I was finally married and started housekeeping. As a reporter, I was never sure of a day off, except an occasional Sunday. Unless I stayed quite late in town Saturday night I would not know whether on Sunday I had a morning assignment, or an evening one, or none at all. In Braintree at that time there were two public telephones in shops near the station and by telephoning I could generally find out my assignment for the next day. The village was very much on the country side and the daylight hours of Sunday offered outdoor recreation, riding, walking into the Blue Hill woods, with skating and snowshoeing in season.

The telephone service, however, was not too good and when I complained about it to a shopkeeper who had a public station, I was told that if I did not like it I knew what I could do. While this shopkeeper was not a telephone employee in the strict sense, he gave me a poor impression of the company which in after years I often remembered and sought to mitigate.

New York Herald Correspondent

At the time of my marriage I had left the Boston Herald staff to become New England correspondent for the New York Herald, at a stipend of forty dollars a week. For a year I did not miss a day, working from noon until three the next morning. Under such circumstances Braintree was too far away and we moved to a locality in Dorchester called Savin Hill. The locality and the encircling avenue were named for a little knoll crowned with a grove of cedar trees, known as savin trees by local historians. At that time the waters of the bay were unrestrained and each yard on the outer side of the avenue extended to the beach. All summer the bay was filled with yachts at anchor or at low water stranded on the flats, and all winter the narrow shore was thick with the boats hauled out. In winter when the bay was frozen the amateur yachtsmen made their own ice boats with skates, a few boards and canvas from the seagoing craft. At

all seasons there was sand for the children's play and in warm weather shallow water where they could learn to swim. As Savin Hill could be reached by street car, I was enabled to get home before daylight and after sleeping, have a little time with my family. But the New York Herald job lasted only a year. By arrangement the two Heralds traded news by telegraph, but the New York idea of news often was different from that of Boston. From the proofs which were handed me I queried New York and sent a long or short dispatch as directed. It was not so easy when New York ordered a five hundred word interview from Mrs. Back Bay on her proposed divorce. The Boston city editor would say he was not covering Mrs. Back Bay, which meant that I must interview her myself if possible. As New York was a late hour town many requests came after Bostonians were asleep and refused to even answer their doorbells. After some bickering, I sent in my resignation although I had no money, no job in prospect and despite Mr. Bennett's rule that no employee who resigned could ever again be taken back.

For the next eight months I had no visible means of support for a family which now included three husky youngsters. I had left the Herald three times and it had no place for me, nor apparently did any other Boston paper. I did a few free-lance articles, and was well paid by the Transcript for the story of following the course of the Pilgrims from their first landfall near Provincetown, along the inside of Cape Cod to their settlement at Plymouth. Three of us started in Captain James Stark's thirty-foot sloop with a copy of Bradford's diary and other reference books, to do just what the crew of the "Mayflower" did and note the changed conditions. I had passed the age of thirty, and if I had followed Fitz-Mac's wise advice, should have been out of the newspaper work. At long last the Herald took me back at my original salary which now had to be stretched for a family of five.

Back on the Boston Herald

The memories of an old Herald reporter are so many that even the selection of a few samples is difficult. The work certainly offered a broad education in human nature. Perhaps the oddest character I met was George Francis Train, who boasted that he had been incarcerated in Charles Street jail, for what I was never able to learn. He carried a double-ended colored pencil and was always strewing my desk with notes,

written in blue and red, with the color changing in the middle of a word for no known reason. Many of these notes were regarding his claim that the land on which the city of Omaha stands was still his property.

George Francis lived at the old Tremont House at the corner of Beacon and Tremont Streets and it was his pleasure to hire a dining room and give a picnic supper Sunday evening to the lame, the halt and the blind. As he greeted his guests, the old gentleman shook hands with himself Chinese fashion, it being his idea that by contact with adults he lost animal magnetism, while from children he received some of their superabundant supply.

A Special Performance

At one of his suppers I met Margarita Arline Hamm, who took me into a cloak room to show me a so-called Spanish dance. Margarita came of good down East stock, being the daughter of a Baptist clergyman and had acquired a Spanish complex in an attempt to live up to her first name. She was small and dark with hair which dangled in strands. One day she very mysteriously dragged me out to Waban for a big story, only to disclose a camp of hoboes, living in shacks and cooking in tin cans. The last time I saw Margarita Arline was on Fifth Avenue in New York. We were each on busses going in different directions, which she stopped so that I could ride on hers. At that time she was about to leave for Porto Rico to write a book on the Spanish population. I doubt if she wrote the book for the next news I heard of her was of her death.

Lawson's Gratitude

Then there was the stocktrading sky rocket, Thomas Lawson. By a strange accident, I was enabled to do him a personal service for which he professed much gratitude. As an expression of it he put me down for two hundred shares of Trinity Copper, a company which he had himself organized. Trinity was issued at about ten dollars, and Lawson said he would carry one hundred shares for me but that I should get some of my relatives to put up the money for the other hundred. Since I was rather fond of my relatives, I let the matter slide, and aside from a few blank proxies, my only reward was the knowledge that I was not a loser when Trinity Copper crashed.

A Grand Opera Press Agent

When Madame Nordica came to Boston with the Abbey, Schoeffle and Grau Opera Company, I paid my respects to her at the old Brunswick Hotel, and she asked me to act as her press agent, at the same time holding my Herald post. During the first week of the engagement, I gave the paper a column about her, which induced her to pay me fifty dollars. The next week I did not do so well and she cut my stipend in half. After the first week her success was so great that she did not need a press agent and I just played around, meeting such stars as Edward and Jean de Rezke and their brother-in-law, Willie Schultz, Scotti, Sembrich and others whose names were then famous. It was hard to realize that this world-famous prima donna was the same girl I met years before. Probably I was not much use to my paper in those days, particularly as I had other outside writing on hand. But I had a glimpse of the glamorous life of the Opera, which broke the monotony of tramping miles of Boston's streets. There were, to be sure, herdics in those days, cheap variation of the one-horse cab, but these were permitted only on very important occasions.

"Pop" Hines, as he was lovingly called, was the art director of the Herald at the period when drawings were used extensively to illustrate the news. "Pop" discovered that I could write about anything, no matter how uninteresting; hence I was the man selected to chase around with artists and furnish a story to justify their pictures. One series of page articles, under the general title of "Old Boston Picturesque", had illustrations on the order of etchings and were great fun. But an even longer article occupying a supplement of a Sunday paper was the story of the Naval battles of the Spanish War, gleaned from actual participants and carrying a foreword by Admiral Howison, Commandant of the Boston Navy Yard. It was agreed that this would be a signed article, but when it appeared with the Admiral's name in large type and my own in small type, lost at the bottom of the last page, it was not immediately apparent to me that the editor knew his business. In those days signed articles were deprecated by all news editors, and a signature carried more kudos than it does today.

Publicity Bureau Work

Much as I enjoyed my newspaper work at that time, the small pay kept me in hot water and it was only by outside work that I managed to make both ends meet. When George Michaelis came to me and offered more

money to go with the newly-organized publicity bureau, I accepted with alacrity. He and Herbert Small and George Marvin had rented offices and started to do a general press agent business for as many clients as possible, for as good pay as the traffic would bear, and they frankly called their enterprise the Publicity Bureau.

They were pioneers in a field of informational propaganda that has since seen many rivals, under many names, but the name they carried on their stationery was as distinctly theirs as if it had been copyrighted, as indeed it could not be. Small was a Harvard man with a fine literary sense who had worked on the Herald before embarking on a brief career as a publisher of books. Michaelis had his newspaper experience on the Boston Journal and, like Ulysses of old, was a young man of many expedients. He was always bursting with ideas, some of which were valuable. He was also bursting with enthusiasm and could sell almost anything - and did. He even persuaded President Eliot to engage the bureau on behalf of Harvard. For a time the University paid for the bureau's services, but eventually President Eliot said that the prestige of working for Harvard was so valuable that we could afford to do his work for nothing, and we had to agree with him.

Press Agenting M.I.T.

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology was in another category. President Pritchett needed the publicity at that time and was willing to pay for it. So did the Boston Elevated, the Fore River Ship Yard, and many other concerns, educational, philanthropic and commercial. As the Herald had educated me in human nature, the Publicity Bureau began my elementary education in science and industry. My first article, which was syndicated gratuitously to a number of Sunday papers throughout the country, went into the matter of pyrometry as taught at Tech. at that time located on Boylston Street. When given the assignment, I did not know the word nor what it meant, so my education in this branch of science began at the very beginning, with nothing to unlearn. And for the first time in my life I enjoyed learning, and I had to learn because what I wrote had first to pass Small's literary eye and then I had to get President Pritchett's personal approval. From pyrometry I passed into geology, then into chemistry and finally into what I liked best of all, naval architecture. It was customary for certain graduates of the Naval Academy at Annapolis to go abroad for a post graduate course in naval

architecture and it was Pritchett's ambition to have them come to Tech instead. He thought that publicity would establish such a reputation for his institution, that he would attract the Annapolis graduates to Boston, and we were kept at the work until that result was obtained. I did not get much education at Harvard, except some from Prof. Pickering in astronomy, Prof. Sargent at the arboretum, but I learned about shipping at the Fore River yard, though not from my friend Thomas A. Watson, who for a time was president. At one time or another I learned much from Dr. Watson but he always assured me that he knew nothing of ship building, and that finding that out proved exceedingly expensive. Another teacher in a great many directions was Prof. Langley of the Smithsonian Institution. None of my learning was deep or comprehensive but it did include high spots to be made into articles.

A Pessimist's Prediction

One day the Professor of Naval Architecture and I were steaming along the north shore while he was making some engine tests when I brought up Prof. Langley's experiments with flying machines. My professor poured cold water on my enthusiasm. "If in our lifetime," he said, "a heavier than air machine carries a living man, I will buy you the best dinner to be had in Boston. I will go further and while I am not a drinking man I will make it a party and buy you and your friends all you want to drink."

When the Wright brothers flew over Kitty Hawk I was in another part of the country and never got around to collecting from the skeptical professor, who was as far wrong as had been Mr. Pond in regard to road vehicles run by steam. When I had my first ride in a Stanley Steamer over Newton hills with Frank Stanley, the engineer's prophesy back in Weymouth was completely discredited.

At the Fore River Ship Yards we found much interesting newspaper material, but of all the products the seven-masted schooner named for Lawson was perhaps the most sensational. Editors all over the country clamored for descriptions of this freakish craft and when she was launched, the event took on almost national importance. The Publicity Bureau worked day and night to make the seven-master famous, but we could not make her efficient nor profitable, and after a glorious start she soon was stripped of her masts to be turned into an oversized coal barge.

Telephone Publicity

Along in 1903 or thereabouts, Frederick P. Fish was president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. He was a really great patent lawyer retained by the General Electric Company when he was selected to head the Bell Telephone Companies, badly in need of a strong head executive.

Somehow George Michaelis got the ear of Mr. Fish and persuaded him to engage the services of the bureau. Thus a company that had previously been the most secretive, spent good money to have their affairs brought to the public's attention. This right-about change in policy was not without its underlying causes. The public is inclined to consider any secretive undertaking as mysterious, and as the next step, any mystery as suspicious. This had been true in the case of the Bell Telephone Companies when they concealed perfectly harmless facts. That people thought their secrecy was to cover up discreditable conditions was the management's own fault. And when independent telephone promoters, capitalizing upon the Bell's unpopularity, began to build competing and quite unnecessary systems, it was again the management's own fault, because in respect to public sentiment the management had had a blind eye.

Facing a Crisis

The Bell Companies, (it was considered unwise to say the Bell System at that time), faced a crisis and Fish, a lawyer rather than a business man, fully realized it. Certainly the situation could not be made worse by a venture in publicity and it might be made better. When the bureau had been hired, I was assigned to telephone work, and Fish gave me his wholehearted cooperation. Hence I began to learn something of the art and business of telephony, a study which lasted for a quarter of a century and was never completed. The president's introduction gave me access to three principal engineers in the headquarters building on Milk Street and Hayes, Pickernell and Ford became my friends.

Studying Public Reaction

Walter Allen, a protege of Charles Francis Adams, the elder, who acted as a liaison officer in matters of information, among other duties, collected and studied newspaper clippings from all over the country, and from him I learned that they were about ninety percent

antagonistic to the Bell Companies. After we began to scatter seeds of real information through the press, I kept an eye on Allen's clippings. Every six months we would make a count of current comments, and I was encouraged as those which were antagonistic diminished to eighty percent, then to seventy, sixty percent and still lower. When the percentage of unfavorable items had dropped to less than twenty percent, it seemed that Mr. Fish's experiment was a demonstrated success. It would be too much to say that our telephone articles were as popular as those about the seven-masted schooner, but they got a good press nevertheless.

Sent to the Field

After I had been working at headquarters for some months, Mr. Fish decided to send me into the field, and my first trip took me to Milwaukee and Kansas City, where competition was threatened or had already begun. The president who headed these two systems was a former post office man who had been brought up in the old school, which meant that he had completely ignored the company's relations with the public. In Kansas City where an opposition company was rapidly taking away his business, he felt himself so unpopular that he rarely showed himself; he avoided the public by leaving his office by the back door, and lunching at an obscure bakery.

There was not much I could do at the moment, but when I was back in Boston, Mr. Fish lit a big cigar, and throwing himself onto a lounge, said, "Now, tell me all about your trip." He was an attentive listener and insisted upon drawing out of me every detail of fact, rumour and opinion. Among other things I told him that Mr. B.-, who had made such a mess of things, was in other respects as fine and upright a man as I had ever seen.

After several such trips Fish said to me that he had taken Mr. B.- out of Kansas City and told him to concentrate on the Wisconsin Company. When I questioned his success in Milwaukee, Fish said that he had given Mr. B.- a fatherly talking to and told him to change his policy as Milwaukee would be his last chance.

Although Mr. B.- knew very well that I had had a hand in his demotion, he trusted me to have been as fair and honest as was in my power, and he became one of the firmest friends I had in the business. Moreover, his regeneration was as complete as that of Scrooge in Dickens' Christmas Carol, and he became one of Milwaukee's most popular

citizens and it was delightful to see how happy he was in his new, jovial character. As a matter of record the threatened opposition did not get a foothold in Milwaukee.

In Kansas City, however, the beans had already been spilled, and it took time as well as a new management to repair the damage, if indeed it was ever completely repaired.

An Antagonistic Press

Among others the editors of the Kansas City papers were so unfriendly that the percentage of knocks was about one hundred percent. The Journal, I learned, was jointly owned by Charles Gleed, a Topeka lawyer, and a director of the Santa Fe Railroad, with Ben Cheney of Boston, the son of the express magnate, then deceased. When it came to my knowledge that both Fish and Cheney were directors of the Old Colony Trust Company, I suggested that Mr. Fish talk over with his fellow director the Journal's unwarranted antagonism. The result was prompt, for I was told to go to Topeka and see Gleed. In preparation I got together half a dozen short telephone articles, which I showed Gleed after our first pleasant conversation. After glancing at the manuscripts he said he would use them all as editorials but I should also see Harvey Flemming who was the actual editor. In Gleed I found another close friend. To be sure he was such a lovable man that he had numerous friendships in all walks of life, but we were destined to cooperate to our mutual advantage as he was eventually made President at Kansas City and was instrumental in getting me on the staff of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company after the publicity company had gone adrift. As a school boy he had gone swimming in the Missouri River after a ball game on a hot day. From a train he pointed out the spot where the shock of the water had produced acute rheumatism, leaving him permanently lame. In spite of his crippled feet he had worked as a "news butcher" on the Santa Fe, where he became inspired with the ambition to own a newspaper and have a hand in the management of his beloved railroad. The realization of his boyish dreams did not change the modesty and sweetness of a character that made him loved by the greatest men in these two fields.

Meanwhile, after my visit to Topeka, I laid siege to the redoubtable Harvey Flemming, the managing editor of the Journal. That I had been a reporter laid me open to his rough ridicule, his favorite salutation being "once a reporter, always a prostitute," or words to

that effect. For weeks I spent every night in the Journal office, often after playing at golf with Harvey in the afternoon. He was stubborn but between Gleed and myself we had Harvey in a squeeze, and at the end he was able to see some good in Israel.

San Francisco's Disaster

For each of the next few years I travelled thirty or forty thousand miles, visited practically every telephone headquarters in the country, frequently making protracted stays where serious trouble had developed. What good my travelling did neither I nor anyone else could tell, but it enabled me to know these United States from Maine to California, and have intimate relationships with some of the finest men on God's footstool. Of course, here and there I met telephone men who did not seem so fine, but they were like burrs under a horse's saddle, they made me work all the harder, and fight if need be.

When San Francisco was devastated by earthquake and fire, the telephone system demoralized and the soundness of the Company threatened, Mr. Fish thought that would be a good place for me to go. When I crossed on the ferry from Oakland the city looked quite different from Chicago when that was burned, because the appearance of San Francisco was not that of a city at all, but more that of a forest recently swept by a vast conflagration. Even on the higher ground, where the buildings were still standing, most of the chimneys had been destroyed and cooking was done in the streets, two bricks serving as a stove. The smoke from these camps was reminiscent of the greater fires which had laid the city low. Through the kindness of Henry Scott, who had built the U.S.S. "Oregon" and who was helping to rebuild the telephone system, I was quartered eighteen miles out of the city of camp fires in the sylvan security of the Burlingame Country Club. In the temporary office I did not know what to do, so perhaps wisely, I did nothing but listen to troubles and plans for remedying them. At Burlingame I rode with the Scotts, tried to tame polo ponies and learn bridge whist. So after two months I felt that all I had to show for my visit was the usual increment of friends.

Trouble at Salt Lake

In Salt Lake City I had better luck, for I was able to straighten out an unpleasant newspaper situation, which a proposed opposition company had produced. The opposition promoters had shrewdly organized among the

citizens a telephone improvement association, which by force of numbers was securing the support of the newspapers. This artificial movement was in full swing as Christmas approached, which kept me on the ground. A meeting of this citizens' association was called for Christmas Eve in the Chamber of Commerce. The date seemed to me decidedly inappropriate so I went to one of the local editors and expressed myself to that effect. I asked him if he would omit all mention of the meeting which on the Eve of Christmas would be poorly attended. This he promised to do if I got all the other papers to do the same. Going from one to another I finally had them in an agreement to keep silent as to the proposed meeting, and they all did. That deadly silence killed the citizens' movement and the promotion of a new company which was not needed then or since.

My memory tempts me to say "and so on and so on." So much travel was rather tiresome, but as I always carried riding togs, I found on the back of a horse much of America which most travelers miss. The delight of a ride in the cañons around Salt Lake City is something to remember, and from Minnesota to Texas, and Massachusetts to California I scoured the wilds, the parks and suburbs, on good horses and bad, with all the enthusiasm of an explorer.

The Return of T. N. Vail

Coming back from a far western trip I found that Frederick P. Fish had returned to his law practice, being succeeded in the Presidency of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company by a veteran of the pioneer days, Theodore N. Vail. Moreover I soon learned that the new president was dissatisfied with the bureau and was discontinuing its services. Later I learned that Mr. Vail's action resulted from a stupid mistake, the bureau had carelessly taken credit for publications which had emanated from Col. George Harvey who had been employed on similar lines without the knowledge of the bureau management.

By this time I had progressed in the Publicity Bureau from *writer to manager* and then to a limited partnership. The life of the bureau, like the life of George Michaelis, was a series of ups and downs. *George wanted me to invest my savings in the enterprise and as I would not do that, there was nothing for me to do but to resign.*

Although I was now forty-four years old, and had no new position *waiting for me*, I was not broke and my assets included many telephone friends. At lunch at the Parker House I saw a good deal of the former

head of the Herald, John H. Holmen, who had lost the paper and was rather desperately trying to get it back. He and his former news editor, Daniel Smith, used to talk over their plans in my presence, and I was tentatively spoken of as the possible business manager of a reorganized Herald.

Meanwhile some of the telephone men thought that I had acquired a knowledge of the Bell System which should not be wasted. The neighboring western presidents decided to engage me to work for both, each paying half my salary, if the American Company did not take me on its staff. Vail was reluctant because of the bureau incident with which I was associated in his mind. However, when Gleed and Yost said that they would take me if Vail did not, and as Pickernell and some of the staff men with whom I travelled, gave me a clean bill of health, Vail was nearly convinced, but still hesitated because someone raised the point that no newspaper man knew anything about business. When my fate was in this teetery state, Charles Gleed took me over to the Boston Common and explained the situation.

"Do you know anything about business?" he asked.

"Well, apparently I must know something as John Holmes and Dan Smith are talking of making me business manager of the Herald if they can regain control."

Employed by the Telephone Company

Gleed said he did not need any further assurance and the next day I was hired, the deed being solemnly consummated by Vice President Hall of the Long Lines. He explained that he would not give me a contract, but he hoped I would give satisfaction and stay with the Company during my life. He told me my salary would be two thousand less than I had been getting, and that my title would be that of Special Agent, which was the usual title for men who had no routine duties. After all this he turned me loose to shift for myself. I was on the staff and that seemed to end his responsibility. Ford gave me a corner of his office which was much too large for him, and I sat at a table and wrote memoranda outlining all kinds of promotion work to meet the Company's sore need. Although I spent a great deal of time on those tentative plans, I showed them to no one either then or later. They served to pass the time.

The next I heard from above was when E. J. Hall took away my title of Special Agent because he had been advised by the lawyers that with that title I could legally make commitments which the Company would

be found to recognize, and carry out. In later years my signature without any title committed the Company to large expenditures without question, but along lines of a recognized policy.

The Situation in Rochester

As a pioneer telephone man in western New York and as a former citizen of Buffalo, E. J. Hall, Jr., (who preceded E. K. Hall of Boston as a Vice President) had a peculiarly great interest in the affairs upstate, especially in the situation in Rochester where a strong opposition had been established. It was from "E.J." that I got an appropriation of three or four thousand dollars for an advertising experiment. In Rochester the Bell Company had lost the patronage of the best people and was steadily going from bad to worse, losing both subscribers and money from day to day. I had spent a few days in Rochester and it seemed to me that one reason was the public's lack of knowledge regarding the Bell System.

With the consent of the local officials I went out one day and contracted for fifteen thousand lines of space in all the papers except the Democrat-Chronicle whose business manager was not to be found. When I reported progress, the local people were very discouraging, because they said that the Democrat Chronicle was not only the most powerful paper but also the most anti-Bell. They were sure my campaign would fail without this paper and they were equally sure that it would not take Bell advertising. They did not frighten me, however, because I was confident the Democrat-Chronicle would be glad to take our money, and I was right. When I returned from my second call I had the contract in my pocket.

With some seventy-five thousand lines of space at my disposal the next step was to fill it. The copy program I had neglected to work out but I knew we had the advantage in long distance service, so I stressed that point in some very crude advertising.

Organizes a Copy Contest

All the newspaper forces, editors, reporters and business office people were against our Company because they were for the local opposition in which many of them had invested. It was important to get the friendship of the city editors and their men, or at least to break down their solid hostility. My next idea was to let these people write our

advertisements and they could not say that they had been written in the Bell headquarters in Boston. So I posted in each office a list of prizes for the best advertisements written by the local newspaper men. In each office as I put up the notice, I explained that I would be the sole judge in this contest and that any copy submitted I would consider as my own to use or not, as I saw fit, and that the names of the prize winners would not be published. The explanation of the terms of the contest gave me a chance to get on a better basis and the conditions I made were considered fair after I had explained them. The offerings were not so numerous, perhaps a dozen in all, and the copy was not so good, although some pieces I used practically as submitted. To every contestant I gave a prize, the top prize being fifteen dollars, with tens and fives to the others; and the best part of the affair from my standpoint was that no one could tell whether a particular advertisement was written by me or by the newspaper man at the next desk.

Hardly had the campaign got under way when our Company began to get very definite results. Soon the daily loss of subscribers ceased and the money loss grew less and less. It took a long time to really turn the tide but for a laboratory experiment in telephone advertising the results were obvious and conclusive. When Vail heard the story he chuckled and said something to Hall that sounded like "almost human intelligence."

Vail's "Stay-at-home" Strategy

The strategy of Mr. Vail was diametrically opposite to that of his predecessor. Whereas Fish travelled constantly and kept a small army of men on the road, Vail stayed mostly at home and had the local people come to him. The first summer of his incumbency he hired a good-sized auxiliary schooner yacht and took one group after another of the various local executives for a ten-day cruise. Under these conditions the men showed what they were like and each one was known personally and cataloged in the chief's mind. While Fish had tried to give the local executives constant assistance, Vail told them he would let them run their own jobs, but if they failed to live up to their responsibilities, they would have to go.

The Beginning of National Advertising

Fish had been strong for newspaper publicity, but somewhat ~~undecided~~ no doubt by the laboratory test in Rochester, Vail decided

to go in for straight advertising. Without consulting me he agreed with S. A. Conover of N. W. Ayer & Son to take a flyer in the magazines of national circulation. I was introduced to the agency as a "funnel of information", and went to Philadelphia to sign a contract. When I looked over the standard form of contract I told Mr. Ayer that I would not sign because I knew that my principal would not like the restrictions, most of which were quite unnecessary. It was finally agreed that as it was a matter between gentlemen, Ayer would send an estimate and I would write a letter authorizing the necessary expenditure. I knew that certain financial advertising was placed through Barron's bureau and would be, but I gave my word that any copy prepared by Ayer would not be turned over to any other agency, and everybody was happy.

My silent superior, E. J. Hall, Jr., said that I should not have a hand in the first magazine advertisement, but should let the agency do it entirely unadvised. Of course I did as he said, although I realized that the Ayer people were tackling something entirely out of their experience. How many men took a try at that first copy and how many changes were made in it before it was submitted, I never knew, but was to learn that it had the office in an uproar and that the whole copy department sweat blood, so to speak, before they got something that seemed satisfactory.

When I took the proof to Mr. Vail for approval he and Mr. Hall were starting West, so I was told to take the proof up with him on the train. After some discussion of other matters which Hall said I should consider confidential, the advertisement was inspected and with the usual minor changes, was approved before we had left New York State. Thinking I might as well kill two birds with one stone, I did not get off at the next stop but kept on to Rochester, somewhat, I am afraid, to Vail's annoyance, but our campaign was launched, a pioneer campaign in institutional advertising.

The Genesis of the Bell Seal

When my superiors returned from Denver, Vail had a determined but indefinite idea of a Bell Seal which would link the American Telephone and Telegraph Company with the local Bell Companies.

I told him I knew what had happened. When Field, the Denver president, took the party to the club he introduced Vail to Dave Moffatt as the President of the American Company, which meant nothing to the

western banker who probably said, "I'm glad to meet any friend of Ed. Field." Mr. Vail would never admit that this happened but as he made no denial, my surmise must have been quite close to the truth. Anyway, the next advertisement had the undeveloped nucleus of the standard Bell Seal.

At Milk Street there was a small, narrow room at the opposite end of a long hall leading to the president's office. In this room there was stored a quantity of maple sugar from Mr. Vail's Vermont farm. Being in charge of advertising and subject to numerous solicitors, I felt that I needed a room of my own. At my request Smith, the usher, moved the sugar to other quarters and I took its place with a pine table and two kitchen chairs. I had no authority for the use of the room and when Mr. Vail burst in on me one afternoon I expected an explosion. Instead he asked me what I was doing. There was nothing for me to do but to say I was reading the Saturday Evening Post. He said he did not mean at the moment, but what was I doing that evening. I told him I was going to New York. After asking where my bag was, and learning it was at the City Club, he said that I should come to dinner with him at the Union Club and go to New York on his private car. Thereupon he went his way.

At the appointed time I found him at the coolest window of the Club House with a long, cool drink which he quickly duplicated for me. Without much urging, I told him something of my life and experience and was told that I ought to be a useful man.

Vail on Cooperation

As the talk flagged I said, "Mr. Vail, do you know what I thought about before coming to dinner?"

"No, what was it?"

"I was thinking what I would say if you asked me what you could do to make me more satisfied in my new position."

"Suppose I did," said Vail, "what then?"

"This is what I thought. I like my job. I like my pay. I like my little room, but I should be better satisfied if the other men around me gave me better cooperation."

Quick as a flash he came back, "That is something I can't give you and it is something you will never get."

Looking backward it seems to me that those words gave me a practical start in the Bell System. Many and many a time I found that

my greatest trouble was not from the people I was working on but from those I was working for.

At the end of the first year of magazine advertising, I wrote a brief note telling Mr. Vail that with twice the money we could progress twice as fast, and my note came back, "Approved. T.N.V."

"Beat Them to It"

During the fall of that first year an advertisement was prepared showing the relation of the parent company to the Associated Companies, describing briefly the composition of the Bell System. As this was due to appear about election time, the Ayer people warned me that it might, in the heat of politics, invite attack on the ground of monopoly. When I repeated this warning to Mr. Vail he asked me if the statement told the truth. When I replied in the affirmative, he said, "Then print it and beat them (the politicians) to it." As a matter of record this advertisement produced no unfavorable repercussions.

From the first our purpose was to educate the public by telling the facts about the Bell System. I, at any rate, believed that the public opposition came chiefly from a lack of knowledge, as was the case in Rochester. Hence the fundamental policy was to give information as to our purposes, problems and progress.

Elbert Hubbard's Changed Attitude

Elbert Hubbard once asked me why we advertised. My explanation was that anyone who came into the Company, and saw at a close range, became a supporter and friend. As it was impractical to take the great public into the Company, we tried to take the Company to the public, hoping for similar results.

I got in touch with Elbert because of an unjust statement he had published, and in his case it was certainly true that the more he knew of us, the more he was for us.

Our modest magazine campaign whetted the appetite of all sorts of publications for a share in the big Company's money, and I was besieged by solicitors as hungry as wolves. It did not take me long to realize that compared to these experts I was a mere novice in advertising, and if I tried to match wits with them I would inevitably get the worst of it. So I wrote on a large piece of paper which I hung over my table, this quotation, "Let him who thinketh he standeth take heed lest

he fall." That reminded me that safety lay in letting the other fellow do the big talking. For myself I merely stated simple facts when statements were demanded.

Newspaper Advertising

On account of the strenuous solicitations of great newspapers, Mr. Vail and I agreed that we would confine our patronage to magazines of national circulation, leaving newspaper advertising to the local Companies. Unfortunately most of the local Companies were in no position to take over this responsibility. At Mr. Vail's direction I had persuaded the several New York State Companies then in existence, to begin newspaper advertising, in preparation for their merger. But other companies had given newspapers half rates in lieu of advertising, and in many instances these half rates had developed into free service, for which the companies were receiving no return. The reason was that the papers considered they were only receiving what was due them and felt quite free to attack the companies on the slightest provocation. The only way we could see of getting out of this mess, was to give the papers paid advertising as a precedent to abolishing rate concessions.

Some presidents feared to disturb the status quo but with Vail's backing they were, in the course of a year or so, all brought into line. As any experienced newspaper man would know, the papers themselves were much better satisfied with the "I pay you and you pay me" arrangement, and the Companies instead of getting nothing for rate concessions, got real cash for their service and real value from their advertising.

The "Information Department"

In the process of change a difficulty arose because most of the Companies had no one to prepare and place their advertisements or publicity and in consequence a new office had to be created and new men trained for the job. To start the thing along I undertook to prepare standard copy and illustrations, which would be at least of some benefit in any field. And this was the beginning of my department, which Vail said should be called the Information Department.

Again I am submerged by a flood of memories. As our advertising appropriations grew from year to year and as the department was growing at the same time, the hazards of my position increased until life

seemed one continual warfare. For the first two years after the Company headquarters were moved from Boston to New York, * I had an office in both cities, spending long weekends in Boston near my home. It was Vail's idea that as long as I had an office in Milk Street where I could be found on Saturdays and Mondays, the breaking away from the Hub would seem less violent. On many of my trips back and forth I was a guest on Mr. Vail's private car and on one occasion instead of bringing me to Boston he took me to Lyndonville to stop at his Vermont farm, which Albert Bigelow Paine has described in his book, "In One Man's Life." **

Personal Impressions of Vail

In appearance Mr. Vail was a formidable figure with his piercing eyes, his white moustaches and his nearly three hundred pounds avoirdupois. It is worth noting that I was never afraid of him, as many were, partly because my wild western experience had taught me to be afraid of no man, and partly because I knew that no man had a kinder heart. If I was called in question and stumbingly apologized, he would suspect the worst and keep hammering away. If, on the other hand, I stood by my guns, he would instantly drop his attack. I recall that on one occasion I went to him for help because I had made an embarrassing mistake. By my manner he knew that my intentions were honorable and he dismissed my mistake as of no consequence.

The First Telephone Film

To supplement our other means of information, my department prepared lectures illustrated by lantern slides, but very soon it became evident that motion pictures would be more effective. At this juncture a man came into my office and said he wanted to make us a motion picture.

"What about?" I asked.

"I will bring you in a scenario," he replied.

In due or overdue time he reappeared and his scenario went as follows:

A flat in Brooklyn, rubber plant, widow lady, flossie-haired little girl. The window is open and the wind blows the lace curtain against the gas jet. Little girl screams, mother wrings her hands, stands spellbound for a moment and then rushes to the telephone.

*A. T. & T. Co. Headquarters moved from Boston to New York in 1907.

**Republished, 1929, under title: Theodore N. Vail, A Biography.

Next scene: In a telephone exchange, where the operators indicate terror and confusion at the alarm of fire.

Next scene: At fire house, where fire horses prance out to the fire, and finally a close-up of the grateful widow.

This did not strike us favorably and presently another salesman appeared and, after the same preliminaries, offered a scenario showing the same apartment in Brooklyn with widow, little girl and rubber plant complete, but instead of a lace curtain and gas jet, there was a large bottle labelled "poison". Substitute a doctor for a fire engine and the story is told. Again we were not amused.

Finally there came a salesman who wanted to make us a picture and when asked what about, he said, "About the telephone, showing construction, operation and usefulness." That third man got the contract and after much anguish a film called "Spinners of Speech" was released on the Pathe circuit. That was the beginning of a long series of motion pictures, silent and sound, which have since been shown to millions of people, and which have increased in interest with the progress of the art.

Bronxville, New York

In 1910 I gave up my Boston office and moved with my family to the village of Bronxville, some fifteen miles out of New York, and I was a commuter for the next twenty years. At this time my oldest daughter, Elizabeth, was at school in Quincy; my son, Elmer, was preparing for Harvard; and my youngest daughter, Fanny, was at school in the village.

Bronxville was a charming suburban cluster of homes and gardens, with a coterie of artists, musicians and writers. As I had my Sundays free, I explored this interesting section of Westchester County on horseback, sometimes alone, sometimes with a party of riders and often with a Catholic lady of French descent, who first went to mass and then to ride. If we happened to pass the Church either just before or after services, it was good luck for the gossips, but agitated no one else.

Those were days when I worked hard, not because I wanted to, but because there was no much work to be done and none other to do it.

Developments under Carty

With Mr. Vail's election to the presidency of the American Company, John J. Carty had been made Chief Engineer and radical developments were made in the telephone art. For some time it had been possible to talk as far west as Chicago, but the western half of the country had no speech connection with the East. Under Carty's inspiring leadership, new processes were invented which carried speech a step further to Denver. This achievement was a godsend to us in the publicity field, but it only whetted Carty's appetite for more distance. Finally the laboratory perfected a telephone repeater which if inserted in the line would regenerate the fading current, and by this means the continent was spanned and San Francisco was brought within speaking distance of New York and the whole eastern seaboard.

Opening the Transcontinental Line

The most elaborate preparations were made for the formal opening of the trans-continental service. On the executive floor of the Dey Street headquarters, partitions were removed to make a room large enough for the impressive ceremony. All across the country were hundreds of men in wagons or on horseback or snow shoes, ready to jump to the work of making repairs, should an accident happen to that precious trans-continental line. Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, the aged inventor of the telephone, was at the New York terminal with a company of officials, dignitaries and editors, while at the San Francisco end was Dr. Thomas A. Watson, who had been Bell's assistant in the critical days back in Boston when the infant telephone was being brought to birth.

Back of the scenes I had engaged extra writers to prepare the answers to all possible questions, technical, geographic and historical. Illustrations were prepared and photographers told to be on hand. A special network of telegraph circuits was set up to carry the news to every part of the country, and newspapers, great and small, were enabled to feature the event.

Next morning, when I was looking over the New York papers, I was quite complacent until I came to the World, located only a few blocks away, which had no account of the ceremonies. I was sure they had been advised of the opening and been invited to attend. Could it be that the suspicious World thought we might attempt to fake a cross-country conversation? I was never to know, but while I was cogitating, word came

to me that the World office had put in a commercial call for their correspondent in San Francisco. By this time, the strict supervision of the long line had ended. The possibility that troubles might have developed flashed through my mind, but fortunately the line held, in spite of snow storms and landslides, so that the call was successfully completed. The next morning the World came out with its own special story of a trans-continental talk and the newspaper verdict was made unanimous.

For the next year or so, special demonstrations of the new line were arranged in various cities, cross-country conversations being listened to by an assembled audience, each guest having a special telephone receiver. Vice President N. C. Kingsbury would first give a descriptive lecture and would also give members of the audience an opportunity to talk over the longest line in the world.

The Radio Telephone

Meanwhile Carty had pushed the development of wireless telephony and, during the World War, obtained from the French authorities permission to use their receiving antenna on the Eiffel Tower in Paris. As this tower was in almost constant use by the French army for military purposes, the time allotted for our experiments was a period of fifteen minutes between five and six in the morning. A temporary receiving tower was set up in Darien on the Isthmus of Panama and another at Honolulu. Long distance wireless telephony was only slowly developed but when the engineers found that speech over a wire could be transposed upon a wireless wave and then again put on a wire, the ultimate success was assured. In Washington the use of the Arlington tower was secured from the Navy Department and every morning our engineer would call out over the sea and land for the three receiving stations. How long this went on I do not know, as the preliminary experiments were kept secret as far as possible. Darien was the first to get the call and respond with a telegraph message. Then Carty came in great excitement to tell me that Honolulu had heard the call. For a long time he got no such word from the engineer connected to the Eiffel Tower, but finally both Paris and Honolulu heard the call at the same time and a radius of some eight thousand miles had been achieved.

World War Activities

As the prospect of military intervention by the United States grew imminent, these experiments were temporarily dropped, the energies

of the Bell System forces were devoted to the national cause, and many of the engineers enlisting in the Signal Corps, Carty among the rest.

To get back to more personal matters, Carty - who as an officer and as an engineer was close to the military authorities - promised me a commission. This promise he was unable to perform because of my own infirmity. When he introduced me to General Squire, the head of the Signal Corps, I was on crutches with an infected leg. With the declaration of war, I had organized my fellow townsmen into a sort of home guard called, rather ostentatiously, the Loyal League of Bronxville, of which I was president. During one of our rather footless drills I sprained my leg, inducing infection which kept that member in plaster or equally unyielding bandages for some nine months. At the time when I should have qualified for enlistment, there was doubt whether I should ever again walk without crutches.

Under the aegis of former President Theodore Roosevelt the American Defense Society had been organized in New York and soon afterward I was elected to the Board of Trustees. This society was attempting to combat Wilson's neutrality policy and to arouse the American people to the need of preparedness. So with what I could do to help along these lines I had to be content.

Carty's war service was monumental, as he mustered the technical forces of the Bell System to assure General Pershing and his Expeditionary Force better means of communication than any military commander had ever had at his disposal. We had hardly become used to saying Major Carty before it became Colonel Carty and finally he was General Carty. When he died, in 1932, he was buried, among the national heroes, at Arlington Cemetery.

Friendship with Walter S. Gifford

When I had moved to Boston, the statistician of the American Company was Walter S. Gifford, whose brilliant mind was even then generally recognized. He used to spend many of his idle moments in my office, which resulted in our becoming fast friends. With the approach of war he was chosen to make a nation-wide survey of the facilities for providing military necessities, and did such a fine job that when the Council of National Defense was created, President Wilson appointed Gifford director. This was a man-sized job which he handled in a

masterly way. I used to visit him in Washington during those strenuous days and I know of no one who did more for the success of our arms than Walter Gifford, who won the respect not only of President Wilson and Secretary Baker but also of all who took a prominent part in the War. After the Armistice, Gifford resigned as director of the Council of National Defense and came back to the American Company greatly enriched in experience and with hosts of influential friends. From Statistician he became Comptroller, then Vice President, then Executive Vice President and at forty he became the head of the Bell System as President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Just when Mr. Vail realized that Gifford was presidential timber, I cannot tell, but that realize it he did was proven when he advised Gifford to take up certain matters "when you are President."

The difference between the two men was a reflection of different eras. Vail carved out the Bell Telephone System with an axe and could not have done otherwise. When Gifford's turn came, the continuance of the work required tools of precision which he so well could use. It would require more than one book to recount the benefits I received from association with these three friends, - Vail, Carty and Gifford.

Government Control of Wires

The War had practically been ended when the national government took over the control of all the wire companies, both telephone and telegraph. This was assumed to be a war measure but in reality it was brought about by Newcomb Carlton of the Western Union, who attempted to lay a cable contrary to the Government's order and was only prevented by the stationing of a war ship off the Florida coast. Long afterward, when I accused him of being responsible for all the difficulties of governmental control, he seemed proud of the fact and said he thought it was the best thing for all concerned to have the Government take us over. Be that as it may, we soon found that we were turned over to the Postmaster General and Mr. Burleson was our big boss.

Vail and Kingsbury went to Washington to work out with Postmaster Burleson a *modus vivendi*, and when they had returned Kingsbury asked me if I had started to look for another job. When I replied in the negative, he told me that Burleson said he could get along without me, as he had his own publicity department, so there was nothing for it but to let me go. Why Burleson should have picked on an incoastaneous

person like myself, among the hundreds of thousands of Bell employees, I never found out, but my suspicion was that Kingsbury had blunderingly flaunted my name either in praise or blame and appropos of nothing.

Again Looking for a Job

So at fifty-seven I again felt myself out in the cold world looking for a chance to earn my living. I notified a few close friends of my situation and promptly received an invitation from Lew Jones to go to Rochester and see George Eastman of the Kodak Company. Mr. Eastman had a vague idea of starting a new kind of a company paper and putting me in charge of it. After two days, during which we had several talks, Mr. Eastman advised me to go back to New York and if I decided I wanted to work for him then he would be glad to hear from me.

When I told Vail about this he seemed surprised that Kingsbury had sent me job hunting, but he was too good an executive to go over his Vice-President's head. Instead he said, "Don't you take Eastman's job. You can't do what he wants. Nobody can. You have done good work for us and you are entitled to take all the time you want to place yourself. Take a year if you want, but don't tie yourself up without seeing me."

Although much cheered, I felt it would be unwise to take Vail too literally and soon had three prospective positions from which to choose, - one with an advertising agency which needed new life; one with our own agents, Ayer & Son, who offered to give me free rein in their concern to do as I wanted; and one to go as an advertising man with the National City Company. My friend B. C. Forbes had told Frank Vanderlip that I was leaving the American Company and Mr. Vanderlip had sent for me to come to the National City Bank, of which he was then president. My own preference was the American International Corporation in which he had a measure of control, but he thought it would be better for me to learn the business in the National City Company and sent me to Charles Mitchell, its president. When Mitchell and I came to a tentative agreement I concluded that of my three prospects this was the best. Mr. Mitchell offered to start me at my then salary with automatic bonuses and regular increases if I stayed. All that remained to do was to inform Mr. Vail. When I told him about it he said to see Kingsbury and when I told Kingsbury he said to see Vail. I did not know where I stood but on the day before Christmas, one week before I was to go to my new job, I found Vail and Kingsbury together and asked them if they had anything to say.

Vail Says the Word

Then Vail spoke, saying he thought the American Company was going to need me more than ever before. So with mixed feelings I telephoned Mr. Mitchell that I was staying with the American Company. A few months later I received, without any words on my part, a substantial increase in my salary.

That next spring it became evident that the Government, having no military necessity as an excuse, would turn the wire companies back to their normal independence. It seemed to me that all the Companies had suffered under government control and that it would be a herculean task to bring them back to their former efficiency and prosperity. My very slight contact with banking had shown me that the trend in large corporations was the division of work and responsibility among a number of vice presidents.

A Suggestion Carried Out

Taking my pen in hand I wrote to Mr. Vail at Jekyl Island, giving him my thoughts as to what our Company would have to do and that a number, perhaps seven or eight, vice presidents were required. I assured him that I had no personal interest in the matter and was not hinting to be made a vice president.

In due time it was announced that he had become Chairman, Thayer President, and that the number of Vice Presidents had been increased to some seven or eight. My letter, which I had shown to Kingsbury before sending, was never acknowledged, and no one would say a word about it. Undoubtedly all I said in my letter had been thought out before it was received, and the officials believed it wise to forget it, as no doubt it was.

With Vail to Porto Rico

Before the War, following an attack of neuritis, a sea voyage was recommended, so I picked a slow ship for a brief visit to London and Paris. But it was the West Indies which stirred my imagination and it was to returning voyagers from the Carribbean Sea that I listened with the greatest interest. A year after the War, probably in 1919, I planned to spend Christmas in Porto Rico with my son who had graduated, been commissioned and married during the first year of the War. With

my wife and young daughter I was visiting Mr. Vail at Lyndonville when I explained what I planned to do. He said he had never been in Porto Rico and would like to go along, but our conversation was casual and I thought no more about it. As Christmas approached I mentioned the plan again and Mr. Vail asked if I had made reservations for him. On inquiry, it appeared that the ship was filled to the last stateroom. On reporting this to Vail I found he was really disappointed. So I went to the owners of the line to ask if anything could be done. Eventually it was arranged that the Captain gave up his cabin and Vail was able to make the last trip he was to make merely for pleasure. At that time Vail was Chairman of the Company and the then President, Harry B. Thayer, cautioned me that the Chairman was far from well. So I must take care of him. The ship, now obsolete, was the old Coamo, the seas were those of winter, and only once during the five-day voyage did Vail emerge from his cabin. On that one occasion we helped him down to the smoking room, where he drew a map of Waterloo and talked of my father and others whom we both remembered.

We landed at San Juan on Christmas morning. As we passed in by Morro Castle, and tied up at the dock, I was excited by the strangeness of the landscape, the city and the people. The mayor of the city was a passenger on our ship and a great crowd had come to welcome him, bringing a band which played strange West Indian music during the unloading of the baggage and for some time longer while Mayor Todd leaned on the opposite rail answering my eager questions. At long last we all went ashore, Mr. Vail to the Condado-Vanderbilt Hotel and my family embarking in a Ford car for Manati, forty miles along the coast, where my son was superintendent of a factory for canning grapefruit.

Porto Rico's Charm

Every mile of that road was full of novel interest. The little conical hills, like bubbles on a loaf of ginger bread, were of coral formation. The waving tassels of the sugar cane glistened as nothing else could glisten. The oxen with yokes fastened to their horns, the women washing clothes in the shallow streams, the blossoming trees, the crowded villages, and the innumerable dark-skinned natives on foot and on horseback, the dogs and the naked children playing before thatched huts, all had a charm when seen for the first time. The people seemed

generally small, the dogs were small and the easy-gaited Spanish horses were not much bigger than the donkeys.

The time was all too short before we were headed back to the land of snow and ice. Gradually we were forced to wear warmer and darker colored clothes but I wilfully clung to my white shoes until the last day.

For the next ten years I gave up my customary summer vacation, to spend a winter holiday among the islands and ports of the Caribbean Sea. The Leeward Islands, Venezuela, the Dutch West Indies, Colombia, Panama, Jamaica and Cuba lured me from the New York winter and made me bear with the New York summer, but the romantic charm of my first visit to Porto Rico was never quite equalled.

The Death of Vail

Within a year from that voyage Mr. Vail died and was buried with his family in the old Whippany church yard. During his last years he had arranged with Albert Bigelow Paine to write his life, but not until after his death. Every now and then Vail would pass over some papers to me, saying that perhaps Paine would sometime find them useful, as he did. Paine had done a masterly job in his life of Mark Twain, because they were two literary men together who talked and understood the same language. That his Vail book was less successful was doubtless due to the lack of such mutual understanding. Certainly they did not speak the same language. Vail was not able to dramatize himself and Paine had only a historian's interest in the dynamics of big business. After Vail's death I spent several months in collecting what the press had to say about him, and yet the book "In One Man's Life" was not widely read. My own modest tribute to my chief was a draft of resolutions adopted by our Board of Directors. By deliberate intent I first wrote these resolutions without an adjective, but was induced to intersperse a few before my draft was accepted. When the president then in office came into my room to ask me to go to work on a draft, I handed him the completed manuscript for which he was good enough to assume responsibility.

Many By-paths to Follow

There were many side paths along which I had to find my way in the next decade. The Bell System had some twenty thousand men in

the War and it was deemed appropriate to record in a book what they did. This book was written by a bright young lawyer who was temporarily in my department. As I knew nothing of book publishing I was astounded at the many details involved.

Radio Broadcasting

Another by-path which became almost a highway led into wireless broadcasting. When broadcasting stations began to spring up in various parts of the country, it seemed advisable to the management of the American Company to build a broadcasting station which the public could use in much the same way that a public telephone was used. This seemed a simple proposition but was found to be quite the reverse. Our station, W. E. A. F., could not serve a customer at ten o'clock today and seven o'clock and so on, unless those hours were allotted to us, and those hours would not stay allotted to us unless we used them every day. In order to have available time on the air we had to use that time, whether or not we had customers. This forced us to provide our own programs for any hours that might otherwise be vacant. In short, we had to go into the show business, with all the praise and criticism to which showmen are subject. We operated W.E.A.F. through one presidential campaign and, as far as I had anything to do with it, one was enough. Because the American Telephone and Telegraph Company was large enough to be a shining target, the critics were more numerous than they would be in the case of smaller companies. When our subscribers complained because some of our radio customers or performers did not suit their fancy, they did not in fact order out their telephones but some of them thought they would be justified in so doing, and were only stopped by the thought of how they could get along without telephone service. Suffice it to say, that we came to believe that broadcasting was a business by itself, and W.E.A.F. was sold to professional broadcasters.

Radio Telephone Experiments Resumed

With the War well out of the way, experiments in trans-Atlantic wireless telephony were resumed, and finally a demonstration was given to the newspaper men of New York and London. It was arranged that each Mr. Smith in London should talk with a Mr. Jones in New York and in this way all the guests would be given a chance to have a trial talk. Each newspaper had designated a representative and all would have

gone well except for the five-hour difference in time. It was easy for the Londoners to have luncheon and assemble at two o'clock but at nine of a Sunday morning few New Yorkers had breakfasted, if indeed they were out of bed.

Because some of the New Yorkers were not present I was delegated to take their places, and although this was explained by the master of ceremonies, my London respondents persisted in following the written program and talking to me as if I were really the missing Mr. Jones. As I recall, it was nearly a year later that the trans-Atlantic service was opened to the public, and was justly hailed as an epoch-making event.

Cooperation with British Post Office

Although the technical developments came from the American Company and its Associated Companies, the practical cross Atlantic talk required the cooperation of the British Post Office, and the plans for the opening and the routine of operation, the scale of charges and other details had to be arranged by mutual agreement. A feature of this agreement was a provision that no information should be given out by us, without the approval of the British authorities. Naturally we went over all questions which we thought could be asked and prepared elaborate answers and comprehensive memoranda, both technical and commercial. All this was agreed to by our British friends, who also agreed upon the time when information should be released. I was designated as the sole press representative of the Company in New York, so we looked forward to good weather, fairly free from static.

Sometimes we had had to drag newspaper men to our demonstrations, but not this time since they were all as eager as wolves and each paper was trying to get ahead of all the others. Mine was not an easy task at best, but the fact that I could not give out anything without the consent of the British Post Office seemed to make the editors mad. Not that I put the blame for my refusal upon the British. I did not. It was simply that the editors wanted anything they asked for without delay and could not be satisfied. Not only was there difficulty with the news, but each New York newspaper and some outside papers wanted to put through the first commercial call to London. My telephone was ringing twelve hours a day, and the wires brought nothing pleasant. In all my experience with newspapers I was never so violently abused, after as

well as before the event. Aside from that the opening was a success and New York and London were definitely linked in speech.

Gradually connections were extended from London to the continent and eventually through Europe and Asia, while the American Company extended its connections westward to Honolulu and Manila and Tokyo, so that as a matter of record President Gifford was later able to speak around the world to Vice President Miller in the next room.

A Nation-wide Tour

When Gifford became President in 1925 he decided to visit all the Bell System headquarters to get better acquainted with the field and to let the people in the field get better acquainted with him. He chose Gen. Carty and myself to accompany him in his private car which carried also a secretary and our transportation expert. At each headquarters city there was a meeting of employees and also a meeting of prominent citizens, Gifford speaking to both groups. These one-day stands were hard work for both Carty and myself and must have been harder for Gifford, although he stood up under the strain better than we did. When he said at the end of this nation-wide tour, "I'll never have to do that again," Carty and I made it unanimous. In a very personal way I got a certain satisfaction from that trip. It was of course a fine thing to see the far-flung system of wires and central offices and it was a finer thing to see thousands of enthusiastic telephone workers, but it was my great satisfaction to see everywhere the official blue and white flag of the Bell System. That emblem of universal service had been of slow development in my own office, after many suggestions had been made and found impractical and many experimental flags had been made and tried out on tall flag poles. The flag is so simple, carrying the bare essentials of the Bell Seal, that its making now looks easy, but many a time I had walked down Broadway to see how far away the insignia could be identified. To arrive at a strange town and see that flag flying from one of the town's best buildings always made me feel at home.

Pictures by Wire

Another by-path into which I followed my technical friends was in the development of the telephotograph system, the means of sending pictures by wire. The idea of this was not new, because away back in my newspaper days a system was tried out between the offices of the New York and Boston Herald and found unsatisfactory.

Our engineers had an entirely different idea, and early in their experiments asked whether in my opinion newspapers would make a commercial use of pictures sent by wire. Offhand I stated that I was sure they would. Did they not spend large amounts to rush pictures by airplanes, and any other available means? As time went on I more than once questioned my own judgment in this matter, especially when I was on a committee to determine the Company's policy regarding huge expenditures for telephotograph equipment. Our first demonstration was enthusiastically received by the press of New York and prominent editors and owners who came to the office with their reporters seemed to be intensely interested. At the Cleveland Convention that nominated Calvin Coolidge I sent pictures to all the New York papers daily, and I may add impartially, our service was loudly praised. But when we established service between a few key cities, offering it to the papers at a commercial rate, our difficulties began. Our rates were based on a cost of service thirty-five thousand dollars for each machine, plus the charges for the long distance lines and the other costs of operation, which meant that service was expensive. Moreover our set up did not cover enough ground and important happenings for which pictures were desired were more often than not far away from our sending stations. We plunged again by adding more stations without doing any better commercially, and when I saw how much we were losing I was in a very humble state of mind. It was after I had left the business that one of the important news agencies embarked in telephotographs on a large scale, and then I had no right to inquire as to the balance of profit and loss.

It was in connection with telephotography, in its early stages, that I secured my one and only United States patent. At that time the engineers were trying to produce pictures which could be photographed directly on metal for printing. Their method was to open up the pictures by means of blank lines, which were clearly discernable on the printed pages. My suggestion was to turn the film one quarter around and run it through a second time so as to produce dots similar to those produced by a screen. Experiment showed that this could be done and for that reason a patent was taken out, even though my result might be obtained more readily by other means.

Television Demonstrations

It seemed as if the American Company was determined to keep me amused, although I am sure that was not its object in pressing the

development of television, with which I, of course, had nothing to do except to do my part in giving it publicity. Our biggest demonstration was between the Western Electric building in New York to a room in Washington where Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, told the New York assembly by telephone what he saw on the moving screen. Garty and I were also on the Washington end. In the conversation which followed the great cost of the equipment was brought out again and it was prophesied that the new device would not be used between telephone users but it would serve much like radio, to present important events. As one observer put it, "See the prize fight by television and get drunk at home."

Those were rich years in telephone history and, as it had from the beginning, the American Company was playing a leading part. Even though I was only a spectator, so to speak, I could actually see the wheels go around and was fired by the enthusiasm of the experts in many lines, who were extending and improving telephone service, and utilizing the results of their researches and discoveries for means of making the deaf hear and the dumb speak. The by-products of telephone experimentation are too numerous for me to even catalogue but I have often thought that instead of being paid for working for the American Company, I should have paid the Company for the privilege, providing, of course, that I had the money!

Back in the early days of my employment in the Bell System I knew an engineer who had risen high and was still in the prime of life. He had acquired a tidy fortune by shrewd speculation in stocks and decided to resign from the Company and buy a farm to live on. He smiled dryly at my eager interest in the business, saying, "The big corporation will grind away your enthusiasm in a few years." Apparently he was speaking from his own experience, but he was wrong about me, for my interest never diminished.

Employees' Pensions

Perhaps it was due to this engineer's state of mind that I became interested in employee's pensions. When I spoke of them to some of the higher-ups, they said that the time was not ripe. When I talked pensions to Mr. Vail, he was definitely opposed to such a plan. He explained that a former president of the Western Electric Company was drawing a pension of fifteen thousand although he had a fortune of a million dollars. Finally he said, "What good would pensions do anyhow?"

"Improve the esprit de corps, the morale of the organization," I explained.

"Our morale is all right," he came back.

Then I took the chance of being impudent and said that if I were the head of a business that had no better morale than his Company, I should be ashamed of myself.

Mr. Vail grunted at that and I realized that he was not so opposed as he appeared to be, but annoyed at what he thought was an unjustified pension given to the former Western Electric president.

At that time I did not expect to spend my life with the American Company and in good faith I assured Mr. Vail that I was not speaking for myself. Finally he consented to my request that I make a study of company pensions and collect what data I could.

Attached to my department was a man who was always avid for information, and was, in consequence, educated along many lines. This man, Walter Allen, was asked to make the pension survey and as a result of his inquiries we devised a plan which Vail thought so well of that he presented it to a meeting of the Company Presidents for their adoption. After they had gone home and consulted their accountants, some of them found flaws in this first plan, but Vail was now interested and appointed an important committee to make a new draft. Gifford was the working member of this committee and the plan was so satisfactory that it was adopted throughout the Bell System.

Employee Benefit Program

As time went on, even this plan was modified and improved, and included in a general employees' benefit program, which has been of inestimable value to the Company as well as to the employees. A year after Walter Gifford became President, he decided that in view of the pension plan, a fixed age for retirement should be established. The age officially agreed upon was sixty-five years, and this rule could not be broken except by vote of the Board of Directors. As there were many employees approaching the retirement age who had expected to be longer employed, Gifford gave five years notice so that the older men would have that length of time to prepare for going on a pension. At the time I was sixty-one and, in common with some others, was carried on salary, by means of the five years notice, somewhat beyond the fixed retirement age. If there was ever a case of bread cast on the waters returning,

this was one, and I was given a sense of security by the prospect of a pension that left me free to devote myself to my work.

Made Assistant to President

Gifford knew that I had only a few years longer with the Company and in his forehanded way, decided to establish my successor while I was still on the job, rather than risk a period of experiment along public relation lines. After considerable inquiry it was found that Arthur W. Page had left the editorship of the World's Work and was in a receptive state of mind, so he was put in charge of public relations and took over my department. Concurrently I was made Assistant to the President, a position which comprised a great variety of duties. From observation, the position is one of extreme delicacy, often requiring action overlapping other departments and in cases where no mandate can be proven. In short, an Assistant to the President has abundant opportunities to get himself well hated for doing things which only the authority of the President could make acceptable and yet which must be done without that authority. If I was not well hated it was just my good luck. These very difficulties, which I do not think I have exaggerated, gave a spice to my day's work. Probably every man has a hidden belief that he could be a good diplomat, just as he thinks he could edit a newspaper, run down criminals, or shine as the chief executive at the national capitol. Every time I succeeded in getting results by diplomacy, there was a feeling of self-satisfaction while when I failed, my depression was profound. These generalizations are far from satisfactory even to me, but the elapsed time is too short to permit specific instances.

A minor position which came to me at this time was a directorship on the board of the two companies in which the ownership of the headquarters buildings were vested. This involved the consideration of rents, repairs, the operation of restaurants and other practical matters, a radical change from my accustomed work, but nonetheless interesting. As the time of retirement grew nearer it seemed desirable that a new Assistant to the President should be selected while I was still on the job, and I had the pleasure of recommending William J. O'Connor, who has proved eminently successful in the position. Hence my last few weeks at 195 Broadway were spent in cleaning house.

Retirement, June, 1930

When I attended my last weekly meeting of the President's committee of Vice Presidents and Department Heads, there were several of us old timers getting out and we were the recipients of appropriate gifts and salutations. Thus, at sixty-six in June, 1930, I was out of a job, but, thanks to the pension plan, not without visible means of support. Although I was in good health and possessed of my customary brain power, I did not question my retirement because the plan in general worked for the benefit of the employee and the Company. That I felt able to continue my work had nothing to do with the wisdom of the plan itself. In fact my by-and-large picture of fixed retirements was so convincing that I would not have wanted an exception to be made in my case even if it had been possible.

The truth was I did not intend to stop working. The drop from a salary basis to a pension basis was so great that I expected to exercise my privilege under the plan to engage in some other occupation that did not conflict with the interests of the American Company. I had been recommended for a couple of good jobs, but was advised to take a long holiday abroad before seeking any new connection. It would not have looked so well for the retirement plan if I jumped from one excellent position into another, and in the summer of 1930 we were being assured that the depression would not last long, the cry being "business as usual."

Sail for France

So in July my wife and I set sail from New York on the Fabre liner "Patria" for the port of Marseilles, and intermediate ports. The "Patria" was a most friendly ship from the Captain down and she was small enough to bring the passengers close together. Gari Melchers, an internationally known painter, and his charming wife were our neighbors in the same corridor. There were some delightful English people from Uruguay, and two young married couples from New York, with a Chicago lawyer who was bringing along a daughter and granddaughter to visit relatives in Naples. There were the usual hard-bitten travelers who kept their business, if any, to themselves, a couple of Italian priests, an Italian army officer and "Caramba," an a young Brazilian girl who named by the ship's company. As we were coming from a land

of prohibition, we were delighted to find our table generously supplied with red and white wine from the vineyards of the Fabre Company, and the French cuisine was up to its reputation. The weather permitted the usual deck sports and dancing in the evening and the sturdy little ship seemed to house a happy family.

The Adventures of "Caramba"

But as it happened in Eden, so it happened on the "Patria", and although the details were different, in both cases the trouble started from a woman.

The girl from Brazil was small and full of life, or more accurately, exuberance. She spoke only the Portuguese language, but had a few words of English and one of Spanish. As she came dancing out on the after deck she would greet the assembled company with the shrill cry of "Caramba", and immediately she would be the center of interest.

On the first evening as I treated the English-speaking priest to cognac and a black Porto Rican cigar, he volunteered the information that Caramba was a good girl in spite of her rather forward ways. It is certain that she was a devout Catholic, and a constant attendant at Mass, and as far as I could see she had a kind heart. So I thought no more of the matter. Nor would I have thought more of it had not the same priest in midocean reversed himself and told me that he was afraid Caramba was not so good. There were rumors that she had married very young and left her husband and child for the adventure of foreign travel.

As this talk percolated through the ship it had eventually to get to Caramba herself and when it did she wilted like a dead leaf. As she stayed in her cabin, two kind Americans went to see her and found her eyes red from tears and all the joy gone from her life.

Thereupon the ship's company was split in twain, the Americans taking the side of Caramba with some of the foreigners taking the side of the priest. As Protestants we could not see that it was any of the priest's business whether Caramba was what he called good or bad, and we gradually coaxed her into our company.

By that time a young Portuguese chap, whom I had know at the Breevort in New York, recovered from his sea-sickness and talked with Caramba in the only language she knew, and consequently became her devoted attendant.

Arrived at Lisbon

When we reached Lisbon the Melchers left us to tour Portugal and Caramba's young friend left also, being taken in tow by his numerous relatives. Into the breach stepped a young German bank clerk from Chicago who besides German, French and English, knew a little Portuguese. When we all went ashore for the day, the light-haired German youth escorted the dark Brazilian girl and we all went our separate ways. My way led to a robber guide and a motor car to take us along a pleasant shore, through a suburban section where the British lived, to the marvelous old royal palace at Contra.

Here our Lisbon guide turned us over to a fellow craftsman who conducted us through a maze of rooms and corridors of the King's former home, which still contained some of the furnishings reminiscent of former grandeur. In contrast was the enormous kitchen, equipped with masonry stoves, enough for half a hundred cooks, and with two enormous chimneys which had carried away the smoke as it rose to the ceiling from scores of fires.

Back in Lisbon was a great church, no longer used for worship, elaborately decorated with the lion motive indicative of power, a charming cloister now connected with a boy's school, and further on tawdry bull ring. We washed down our luncheon with the wine of Portugal and went aboard our ship for tea. Not only was the Moorish taste seen in the glazed tiles used in and out of many houses, but the boats in the harbor were modelled on those of earlier centuries. After we had sailed that night the young German, Fritz, showed me a detailed account of his expenses entertaining Caramba. He concluded Lisbon was an expensive place and I was forced to agree.

We did not make a landing at Gibraltar but our Captain steered closely along three sides of the rock, just to give us a good view of it. Fair weather had given us time to spare, so we skirted the coast of Africa and steamed so closed to Algiers that we could count the windows on the houses which rose as if in an amphitheater.

First Sight of Italy

At Palermo I had my first sight of Italy. We went ashore in a small boat, the boatman, like all the others, rowing standing up and facing the bow. We drove to a church beautifully decorated with mosaics

and afterward to the catacombs in the city itself. Apparently many Sicilians did not wish to be buried but preferred to have their bones hung on the walls of subterranean chambers in sacks, with their names and sometimes their photographs labelling their several remains. These exhibits were arranged in as orderly a fashion as if they were offered for sale in a department store. For example, there were several large chambers for men, others for women and children, and still others where particular women, or what was left of them, rested on shelves in handsome apparel.

The Bay of Naples

The next day we entered the Bay of Naples which stays beautiful in spite of all the praise it has received. We asked our driver to take us out at a downtown lunch room popular with the business men of the city. We were handed a long printed menu which meant as much as if it had been an inscription from the tomb of the Pharoahs. A kindly customer, realizing that we knew nothing of the language, ordered for us a luncheon which he thought would be suitable for tourists and we made out a meal not knowing then or later what we ate. I have not the courage to attempt a description of Naples, upon which I looked back in the early evening, punctured with many lights, not counting the warm glow at the summit of Mt. Vesuvius. Neither shall I attempt to describe Poppoli, which we saw on a later journey. To speak like the so-called one hundred percent American, there were some things about Naples I did not like, but many more which I liked so much that they held me spellbound.

The purser of the "Patria", "Flit," as we called him, was a most amusing young Frenchman who was always trying to keep us entertained. The "Patria" was brave with three rakish yellow smoke stacks, and when we saw the purser waving down to us from inside the after stack, we wondered why he was not covered with soot, if not in a worse plight from smoke and flames. Then the man who always knows everything, told us that the after stack was a dummy erected merely for the sake of appearances!

Arrived at Marseilles

It was early in the morning when we entered the port of Marseilles and regretfully bade farewell to "Flit" and the officers of the "Patria." A drive about the city was not particularly exhilarating.

but the train ride to Nice is well known for its interest and beauty. Southern France was new to me and my eyes devoured it with the eagerness of a boy. At Nice we stopped at the old-fashioned Hotel Luxembourg, facing the sea into which I went at least once a day for six weeks. Afternoons we would take trips to Monte Carlo, Cannes, Grasse or other interesting points and had such an enjoyable time that whenever afterward I was in Nice it appeared like an orange which I had sucked dry.

Our journey down through Italy was much like the countless journeys of previous travelers, but I don't know that all of them went into the crypt of the Milan Cathedral.

A Certain Archbishop

For a price, an attendant turned a crank which raised the glass casket of a popular Archbishop lying in regal state and brilliantly illuminated by electric lights. His Grace must have been very popular indeed, for the precious jewels on his fleshless hands, in the crown resting on his skull and larger crown suspended over his head would have amounted to a king's ransom. Jewels, rags and a few mouldering bones, and in time only the jewels will remain! I felt like taking a piece of soap and writing "Vanity" on the glass casket. My other significant memory of Milan is the tomb of Toscanini's son, depicting in marble, scenes of the youth's life from childhood to his untimely death. After seeing Leonardo's Last Supper we went to Venice to be cheered up.

It seemed almost idyllic to have our baggage piled into a gondola and to be whisked away through one and another canal to our hotel on the father of all the other canals. Here we held a family conclave and it was agreed that I should spend the morning at the Lido and only in the afternoons should the sights be seen. I have seen better beaches than the Lido, but the water was wet and the sun generally bright, and the out-of-season bathers few. And coming home on the ferry much refreshed I could agree that the sight-seeing did not seem half bad.

The Palace of the Doges

Our guide at the Palace of the Doges was an artist whom I would not have missed for a good deal. He gave me a liberal education in art, recalled historic tragedies, showed blades that had been worn thin on the necks of innumerable offenders, and told me that growing

boys had to be refitted to successive suits of armour so that at maturity they felt undressed unless they were encased in steel. This most excellent guide almost spoiled it all by insisting upon showing the glass flowers almost next door to San Marco.

Of the many beauties Venice offers, my untutored eye was most attracted to the Cellini statue, although as a horse lover I was more pleased by the noble steed than by the figure of Captain Bartolommeo himself. As an art patron the old warrior would be pleased to know that after four centuries his was still acclaimed the greatest equestrian statue in existence. When I was told the general direction I made my winding way to the little square of San Giovanni as if drawn by a lodestone and without asking questions, but I was so uncertain of the tortuous route that I returned to the Hotel Regina by gondola.

A Gondola Race

By great good fortune the annual race of the gondoliers occurred during our stay, and the pageant of royal and near royal barges passed before our balcony with gorgeous robes trailing the Grand Canal, rivaling in brilliant coloring the historic costumes of the occupants. The Canal was filled with every sort of water craft until the course was cleared and the racing gondolas dashed by under our noses, with the gondoliers working like madmen. On this occasion the King was not present, sending a prince or two as his substitutes.

One evening while listening to the music in the Square of San Marco I heard a young voice singing "The Long, Long Trail" and a group of American sailors came swinging along very much the worse for drink. Near the Campanelli they met the provost guard and disappeared in silence. It was amazing to see the avidity with which the smallest end of a burned cigarette would be snatched from the ground by the poor creatures who were always on the lookout for bits of tobacco, - regular butt hunters who seemed proud of their prowess.

When, all too soon the time came to leave Venice, the train on which I had engaged seats, was filled to the proverbial limit. Being the first to arrive, I placed an array of bags in the rack, without any thought of fellow occupants. The first of these to arrive was a Britisher, possibly a butcher, and his lady. He vehemently denounced me for trespassing on his rack space and we growled at one another like a couple of match dogs. Soon there came another English couple to occupy the two

remaining seats in the compartment and I was prepared for more trouble. But this Englishman was not a butcher, since he politely told me not to disturb myself as there was room for us all. These later arrivals were elderly people and offered us several little courtesies, and before reaching Florence the gentleman brought out a flask and a bottle of soda and invited me to have with him the English national drink. On reaching Florence they went to the best hotel, which was beyond my budget. A few days later, however, I spied them passing a tea shop and called them in, starting an acquaintance which has resulted in an exchange of Christmas cards ever since. In fairness to the butcher, I must add that he helped me put my heavy bags through the window into the hands of the waiting porters.

Sightseeing in Florence

As there seemed to be no beaches at Florence my whole time was spent in seeing the same wonderful treasures that have inspired more writers than one could count. Even Baedeker could do that better than I. The pictures, statues and churches were worthy, of course, of many visits, and left in my mind many delightful impressions. In one of the churches the guide spoke English with a London accent and seemed to possess a dry humor. At one picture showing a beautiful lady his brief comment was, "Too much spaghetti!"

In Florence the ox-teams and pack mules had not disappeared from the strange traffic of the crowded streets but motor cars really outnumbered all these. Somehow the motor cars looked out of place and were in fact a nuisance in the narrow thoroughfares lined with ancient palaces, churches and museums. Modernism had obviously got its toe in the door and inevitably historic structures of earliest times, whatever their beauty, will have to give way.

Rome - A Modern City

In Rome this process is much more advanced and, in spite of the monuments of antiquity, the Colosseum, St. Peter's, and the imitations of past glory which Mussolini has erected, Rome is distinctly a modern city. The present has already overcome the past, and sophistication is evidenced on every side. Simultaneously with us, there arrived at the same hotel an Episcopal Bishop from Maine with his daughter, and we felt quite at home. In Boston Charlie Taylor had given me a letter to Monsignor Spellman

who formerly had a parish in Massachusetts, but at that time was a popular official at the Vatican. The Monsignor, I was assured, knew all that was worth knowing about Rome and I called at his hotel hoping to get him for dinner. The concierge, however, told me that Mgr. Spellman was out of town for ten days, which was beyond our allotted stay. Seeing my disappointment the concierge asked if I had a letter to the Monsignor and when I handed him the letter, he looked through a big book and fished out a letter signed by the reverend gentleman recommending his unnamed friend to the Vatican officials.

Visit to the Vatican

When I told the American Express manager that I had such a letter he advised that I go at once to the Vatican, pass the Swiss guards as if I did not see them, ascend a stairway on the right, and enter an office where I could present my letter to someone who spoke English. All this I did, and, after a slight delay, was met by a very genial official who asked me a few questions as to where I lived, how long I would be in Rome, when I would wish to have an audience with the Holy Father, and finally if I had black clothes. When I told him I had a dinner coat he said that was the very thing, and gave me a ticket showing how my wife should be dressed. "The women have the advantage of us," he observed, "for they can arrange a costume suitable for any occasion."

Then he explained that the Holy Father would be late because of visitors from a distance, and that I could save much climbing of stairs if I had my driver leave me in an upper courtyard.

We had a hurried luncheon and arrived properly dressed at one o'clock as my good friend had advised. An official guide ushered us through a large room, where the holders of yellow cards were assembling, into a smaller reception room. Soon, with a few other holders of white cards, we were taken into another connecting room, and, after another pause, into a third and final room, which was very grand and contained a throne.

There were perhaps twenty of us, several priests and sisters with strings of beads, and one man in full evening dress, all drawn up in two lines facing one another. There were guards in blue military uniforms, and ushers clothed in red from head to feet, but the head usher was in black, without insignia. It was the latter who ushered in Pope Pius XI from an inner apartment. He was garbed in a light heliotrope

satin robe. We knelt to receive his blessing, then as he walked slowly along the line we kissed his pontifical ring - with reverence, I believe, on the part of all. At the end of this ceremony he again blessed us, and, as I understood, the rosaries of the sisters were included in that blessing.

His Holiness seemed to be a very attractive man, not robust, and perhaps a little pale, but decidedly human, the sort of a man with whom in his earlier days it must have been a privilege to climb the mountains around his beloved Milan.

As the Pope passed on into the larger reception room we were ushered out as we came in, a room at a time. One of the red ushers gave me an aluminum medal commemorating a recent church celebration, saying, "Special dispensation for you, sir."

"The Grandeur that was Rome"

The next few days were spent in the usual way, but after seeing the catacombs of Palermo the catacombs of Rome seemed as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard, for one could search in vain for a bone! The drive to Tivoli and Hadrian's Villa gave us a suggestion of dreams which had gone the way of all the world. I was struck by the power of time to change and to erase the works of man.

We reached Naples again in September and I was keen for a swim. I finally found, at the end of a rather long street car ride, what the French would call a "plage", and although the beach part was diminutive, there was plenty of water and all the necessities of a bathing resort. The bath houses were rather primitive, but the restaurant and bar were excellent, as were the pingpong tables and benches for sun bathing. One day as I came out of the water at an obscure corner of the little beach, I saw two pretty girls approaching and wondered why they should stroll in that direction. Then I saw they were actually coming for me and were my shipmates on the "Patria", the daughter and granddaughter of the Chicago lawyer. It was the sixteen-year old granddaughter who tore herself away from her Neapolitan companions to join me in a cool drink and tell me the latest news. They had been living a gay life, she said, but she had to watch her step when she danced with the Italian boys, although the hazard did not apparently spoil for her the pleasure of dancing.

The Ruins of Pompeii

It was on this visit that I first walked the deep-rutted, stone-paved streets of Pompeii. These ruts, which chariot wheels had worn in the blocks of stone, told me that the city was very old even before its destruction so long ago. That it was a very cultured city was also evident, and side by side with the signs of its art and culture were the signs of a contrasting crudity in the civilization of those early times. That Pompeii was both wealthy and wicked goes without saying, but the theory that its terrible destruction was the vengeance of an outraged ruling Providence I could not bring myself to believe. Similar calamities have befallen other communities whose citizens, as far as we know, walked in the straight and narrow path.

In the museum at Naples the art of the Pompeians is best seen and, judging from the rescued busts, the citizens were much like ordinary folks. My casual observation of these ancient victims of Vesuvius, whetted my appetite for further study, and Pompeii is a sight which I should like to see again, with more leisure.

Our hotel on the high hillside above Naples gave us a broad view of the lighted boats and the fireworks of a water festival as the aquatic parade passed along off shore. For an hour or so it held my enthusiastic attention, but I must confess that towards midnight I took to my bed with the feeling that there can be enough of a good thing.

Homeward Bound

From Naples we took a smaller and slower ship of the Fabre line, the "Sinaia," for a wandering voyage homeward. We were late in starting and I wondered why until a squad of Italian police came struggling up the gangway with a French seaman securely trussed up with rope. The Italians did not come aboard but turned their struggling captive over to the crew and hastened away. It was plain that the seaman was not simply drunk. He was crazy and the ship's officers were sure that he had been drugged. When aboard he tore his clothes and protested that he wanted to die, and was no protesting when he was hustled out of sight. This unpleasant incident was significant in that drunkenness is almost unheard of among the French and nothing but pity was felt for this poor fellow who had fallen into alien hands.

Another Stop at Palermo

Again we made a day's stop at Palermo and visited the Chinese palace with a taxi driver whose one word was "nice", and who insisted upon feeding us prickly pears. A feature of Sicily was the gaudily painted donkey carts which are copied in miniature to sell to tourists.

I took a young married couple to a very good hotel where English was spoken because they seemed not to know their way around and could not afford a guide. If they had gone to a low-priced Italian restaurant I knew from experience how lout they would have been.

I found a few of the old friends of the "Patria" were to be shipmates again, and the two Chicago girls came to see them off. There had been a certain amount of friendly dignity on the "Patria" but on her little sister ship the free and easy regime began even before sailing. A female writer of travels insisted that I should begin reading one of her books even before we cast off, and the captain joined the passengers in champagne. From one of the New York couples who had come over with us, we learned that the husband of the other couple had become so infatuated with the gambling at the Monte Carlo casino that he had given up all thought of returning to America, and planned to stay and make a fortune.

Strangely Mixed Passengers

I have sailed on all kinds of ships, big and little, but never did I find such a strange mixture of passengers as on the "Sinaia". Our nearest table mates were a very gentlemanly Russian called "the Baron," and the plump writing lady who was out to capture him. A number of emigrants had taken first class passage, which they thought would make easier their entrance into the United States. There were pleasant people from Canada and California, some expatriated Americans, a trained nurse incognito, and some miscellaneous Italians and French.

"Carumba" was not aboard, but before sailing we had seen her dashing through the streets of Naples in a side-car and giving us a Fascist salute. There were the usual games and dances and a variety show during which the plump writing lady gave a hula hula dance in the scanty native costume of the Hawaiians. When a dozen or so of the English-speaking passengers had a pajama tea in one of the assembly cabins, every foot of space was filled by an audience of emigrants.

Every night after dinner a cordial party was held at a long table with the jovial captain trying to outstay all others.

One Day at Madeira

Our first stop was at Madeira where we spent the greater part of a day ashore. It may be an old story to tell of the streets paved with small bench stones not on end; of the sledges drawn over these stones by oxen, some open sledges for merchandise and others with canopy top and curtains for passengers. I did not see a wheel in Madeira except these of a few automobiles which took tourists to the top of a steep hill for the purpose of sliding down again on sleds. I did see one mule hitched to a sort of a flat-bottomed drag but there were no wagons or carriages.

We were busy shopping when one of the frequent rains started and to escape it we took refuge in the nearest ox sled, and dropped the protecting curtains. It was a curious ride. A driver walked at the head of the oxen and a conductor walked by our side to hold us going down hill, and to grease the runners by letting them run over a lubricating bag. We drank the famous Madeira wine and I carried away a vivid picture of people on a semi-tropical island with their invariable wool caps or heavy headdress, as if suffering from chronic head colds.

Ashore at the Azores

Our ship was full when we reached the Azores but we lingered about the island for a couple of days picking up more emigrants and overcrowding our already crowded craft. The Baron and I spent an afternoon ashore but the country, except for some fine horses, offered little of interest. When after nearly three weeks we neared home we were told that the "Sinai" would dock at Providence, from whence we would be sent on to New York by train. The landing had not been well arranged and we waited for two hours for customs inspectors sent from Boston who finally arrived, cross and apparently determined to take it out on us.

In New York - Then Abroad Again

I found the country still in the grip of the depression but I got deck room with a friend in New York and began looking for something to do. I moved my household goods from Bronxville to an uptown apartment

in the city, but after I had sent out letters to people who were too busy cutting down expenses to pay any attention, I had nothing else to do. Under such circumstances it was hard to live within my restricted income and when many months later I was urged to join my daughter abroad it seemed the thing to do. She was at a small fishing village on the southern coast of France, between Toulon and Marseilles, a village so small that some of the authorities did not know where it was. Its name was Sanary and, besides the fishing industry, it was supported by nearby vineyards and flower farms. After New York it seemed a perfect haven of rest and economy.

A Life of Adventure

For me, this life of a resident in a foreign country was an interesting adventure. The Mas de la Chappel was a commodious house and, as its name indicated, near a chapel, on a cliff overlooking a mountain-skirted bay, with the Mediterranean barely in sight. At the rear it was reached by a steep road and in front by a lane along the edge of the cliff with shrines at intervals for the benefit of the suppliant who used to climb the steep path on their bleeding hands and knees.

Unlike most French homes in that vicinity, this villa was equipped with a central heating plant, and had besides a practical wood-burning fireplace. It was well furnished and surrounded by a garden of perhaps an acre or more, with pines and fruit trees and a great abundance of flowers of many varieties.

Speak French - or Keep Silent

In the hotels of France one always finds some English spoken, but in a town like Sanary this is not the case. Either you have to speak French or you do not speak at all, and for a long time I did not speak at all except occasionally to members of a few families of exiled Britishers.

It was, in fact, a young English woman who was recommended to me as a French teacher, and although I learned slowly and never very much, I was finally able to do the necessary amount of talking. It was a queer experience to go into a printer's shop where at the beginning I could not make him understand a word nor he me. By persistent effort we gradually began to understand one another, and in the end he took from me the

complicated directions for a piece of work which he carried out with promptness and accuracy.

A Roumanian sculptor once told me that the requisites for learning a foreign language were a college education, a musical ear, and a retentive memory. Being short in all three of these requirements, I was never able to shine in social conversations. My one near success was at a beach restaurant with a good-natured waitress, who I learned had no children. No, she was not a sage femme, she would like children but they would not come. During several summers I used to see her every day and often she would be my interpreter in brief talks with other patrons and with Madame, the proprietress.

I may as well say here and now that the bathing was what I liked best in southern France.

The French Version of Bowling

The most popular amusement of the men of the village was "boule", a sort of bowling game played with balls thickly studded and made heavy with nails. On the levels near the quai, games went on summer and winter, with only an occasional break. Usually money was staked and I was told of one shopkeeper who took such a fancy to his own skill that he bet away everything he owned, including his shop. I have seen as many as thirty or forty spectators lined up for an important game and following the players as the tau was thrown from point to point.

The recreation next in popularity was watching the world from a little table in front of a cafe. This could be done singly or in talkative groups, and the expense was what you cared to make it. For two francs, one could hold a seat for hours, with never a hint of buying again or moving on. These sidewalk drinking places, which served anything from coffee to cognac, would shrink to a few tables when business was light, as in inclement weather; or expand enormously when business was heavy. In Sanary, German refugees wrote books at these little tables, families feasted after a church ceremony, young people made love, old people brooded, and moderns gave teas and cocktail parties in the easiest and most economical way.

Excitement at a Cafe

Monsieur Brun was my favorite proprietor, partly because he was a master of the business and partly because he seemed quick to grasp my

meaning, no matter how poorly it was expressed. At a rough estimate, I spent five hundred hours before his cafe. Some of these hours were merely meditative, while others were exciting. One day a very pretty girl, whom we all knew, had just passed before the tables when a woman alighted from a bus and began hitting the girl over the head with a small suit case. Instantly a crowd assembled and the assailant was controlled, but not before the girl began to bleed from a blow on the nose.

It took some time for Sunary's two lone Americans to get the story, but it finally was straightened out. The angry woman, from a nearby town, was really after the pretty girl's mother, because she had lured her own husband away from the assailant. In short, the woman who caused the disturbance was jealous of her admirer's wife, which was just the opposite of what we would expect.

Open-air Circuses

Sometimes travelling musicians would sing or play for the cafe patrons and then pass the hat. One night a drunken sailor, lineage unknown, caused a brief excitement, but such events were exceptional. Usually calm reigned and the patrons took their simple refreshment and soberly went their several ways.

Summer was the season for the little travelling circus, which gave a performance "en plein air." Only one travelling circus during my years there rose to the dignity of a tent. The performance commonly consisted of acrobatics, juggling and intermediate monologues of supposed humor, somewhat on the shady side. Once in a while there were wild animals in cages, and monkeys or trained pigs in leash. One roaring lion seemed too closely confined and when a kind lady protested, the keeper blandly asked if she wanted to buy the beast.

Often there would be a peripatetic market which, for a day, would occupy the quai with all kinds of goods spread on the ground, or in booths or wagons. These travelling markets must have taken much money away from the local shopkeepers, but they seemed to flourish as an old French custom. Less often there were local festivals, notably the flower festival, when the young people in trucks and wagons pelted the crowds with great bunches of flowers and were themselves the targets of the spectators. After such an affair, I noticed the abbreviated main street of Sunary deeply carpeted with crushed blousoms.

The Water Tournament

Of even greater interest is the water festival, with its various aquatic sports and contests. The fishing boats at Sanary are heavily built, open motor boats. As a feature of the water festival two of these boats are equipped with small wooden platforms supported by iron stringers so that they are behind the stern and eight or ten feet above the water. The boats are ballasted by nearly a dozen men including a bugler and those men with padded chests and padded poles prepared for a naval tournament. When the boats are as far apart as the small harbor will permit, one bugler blows a challenge which the other answers. The boats start to meet and each has on the raised platform a water knight ready to joust his opponent from his perch. There is breathless excitement and, as the boats pass, the padded poles are brought into action against padded chests and usually one of the contestants is knocked into the water - or, sometimes, both of them. This process is repeated until one boat has proved its supremacy.

Then there are outdoor fashion shows, and fireworks, all of which help to amuse a people who have but one motion picture day a week.

Weddings and Funerals

While not in the category of amusements, the weddings, funerals and confirmations furnished spectacles which brought crowds, gay or sad. Monsieur Brun's cafe de Lyon was between the church and the City Hall, and from its tables gave a commanding view of the wedding and funeral processions. In weddings, the civil marriage was consummated on the left, and the wedding party would pass to the right for the church ceremony. The happy couple, already half married, and followed by family and friends, were the cynosure of all eyes, the bride in white and the bridegroom in a new tuxedo.

The funerals, on the other hand, passed before us from right to left, a slow-going cart horse, hitched to a window-less hearse, banked more or less abundantly with flowers and followed by mourners and friends on foot, turning down the narrow street of the post office to the cemetery. If the deceased had provided the necessary money, the funeral procession would be headed by a band, large or small according to the sum provided.

Confirmations as Social Events

The dressiest affairs were the confirmations, in which each mother, no matter how poor, was determined that her boy or girl should be the most fashionably dressed of all the little gentlemen and ladies. After the church service, it is the custom to entertain relatives and friends at feasts, in many cases far beyond the family's means. And, lest I forget, let me hasten to mention the band concerts which seem to be given on the slightest excuse, and dancing on the sidewalks and along the quai was quite joyous.

When my gardener's daughter was confirmed, he gave in front of his diminutive farm house a feast that showed resources which I had never imagined. Although I knew I was a contributor to the expense, the five-course luncheon and the collection of choice wines which shamed my own cellar, seemed far beyond his means. Some twenty relatives and friends were seated at a long table under the olive trees, and were as gay as larks.

Napoleon as a Sermon Text

At another time I was asked by our cook to be a witness at her wedding in the next small village. After attesting to the simple civil ceremony, we crossed the street to the church, icy cold, where the officiating priest delivered a long homily, while we all shivered. I asked the best man, who spoke English, what it was all about, and was told that the priest had recounted the life of Napoleon. His moral was that Napoleon, after he abandoned Josephine, had nothing but disaster.

The wedding feast was given by the bride's father at his poor little farm cottage, where we were served with all sorts of good things to eat and diverse drinkables, beginning with champagne. It is no wonder that the French are a thrifty race, when their social code requires, on special occasions, such lavish expenditure.

A Curé of the Old School

The Curé at Sanary was a priest of the old school. His parishioners called him "Christus" and anyone could tell you that he was a saintly man, who lived a life of privation that he might give the more to the poor. He was tall and thin and very old and wherever he went was treated with reverence by young and old. His modern young assistant

displeased the old man by swimming at the plage and playing tennis, but Monsieur l'Abbe was a profound student of modern and ancient law and felt that he needed relaxation. When I dined with M. l'Abbe at his boarding house, we did very well indeed, and often he was entertained at Mas de la Chappel. He said one time, when the old Curé asked him to dine, no provision had been made, whereupon the elder man found two uncooked eggs and said that they would do very well. The old man put a notice on the church door barring women in pajamas and he preached against the costumes of summer visitors, but I am afraid his words availed him little. On the other hand, the village would be a much worse place without his benign influence.

Practical Charity

Connected officially with the church there was, at the foot of our colline, a handsome mansion which had been given as a home for aged fishermen. It was a wonderful charity, for the human wrecks from a life at sea had outlived their own people and were too old to fend for themselves. We all had great respect for the good sisters of the church who conducted this refuge and who also ministered to the sick and dying, besides maintaining a parochial school. In the course of several years we got to know these sisters very well, and when we were about to leave the Mas, I was much touched when two of them came into our garden with hand-made tokens of their esteem.

That there is a lot of good in the French people was shown on frequent occasions. If one's servants take a commission on what they buy and insist on doing all the buying, it does not mean dishonesty, but it is merely an old French custom.

The Adventure of the Lost Baggage

On the other hand, regard our experience at Ville Franche, where we landed from the Italian liner "Roma" with a dozen or more pieces of baggage, big and little. On my assurance that we had no tobacco, all my baggage was passed without inspection, and was loaded in and upon a taxi cab, to be taken up the hill to the railroad station. There the trunks were checked through to Toulon and the hand baggage was placed on a truck. As we had a long wait, we saw something of the town and returned to the station. After counting our hand baggage several times I was finally convinced that one important bag was missing. The station

master summoned a taxi and I hurried down to the landing, only to find that where there had recently been crowds and excitement, there was now vacancy. With the assistance of my chauffeur, I broke into the customs shed which contained absolutely nothing. Finally I found an old sailor, who had been in New York, and who told me that my bag had been seen to go to Nice with other baggage which would be put on the express for Paris.

My chauffeur, it seemed, was willing to drive the three miles to Nice before the near arrival of the express, and deliver the missing piece to me on the slower, following train. All he wanted was a note entitling him to take charge of the bag, and, receiving that, he put off at full speed to get to Nice before the express. When we arrived, somewhat doubtfully, at Nice, there was my man, all smiles, with the missing piece of baggage, which he pushed in our window. Scarcely had he been paid when a station attendant came to our compartment to ask if we had left an overcoat at Ville France. We found that we had, although up to that moment we had not realized it. Another note giving our final address was written and, in due time, the coat was sent to us by express.

The French Code

Another example of the French code, even more singular, began soon afterward. Having gone to a beach a mile from the house with my daughter and her children, we sat in the sand and let the early spring sun shine on us. Back at home I found that I had lost my favorite silver pen. A return trip to the beach failed to recover it, and it was not until several months later that a young man saw my daughter and recognized her as the mother of the two children playing on the beach in early spring. When he found that we had lost a silver pen, he said he had picked it up where we had been sitting but, not knowing who we were, had been unable to return it. My daughter told him where we lived and the next day the pen came back, the finder resolutely refusing any reward.

Scores of Interesting Spots

Within easy driving distance of Sanary there were a score of interesting towns, seaport and inland, hills surmounted by ruined castles, mountain shrines and cork forests, a country rich in present and historic interest. The highest and almost unapproachable chapel was said to have

been the refuge of Mary Magdalene. If so she had a beautiful view. We took scores of rides and finally left many places unvisited. Marseilles was perhaps thirty miles away and Nice may have been sixty, but Toulon was only seven and it was to that maritime port that we were constantly going, until we got to know it as well as we knew our own village.

Something for Students to Practice upon

Through my acquaintance with the British Consul, I was invited to speak at a meeting of the Society of France and Great Britain, in English, for the benefit of French students studying my language. After I had agreed, I learned that there would be a hundred or more present and that I would be the only speaker of the evening. I was not asked for what I might say but rather for the language in which I said it. I was merely something for the students in English to practice upon. Without undo modesty I must say that public speaking had never been one of my strong points. Back in the days at Knox Academy I had spoken the first half of the Hymn to Mt. Blanc with tears of intense embarrassment running down my cheeks. I had realized that I was no orator, and ever since had dodged public speaking by every plausible pretext. Not only did I realize my own shortcomings in this matter, but the same discovery had been made by experts. However I had on one occasion made an hour's talk on the invention of the telephone, and I concluded if the students could stand it, so could I. My young audience treated me kindly and I was quite complacent, until I saw the report of the meeting in a French paper. The writer may or may not have heard what I said but at any rate found it easier to copy from an encyclopedia than to remember or translate my words. Apparently it was on the basis of this learned excerpt from the encyclopedia that I was asked to give another lecture, for which I chose a subject not found in any books of reference. The newspaper report of that second lecture was suspiciously meagre.

Sturdy Mountains; Sturdy Flowers

The beauty of southern France is largely due to the mountains and the flowers, - sturdy mountains and sturdy flowers. When the mistral blew frigidly and the driving rain sought an entrance through closed shutters and windows, American humans shivered under the heaviest clothing, while out-of-door flowers continued to bloom even more beautifully. It seemed inconceivable that they could stand the cold storms of

the winter season, whereas only the dry spells of summer affected them, and then only temporarily. Around Nice, flowers are grown to be made into perfumery, but the flower farms near Sanary found their markets in Paris and the ports which supplied ocean liners. The products of these fields used to go in train loads to London until that market was cut off by a high tariff. In the three winters that I was there, only once were the flowers in my garden nipped by frost, and even then the damage was slight. In midwinter great stretches of country were white with the blossoms of the almond trees, and later rich with the blooms of peach and pear orchards, while the ground beneath would be as white as snow from solid carpets of narcissus. The elements of beauty are really beyond my description, but friends were constantly extolling the superior beauties of Majorca and the Balearic Isles. After a certain amount of this talk, we made up our minds to see these beauties with our own eyes.

A Visit to Majorca

Our route lay through highlands and white-capped mountains to the port of Marseilles, then by ship to the port of Palma, a trip easy enough to plan but beset with several minor difficulties. The first was the necessity of a Spanish visa upon our passports, for which we had to procure new photographs in triplicate, and go through a great deal of expensive red tape at the Spanish Consulate. At Palma the landing routine was far from convenient, and when we had finally rescued our baggage and been driven to our hotel, we were calmly told that there were no rooms. When the clerk was made to understand that we had written in advance for accommodations he denied receiving any such letter, and finally convinced us that letters or no letters, there were no rooms. Moreover we soon discovered that the other big hotels were filled with tourists waiting for any vacated quarters. When we discovered a small, new hotel which had a room, owing to the departure of a guest, we considered ourselves lucky, as indeed we were since at that time Palma had a throng of visitors far beyond its housing facilities.

I can not say that I did not enjoy the rides over the island, particularly the one to Valencia Bay and over the jagged peaks beyond. We saw olive trees older than the oldest man; we saw queer towns and fertile fields; and we saw some almond trees in bloom, but on the whole the land seemed stark and bare, compared to the French Provence. In

the cities and towns the contrast was equally great, the people appearing surly and unsociable, if not antagonistic to English-speaking strangers. Even the climate was not as genial as I had been given to expect, and, although I know that many people have enjoyed Majorca and even fallen in love with it, two weeks, under the then existing conditions, were enough for me and I was glad to return to the Mas de la Chappel. The manager at our little hotel spoke English with a London accent but with more suavity and was evidently a continental. When we asked his nationality, he told us to guess and after we had named the French, German, Italian, Swiss and all the other nationalities we could think of, he said that there was another great nation which we had forgotten. It developed that he was a Russian, whether white or red we could not discover. Lest I am accused of blindness, I want to say that the coast of Majorca is rugged and picturesque, but so are most of the coast lines of the Mediterranean, whether Spanish, French or African.

Our departure from France was hastened by the devaluation of the dollar, which robbed the living there for Americans of nearly half of its cheapness.

Delightful Bathing Beaches

Before leaving Europe, my personal impulse is to refer again to the wonderful bathing offered by the south of France. On the train ride between Toulon and Menton, one passes innumerable beautiful beaches, large and small. They inspired me to stop the train and share the pleasure of the bathers. Likewise on the shore road between Sanary and Marseilles, there are delicious little seaside resorts equally intriguing. Of the various beaches near Sanary, there were three or four which I used more or less regularly. My favorite had bath houses, for I never really acquired the French habit of changing in the open air, with a long-tailed shirt as a dressing tent. I liked to go to a small plage, not too far away, where, after having my swim I could sit on the sunny terrace, and acquire a tan while sipping cool drinks and smoking cigarettes, preferably with members of the younger generation. After such a forenoon, luncheon had an added attraction because of hunger and a feeling of well being. I have bathed in many distant places and the only ones which compared with those of northern France were the beaches of Barbados.

It was with much regret that we prepared to leave Sanary-summer. We had come to love the little town and to count many of the

villagers as our friends. The sisters of the church were not the only ones to bring parting gifts, and some emotional tears were shed. I took a last look at my gold fish, some of which I had tended daily for three years.

Arthur - a Feline Friend

I am a little ashamed to say that the parting with Arthur, the cat, was the hardest of all. Arthur as a kitten had been the pet of my landlord's family, and really did not belong to me at all. But with the changing seasons we had become friends, and understood each other without the use of words.

Arthur knew better than I when it was time for breakfast and would come to my rooms to see if I was ready. If I failed to respond to his invitation at once, he would go away, to give me more time, but continued to come back until we went downstairs together, he rubbing affectionately at my ankles on each step. Once seated, I would find him standing beside me with his front paws on my knee - always my left knee - so that I could feed him bits of bread with my right hand. If in his impatience he would dig into me with his claws, a sharp slap would teach him his manners and there were no hard feelings.

Arthur was not what you call a house cat, for the garden was his home and the hillside his hunting ground, and his broad paws and long hair made him a well-known character. His name had been given him by the young French girl who was reading "The Idyls of the King," and to the best of his ability the cat lived up to it. He seemed depressed as the hour of departure approached, but I was told that he showed real grief when in a few days he realized that we might not be coming back. The last I heard of him was that he had been taken to a farm some ten miles away but had found his way back to the vacant villa. My anxiety was the less because he could be trusted to live off of any country he chose as an abiding place.

We had made many crossings on the big Italian liners, but as this time we had such a lot of baggage, we decided to drive in two taxi cabs directly from home to a ship called the "Exchordia," of the American Export Line, out of Marseilles. This ship was not large and was entirely American, being also thoroughly seaworthy. This was in August, 1934.

Animal Fellow Passengers

As we stood on the promenade after deck, we saw a small menagerie being loaded on to the main deck below. It was made up of a small elephant with wing-like ears, a leopard, a hyena, and cats of the leopard family, all in the care of a very black African native in the clothes of a roustabout, whose huge earrings and flashing teeth contrasted with the color of his skin and hair. The animals were being shipped to New York by Martin Johnson, and from his secretary, who was aboard, we learned the story of the elephant. It seemed that the authorities in Africa had pronounced a death sentence on a herd and after the shooting they all appeared to be dead. Then among the huge bodies the executioners saw a new born baby elephant awkwardly stumbling about. This infant was easily captured and brought up on a bottle by the black man who was still his keeper. Each animal had a wooden cage, but they were brought out daily for exercise, the cats and the hyena on a chain, but the baby elephant had, for much of the time, the freedom of a section of the deck. The keeper was the only mother he had ever known, and their affection for one another was very obvious. The baby was still being fed from a bottle, but the quantity of enriched milk had been steadily increasing. Naturally we got to know the keeper and his charge quite well during the voyage and were sorry to learn that both had died after being taken to St. Louis.

Sailing from Marseilles

It was a beautiful summer evening when we sailed out of the harbor of Marseilles. The sun, though half-way down to the horizon, was still bright, and as we looked back towards the land we seemed to be looking through a snow storm. In truth, the air was literally filled with gulls, so lighted by the sun that from a distance they lost all their natural characteristics. They were just white particles, floating before our eyes as if in masquerade, and presented a spectacle of beauty whose meaning I could not decipher.

The voyage was well started, and a hasty inspection of our fellow passengers was reassuring.

After just touching at Palma, we put in at Malaga, where we had a chance to go ashore. The short avenue of trees had its charm, as did the women of the better class, but when these were once passed, the country was bare and almost forbidding. We visited an interesting park

with statues but the shops and the people reminded me of Majorca, and strangers received scant courtesy. At the bottling establishment we sampled various wines, which, like the new wine at Madeira, were rather disappointing.

That night, as we neared Gibraltar, one of the seamen was found to be missing, probably having fallen overboard, although the sea was smooth. After circling in the dark without avail, the captain said if the man could swim at all he was near enough to reach Gibraltar by following the light. After an agreeable and otherwise uneventful voyage, we reached first Boston on Labor Day, and then went on to New York.

On a Pineapple Plantation

Before the end of that month we had again sailed for Porto Rico. My son had developed a considerable pineapple plantation on a mountain plateau, and had established a camp hotel with a large rustic mess hall and a dozen well equipped cottages with roofs of thatch to absorb the heat of the semi-tropical sun. The altitude was sufficient, however, to assure a moderate temperature, and for the next few weeks I rode horseback over the fields and enjoyed the beautiful mountain scenery. The Americans of San Juan, including the Governor, were occasional visitors and I had such a good time that I regretted having promised to spend Christmas and New Year's day in and around New York.

Fort Meyers. Florida

Immediately after the first of January we set out by train for Ft. Myers, on the western coast of Florida, where we stayed until Spring.

My only knowledge of Ft. Myers had come from newspaper accounts of it as the playground of Edison, Ford and Firestone, and I judged that at least it was more quiet than the east coast. The little city proved to come up to my expectations, providing as it did an ideal climate and a freedom from crowds and exciting amusements. The mile-long Thomas Edison bridge was a conspicuous feature of the town, and the avenue of Palms to Billy's Creek was another. It was not a fashionable place but the townspeople were hospitable and the trailer visitors were content to play shuffleboard at the recreation park. A little wood-burning steamer would take us down the river to an island in the gulf where I could swim from a beautiful long beach in solitary comfort. Most of the northern visitors at the hotel came to fish in the river or the gulf, a sport in

which I was not particularly interested. The local beach was excellent, but rather hard to get to.

The "Gopher Derby"

The most exciting event during my stay was the "Gopher Derby." In the West a gopher is a large ground squirrel, but in Florida it signifies a turtle. For days I read advance notices of a gopher derby without the slightest idea of what was meant. On the eve of the race, a friend took me into alleys and vacant storerooms to see the contestants. There were big turtles and little turtles, and all the sizes in between, with their backs gaudily decorated with colored paint, and each bearing a name, fanciful or otherwise, in the manner of a fleet of small yachts. Many of these names, with the names of the owners, were displayed on a full page of the local paper. There was Toastmaster, String Beans, Red Man Go-Far, Rosie, Hot Dawg, Flash, Tiger Lily, Crayfish and many others of the same order, running up to nearly a hundred. The gophers were divided in ten racing groups, the winners of each group being matched for the first prize of \$150 and on down. The secondary ball grounds were crowded with spectators and enthusiastic partisans, and the judges included a mayor-elect and a prominent jurist.

The race course consisted of an inner circle a few feet in diameter and an outer circle surrounding the ball diamond. A group of turtles would be placed in the inner circle and left to their own devices, the winner being the one that first crossed the outer circle. Although the racers were entirely on their own, the crowd seemed to think that their favorites would go faster if they were given loud vocal encouragement, and I never saw a race in which the fans were so noisy, and the conflict of sounds so great. Not only were there shouts of encouragement, but there was a chorus of groans when some turtle would start out rapidly and then stop to rest with victory near at hand. On the day after, there was some comment in the papers of those who did not unpaint their gophers after the race, but left them to carry their finery where they would.

After a three-months stay, the main street of Ft. Myers seemed lined with pleasant acquaintances and friends, and we decided that we had seen the real Florida, which is not always to be seen.

In Boston Once More

When we reached the North, it was decided to find a permanent headquarters for our stored goods and chattels and we succumbed to the lure of Boston, which was really our old home town. Scarcely were we settled when I found it necessary to have an operation for cataract, which kept me quiet for the first half of the summer. With a renewal of my sight, I wanted to get to work, and offered to go on the editorial staff of my old paper, the Herald, without pay, as Mark Twain had recommended that method of getting a job. The Herald, however, said that its existing staff produced more copy than there was room for, and if I wanted to write, I might contribute signed letters to the Mail Bag, which I did. My second attempt to follow Mark Twain's advice took me into the office of the Evening Transcript, where I offered to work in the advertising department without pay. Again I was refused, because, as I believe, they thought I was too old, being at that time over seventy.

Provincetown, the Modern

I took a boat to Provincetown and went swimming every day for several weeks, and gossiped with friends of former years. The old town had changed mightily since the days of the Portland disaster and the Spanish War. The main street, through which exuberant fishermen used to celebrate by driving a horse and buggy at full tilt, was now jammed with automobiles and lined with summer visitors and artists in various stages of undress. Nearly every cottage had signs offering rooms to rent and the chief business of the town seemed to be catering to the various wants of tourists.

Sitting on the deck-like piazza of the Board of Trade, I chatted with Jim Burke and Frank Potter about old times and the diminishing circle of the friends of former days. Also we discussed the price of fish and the ingredients of the political pot. But Provincetown had changed and going from there to Squirrel Island off the Maine coast, I found that that had changed so much that, small as it is, it took me several days to find my slow way around.

Back in Boston, I found change the dominant note. As in Rome, the historic monuments had been preserved. The old State House closed the gateway of State Street, the golden dome of the new State House still capped Beacon Hill. The Common and Public Gardens continued to mark

the heart of the city. I saw Bunker Hill monument from the tall Custom House tower better than I had ever before seen it. In the business section lofty buildings had shot up like rank weeds above the old conservative growth. The sky line had been given a ragged character and everywhere were evidences of a bigger, if not a better, Boston. "Tech" had moved across the Charles River and given a new shape to the view of Cambridge and Park Square had, for me, lost its identity. The new Parker House, still facing the ancient Christ's Church, retained a homelike quality and of all the newspaper offices only the Globe remained the same.

And, taking a long look backward, the old Boston of tradition had ceased to be. It would be ridiculous today to call it "the hub of the universe."

Karl Baedeker has said that in the middle of the 18th century Boston was the largest and probably the most important city in the United States. Such is no longer the fact.

The Boston that Was - and Is

In the 19th century Boston money financed the development of Chicago, Kansas City and other great industrial centers of the West. Boston money helped to open the rich copper mines of Michigan and other states. Boston money helped to build the railroads which now span the continent.

For long Boston was the recognized leader of the states in literature and music. More than any other American city it represented the culture which the old world, and England in particular, had achieved during the centuries.

This glorious past is dimmed, partly because of greater strides made by rival cities, and partly, may it be said without treason, by the slowing down of its own progress.

In short, Boston seems much like an old lady who has passed her brilliant youth, and, growing stout, has settled down with smug self-satisfaction to enjoy herself and let the world go hang.

We found a niche at the foot of Beacon Hill at a meeting point of fashionable and slum life, where my friend the organ grinder plays under my window at regular intervals, where children romp in the streets, and peddlers of all kinds cry their wares. A decadent neighborhood that