

CHAPTER VIII.

The shape of things in little things.

The destinies of a man and of a culture are not, as a usual thing made up of world shaking events. They are more like the course of a stream of water, rising from a small spring, and flowing onward, increasing in size, till, all at once we discover we are dealing with a wide river, which seems to have sprung magically into being. So in human life, the small event starts a trend that leads inevitably to a second and so on to the ultimate. Freedom of choice seems some times hard to accept when we can trace back along the course of history from event to event, and see how very little choice there was oft times involved.

So in trying to bring before you a picture of the times of my boyhood, I am perforce compelled to tell the little, common, daily happenings; which are so typical of the days of my youth.

During my grade school years there was very little that occurred which I remember well enough, or which seems important enough to transcribe. But in the fall of of the year 1894 I started my studies in the academy.

Eureka, and the area around about it were made up of two, distinct ethnic groups. The river and creek bottom farms, by the way about all the land that was really tillable, was owned by settlers of Swedish and Norwegian blood. They were the most wonderful, thrifty, kindly, neighborly folk imaginable. And I remember my days when I visited in their homes with continuing delight. These farmers were the ones who winter fed cattle on grain. The upland ranches were settled largely by people from the middle states, Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee and some Missouri. The ranches were large in size, and their ranch houses as modern as the times permitted. But nearly all of the ranchers had good homes in town where they lived during the school season so that their children could attend the town schools. So my playmates at school were largely the children of the ranchers and business people of the town. Naturally we thought and talked cattle. One of my ways of getting to Kansas City was to take advantage of a Kansas law which required a cattle shipper to ship an attendant with every car in a cattle train. These attendants were supposed to see that the train was stopped at proper intervals and the cattle watered. On a long distance ride this could be very necessary. For one of the slick tricks of some shippers was to starve their cattle of water, and then in the stock pens just before they were sold and weighed

let them fill up with a hundred pounds or so of water, and sell the water at meat prices. Since Eureka was only about eight hours ride from Kansas City there was nothing for an attendant from that place to do but ride along and fulfil the law so as to keep the shipper out of trouble. If I wanted a trip I'd pick out a shipment, get assigned to a car, get into the caboose and sleep until we pulled into the stock yards; then get my papers signed, and be done and have a ten day stay, to ride back home on the regular passenger train, **ALL FOR FREE.**

When was there a time when horse racing was not an intoxicating sport. At the present day we complain about the young car driver's craze for speed; but let me tell you, if my saddle pony hadn't been able to beat or keep up with the other boys' saddle ponies, I wouldn't have kept it longer than it took me to find a sale. I never had to worry about my driving horse for Don could out trot anything in that area. And he was too proud ever to let any one pass him on the road. Let some one try to pass he'd clamp the bit in his teeth and pull the buggy by the reins, while the harness tugs hang limp and useless. The town had a circular race track in a large meadow where county fairs were at times held. And the young men were there trying out their mounts with great frequency.

One use for this track was for another kind of a race. There were in those days, itinerant jockies, who'd drive about the country in a racing cart, driving one horse and leading another, and when they'd hit a town would get up a crowd of local sports and promote a race with some local horse. Their revenue came from bets on their steed and that horse would usually beat any local favorite. There was one exception however. In those days, groceries were delivered to your door. There was no cash and carry foolishness. And each grocery had one or two delivery wagons. At one store there was one of the most dejected, flea infested bits of horse hide you could imagine. Whenever one of these traveling horsemen came along and left word he'd be at the fair grounds track to meet all comers, the delivery boy would drive down in the delivery wagon, and stand his old plug, ^{UNTIED.} unhitched. To see it staning there, hip sunk, head dangling and ears flopping at the end of a long scrawny neck was to seem to be looking at a scare crow. After much persuasion and joking and laughing, a stiff bet at fine odds for the locals would be worked up with the out of townner against old Whitey. Then

came the transformation. Out of the harness, with only a bridle, the head came up, the eyes rolled, the nostrils flared and when they went to the line with the driver riding Whitey bare back, we all knew what would happen. I think the other party guessed it too, for one could frequently read with amusement the utter astonishment with which he saw his foe. And at the word go away they went, with Whitey ahead from the start. He'd come in under wraps go back into his working clothes, and stand again, the picture of dejection while his master and the other boys collected the winnings. There were too many local people on hand to permit the outsider to try to renig. This happened time after time, until Eureka grew to be avoided by the traveling horsemen like a pestilence. If any came that way, he drove straight on through without a pause.

Speaking of horses, I had another mount for a number of years. When father brought him home we were amused and rather taken a-back at the same time. Where father ever found him is beyond my comprehension. For he was one of the true Appalocians; and there never was an uglier animal. The so called Appaloocia hprses which have become quite popular of late are nothing but very ordinary quarter horses bred with just enough Appaloocia blood to give them the skin and hair coloration especially notable in that breed. The genuine Appaloocia was bred by the Nez Perce indians as a war horse. They developed unusual staying powers, with all the gentleness and intelligence of their pure Arab forefathers. But in place of being round and smooth, the genuine article was rugged and unshapely. The withers were unusually high, the hips sloped sharply downward to end in a tail that looked like it had been hair cut to, almost no hair by a very careless barber. The neck was long and thin and ended in a ~~small bony head~~ ^{IT WAS} bony head, almost devoid of mane, ~~and~~ ^{FLOPPED} two huge ears, almost as large as a mules. The iris of the eye was very small and the eye rolling white like the animal was in a perpetual state of terror. And his coloration, which was a natural camouflage, was striking. The skin about the ^{MUZZLE} ~~muzzle~~ and eyes was a sickly pinkish white. The forequarters were usually roan, and the rest of the animal spotted and dappled in some places to look like a spotted saddle blanket; at others just a splash of colour here and there on a back ground resembling the colour of the four quarters. The legs were clean and strong, ending in about as incongruously huge a set of hoofs as could be imagined. But this redictulas shape was one of his virtues.

The sloping hips gave him an immense leverage for a quick, jumping start, and the huge hoofs added traction and ability to travel over rough ground where a smaller hoof would tend to turn and strain the legs.

Added to all of this Bob, for that was this fellow's name, had at some time been entangled in barbed wire, and had about cut off his head, and had a huge scar running almost completely around his neck at the largest part next to the withers. Father used this horse for his business trips to the country. Mother would never ride in public behind such a looking beast. So it was my task whenever she wanted to visit, to have me take her phaeton and my Don and acting as coachman, carry her on her rides.

In spite of all appearances I some times took Bob for use under the saddle. He had a delightful, easy lope that he could keep on for hours. In fact one of my ranch friend with whom I visited in the summer, lived about seventeen miles from Eureka, and I'd put Bob at a canter when I left home, and he'd never break that canter, save to change leads, until I rode up to my friend's gate. And he'd be breathing, smooth and natural at the end. One reason I'd like to ride Bob on this particular trip, was that there was a wide river that had to be forded. For some reason every time I'd cross this ford on Millie she'd wait until the deepest part, and then without warning lie down. I didn't much like this for when she did that and the water suddenly engulfed me up to my arm puts it was rather disconcerting. She'd get up, shake herself like a dog and go unconcernedly on her way. But in chilly weather this could be a very unpleasant experience.

The Southern Kansas Academy was an institution well worthy of the fine reputation it bore.

The town of Bureka sits in a bend of Fall River, which comes from the north, along the west side of the town, then curves around the south and part of the east side. Main street ran from the river due north to end in a quite appreciable hill, and the academy was perched atop that hill. It was a large brick, stone trimmed building with a central clock tower facing Main Street, and it stood about an even mile from the south end of Main. There were approximately ten acres in the campus, and on them were a foot ball field, a base ball diamond and several tennis Courts. Foot ball had just begun to assume its present form; prior to this time in all the grade schools there was played a species of Rugby, which is just now coming back into public favour after an eclipse of nearly three quarters of a century.

The faculty of this school was carefully selected and fully competent. In fact it was here that I met the man who was, to a greater extent than other to influence me after thinking, and to imbue in me much of my feeling of respect for man's integrity, and our duty to recognize his worth. This man, Scroggs, was a surprising character. Built in rather a Falstafian way there was perched on a short neck a very round head, large in size, and crowned by a fringe of disheveled red hair around a large bald forehead. The face was partly concealed by a shaggy red beard, carelessly trimmed enough to keep it out of his way. His arms were short and his hands large and stubby. To see those hands flying over the key board of a piano was a continuing surprise. His fondness for music was intense, and before he had been Principal of the academy for many days he had glee clubs going among both boys and girls, whose work together is still a pleasant memory. This man, after he finished at S.K.A. became a teacher and later president of Oklahoma University, and his record as a teacher and leader stood out there as it had in the small school with us. One of his favorite comparisons was to say, "You know all fish have bones; but you don't eat the fish for the bones, but for the meat. You don't say to a guest, look what lovely bones this fish we are having, has. You'd say, eat the fish and push the bones aside. So it is with your fellow man. All men have faults, some big and some little, some many and some few, but like the bones in the fish, don't strangle over the faults, push them aside and enjoy the meat of his good qualities."

On some of my trips to Kansas City I had complained about repeated

headaches. These had bothered me since my first school days. That summer, when I was eleven, I was complaining again and more than ever. The idea of corrective glasses for youngsters was just beginning to be advanced; and a few medical practitioners had done some special study, and set themselves up as oculists. This time my uncle decided that possibility of an eye defect should be looked into, and so took me to one of such practitioners. His verdict was that I was terrifically astigmatic and should be wearing glasses during all my waking hours. I was fitted at once, and the correctness of his diagnosis was disclosed by my never having one of my head aches after that day. But my spectacle wearing had another effect. The only contact the average man or woman of that day had with any eye treatment was with the traveling spectacle vender, who went about the country with a valise full of glasses, all frames and lenses complete, and fitted his patient by trying on one set after another until one was found that rendered the best results. To these good folks, spectacles went only with age and fading sight. When I, a boy of eleven went on the street I was for many weeks an object of wonder. This finally wore off ~~and I was stuck with a nick-name that stayed with me from that day on until I left Eureka after my graduation from the Academy.~~ I was "Speck" Bolinger from that day on.

"Hay Speck! Come on. Billy Morris has bought a contraption that they call a 'safety bike', and he's going to learn to ride. Come on, let's see Such a challenge from one of my friends told of the coming to Eureka of the first of our present models of bicycles. Billy Morris was owner of one of our local drug stores, and was always inclined to grab anything new he could learn about. This time he had beat them all.

Up to this time all our bicycles were the high wheel type, one big wheel in front and one small wheel at the end of a long frame behind, with the riders seat perched directly over the axle of the front wheel. I had one and know all about them. You can see such an affair used now frequently in circus acts. They weren't too bad going up hill, but perched as you were, immediatly over the center of gravity, start down hill and if the front wheel struck a stone or a rut and you weren't lightening quick to lean backward, the ~~front wheel~~ front wheel would come directly to a stop, and the hind wheel and frame, with you on top, would revolve gracefully on the front axle, and project you ahead like you were shot from a catapult.

This new contraption which our druggist had acquired had two equal size wheels, like the present day machine; but these wheels were equipped with hard rubber tires. The hind wheel was operated by an open chain drive, so that the rider had to don short trousers and long stockings or be in danger of grinding the ~~left~~^{RIGHT} leg of his trousers in the sprocket wheel. Mr. Morris was a short man, perhaps five foot four or five, and had a long Billy goat whisker. He had quite a gallery that first night, when he took his first ride. After many a false start he took off down the road, with his Derby hat clamped firmly to his head, and his whiskers and coat tail flying in perfect harmony. He wobbled and twisted and generally made a bad time of it, but with much ribald advice he finally got the hang of the thing, and in a few days was riding about town with great confidence and to the envy of all beholders.

It was only a few years until some one had thought of air filled tires, which at first were equipped with tube and the whole had to be dismounted and taken apart and the inner tube patched, when one of the frequent punctures occurred.

But the traveling spectral salesman was not the only regular visitor. The umbrella mender was also a regular. He usually combined knife and scissor sharpening with his umbrella mending. He would repair any part of an umbrella from fastening the cover when it broke loose, or replacing a broken rib, even putting on a whole new cover. When every one was thrifty and saved and repaired household equipment, and when nearly every one, men included carried an umbrella as a protection from the rain, and also on very hot days, you can see where he might develop quite a clientess.

Then too there was the Italian with his trained bear, who gathered a group of children about him and had the bear dance or wrestle for the pennies and nickles that might be tossed to him. There was also a group of kilted Scots who made their way about giving screeching bag-pipe concerts. Entertainment was simple but adequate.

And when you add in the patent medicine shows some with a primitive set of carnival rides, always including a merry go round, you had really something!

One of these that we always loved to see come to town was the one peddling Harlan's Wizard Oil; a rare specific, for internal or external use as desired and applicable to almost any disorder known to man. Also there

was one calling itself "The Arms of Tilly" and purporting to be one handled by the family of the great German general of that name. I remember it was advertised by a banner proclaiming its motto as "MEDICAMENTUM DEUS PROBATUM." all very awe inspiring to a public to whom Latin meant ~~nothing~~ learning and verity per se.

The usual set up in a vacant lot on Main street. There would be one or more beautiful wagons or caravans, at the back end of one of which was a large tail gate which could be let down to furnish a stage. The banjo picking black face comedian was always a wonder of wit. The dialogues between him and the "Doctor" were great to hear. And we didn't mind the periods set to peddling their nostrums too much, for it was always fun to see who would be first to crowd up and spend a dollar, the customary price, for a remedy that would protect them from all future ills. Then the next night you could be sure that one or more of these first night purchasers would appear to give testimony as to the wonderful effect even a couple of doses had had upon their various complaints.

I believe I was talking about the academy. I wonder how I got to wandering off in this way. Well, our minds play tricks on us, and calling up one scene will eventually bring up a score of others .

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The Sweedish and Norwegian farmers up and down the river and creek valleys, were among our most prosperous and forward looking citizens. Many of their older children attended the academy with me and I was always delighted when I got an invitation to come to one of their homes for a meal. It was always delightfully old world in many of its dishes, but the environment itself was added pleasure. The homes were always immaculately clean, the colours were bright and crisp, the parents big, laughing, merry folk.

It was here that I got my introduction to stock fish. Having a large clientele who demanded it, every grocery carried a supply of these fish. They were about 30 inches long, dried hard as a rock and bound in bales with wire. The bales were about three feet in diameter and stood on end, were scattered about the store, or even allowed to stand outside the store, on the front walk. This was hardly an extremely sanitary way of handling them, but no one ever seemed to suffer from it. Perhaps those farmers were just too healthy and active for any germ to dare to attack them.

The farm women would take these stock fish, and soak them in a lye solution, and then run water over them, in a long and intricate process of preparation, and when done they were really quite good. But then all food was simple and nourishing. Diets were balanced until one would need have no worry about a vitamin deficiency or a deficiency of any other kind.

The average breakfast would be one of fried or poached eggs, ham or bacon, hot bread, coffee with clotted cream, hot oat meal or corn meal much, varied some times with creamed chipped beef, and in winter always on hand buckwheat cakes, with loads of sweet butter and maple syrup; real maple syrup. We got huge blocks of pure maple sugar, and shaved that and made our own syrup. Also there was frequently cod fish, either in potato balls or chipped and creamed. It was a meal for a working man. The noon lunch would figure a roast, a baked chicken or other fowl, fried ham or other meat, ^{home made bread,} a home canned vegetable or two, potatoes, baked, boiled or mashed, fruit, jelly, pickles and pie. The supper was usually cold cuts, country fried potatoes, Corn bread or corn dodgers, a cake made of sorn meal, salt and water and baked until crisp and brown, light bread, and anything that was on hand left from another meal.

~~no one ever left a table hungry. That wasn't at that time the proper~~
thing to do. Perhaps their lives were shortened a bit, but they enjoyed the shortening process.

There was one thing in these Scandanavian homes which always interested me. When we sat down at the table, only the men took their places. My little friend (if a girl had invited me) stood behind my chair, as the other women folk behind the chairs of the other men, and saw that our plates were never empty, until we could eat no more. Then the men left the table for a moments snooze, in a chair, on a couch, or simply stretched out on the floor., and the women had their meal. I often remarked at this custom and was informed that the women wouldnt want it any other way. They could get the men folk filled up and out of the way , eat their own meal at their leisure, visit with one another, and then be ready to clean up after the meal without any one around to bother ^{them}.

These sweedish women were wonderful cooks; but it wasn't confined to the women alone. At that time every town had its bake shop. Bread wagons and big bread concerns were unknown. And in Eureka the bakery was run by a Sweed. All his wares were good, but my memory clings to a hearth loaf of pure rye. This bread was shaped into round loaved about 10 inches across and baked outside the oven on the hearth. When the weekly batch were baking, if the windows of the shop were open, you could smell the hot fragrance of the rye with its mixture of caraway seeds a block away.

One of the best memories of ^{A SWEEDISH} ~~a~~ farm home comes from a spring time dinner which was given for our whole class.

It was 1899, the year of our graduation, so all of us felt very mature and self sufficient, looking at the world as our opportunity for action, with great anticipation; and yet with a bit of fear too, at giving up the known ways for the new.

Since the evenings in late May in Kansas are normally fine, it was decided that the twenty class members would have a hay ride the ten miles out to the farm, have our dinner, or rather as we would have called it our supper, and then enjoy a ride back home.

I doubt very much if any teen ager today can experience the thrill of that ride. The frames for hauling hay were wide affairs fitted to the wagon running gear after the bed had been removed. The bottom was below the top of the rear wheels, and to compensate for this and and permit a wider platform there was a raised hood, or housing or perhaps fender over the rear

wheels. Over this was spread about eighteen inches of clean new hay, blankets were scattered about and the crowd climbed in and settled down on the sweet smelling hay. And really there is no perfume ever half as sweet as the breath of clean, new hay. And what a time that was for secret hand touchings, for moving closer together, and all the other timid overtures of love which the code of the time might wink at but must never openly know.

Many of the class had in their last couple of years in the academy, done what would now a days be called dating; though then it was a much more limited thing than that designation now implies. We expected to have supper about seven, and as there was a bright moon shining, there would be no difficulty in making the return trip.

All started out beautifully. We rode along the gentle country lanes, singing and laughing and talking, and then all at once the iron tire of one of the rear wheels rolled off.

These tires were not bolted in any way. When one was put on a wheel it was "set" to the wood by heat. Under ordinary circumstances this would make a grip that was almost impossible to remove intentionally. The tire was heated red hot, a section of it was put in a "crämper" which by use of a long lever handle squeezed a section of the tire in on itself and so reduced the diameter; then the tire, while still hot, was forced on the wooden wheel and immediately cooled off in water. As a result the tire in cooling would shrink and remain fast to the wheel. But there was ^{one} ~~some~~ difficulty. In dry weather the wooden wheel would some times dry out and loosen its hold of the rim, and as a result would run off the wheel in traveling. The vehicle was then out of service, for to have driven it even a short distance without the tire would have cause ~~the~~ the wooden wheel to collapse. So there was nothing for us to do but replace the rim and find some way of binding it on.

Looking about the place nothing could be found but a few pieces of rusty barbed wire fencing. After this had been broken into usable lengths it was wrapped about the tire and the wooden rim of the wheel and twisted into place. We all drew a sigh of relief and climbed back in and I resumed my seat on the wooden fender over the wheel. This fender was not a solid affair but was made of wooden slats about an inch apart. We were glad to be off, for we had gone only about half the way, and there was a cloud sliding up toward the face of the moon.

Then, it happened.

My perch was directly above the wheel that had lost it's tire and

the boys who had wrapped that wire hadn't done too good a job. In the stress of travel it ~~w~~^worked loose and an end came up through one of the cracks in the fender and caught my best Sunday britches right at the top of the seat, and with a strong downward pull, tore out a chunk of the seat about five inches square. Knowing nothing better to do I slid from the fender, down into the hay and there remained.

But the worst was not yet.

The cloud which had slowly been creeping up, now took wings and raced to obliterate the ~~sun~~^{MOON}. Rain began to fall in sheets. We had nothing for protection but a few blankets which of course we gallantly, if a bit reluctantly surrendered to the girls.

Our hosts home was near at hand, but there was a river to cross, with a high bank on the opposite side nearest the house. When we made it across the rapidly rising river, the opposite bank was so slippery that the team couldn't pull the loaded wagon to the top, so there was nothing for us to do but to drive as closely to dry land ^{AS WE COULD} and then jump off the wagon and walk up and let the wagon follow.

We were all dripping wet and it was no easy task to climb that hill through the slippery mud.

And then the scandal happened. One of the boys who had been dating a particular girl with the complete approval of her family, actually put his arm around her in public to help her up the hill. When this slipped out the whole town buzzed with her shamelesnes. We all fancied there would be a speedy marriage; but that didn't happen, and the swain went farther afield and the last time I was home many many years later, the girl was still a Miss. How absurd that seems to us now. But it wasn't absurd when a woman's person was sacred. One forgets how far that idea was carried. I remember well the long riding skirts that were worn by women when riding. The skirt hung about a foot below the feet of the rider, and the bottom hem was weighted with leaden weights so that it wouldn't be possible for it to blow up and disclose a glimpse of what it was supposed to cover.

Well, we all made it to the house and started drying off. I was fitted with a pair of our hosts trousers, but as he was six feet two and I five seven ~~it~~ wasn't too good a fit, and I went round all evening with the trouser legs rolled up about six inches to keep them from dragging and tripping me up.

~~After~~ After we had dried out we had a delicious supper, which was worth

trip, and then, the storm having passed, and the moon shining again, after fresh dry hay had been put on the wagon we loaded up and drove back to town without further adventure,

I suppose at the time of all this happening I was pretty miserable, for I was extremely bashful and to be thus summarily disrobed in the presence of my whole class could have been nothing less than devastating. Now, looking back, I can remember only laughing faces, melody and moon light. How wonderful it is that we are blessed with a forgettery as well as a memory, and that the ability to forget cleanses our memories of all but the beautiful.

It was shortly before this time that an event occurred which was to change the whole course of American life and morals; an event which changed a nation intent only on its own growth and progress, into one looking on the whole world as its field of action.

Spain was struggling to hold the last of its western colonies; and Cuba was the scene of the outrageous blunder that Spain invariably made in dealing with other peoples. The sole purpose of Spain in holding a colony was to have something to be robbed and cheated, with never the slightest effort to provide education or social advantage of any kind. The war for Cuban liberation was accompanied by all the brutality which could possibly attend such a conflict. No one was exempt. The countryside was stripped of population, to reduce assistance to the rebels in the hills, and the people were herded into concentration camps where they underwent every deprivation, scanty food, contagious disease, squalor and filth. Much of this had appeared in the American news papers; and the entire nation was seething with wrath that such a thing should happen at our very doors. Yet no one really wanted war. No one yet knew what was the real strength of Spain. No one felt sure that we, in a contest with what was still regarded as one of the world's great powers could come off victorious.

Then came the fatal folly of the Spanish command.

The battle ship Maine was anchored in Havana Harbour. In the dead of night there was an explosion which sent the Maine to the bottom, carrying with it its crew, many of whom perished in the wreckage. The Spanish claimed that this explosion was from some one inside the ship, ~~made~~ done with the intent of rousing the people of America and giving an excuse for a declaration of war. This hardly seems probable, as the President and his advisers were none too anxious for war. And the American people were roused enough

without any provocation. It is far more probable that it was just another of the stupid acts the Spanish authorities had perpetrated in their effort to crush the Cuban people.

At any rate, after that act war was inevitable.

I well remember one of the sentimental songs that all the young people were singing.

Once I had a sweet-heart,
Honest, brave and true,
Fearless as the sunrise,
Gentle as the dew.
We had loved and waited,
We had named the day,
We were pledged to wed each other
In the month of May.

Cho.: My sweetheart went down in the Maine,
the rest I do not remember.

This was a war which needed no draft. Camps could not be found nor arms supplied for the many who demanded enlistment.

That spirit is hard to remember. In those days we had no "Salute to the Flag", in fact we didn't regard the flag other than as a symbol of our country. It was used where use now never would be permissible, as a cover for the speakers table at out of door rallies, picnics and the like. It was draped wherever it seemed some one wanted a touch of colour. No., we had no salutes and pledged of allegiance and the like, all we knew about the flag was to die for it.

At the Academy every boy who was of age, or who could ~~hardly~~ persuade his parents to give their permission, enlisted. School attendance was cut almost half. I was one of the ones who was too young for enlistment without my parents consent and this they stubbornly refused to give. "Wait," they said, "if the time comes when there is need, then go but until then stay here and prepare for living." As it turned out, it was just as well as far as any active duties were concerned. Only a very small part of the enlistees ever were call upon for active service; but most were kept in training camps under conditions almost as bad as the concentration camps in Cuba. Many died. In fact my very best school friend died in a typhoid epidemic at his camp in the south. Added to the disease, the nation was afflicted with profiteers who contracted to supply the army's needs with food, clothing etc. There was quite a scandal over packing firms supplying "embalmed" beef, some even having been found, it was claimed, to have contained formaldehyde.

But almost all miserably poor and almost unfit for human food. How strange it is that even at a time like that when the whole nation was burning with patriotism, and the new found will to strike for the oppressed, there should creep out of the slime creatures in human form whose only desire was to reap financial profit, no matter what the cost.

But heroes were born and presidents created. The Rough riders with the swash-buckling Teddy at their head made their theatrical charge up San Joan Hill; and no one for a moment paid any attention to the fact that had it not been for the support of a regiment of negro regulars, Teddy would have had to rush down as fast or faster than he charged up.

As you all know the war lasted only a very few days. Spain was found not to be a paper tiger, but not even a paper pussy cat. After the battle of Manila Bay ~~the Spanish fleet was destroyed~~ and the trapping of the Spanish fleet at Havanah, and its destruction on its attempt to escape, there was nothing left for Spain but subject surrender; and America was left with the problem of what to do with the Spanish insular possessions. There was bitter opposition by many of their retention; feeling that they should at once be put on their own. May advocated the annexation of Cuba, with final statehood. Perhaps if the course had been followed, and we had used the same enlightened treatment we displayed toward the people of the Phillipines we might have had in Cuba as loyal a support as we not have from the eastern islands. We might have had there a show case for democracy which would have been a guiding light to all the latin american countries. But we proceeded neither to annex, nor ~~to~~ to free and place on their own resources, nor fully to teach; and still retained a suzerainty which was bound to be hateful of a proud and independent people. We made our own bed with business interest which to a large extent continued the injustices of Spain. Education was neglected and wages kept at a sub standard sum and to the profit of some organizations, but to the eternal loss to the nation of the love which the Cuban was ready then to give. In fact, a love which for many years prompted him to endure more from us than we would have knowingly required.

But for the time being America emerged from the war, for the first time recognized as a world power. We were as the Psalmist put it, "Rejoicing as a strong man to run a race." We had whipped Spain in jiffy order. We were prosperous at home and respected abroad. We were no longer the upstart Nation of colonists. We were America!

This was, what was to be for the next decade the Golden Age of America. Perhaps unless conditions rapidly right themselves, the decline of the American Republic will date from the end of that decade. True there were depressions during that time, and there were difficulties of many kinds; but self confident, we knew we could beat them all.

With the civil strife, between Theodore Roosevelt and President Taft the era came to an end. And in a large measure, while there had been great advances made in material wealth, and in its attendant soft living, and ease of many conveniences, in the more important things of national morality both public and private, in respect for law, and in hope and ambition we grow sadly deficient.

While I am talking about the era from 1898 to 1908 there is another which I have neglected, so this will be a few words

CAPTER IX OF POLITICS AND POLITICIANS.

To understand the politics of the so called gay nineties, it will be necessary to go back several years to observe the growth and direction of public thought. When this is written in September 1967, it is just 86 years to the day since President James A Garfield died from an assassin's bullet. One can only surmise what kind of a president he would have made had he been granted more time; but his successor Chester A Arthur proved to be a man of very mediocre ability. So much was this true, and the finances of our abundantly endowed nation were in such confusion, that for the first time there was a possibility in 1884 of a Democrat being elected. With unusual good judgment the leaders of that party chose Grover Cleveland of New York, and he was elected and took office in 1885.

Cleveland was in a very unenviable position. He was a man of sober ability, and in fact made one of our most outstanding presidents. But in his own day it was otherwise. He was a candidate elected by a minority party, by the dissident votes of the Republicans. And this dissidence did not endure. Soon he was the object of criticism of his policies from both parties.

There was a spirit of change in the air. Many changes were cried for which have now been accepted; but Cleveland, a sincere conservative, opposed them. The result, his defeat for a second term in 1888. His conqueror was Benjamin Harrison, a Civil War ranking officer, a good man

but with little leadership ability. He was unable to change the trend toward what was then considered extreme liberalism, and as a result Cleveland did what had never before or since been done. He defeated Harrioss and took over for a second term, in the election of 1892.

Why these years were called the Gay Nineties is beyond me. To those of us who lived them, they were anything but gay, American manufacturers were in difficulties, and their goods were being undersold by foreign imports. The national finances were in a tangle. Farm prices were miserably inadequate, and the states of the west which had depended on their mining saw mine after mine close, with other businesses falling with them. There arose then a queer philosophy of financial affairs. Change for the better was to be made by maipulation of ~~monetary~~ montary system and rate of coinage. There was a quack financier in Arkansas who called himself "Coin" Harvey who was the author of a book which became the guide of ~~many~~ a large section of the democratic party. The world wss to be made safe and serene by the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen silver dollars to one gold based, and by **TARIF FOR REVENUE ONLY.**

Cleveland could see the fallicy of this idea, and had courage to face the wrath of Colorado and other silver producing states. He alienated such a strong following in his party that the party was completely split between the "gold bugs" who were for sound money and the "Free silver men." ~~Many sound money men left the party~~

In the convention in 1896 the free silver men took over. A young Nebraska lawyer named William Jennings Bryan delivered his famous speach demaning that men be no longer crowned with thorns nor crucified upon a cross of gold. This convention action split off the sound money democrats and many left the party never to return; and left it in a ~~weak~~ condition of hopeless minority. until in 1912 the quarrel of the popular Teddy Roosevelt with his protegee and successor William Howard Taft, divided the Republican party sufficiently to permit the election of Woodrow Wilson. This quarrel was rather a pitifil affair, when you could see **Teddy** trying to dictate to his successor, and upon his failure to do so proceeding to wreck his party and his nation rather than let the man who had stood firmly for what he himself thought was right to be elected again.

Of course, all young boys tend to declare their politics along the

lines of family tradition. It is something which we inherit
 from our fathers, like red hair or a big nose; and as far as the usual individual is concerned, with about as little personal thought or effort. I probably was influenced to some considerable extent by this tendency, but I became an ardent supporter of McKinley, who in 1896 ended the era of democratic control.

These elections in the nineties were ardent affairs. The list of speakers was abundant and the lure of the out door meeting was high. In Kansas the Populist party was quite strong and the national populist party had fused with the Democrat in support of Bryan. He had no need of help along the line of crowd pleasing oratory. In fact it was oratory that won his nomination. And I have heard him myself with breathless attention. You hung on every word, and it seemed the very epitome of logic, but when you had left the scene and the tones of the pipe organ voice no longer rang in your ears, to save your life you couldn't remember a thing he said. It always reminded me of what an old indian from the Pottawatomie Reservation once said in a drug store. They had stiffened up the laws so strictly that he couldn't longer go in and get a snort of fire water, so he ordered a glass of strawberry soda. He sat it on the table in the booth, and it was so pretty as it bubbled away that he just sat and looked at it. When it had "blown steam" until it was only about two thirds its original size he took a sip, ^{THEN} ~~then~~ spat out with disgust "Heap big sweet wind." That was what Bryan's speeches were.

None the less had the election been held in October rather than in November Bryan would have been overwhelmingly elected. As it was enough of his party began to see to what his platform would lead, and voted for McKinley. Bryan was defeated, but he did drag into office many of the smaller candidates at state and local level. One in our own neighborhood was an unknown lawyer of little talent who was elected district judge. I believe he was more surprised than any one else.

During the campaign that National Committee sent out good speakers wherever wanted. I have a vivid memory of one such day.

In Eureka public speeches and meetings were held on the Court House square whenever weather and the worms permitted. The Court was shaded by a fine grove of soft maple trees which gave delightful shade, but which were plagued by a variety of ~~which~~ worm found on no other tree, which would almost denude the trees of leaves, and dropped on the unfortunate person

beneath them . Then about the middle of the nineties the English sparrow found its way west, and for some reason seemed to have a special taste for these worms and in a couple of years they were things of the past. It is far different from the conduct of the present pests the Starling. I have always had a warm spot in my heart for the sturdy little brown finch without fear , bravely facing the some times active dislike of his fellow citizens. He has been a pest in some ways, ~~but~~ ^{and} who don't have a fault or two - but he has always been a gallant ally against our inssect pests. Give him credit.

Well, the platform was ~~put~~ ^lput up, plank seats were arranged in rows in front of it. A program was arranged giving due opportunity ^{TO LOCAL CANDIDATES} to be seen ~~A~~ and then the time fixed for the main entertainment. Of course there was the usual band to call the assembly to order.

It reminds me of a fumbling master of ceremonies to one such affair who began his introduction, "Ladies and gentlemen, the band will now play and the audience will assemble, then our friend Congressman Bumpbump will speak and then the band will again play and the crowd will again assemble."

We were in no danger of that for our speaker was to be Senator Hoar of Maine with a national reputation as an erator.

The senator was speaking at another town some twenty miled east of Eureka, and was to come over ~~mountains~~ ⁱⁿ by buggy ~~mountain~~ time for his speach. About twenty young men and boys, well mounted, met him about a mile east of Eureka, met his equippage and escorted it in, at a quick gallop and would ~~up~~ with a flourish just opp ~~osite~~ ^oposite the grand stand. I was in the height of my glory to be a member of this escort.

I don't suppose a speach such as he made would draw much interest now; but at that time when he told of the history of our nation and its achievements were were thrilled almost to tears, and when he told of the miserable managment and claime of the opposition we ground our teeth in rage. When he'd hold up a piece of cuttlery and shout "Look at this. Look at what it says on the blade, 'made in Sheffield England' and our own plants shut down and our workmen in want. And the Democrats not alone advocate tampering woth our money, they also propose free trade, open our doors without restriction to the dumping of foreign merchandise and ~~in~~ more cold smoke stacks in factories, and more hungre Americans in bread lines! This shall not be!"

And he was right. In spite of the combination of forces against him McKinley was overwhelmingly elected. The Congress promptly passed at protective

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tari~~s~~ which was certainly needed at the time when American manufacturers were in no condition to meet foreign condition, and the whole economy would have suffered by their failure. At the present time with the growth of great financial empires, it is the public that needs protection from the ever increasing price of merchandise and the relentless drive of some leaders of Union Labour to drive it yet higher.

After 1896 the faithful who remained loyal to the democratic faith as expressed in the 1896 platform, went so to speak under ground. They certainly did not disappear; but they did manage to secure here and there the adoption of their doctrines, until at this time almost the whole of their political philosophy has been adopted by and become the faith of the party which at present calls itself Democrat. ~~They did not~~ They did make one more attempt to put it across by re-nominating Bryan, but the dew was off the rose and the bloom had left the peach and he was soundly trounced. Sound money and protection were in the ascendant and to remain there for many other campaigns.

CHAPTER X.

Two other events during this era did much to stimulate the economic conditions of the states. The first was the opening of more lands to settlement and sale. The most interesting of the lands sold was probably located in what is now the State of Oklahoma. At that time, that state was divided into the Indian Territory on the east, reaching some distance west of Tulsa, Oklahoma Territory, and the Cherokee Strip, which was along the northern border of Oklahoma. The lands in the Indian Territory had been allotted to individual owners. That is, the lands which had been held tribally were divided up and allotted to the members of the tribe, on the basis of their blood. Since it was generally supposed that a full blood would receive more than of mixed blood, nearly every one tried to come under that category, with some times amusing results. Many were listed as full blood who had only a small amount of Indian blood. This was especially true among the Creeks where large numbers of slaves were taken into the tribe without question. This resulted in many negroes being enrolled as full blood Creeks. This was also to a quite large extent true of the Seminoles. The Indian territory was divided into five tribal nations, the Creeks, Seminoles, Cherokees, Chickashas and Choctaws. Each tribe had its own tribal laws and customs, but was

under the supervision of Federal Commissioners and District Courts, and operating out of them, United States Marshalls and Deputy Marshalls. One amusing thing about this allotment system was that the indians discovered than under the enabling act, a full blood had no right to sell his land. The result was that many listed on the full blood rolls sold their lands, time after time, for whatever any one would offer; and when the purchaser went to take possession of his land he'd find out that his deed was no good; and in addition that the law was so worded that he was penalized for dealing with an indian and could in no way recover his purchase money.

One old insian took advantage of this and sold his farm ^{MANY TIMES,} ~~time after~~ ~~time~~, and finally woke up to disaster when the federal Congress without his knowledge removed this dissability, and his last sale for a pittance was good and the buyer took over. So the biter was himself bitten.

One cannot feel however, that he got what was coming to him, for the indian had recieved such shabby treatment from individual whites and from the government itself, that anything he could get to offset his losses was legitimate. Here he was, dispossessed of the finest lands and the richest lands in the east, to be settled in the most picturesque, but agriculturally the most undesirable land possible. Its forrests were abundant, but once they were removed, but little of value was left. It was land, most of it, in the Indian Territory part of Oklahoma, land that no one wanted. The face of fate must have radiated a thousand smiles when oil was discovered on this land, and the indian became rich on what the white man had scorned.

Looking back at the history of the white man's transactions with the indians is not something which could rightly be said to create pride in our national ~~honor~~ ^{HONOR}. How many times in that history has the white man driven the native out of his home and onto lands which the white man did not want. From the fertile east, the gold mines of Georgia, the eastern valley states, and on and on, a continual eviction, and each time the treaty was made, that the new lands should belong to the Indian "as long as grass grows and water runs"; when it seems that grass quit growing and water running as soon as some whites found that they wanted the Indian's last reservation. How many many times that treaty was made, and how many many times it was deliberately and callously broken. And still is being broken in spirit every day, while a patriarchal ~~Department~~ ^{Bureau} of Indian Affairs keeps them with broken hearts and resentful minds, in a continued condition of semi servitude and slavery. We will never solve our Indian difficulties until we begin to accept them as human beings and not articles of political merchandising. All our token payments of damages of late years is pitiful recompense for the suffering and deprivation of generations; and that which is still going on.

The land of the Cherokee Strip was better farming land than that east of it, well watered, and good grazing land. It too was found to be oil rich, but at this time was simply more land a great deal like the soil of Southern Kansas. When the sale of this land to settlers was finally decided it created a great interest all through the neighboring areas.

It so happened that the opening was to happen about the time that my father usually got restless in the fall and decided on a camping trip. This was a fairly annual event, for the Kansas fall, like most of the mid-west, is the glory time of the year. Fall flowers are in bloom. Miles and miles of golden rod, acres and acres of sun flowers, and the

purple of elderberry and haw and the sharp taste of the fox grape. And flashing from clumps along the draws, the red of the sand plum, that is puckery as a green persimmon but makes the most delicious jellies and jams I could ever get. Then too, at this time the ground cherries were ripening. Round golden balls each encased in a Chinese Lantern like pod. These little fellows, if you are not familiar with them, are really a close relative of the tomato; and were used in making one of the most delicious jams that we could find. And too, hunting would be good in the fall. The tree leaves were thinning out and it was easier to spot the elusive fox squirrel, and the bunnies would be fat and succulent.

So away we go. The four of us. Mother, Father, Bill and I with out meager camping equipment loaded on a spring wagon. Off to some pleasant camping ground along some stream.

I remember the drive that fall, for it was not the lonely one we usually encountered. This time conveyances of every kind were streaming past us, bound for the line up at the border, or perhaps to try to slip past the guarding military and get on the land and have it staked out before the regular homesteaders entered. There were horses hitched to carriages and wagons of all sort; some loaded with farming equipment as though the drivers expected to go immediately to work farming. There were horse back riders, and even some on foot. A few had brought special horses, animals with a reputation for speed, and had equipped them with the light english saddle and gear in place of the fifty pound stock saddle in common use.

We pitched out camp about ten miles from the starting line, where the would-be homesteaders were supposed to wait until the sound of the starting gun. Then that day there was a mad scramble; horse back riders, going at full gallop; wagons with teams galloping too, and many of them coming to grief and breaking up because they were never built for such punishment. There were fights galore, when a desirable spot was found and some one already had his stakes showing. There were claim jumpers, men of violence, who picked what they wanted and ran the prior claimant off or perhaps did a bit of actual elimination. It was a rough time and a rough crowd. But in spite of it all, the outcome was fine cities and

happy farm homes.

And on our way back we were again passed by the land seekers, who, dissapointed in the race, were mpving sadly on the way back, prepared to pick up the p[ie]ces. There were a few later land drawings in states further North, but this was the last one with the colour of former days, when might was right. The later ones were handled more methodically and were more like an ordinary business transaction.

The other event of which I spoke as momentous was the discovery of gold in the Klondike. Until this time the Alaska Purchase was regarded as either a piece of folly, paying out good money for worthless land; of else, Oh well, we'd just as well have it. Makes a good place for whalers to go, and where else would the ladies get their expensive and status creating seal skin coats?

But now, the fire of the forty-niners burned again. Men from all a walks in life outfitted themselves as best they knew how and started on another gold rush. Our small town and the Academy itself was not immune My closest friend at this time was a son of the Principal, Maurice Scroggs We viewed him with somewhat of awe at his courage and rashness in braving the North. Well, he didn't suffer the fate of so many; but so far as I know the only gold he saw was in some other miner's poke, as he weighed it out in payment for merchandise at the stores.

The knowledge of the men who took part in this gold rush was so scant as to what they should have in the way of equipment, that many never reached the land of riches; leaving their bones and their hopes in some crevass or buried under some blizzard driven snow. And most of the ones who tried, gained nothing but experience. The real money, as i all such adventures was made by the later coming well equipped and financially stable companies who bought up the claims of the prospectors at a low cost, and who were prepared to do scientific mining, refining and marketing. But that is the way such things generally go. The local citizen himself seldom profits from such a discovery. Perhaps partly due to his sustained feeling that the ground is worthless or that the find is greatly exaggerated, so makes no effort to profit from it himself.

~~By~~
SOCIAL LIFE IN A SMALL TOWN

One thing I must not forget to record, and that is a glimpse of the social life in a small town. For regulated and planned social living is as old as the hills themselves. All peoples have had and will continue to have their taboos; their conservatives; their "way outs"; nothing new under the sun; just expressed in different ways.

Of course the social life of that day both in the cities and in the rural towns was largely centered about the church. The affairs of the church societies were special events; and the churches gave the women of that day an opportunity for community service they now, in their more distracting circumstances seem to have lost. And perhaps it is a greater loss than we will admit; for the life of a nation is inescapably based on and a reflection of its religion. No matter what the faith may be, no nation can long survive without one of some sort. Men must have something by which they can put the seal of verity upon their neighbors oath. And 'tis sadly true that as the citizen's religious convictions decline the nation declines. Perhaps it may endure for a time but its end is as inevitable as that of a girdled tree.

One of the principal things that have disappeared was the "day at home"

Every lady had announced and set apart for her day to be at home and receive. Other days she might excusably be away when a ~~friend~~^{friend} called, but that day, well known in her set, she dare not. The guests came, and some times stopped for a short visit and perhaps a bit of refreshment, others just stopped and left their cards. Oh yes, every ~~woman~~^{woman} carried her card case, and as beautifully printed or engraved a card as was available. I well remember my mothers card case of mother of pearl. It was always ready and always with its stock of cards. Since my mother was unable to walk to these affairs, it was my duty to put old Don to the phaeton and be her transportation. In case you don't know what a phaeton is, or rather was, it was a single seated rig, hung very low to the ground, with no sides to the body to be stepped over, and a folding top. It was usually larger or wider than the common buggy and was a very propul ladders rig, as it was easy to enter, and there was adequate width

so a wheel could be "cramped", that is turned out to give wider entering space between the front and back wheel. The back wheels were covered by leather fenders to protect the ladies skirts from dust or mud.

The quilting bee was another social affair, usually confined to ones home or to meetings of the ladies church societies. Some there were who had a special skill in the dainty needle work required and they were always specially welcomed. But most women could "sew a fine seam" and one that was good enough. The pieces and scraps of cloth some times had special memories attached. I have seen whole quilts made from neck ties that had been discarded, and some from some specially saved bits of dresses. Most women kept a "rag bag" and in^{it} accumulated swatches of cloth that they thought would be desirable. This cloth was cut into usually about an inch and a half square, and these squares were sown together in the desired pattern, until the whole was large enough to cover a bed. Then a sheet of plain white was fastened to a set of quilting frames, (narrow strips of wood large enough to hold the whole quilt in place and stretched taut. The bottom was covered with a layer of cotton, and the quilt top placed above it. Then the quilting was done by sewing through top, cotton and bottom with very fine stitches, done in some well known design. I can't remember them all, but there was "Herring bone" and "Sunrise" and many many others and most women adept at them all. The pattern was some times lightly marked on the top in pencil to be followed by the seamstresses, but there were some so expert that they needed no design. After a strip along the frame had been sewed until it was hard to reach farther in, the frame was loosened and the finished part rolled up, the frame was again fastened and another strip stitched, and so on until the whole was quilted. Then the quilt was removed from the frame and binding sewn around the raw edges, and you had a truly attractive bit of bedding. These quilts were some times made and saved to make for the daughter of the house ^{an} adequate supply for her after marriage. Some were sold at church bazars, and the money used largely in helping finance the mission work of the church. These

quilting bees were truly happy occasions. When you get fifteen or twenty ladies seated about the quilting frame, which was balanced on the backs of chairs, and when the needles were flashing and conversation bubbling, every one really had an enjoyable afternoon, which they left with a feeling of having not only spent a pleasant time, but of having done something worth while for the good of the community.

I spoke before of the Medicine Shows, but we had a real theatre all of our own. There were traveling about the country innumerable groups of repertory players who visited the local "Oprey houses" all winter long. There were few months that didn't have one or two of these week long performances. This was generally called the "Kerosene Circuit" due to the fact that the stage lights were coal oil lamps placed around the front of the stage and with their brightness directed toward the stage and away from the audience by a bright, unpainted tin shield. I always loved these shows, for they often did a very good job on such plays as *Quo Vadis*, *East Lynn*, some times a Shakesperian, some times pure slap stick comedy. Many of the players on the Kerosene graduated to the "Gas Light Circuit" in the cities and became famous names of the stage. I always liked to attend these shows, and as money was not plentiful enough for to spare, I wangled a job as an usher. Then after the audience had been seated I have my chair reserved at the side of the stage where I could enjoy the rest of the evening.

These "Oprey Houses" were really vacant loft rooms over a couple of adjoining stores, which had been thrown together and a stage erected at one end with dressing rooms at each side, and seating provided by rows of ordinary kitchen chairs fastened together by a board running under ~~the seat of~~ ^{THE SEAT OF} eight or ten chairs and nailed firmly fast. Not much to look at, but the epitome of sophistication and pleasure to me. And really the world has suffered a great loss when these troupes vanished. No TV can ever replace them.

There were Sunday School picnics; all day long. We had one particular grove which we always used. There the natural trees had not been cut or

marred. The great oaks and walnuts stood with huge arms outspread, offering themselves to us to hold the swings. Since I was light of weight and strong, there would be a rope thrown over a great limb high above and held in place while I went up it hand over hand and perched on the limb to make the final double knots. There ~~were~~^{were} tables heaped with food. Real food! There were gallons on gallons of home made ice cream, yellow as butter and delicious as ambrosia.

Close to this picnic ground, Fall River slipped gently, about a foot deep for several hundred yards, ^{OVER SOLID ROCK BOTTOM SMOOTH AS A FLOOR} making a perfectly safe place for the smaller children to play in safety, while farther on, just around a bend was the "round hole," wide and deep where the larger boys and men could take their pleasure. I got myself nearly drowned there one day when I, by no means an expert swimmer, dived in, forgetting to remove those blasted "specs" and came up unable to see where I wanted to go and panicked and gulped in about ten gallons of Fall River water before I could be dragged out.

The young people had mixed parties. At them, they danced the old folk dances, the Virginia Reel and the like. And post office was a game, they all, under adequate supervision, were allowed to play. There the boys sat in one room and the girls in another and the master of ceremonies would call out the name of a boy, that there was for him, a post card, or a special delivery, or a letter, or a registered letter, each one signifying some particular mark of affection. He'd go into another room and there find a little lady ready to make delivery. I can remember the few times when some one sent me a registered letter, how I'd go in, trembling and embarrassed, accept the quick and timid touch of warm lips and then go back to the boy's room amid laughter and blushes. Where are those warm lips now? I often tell my children about how bashful I was as a boy, only to be caught with "Wow! How times have changed!

I have been talking so much about the children and the ladies that I have completely ignored the men.

Well, of course they took part in church affairs too; but their

main meetings were at political rallies and at the secret societies of which there were many. The Masonic Order and Eastern Star still are going strong, but many of their rivals have dropped by the wayside or dwindled to negligible numbers. There were the Odd Fellows, The Workmen, The Knights and Ladies of Security, The knights of Pythias, and many more. Most of them operated a life insurance department based on impossible rates which, as the members advanced in age and were no longer the young and vigorous men who organized the order, had to be raided again and again until the cost became prohibitive and many of the members were left without insurance and only ~~was~~ able to obtain more by paying high rates to some old line company which was actuarially sound.

Of course there was always door to door visiting. We had neighbors next door, not just people we didn't know and didn't want to know. This neighborliness still exists a bit in smaller towns, but even there is vanishing as more and more distractions make such social living too difficult, and there again we have lost, more than we could possibly gain.

Then too, nearly every family had its own peculiar pass times. With me, it was taking the phaeton and driving aimlessly about the country with my mother as passenger. Driving out into the fields in spring when the pastures were carpeted with white or purple anemones, so thick that it was a solid blanket of bloom about six inches ~~off~~ from the ground. A blanket which billowed and swayed in the spring wind. That was my special name for these pretty blooms, wind flower.

But each season had its special beauties. One of our ways of spending an evening, when the big, soft summer clouds dotted the evening blue, was to hunt and point to each other the changing pictures they made. Oh, look there, (pointing) see that horse and rider? No, now its changing to a mans face. See, theres a blue lake with snow clad shores, and a white boat moored to the edge. And so on, and on. If I have been blessed with a happy imagination, it has been due to the insight of my school teacher mother, who never tired in leading me on to see, to hear and to understand.

The year 1899 was in many ways a disappointment, yet in many ways a good year in my life. I had hoped to enter college after my graduation from the academy in 1898; but financial difficulties rendered this impossible. My older brother had intended to go to the State university, but after he had remained out of school one year he lost all desire to do other than work at his chosen trade, of an electrician. That was something new for small towns. The only street lights we had had ~~were~~^{were} the lanterns we carried in our own hands. But progress was moving our way and Bill went to the State University in the Electrical Engineering department and managed to fit himself with a working knowledge sufficient to enable him to return to Eureka and put in its first electric light system. The street lights were an arc light swinging above each street intersection in the most travelled streets. These arc lights gave a brilliant illumination but had the greatest nuisance value of any light ever devised by man. Behind a huge globe, two sticks of carbon, about the size of a man's finger were held in place with their ends just meeting. They were then wired into an electric circuit ^{WHICH} heated the terminals white hot ~~at~~^{BE} the current poured across the gap. But they had to ^{BE} lowered each morning and out of the globe take ~~the~~^{COMMITTEE} the accumulation of bugs, great and small that had ~~accumulated~~^{SUICIDE} during the night, trim and re set the carbons and make ready for the next evening. There was usually about a quart of bugs in each globe. One of the funniest mishaps I have ever seen happened under such a light at an out of doors concert, where the singer in an extremely low bodiced gown, ~~standing~~^{DOWN} had one of the larger night beetles miss the globe and come tumbling ~~down~~^{DOWN} inside her dress. The song stopped and the singers antics in trying to displace her unwelcome visitor were the best act of the show.

~~But~~ Mother was determined I should not do the same as brother Bill; so back to S.K.A. I went for a final year, reviewing and perfecting the courses I had previously studied. That way I was to keep the feel of being in school; and it was far from a bad idea. I really think I got more solid understanding of my previous studies than I would have had any other way.

~~But~~ In another way this was a special sort of a year, 1899, the final year of a century. Now don't start the old dispute whether the year

~~1900~~ 1900 was the last year of the 19th. century or the first year of the 20th. I don't know and I doubt if any one else could give an unanswerable verdict. But we all treated 1899 as the final year of the century.

That was the beginning of an era I have formerly mentioned, which could be well classed as the golden age of America. And it was to bring to me entirely new environment and new sets of ideas. It was well that we celebrated the New Year. And all over the nation from one shore to the other "Fin de siecle" parties were organized? I doubt, ever in this day of uproarious and blatant exhibitionism that ever a more noisy and jubilant New Years day ~~had~~ could be celebrated.

My particular group of friends decided to hold oue Watch Party at the home of two class mates at the edge of town.

This home was one of the show places. A large and for the day luxurious home stood in the midst of a grove of beautiful pine, near to natural wood land. Thw grounds were always beutifully kept, and about them strolled gaudy, and absurdly proud pea fowl. These birds were more than mere ornament. ~~And~~ ^{No} one living in the immediate neighborhood needed ~~no~~ early morning mill whistle to awaken them. It was the habit of the male birds to soar gracefully to the roof of the house and there meet the dawn with outspread tail as multi coloured as the dawn itself, and announce the new day by the most gosh awful scream ever heard by mortal man. Fortunatly it didnt last more than a minute or two.

There we were gathered, and most of the evening which was not devoted to games or music was spent in talk of our future. We all knew that this was probably the last gathering of a group that had been playmates and fellow students from the early grades. And now that would in a few months be all past us, and we would separate into what other unknown places and lives. ^{NONE COULD GUESS.} While we looked forward to it with anticipation, there was a bit of fear in it too.

The songs we sang were old songs. Like so many of that day they were rather sad and nostalgic. But we had grown up on the songs of the civil war days, and that was all the sort we knew. The did tell us that in the cities a new sort of music that was called Rag Time was taking hold but it hadent penetrated yet the hinterland.

Then, just as the clock passed the midnight mark, for some unknown reason Mr. Pea Cock who should have been sound asleep, opened from the roof with that yell which would have made the rebel yell at Gettysburg seem faint. Don't know what caused it. Perhaps he had some orders from some great authority to announce the change.

It was as natural that I should enter Washburn College as for me to breathe. All S K A men went to Washburn. Reason, it was a school founded and supported by the Congegational Church as was the academy. And all Washburn graduates who wanted to go on for a higher degree went just as naturally to Yale. Washburn founded in 1865 was just 35 years old when I entered , and a few years ago I celebrated with a few surviving older graduates it's century mark.

Since finances hadn't improved too much, father decided that the only way to send me to school was to take me to school. That is to ~~actually~~ actually move to the school town where I then could board at home and perhaps help out with my own efforts in a place of greater opportunity for self help.

To accomplish this, father sold his business and our home at Eureka and took over a small business in Topeka, handling musical instruments sewing machines, and various other items.. This business had been rather a poor prospect for survival, but with father's energy and perseverance it was the foundation of a business which supported him until his final retirement, due to advancing age.

I hope to tell you more about the college days at the beginning of the century; vastly differedt from today, but that is the story for ~~another~~ another day. Now we will turn the page and say good bye to the two small towns of my boyhood and youth; places that I now remember with increasing appreciation.

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CHAPTER XIII.

Thanks to my frequent stays in Kansas City, the change of home grounds to Topeka wasn't as much of a revelation.

Topeka, in the year 1900 was a clean, attractive little city, with a population of around thirty five thousand and claiming fifty. It had been planned by men of vision, and as a result the streets were unusually wide Kansas Avenue, the main business street being about twice the breadth of city streets. All principal streets were paved with what, for the day was up to date material, having been covered with a layer of sand, on which heavy planks were laid and the whole covered with heavy paving brick standing on edge and helped in staying firm by a layer of sand on top which was swept into the few crevasses between the bricks. This made a very solid pavement, but one inclined in time, as the under foundation settled or gave way, to assume rather a roller coaster profile, and to be noisy in the extreme. Add to this that there were many vehicles equipped only with iron tires, and that didn't help matters. In 1900 there was just one automobile in Topeka. That was a single seated Oldsmobile, with an umbrella for shade. I can't remember the name of the owner, but he kept the car garaged in a building on the alley running North and South, half a block west of Eighth and Kansas. But the time of the auto was at hand and by the year 1906 there many automobiles; and Smith Brothers had transformed their truss factory into a car manufactory, featuring The Great Smith. As a matter of fact at that era there were few towns of any size that didn't have one or more car factories.

My first car was a Great Smith, and a hint as to its primitive nature can be guessed by the fact that once when I ran off the road into a ditch the strain broke the two 4 X 4 wooden beams that were the frame, so that the front wheels and engine ran to the right and the body and the hind wheels came to a sudden stop. Far from ruining the car, the garage operator simply got two more four by fours and went out and removed the two that were broken and bolted in the two new ones and we were off, good as ever.

It might be of interest for me to describe some of these early vehicles. Among the first was the Olds, ^{mobile} the production of a manufacturer R. E. Olds; who later was bilked out of his company and formed a new company to produce the REO. Buick too was an early entrant with a two seated car with a buggy top coner, a two cylinder engine under the front seat. Of course no car at that time had either front or rear doors, and the windshield hadn't appeared; and of course there were no self starters. They didn't come into general use until nearly fifteen years later, and even then the cautious motorist always carried a crank so that if the battery or starter failed he could crank up and go on any way. One of the strangest looking was the Brush, a single ^{SEATED} affair with a huge one cylinder engine perched on a platform ahead of the small body. As I remember it this single cylinder was about eight inches in diameter. This particular machine was a great favorite with the doctors, making their house to house calls. I can remember them so well, the little "bug" as we called them chugging down the street trailing a cloud of black smoke. Mufflers were as yet not in common use. Then there was the Stafford, once made in Topeka and later moved to Kansas City. This was, for the time an excellent model. There was only one closed car in use and that was an electric, which was much in use by the ladies. It was a black affair, somewhat like the front half of a Hears/Had plate glass doors and windows, seated two, was steered by a tiller, a single lever, in place of a wheel and even had a cut glass container for flowers next the front window. Closed gasoline cars ~~did~~ not come into general use until around 1918. They were regarded as top heavy and dangerous. And even as late as 1924, many still used the open "Touring car." The Stutz Bearr Cat, the Maxwell, and on and on; they are all gone. Even the Stately Packard has left the roads; and the humble Ford now flaunts in royal robes.

There was the Stuts Bear Cat, which was the hot rod car of the day; the old Stanley Steamer and the White Steamer which both had steam pressure engines and which were very popular in the mountains because they would not stall; the valveless Elmore, which as the name would indicated was equipped with rotary admittance gates to the cylinders which eliminated the boggy of fouled up spark plugs. The gasoline was of such a low rating that engines would load with carbon, and the standard way was to take off the top and shoot ~~gas~~ gas down each cylinder and burn out the deposits in a shower of blazing sparks. Without this the cylinders would lose power and develop ~~and~~ shaking knock and the car would have little speed or power. When you stopped at a gasoline pump the gas was not put directly into your car, but into a gasoline can first. It was pumped into the can a gallon at a time by a hand pump and was always put in through a chamois skin lining the funnel into the can. When you got a five gallon can filled there was frequently strained out and lying on the chamois as much as a cup or more ^{OF WATER} for the chamois while it let the gas through would not the water. There was the Maxwell, the Reo, the Sears Roebuck is you please, which was just an old fashioned buggy with an engine in it connected by a large leather belt to an inner grooved wheel almost as large as the back buggy wheel to the inside of which it was attached. This car was a great favorite in the rural areas because it was handier in negotiating the rough and unpaved country lanes. There were frequent car races to ^{FIXED} some point by proud car owners. I well remember one about 1914 in which three cars participated. They were to go to a ^{FARM} ~~farm~~ home about ten miles from town, turn round and come back. One car only made it half way and broke down completely, the second car got to the farm house and had to be hauled by team from there back to home base, and the third which did make the trip took from noon well past sun down to get back, with its acetyline lamps barely showing the way. So on and on with hundreds of these old time cars, now long gone. Even the stately Packard has left the roads, and the humble Ford now flaunts its pride in royal robes. But I digress:

We moved to Topeka in July, 1900, coming in what was called an Emigrant Car. This plan of shipment was one devised by the railroads to help induce farmers to come west and buy railroad lands. All through the west the government had subsidized railroads by giving them a certain number of sections of land, or a tract of land along their right of way. These lands could be sold to settlers and the money of course used in financing the railways. If they could show a farmer in the east where good lands could be obtained at low prices and how he could get there without too much expense he was far more apt to become a purchaser.

In these Emigrant cars , for one low price, the emigrant, or any one for that matter, could move his household goods, his farming equipment, live stock, and himself and family.

So in our Emigrant car for the ride which would consume some 18 hours attached to a slow freight train, mother and the other members of the family intending to come next day by passenger, was my old friend, my buggy horse Don

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my horse. All our household goods were at the other end, and all and sundry other possessions filled most of the car's remaining space, leaving a space about the width of a freight car door unoccupied, where father and I camped down for the night. We had one surprise. Knowing that we were apt to get hungry before we were anywhere where food was available, father had had the local restaurateur prepare a basket lunch, based on three chickens father himself had supplies. We left Eureka about noon, and at supper time when we went to eat were surprised that the chickens had turned into wings of various sizes.

Father had rented a home and in a few days we were moved in and settled, and I had found my way to the college campus to view the scenes of my future efforts.

Washburn College, under the name of Lincoln College was actually begun in 1865. There had been previous competition between Topeka and Lawrence; and Topeka first had the offer of the college and was committed to take it, but fell down on their commitment, and the college was then offered to and accepted by Lawrence, but again Lawrence too failed to make good its financial backing and the offer was again removed to Topeka. Hard times continued to plague the school, ~~and its life was doubtful until in 1868 Deacon Ichabod Washburn of Worcester, Massachusetts, being advised of the character of the school and its purposes, made what for that era was a very large gift, the sum of \$25,000.00. Knowing that Lincoln College well could have failed save for this generous gift the Trustees changed the name of the school to Washburn College.~~

This donor was himself a remarkable man. With little formal education and having to quit such schooling as was possible at the age of nine, he worked long hours in for a trunk and Harness Maker and then in 1812 returned to his costal home to work in a textile mill and stand watch on the coast at night for hostile ships. Later he was apprenticed to a blacksmith and after he became a journeyman, his feel for metal led him to experiment in wire making, an industry which the European manufacturers had held a monopoly by their carefully guarded secrets of the process. Starting with

almost no knowledge, he taught himself, invented his own tools and dies; and soon was producing as good a quality of merchandise as the imported. He regarded as his greatest achievement when he made for Chickering the first acceptable American made piano wire. Perhaps because of his own scanty schooling, and his realization of what that meant, he became deeply interested in education and became its friend and patron,

And Washburn in 1900 was the school that would have delighted Washburn's deeply religious nature. For it was definitely a church school. There were no Fraternities or Sororities; in fact the faculty and student body didn't have time for anything of the sort, and did not desire them, as they felt that they were only the result of snobbery; and that the little good they did to the accepted member was poor recompense for the heart ache of the rejected.

Young Men's Christian Association and Young Ladies Christian Ass'n., were strong; and held weekly meetings at the room of one of the students a group leader having been selected who was supposed to prepare and conduct discussion on some religious topic, There were also Temperance Clubs of both sexes and no quicker way could a student acquire the bad graces of his fellows than by appearing not only in an intoxicated condition, but even with the odour^{of liquor}/on his breath of person.

Chapple was held every morning. This room which served also as the place for college theatricals, and public meetings in general was a large auditorium on the second floor the fine cut stone building nearest the Campus entrance. Alas, that building is no more, having been completely demolished in the terrible cyclone of 1966. So much of our school time was centered about this building, that without it no matter what the restoration, things, to an old grad, will never be the same?

In chapple the boys sat in class groups on one side of the central aisle, the girls in the same manner on the other. Each class had its monitor to take roll, and the student who did not answer to his name at Chapple was marked absent for the day and no matter what happened in class he simply wasn't at Washburn.

The faculty had to attend also; being seated in front of the students on the large stage at the front of the auditorium. There were songs, religious in nature, a professor would read the morning lesson and

give a short talk, and then the audience sedately pass down the stairs, in column of twos, and on to the next class room. Some times we got a surprise in the teacher's talks too. Now and then one would make a slip which would be cherished and discussed for some time thereafter. But the greatest surprise was one day we were told that the talk would be by the German professor, a rather dour man, who was not disliked but not greatly liked either and we all anticipated a boring session. To our surprised delight, this man, with an utterly dead pan face, gave ^{us} the funniest, the most hilarious little gem that ever was heard in that hall. It may have seemed uproariously funny, because it was so unexpected; but this I know, this man became about the most ^{POPULAR} ~~liked~~ professor on the campus. And he responded in his own sober way once the ice was broken.

At that time there were only three buildings in active use for class sessions, they were the basement of the McVicar ^{it} Capple, the various floors of Rice which had been the first building erected when Washburn was a one building school, and the basement of of Boswell. The class rooms were all heated by a large coal burning stove in each room, with a big coal box close at hand to keep the fires burning during the day. This coal box came in for one rather unusual use. One of our Professors, a fiery little dark skinned Highland Scott, with the incongruous name of Harshberger, or "Harsh" as we all called him, loved his chewing tobacco and we all would secretly smile as we would see him with a bulge in his cheek growing larger, furtively direct our attention to some mathematic problem on the black board, while he slipped to the coal box and got rid of the excess moisture. What would you think of that now a days. But this man, who was the head and all the staff of the Mathematics Department was loved by every student under him. It was his complete unassuming humanness. One tale he told me of himself, will show his traits better than a long description. Harsh was always a lover of flowers and of gardening, and at the rate of pay prevalent in Washburn a good vegetable garden could come in mighty handy to a professor; and his was always tops. He told me of his continual trouble of chasing a neighbors chickens out of the garden beds, and how he finally lost his temper and killed one and started to the neighbors home with the dead biddy, when almost to the dividing line he met the neighbor lady, bringing him a fresh cake she had just baked.

"And there I stood" he said, "Looking like a fool and feeling more than that; and all I could do was to apologize and exchange the dead bidy for the cake." It didn't seem to have affected the affection of the lady for him, but I can't say whether she baked any more cakes, or whether the chickens kept on pestering.

All during my college days, one fixture on the campus was Tom. This was a colored man who kept the huge campus in beautiful trim. He and his big team of mules could be seen, day in and day our mowing the grass, hauling away dead branches, cutting hay on the south part of the campus, working in an around the class rooms, and plowng paths through the snow. And Tom knew the name of every boy and girl on the campus^{USUALLY AROUND 400} And they were all of them his friends. It's hard to find such faithful friends and allies any more. Tom wasn't a servant, he was a member of a team and far from the least important member. God rest him.

One other teacher I must mention; for she did much for me. That was the English teacher Charlotte Mendell Leavitt. It was in herclass room that I had a loose knowledge of literature bound together and made whole. And many of the books she brought to my attention are still ^{old} friends upon my shelves, their covers broken and their leaves torn by reading and re-reading. For it was her idea and one I have found to be most accurate that no book was worth reading once unles it was worth reading more than once.

Washburn campus was about a mile from Down Townn Topeka, and could be reached by a trolley line. The Topeka system in this connection was one all its own. At 8th. and Kansas Avenue stood a 'Transfer Station'. A passenger desiring to transfer from one line to another had to ride down to this transfer station and wait there in the shelter until a car going his way happened along. In this manner I, who lived North of Washburn, had to take a Lowman Hill car and ride a mile East to the Transfer station, and there change to another car and ride a mile southwest to school. Naturally this system wasn't much used unles in inclement weather. It was quicker and ~~more~~ easire to walk.

Washburn students worked almost to a man. My own particular task was carrying newspapers. These we bought from the printer at 8¢ each per week and sold for 10¢. I carried about 200 papers, & at first drove a little open wagon with an old horse who knew thn route so well I didn't

need to touch a line or guide in any way except to keep her from turning in toward a place where the customer had moved or quit. And once she had gone past, the next evening she would pass up the place of herself.

Later I carried the route horseback, and was doing so the time when the 1903 flood covered all of North Topeka where my route lay. The last night I had carried before the flood I had gone to the North end of the route, finished my deliveries and turned back and had only ridden a little way when I approached a low bit of street and before I realized it my pony was swimming; so quickly had the waters risen. But I made it out without further incident and just in time.

The next day all of North Topeka was flooded, and many of its people trapped, had to be brought out in boats. They were transported by boat to the north end of the Kansas Avenue bridge, which arched above the Kaw River, walked to the south end, and crossed another strip of about 100 yards of flood water in a breeches buoy which a number working on and around a floating walk, anchored out of the current had managed to construct.

I have spoken about the deeply religious atmosphere at Washburn. One factor in keeping this condition was the pastor of the Central Congregational church which most of the faculty and students attended. This was Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, author of *In His Steps*. He was a constant inspiration and was a close friend to most of the students. To show this man's character, I can do no better than to tell of one of his exploits. The editor of the Topeka Daily Capital, the morning daily invited him to publish the paper one week in the form he believed that Christ would use. This coming event was widely publicised, and every one was waiting to see what kind of a paper they would get. To their surprise, the paper was a newspaper and not a religious tract. But it was a newspaper filled with current events, with emphasis on the constructive things and no play for sensationism; and one thing notably missing was the customary liquor, and tobacco ads. He remarked to those who asked him why this was his idea of the Christian paper, he answered that he was publishing a newspaper and not preaching a sermon. Another bent of his was what he called Christian Socialism. That every man must be given an opportunity; and he who had share to create that opportunity. A lot of

us were so impressed by this idea that we started a Socialist Club, of which I was elected president, and got nearly kicked out of ~~college~~^{COLLEGE} for my pains. Washburn was staunchly Republican and Conservative.

In 1901, at Washburn, as every where else in the Sunflower state, the public event of greatest importance was the crusade of Carrie Nation. This pugnacious little lady from Wichita, tiring of the ineffectiveness of the enforcement of the Kansas Prohibition Laws, took upon herself a one man war on all illegal operations.

Things in Kansas had changed during the three decades since the adoption of the Prohibition Amendment. A system had been worked out by the thirsty, whereby a dealer did not have to pay a license, but once a month was arrested and went to police court and paid a fixed penalty for the right to be undisturbed for another month. This so called "Fine system" was in full operation over the state; with the only requirement that the saloon, or "blind pig" had to keep its doors and window screened from outside observation, and do no advertising. This was hardly necessary once the location of an oasis became a matter of common knowledge. However I did know one fistey little Irish operator who had the words "Fine wines and liquors" painted boldly on the front awning,. However the printing was in Gaelic and who in Kansas outside a visiting Irishman could read that.

Well, the fever in Topeka rose high as elsewhere in the state. And Washburn with its close religious affiliation was stirred. Carrie was coming and to make ready for her a regiment of crusaders was formed. As I now recollect it there were some twelve hundred members in the active group, who had the support of about the entire community.

This group was organized on a strict military formation. Dr. McFarland, pastor of the First Methodist Church was the colonel. I don't remember now who the other officers were, but we had a company at Washburn as a matter of course. And as much of a matter of course the writer was in the thick of it. We met and drilled in secret, with guards out a la KKK and some of the troopers were even encourage to purchase and carry fire arms.

The fever was at its highest Satge when Carrie arrived.

Meetings were arranged in several of the churches, with the largest Ralley to be at the First Methodist, in the large stone church still standing at Sixth and Harrison. Of course the crusaders were out in force; and after the first main ralley, Carris asked some of us college boys to remain for a moments discussion. The proposal she made to us was that she knew all the Topeka Saloons would be bolted and barricaded and she wanted some way to get into them rapidly, at night, one after another. Sixteen of us from Washburn volunteered. To the life of me I can't remember the name of any of the other participants. We had been studying ancient history and the wars ^{and} sieges of forts and castles, and we put our studying for once to a practical use. We procured from the lumber yard a four by four beam. I cant remember the exact length, but it was long enough that after we had bored holes through it and pushed through sections of iron pipe left sticking about two feet on either side, we could pick it up, right to the side and swing it back and forth with comfort.

We met before the first break of dawn at the transfer station at Eighth and Kansas.

I cant remember how many saloons we worked at but I do remember two in particular. One was the Palms located about the middle of the eight hundred block on Kansas, this the most fashionable one in town. It was equipped with all the elegance of a first class city saloon, the only difference that the front show windows were curtained off and contained only a large potted palm in each window. This place was the meeting place of Kansas politicians, especially members of the legislature, refresing themselves after a hard days work inventing new laws to curb the demin Brink. But it had its share of the local elite as well. What made it such a politica headquarters was its nearness to the Copeland Hotel, at Ninth and Quincy. This hotel was known as Copeland County, and was Republican political headquarters at all times, as well as the residence of the Hon. John C. Pollock, the one Federal District Judge in Kansas at that time. He was reputed to be a man of great sharpness in his speach, and severity on any lawyer who dared make a mistake in his Court. Perhaps he was. But I had been his paper boy, and to me after I commenced my law practice he was always a kind and understanding mentor.

The other saloon whose name I can't recollect was on east 8th. street just back of the Topeka State Journal Building.

We aproached the Palms first with Carrie in the lead. When we were

at the door she stepped aside and said "Open her up boys" and sixteen strong young sets of arms swung the battering ram against the lock. No iron or wood could stand against such blows and at the secone stroke the door flew wide. Carri~~e~~ stepped quickly inside, and back of the mahogany bar, and quick swings of her trusty hatchett, sent bottles and glasses flying, ripped down the voluptuous lady reclining in s canty garments that hung above the back bar, ~~and~~ ^{while} others turned over tables and smashed chairs until all left the place a complete shambles, reeking to heavens with the odor of sanctity and spilled burbon and rye, with the beer taps still frothing at the mouth.

We performed the same gracious act at the bar on east eighth street and of how many more I can't remember. The sentiment of the community was so strong that none of us young miscreants ever got out of it more than a halo. Carrie was arrested several times, and ~~was~~ her own defendse counsel, but I can't remember of her ever suffering any severe punishment. Her trials, I remember were before Hon. Zachary Taylor Hazen, Judge of the Shawnee County, District Court whom Carris insisted on addressing as "Your Dishonour" rather than your Honour. She felt that this was his better title, engaged as he was in persecution of the saints.

Not alone was Carrie "agin likker"; she was also against the stinking weed and woe to the man who stepped into an elevator on which she was a pssenger, holding a cigar in his teeth or hand. He had it ~~immediatly~~ snatched and trampelled under her feet, and then recieving a lecture for the rest of the passage.

Carrie was rather small, and thick set, with s snub nose and burning eyes. And her crusade was not for profit, had it been she 'could have made millions. She was devoted to her call, and this one woman so stired the great Sunflower State that it was but a short time until the legislature passed the "Bone Dry" law. This law made it not only a crime to sell alchololic liqour, but also to posses it, no matter how or where purchased, unles the bottle bore the prescription of a regularly licenses physician. The old easy days had gone, and it was no longer possible to step into a drug store and buy a bottle of medicinal liqour for any disease you might choose, sign a register and go out in perfect respectability, or the easier way patronize a speak easey. The rigid enforcement of thei Bone Dry law was one of the main factors in securing the final repeal of the prohibition ammendment.