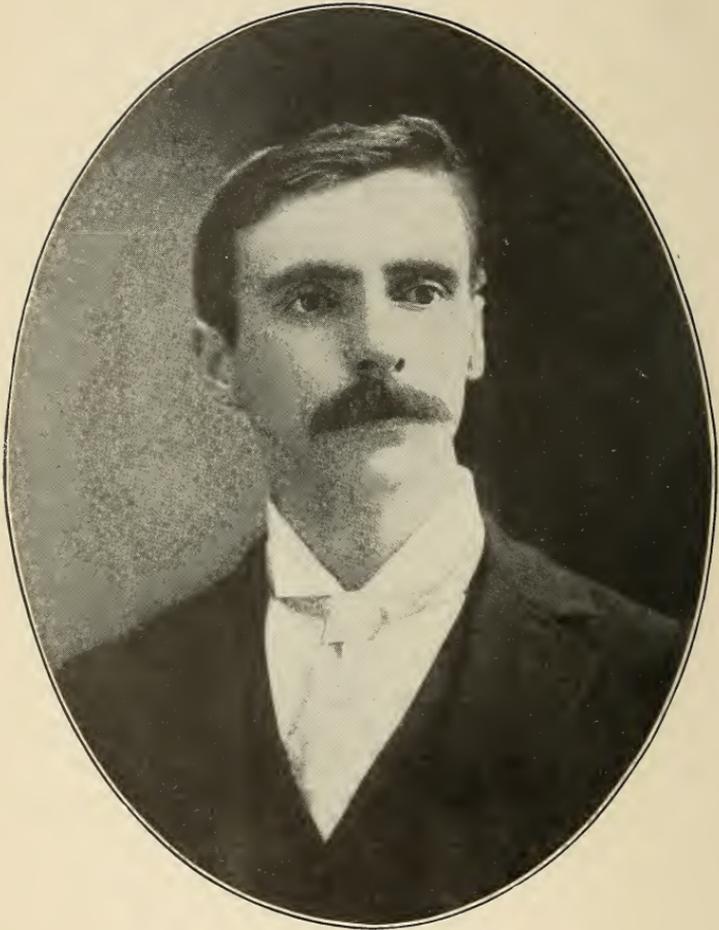


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J. CONNELL

Some
Humorous Experiences
of a
Globe Trotter



by
J. CONNELL, B. S., Oph. D.



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FOREWORD:

*To my friends of other days
and to my later formed acquaint-
ances in many parts of these,—
the United States—this reminis-
cent volume is faithfully en-
scribed.*

J. Connell.

CHAPTER I.

All the world's a stage, and the men and women merely players.

—*Shakespeare*

Life is full of humor if one has but the wit to see it. The happy, genial disposition that sees the funny side of things, is to be envied. And surely there is an element of humor in the situation at this time.

Here I am, installed for the winter in my old college town attempting to see the funny side of things and jotting them down, in my maiden effort to write a book, and calling it by the euphonious title, "Some Humorous Experiences of a Globe Trotter." Naturally high strung and touchy to a degree, I cannot even stay where there is noise, confusion, idle talk and chattering, much less hold myself down to think and write coherently. Yet here I am, and I have come all the way from Pocatello, Idaho, several thousand miles away, to find here the rest and quiet for which I had hoped while writing this book.

I am rooming with a French family of six, every one of whom talks continuously every moment of the time night and day, without a moment's cessation and all at once. My room is on the first floor, and it is heated by some kind of hot air contrivance. I never knew before, what a perfect conductor of the slightest sound one of these hot-air pipes is. It never for a single moment conducts any heat, only cold air and the incessant jabber of my compatriots in the adjoining room. I cannot distinguish a word that is said but as this is the time the war is on in Europe, I imagine the women are trying to tell how the French beat the Kaiser.

I once got similarly caught in a German tenement house in Spokane, Washington; another time in an Italian lodging house in Pocatello, Idaho; and yet again have at divers times visited my Mormon friends in and near Salt Lake City, Utah; but all of these distinct noises combined could not by any stretch of the imagination enter into competition with this French family. In the hope of a sympathetic response I have once or twice told my grievances to some of

my male friends, who promptly advised me to "pay no attention to it". There is an old saying by someone that "Misfortunes never come singly." And I used to know a wag, who, when things had come to that pass as to be quite unbearable, would say, "Cheer up, my friend, the worst is still to come." And so a some what strenuous experience with my foreign friends in different parts of the United States—French, English, German, Irish and others—has rather prepossessed me in favor of a plain, ordinary American citizen without one drop of foreign blood in his veins. And yet even Americans like to talk, and the jabbering of the male of this species and the incessant cackling of the female gives one little opportunity for thought when in their neighborhood.

I remember, when in the optical business, striking the little town of Crown Point, Indiana. Thoroughly exhausted by the day's jaunt and activities, and with no rest the previous night, I congratulated myself upon getting into the town early and getting to bed early; I forget where, but in the best and most favorable looking place in the town. All went well for awhile, and

I was so exhausted from lack of sleep that I must have fallen asleep almost immediately upon retiring. But my slumbers were of short duration. I was awakened by a graphophone in the adjoining room, playing "We Won't Go Home Until Morning," accompanied by a high-pitched female voice with a male chorus and the discordant noise of a cracked piano; while at the same instant an uproarious noise arose in the street and the boisterous music of fife and drum completely drowned the "rah! rah! rah!" of the victorious political party. It was no use to lose temper. I had been there many times before, and had learned by manifold experience that the wise thing to do, in fact the only thing to do in such a case, is to look pleasant and take a chance in getting some sleep—somehow, someplace—the next night.

In one of the western states they have a law requiring that sheets be of a certain length,—long enough so that they will cover both the chest and the feet at the same time. I thought this was extremely funny when I heard about it for the first time. But it really isn't a bit humorous, and is the foremost sensible thing that

has been done in the United States in this decade! It was a committee of traveling men that got the bill through. Traveling men, who visit many localities and sleep in many strange and unknown beds, are often annoyed by short sheets and comforters. Do what he will, he cannot remedy the matter himself. Five feet eight inches in height, he has a sheet that is exactly five feet long. If he covers his feet his chest is exposed, and if he pulls the sheet up to cover his chest, his feet are naked to the air. And again, if he uses diplomacy and makes a compromise by first covering his chest and then drawing up his legs, so as to get his feet under the sheet and quilts, he is in a ridiculously awkward, unsanitary and painful position,—sans comfort, sans sleep, sans everything but trouble.

The night I was trying to sleep at Crown Point this beneficent law was not in effect. And so, promptly at four A. M., I arose, took a cold sponge bath and rub-down for a bracer, and going out upon the street, drilled until the morning's sun rose to bring confidence and hope,

and, being with little sleep, forgetfulness of the past night. Now this sounds strange, but it isn't funny, not a bit of it. Everybody laughs when the wind blows your hat off in the street, and you make an ineffectual hot-foot down the line to recapture it. Many things sound humorous when they are past and gone, when we have naught to do but read about them, but there might not be the least particle of humor in going through the actual experience.

CHAPTER II

There is more in heaven and earth than is dreamed of in your philosophy, Horatio.

—*Hamlet*

In the fall of the year 1894, having finished my work, drumming for fruit in the great fruit belt of Michigan for a Chicago Commission House, restless and discontented, without any fixed position, and filled with the social and almost morbid memories of the previous year (the year of the great World's Fair in Chicago in 1893), an old and life-long schoolmate friend, (Mr. Charles H. Stauffer) similarly situated and I, conceived the somewhat erratic idea of cutting wholly loose from our surroundings, and like Sherman on his historic march through Georgia, strike off into and through an entirely new and untried territory and make our own living as we went. Only our mission was a peaceful, not a warlike one; a friendly, not a hostile visit; a commercial, and not a military invasion.

Charlie was by far the best fellow the good

Lord ever permitted to live and grow to strong and virile manhood. Chums, friends and inseparable comrades all of our lives from the time we were boys and seat-mates together in the rude little country school of earliest days, our friendship ran on in sunshine and in shadow all the years, until at the ripe age of thirty years each looking backward all the way he had come, we could recollect that strangely enough in all these years through their vicissitudes and changing conditions, we had never once for a single instant unpleasantly disagreed; had not had a single falling-out, nor had our unbroken and life-long friendship marred by the slightest doubt, misunderstanding or unfriendly feeling.

And Charlie and I with our faithful little horse, Freddy, purchased of Leo DeVries in Holland, Michigan, and the carriage purchased of my old friend, Charlie Southard of Bangor, Michigan, were ready for our trip and new experience.

We emptied our pocketbooks before starting, our plan being to make a living as we went, or starve. Charlie carried a stock of silverware,—knives and forks, tablespoons and teaspoons

and butter knives, while I, still in the optical business was to fit eye-glasses and spectacles.

It was comparatively easy to work our way through Michigan, our native state, and in a very short time strike the Miami valley in Western Ohio, ready to follow the valley southward coming out at Cincinnati where we were to cross the Ohio River to Covington, Kentucky. So far the trip was ideal, neither hot nor cold, with not an unkind cloud in the sky, the days and nights almost perfect, the roads a boulevard, the carriage brand-new and running easily, lightly, and splendidly. And so, although we made no money, at times scarce paying essential expenses we managed to live and had a delightful time.

At noon, exactly the tenth day out, we reached Cincinnati, and driving through the then Ohio Metropolis, between Vine and Vance Streets, we crossed the Ohio River and passed on into Covington, Kentucky.

Our route now took us east and south so as to strike the attractive little city of Lexington, Kentucky, famed the world over for its fast and blooded horses and beautiful women. At

Lexington, the marble shaft of Henry Clay pierces the sky, and the open friendliness and cordiality of the people gives the first pleasant suggestion of what might be expected from the better class of Kentuckians. Passing rapidly through the country of Blue Grass, fast horses and pretty women, our course still south-east, the way, scenery and people change, and we find ourselves in two or three more days nearing Cumberland Gap, a wild, rocky, sterile district at which point three states meet - Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia; to which fact, attention is called by means of a huge rock by the roadside with the names of these states printed thereon.

At Cumberland Gap, no longer delighted by a sense of beauty and agreeable surroundings, the scene has changed to the sterile, mountainous, and unfriendly, with huge buzzards overhead, poised on heavy wing, and searching with beady eye and acute sense of smell for carion below. We drive slowly on, rocks, boulders, and rough roads now making traveling difficult, our objective point being Greenville, Tennessee, and our direction slightly changed to

the southward. We had now reached a section where it was quite impossible to fit any glasses or sell any silverware, and so get hold of any money. Money seemed to be unknown to the people we met, and not being able to make any, the only thing we could do was to pay out money; and even then it was difficult and at times entirely impossible to secure anything to eat for ourselves, or corn or fodder for our faithful little horse, Freddy. The people lived wholly on corn bread made (without salt) of corn meal and water, and baked on top of the stove; and the only thing in the shape of fodder for Freddy was a few leaves from stunted corn stalks grown on the sterile sides of the mountain, and half a dozen nubbin ears of corn, for which we paid the undersized boy who gathered them for us one penny an ear. Paying seven pennies for the seven nubbins of corn the boy was able to gather for us, we fed our horse; and Charlie entered a rude log cabin by the roadside, and, after thirty minutes' time and an extended argument with the boy's mother, returned with a piece of corn bread (baked on the lid of the stove) for which she exacted seven more cents. We

ate the corn bread ravenously and drank from a stream of water flowing down the mountain side. This was probably the first real money this woman had seen since the Civil War, and it was entirely new and strange to the twelve-year-old boy. Refreshed by the seven ears of corn and a long draught of mountain water, Freddy was in condition to start again; while Charlie and I, thoroughly enjoying our corn-bread and cool beverage of mountain ale, were in a position to take up "the battle of life" again.

We were now directly at the foot of Wild Cat Mountain, a low, but precipitous pile of rocks over which we must go to continue our journey. We could not go around the mountain, but must perforce climb it direct and go over the summit. Asking the woman of whom we got the corn-dodgers if she thought we could get over it, she said, "I reckon you can, but it's mighty rough." I had but to say in a low, mild voice, "Go on Freddy," when the faithful little animal started. Never, since by a strange freak of nature the rocks had been curiously piled up there, had any human being ever attempted to scale them in civilized manner with horse and carriage. No

mountaineer on horseback with a sure-footed animal had ever tried it, but always went around leading his horse. Of course we immediately saw we would have to walk, and we got out of the buggy and assisted Freddy by pushing on it from behind. Never before did I see such an intelligent effort of a supposedly dumb animal to accomplish a well-nigh impossible feat. The untrodden road was full of rocks, and the little horse would carefully put down one foot, and try himself and the conditions out by carefully raising himself on one front foot; and if that went well, he would try the other foot, gingerly following with his hind feet, slowly pulling forward and upward, with our pushing behind, the entire carriage with its load of wolf robes, silver ware and optical goods.

After several hours of laborious and incessant struggle, wearied but delighted, we at last reached the summit of Wild Cat Mountain. The top was quite level, with a fairly good road, and here and there, on either side of the road, a rising rock with timber on both sides. Refreshing Freddy with another ear or two of corn, a copious drink of mountain water, and thirty

minutes' rest, we drove on, and in less than one hour had come upon, and passed through, the wierdest and most uncanny experience either of us had ever known before. Laughing and talking, and driving gaily along, at a smart trot, just as we came to a bend in the road, a creature of massive build, fully six feet in height, with bloodshot eyes, bewhiskered chin and matted gray hair, wearing a long, gray garment that reached to the naked feet, stepped in front of our buggy; but, halting only one instant, stepped to one side of the road and allowed us to drive on. Freddy snorted and reared, and, but for a firm hold on the lines, would have become unmanageable..

Passing now beyond Wild Cat Mountain and on the other side on our way to the next town, Mount Vernon, we again entered a stretch of wild, rocky country where no carriage had ever been, and where a single man, even though a rough, rugged pathfinder, could scarcely go on foot. At Mount Vernon, a rude little mountain hamlet of half a hundred houses, seated deep down in the rocky defile with boulders on every side,— here, at the only place we could find —

a kind of alleged hotel — we managed to pass the night.

That evening before retiring, seated for an hour or two in front of the huge, old-fashioned log fire-place, we told of our experience in meeting what we saw on the mountain; and in turn were told by one of the men, a massive square-jawed and gray-bearded man of perhaps sixty years of age, that he knew the woman well from the time she was a child. Apparently interested by our interest, he at length settled down, and filling the huge bowl of his pipe with home-made tobacco, related the following story:

THE MANIAC OF WILDCAT MOUNTAIN

I knew this unfortunate woman from the time she was a little child not five years of age, and many a time have held her on my knee. She was the brightest, prettiest little girl I believe I ever saw, with dark brown eyes, raven hair and a winsome manner that captivated and held every heart and made her beloved by all who knew her.

As she grew to womanhood she became each day more beautiful and more capti-

vating, until at the age of twenty she was considered in all of Eastern Kentucky the most beautiful woman that section had ever known, rivaling and wholly eclipsing even the far-famed belles of Lexington and the Blue Grass region. Her lovers were legion and her brief social life ended by her marrying a man of prominent family, considerable means and magnificent physique, but who was suspected of operating illicit stills in various parts of mountainous Eastern Kentucky. Despite this, the wedding was held in the most fashionable church in Lexington, the elite attending; and so, under a shower of flowers, rice and good wishes, they were married, and from Lexington, Kentucky, took the first train to Nashville, Tennessee, on their wedding trip.

No one heard from either bride or groom for many years, until it was learned later that the girl's husband was shot by a revenue officer while resisting arrest in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky, and some years later, old and infirm, with mind hopelessly impaired, the once beautiful girl was discovered leading a sad and semi-savage life among the rocks and caves

of Wild Cat Mountain. She had been known to grasp the bridle-rein of travelers crossing the mountain and to stop the horse, but otherwise had offered no molestation, although some feared her and others regarded her as homicidal.

And this is the story told there of the Maniac of Wild Cat Mountain, and was repeated to us, as we sat about the huge open fireplace with half a dozen rude six-foot mountaineers, that night in 1894.

CHAPTER III

Put money in thy purse.

—*Iago.*

Money is the whole thing when you are among strangers and almost the whole thing when you are among acquaintances. Unable to make any money along the savage way over which we had come and having none on our persons, we shortly began to feel the need and absolute essentiality of some. Our neighborhood was changing again and we were passing along a highway where we could occasionally although not often, fit a pair of glasses or sell a dozen silver knives and forks or a set of silver teaspoons. But the country was yet new and raw, the habitations crude and the people for the most part rude and unlearned.

We stopped one night at a low-built log cabin of two rooms, and after an hour's persuasive and diplomatic talk by Charlie, were permitted to tie our horse out in a kind of shed, feed him some corn-stalks and go inside.

The woman and her eighteen-year-old daughter dipped snuff, occasionally spitting with un-

erring accuracy at a fly on the opposite wall, while the man told us they never "kept anybody overnight," and that was the first time they had "ever seen anybody come through there", but, that we could stay if we wanted to as it was half a dozen miles to any other place where we possibly could stay and it would be dark in another hour. A hound, two cats, the man, his wife and four tow-headed children, gathered with Charlie and myself around the fireplace that evening after our supper of corn bread and bacon, and we conversed until after eleven o'clock, when our host said, "And now, boys, I'll show you where you will sleep. You will find it right smart different than in the big cities of the north where you came from, but we like you, and if you can put up with it you are welcome to stay."

He opened a door and taking a candle in hand conducted us into a low-arched room with a single bed. The sides and ends of the room were made of rough logs with wide, open spaces between them, through which the far-away stars shown cold and the wind came in unpleasant gusts. By pulling the single blanket tight a-

round us and lying close together so as to conserve the heat of our bodies and with eyes fixed upon the polar star, some time during the night, through utter exhaustion we fell asleep.

When I next regained consciousness I was startled by hearing Charlie say, "Listen, what on earth is that!" I did so and there was distinctly borne to our ears the nearby baying of a dog, to be followed a moment later by the mad scramble of some wild animal, possibly a fox, a coon, or a wild cat, through the opening in the logs, pell-mell over our bed and out through the opening on the other side, followed immediately in like manner by the sanguine and sanguinary hound. "Well, now, wouldn't that take you to the Fair!" said Charlie, as he tumbled out of bed and reached for his pantaloons. "What was it?" "You are at liberty to search me," I replied, following suit immediately.

After our breakfast of cornbread and bacon, leaving Charlie to settle in some way for the night's entertainment, I went out to curry, water, feed and harness Freddy, and prepare for our journey southward. Having done this,

I returned to the cabin to assist in disposing of some of our goods in exchange for our stay over night, as it will be remembered, every penny of our money was gone and we had to depend entirely upon our ability as salesmen to get rid of some of our silverware or spectacles, for we could not pay out the money we did not have. And here was where we got our eyes wide open as to the alleged hospitality of the "open-hearted south." We had goods galore, but not one penny in real money. Shylock was the embodiment of mercy, compared with the sinister, lynx-eyed female with whom we were trying to settle. Repeated, friendly and honest offers to let her have even ten times the cost of our night's entertainment in goods, were repeatedly met by the set and unchanging speech, "We want the money." Every house in this part of the country has over the door a long-barrelled rifle, which, because of seeing it so often, Charlie and I at length began to call, the squirrel gun." As this sinister and chilling female repeated for the dozenth time the monotonous demand, "We want the money," her eyes looked suggestively up at the squirrel

gun, while mine sought Charlie's and both of us thought of our unpreparedness for a leap into the Great Beyond. I never could recall how it was done, certainly it was neither Charlie's eloquence nor my own persuasiveness, but in some way the danger passed. The ban was lifted, and both of us recovered our normal equilibrium, to find ourselves a dozen miles down the road with the new night coming on, the wind beginning to blow, and a dozen buzzards circling high before us above the remains of a dead horse. I considered it a close call, and felt again for the hundredth time the almost tragic meaning of Iago's sinister advice, "Put money in thy purse." I cannot think how otherwise we could have done it, but we must surely have unloaded ten dollars' worth of sterling silver into the hands of this grasping, covetous woman for the privilege of staying awake one night in a back room, and having a mangy hound chase some wild animal over our bed and through our apartment.

The next night we stopped at some house along the roadside where the woman and her grown-up daughter made a business of dipping

snuff. We learned in some way that the girl's name was "Molly"; and, on account of her skill, accuracy and proficiency in spitting, never once missing the mark, Charlie called her, "Molly, the spitter." That evening we entertained ourselves, and were entertained, by sitting around the usual, old-fashioned, open fire-place and watching the two women dipping snuff, the younger one always doing a very artistic and sometimes a very clever thing in the way of spitting.

The husband and father made a living by raising and selling razor-back pigs. He fattened them on acorns and let them run wild in the open woods that stretched interminably back of the house. Not knowing this, the next morning through curiosity I wandered out into the woods. Imagine my consternation when almost instantly I was surrounded by a score of snorting, grunting, menacing razor-backs. Instead of being weakened and collapsing from my stifling fears, they seemed to give me instantly almost superhuman strength. Although not a professional, nor even an amateur athlete, I then and there made a jump that

would put to shame the greatest athlete in the world. I sprang directly upward, catching the lower limb of a huge tree just above me, and drew myself up among the branches. And there I had to stay, with the angry and disgruntled swine beneath me, until the mountaineer came to call them away with a few ears of corn, when I could with safety descend from my awkward position.

CHAPTER IV.

Back! Back! Back to New York!

—*Song of Defeat.*

We pressed on until in due time we reached the home of Mr. McAmis — six miles north of Greenville, Tennessee — and with whom we had had some little correspondence before we left our home in Michigan. The family consisted of Mr. McAmis, then almost an old man, two charming daughters, Lela and May, and a grown-up son, Dave, a young man about twenty two years of age. Without in the least suspecting it we were again getting within the border line of another moonshine district, where the people, although apparently friendly, and treating us with entire cordiality, were nevertheless suspicious, watchful and inclined to feel that two young men from so far away as Michigan were rather intruding upon their privileges and privacy. One of the girls, Lela, had a lover, Dave Rankin, a typical, ignorant Eastern Tennessee hot-head, who for some baseless

reason seemed to regard us, especially Charlie, as rivals; even though he knew that Charlie was married and I had long been out of the running, and ceased to count as a factor in social affairs. We were invited and remained in the McAmis home for several days, enjoying our surroundings and their cordial hospitality and giving us an opportunity to drive out, using their place as headquarters, and doing a little optical work, as well as making some sales of silverware.

The third morning we were there, Dave came into our room to tell us that the night before some person or persons had gone into the barn, slashed our carriage top, and literally cut our harness all to pieces. We went out and verified his advice by finding it was exactly as he had stated. The harness was a wreck, and it was with difficulty that we were able to patch it up, and use it when we were ready to go; while the buggy looked as if it had gone through a hard campaign in the late Civil War. The hint suggested by this wanton outrage was obvious. We were not wanted in that neighborhood of

southern chivalry and hospitality, and it was desired that we go. The McAmis family, themselves wholly innocent, expressed all kinds of regrets that the incident had occurred. But, to save them any further unpleasantness, or ourselves perhaps the repetition of a worse thing, we decided to go at once. We denied to ourselves, that we were run out, but taking council from Shakespeare's suggestion that "discretion is the better part of valor," we left.

Greenville, Tennessee, near where President Andrew Johnson is buried, was some four or five miles away. Making the drive that morning through the thick pine-tree road over which we had to go, we thought of our various experiences in life and the different temperaments, dispositions, and manner of doing things among people in different parts of the United States.

We next moved on to Knoxville, Tennessee, in which delightful little city we secured pleasant accommodations in the way of room and board at Mrs. Banker's house, where we remained for an even month, Freddy being cared for at a nearby livery stable. We had now begun to clearly see and to even frankly

admit that from a commercial standpoint our expedition had been the grossest kind of a failure; although we had gained much in pleasure, seeing a new country, and meeting a new people, while, far and above all, were the recollections which memory could not forget. At the end of the month, still unready to return to our old home in Michigan, Charlie engaged in the briefly successful business of making candy in Knoxville, Tennessee.

While left thus to my own inclinations and resources, still refusing to quit, I started out all alone, virtually "doubling" on the way we had come, but paralleling our back track so as to meet new people and new experiences. It had long been apparent that for me at least the better opportunity for making money and enjoying life was in the older and settled north, and not in the wild, unsettled regions of the "sunny south". Refusing to persist longer in following a fixed and settled mistake, I gave Freddy a double feed of oats, a last long drink at the livery stable trough at Knoxville, Tennessee, and, resolutely turned his head

toward the north and civilization — Valparaiso, Indiana, being the objective point.

Little time was spent in the idle attempt to fit glasses or sell silverware, my chief concern being to see that Freddy was properly curried and watered and fed three times a day, and to cover the distance in the shortest time possible. I left Charlie with more regret than it would be possible for me to state, but with manifold good wishes for his success in his new enterprise—candy-making. I believe but few people succeed in a new venture, and that only the occasional man with unusual capabilities makes good when he leaves the beaten path to which he is accustomed and strikes off into the field and wood. And so, when I next met Charlie several years afterwards in Spokane, Washington, it did not surprise me, when in a reminiscent mood, he told me his candy-making idea came to naught and he swam out, landed on terra firma, and engaged successfully in some kind of soliciting work to which he was accustomed, and has always continued to “make good” elsewhere.

CHAPTER V.

Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.

—*Old Song.*

And right here, before continuing, I want to tell of an experience that I omitted, which Charlie and I had on our way south. The reader will recall that we were beginning to run out of money soon after entering Ohio on our way south, and headed for Cincinnati. I did not like the prospect, and, as I had a few dollars in the West Michigan Savings Bank, Bangor, Michigan, I wrote the President, J. E. Sebring, without advising Charlie what I had done, asking him to send me a small draft at once, kindly addressing me, Hamilton, Ohio. I had figured that we would be dead broke by the time we reached that town, and I could go into the post office there, find the draft waiting for me, have it cashed, and not only surprise Charlie, but please myself as well. My calculations absolutely accurate, our optical and silverware business a failure, we reached

Hamilton, Ohio at midnight two days thereafter, absolutely without a penny. We were dressed respectably, had our grips, and after taking our horse and buggy to the livery stable thought we would have no trouble in getting into a hotel for the night on our grips, and no trouble in getting ourselves out the next day, as by that time I would have my draft from Michigan; for, so far as I knew, Charlie, like myself, did not have a penny.

On the way from the livery barn where we had just looked after putting up our horse, carrying our grips, and in search of a hotel, we were accosted by two burly policemen, one of whom said, "What have you in those grips?"

"I have silverware in this grip," I replied, setting it down and opening it for his inspection. "And spectacles in this grip," I continued, opening it in like manner also.

"Where are you boys going now?" continued the officer. "And where have you been?"

Charlie, who was fast losing his temper by these importunities, remained silent while I replied pleasantly, "We just came from the livery stable where we have been putting up

our horse, and we are trying to find a hotel for the night."

"You have a horse, too?" persisted the officer. "Would you mind taking us to the livery stable so we can see him?"

"Certainly," I replied. "It is right down on this street in the next block."

The two officers continued with us to the livery stable, made a close inspection of the horse, examined the wolf-robe and buggy carefully, and after ascertaining that the latter was made in Albion, Michigan, came up to us and said, "There is a good hotel right close here and we will take you to it if you care to go."

We readily assented, and accompanied them to a second-class hotel with a bar-room in connection, where we engaged rooms for the night, and retired.

The next morning after breakfast, Charlie and I went to the post office, where I was handed a letter from the West Michigan Savings Bank, Bangor, Michigan, containing a draft for \$167.65 drawn in my favor. And now came a green-horn's first experience in trying to get a draft cashed! A stranger in a strange town!

Of course the first bank I tried refused to cash it, because they did not know me; and, it was the same with a second. Had I been older or had more experience I would have known the difficulty and almost impossibility of getting a draft for a large sum cashed by a stranger in a strange city, and would have tried other and business methods. But, we were green and out of funds, and to make a bad matter worse, now owing at the hotel, for which we must have immediate funds with which to settle. And so it was imperatively essential that I get the draft cashed immediately, but I was unable to do so.

Without having any money, and unable to secure any on the draft, the day wore away. We passed the time at the same hotel, and about ten o'clock that night, went upstairs to our old room and went to bed. We both occupied the same bed, Charlie sleeping on the outside.

We could have been asleep but little over an hour when we were simultaneously awakened by a vigorous rapping at our door, which we both instinctively recognized as that of our friends of the night before — the police-

men. With an apology to Charles, I crawled out of the bed over him, opened the door and invited them in. They came in and the spokesman said, "Gentlemen, you can arise, dress, and consider yourselves under arrest."

The air in the room was cold, and Charlie, dressed only in the lightest underwear, shivered perceptibly; at which, one of the officers said, "You will shiver worse than that before we get through with you!" Conscious of our entire innocence, and thinking that only some kind of officers' mistake was being made, I was disposed to look upon the humorous side of the situation and smile inwardly, while on the outside being entirely calm.

Once dressed, we started down the sidewalk, but not hand-cuffed, one of the big policemen being with each of us. We were not long in doubt as to our destination. In a few moments we arrived at the police station and were securely locked in separate cages, with a solid wall between us, so that we could not communicate with each other even had we the wish to do so. A number of "vags" who had sought shelter for the night were in the open room, and

one, coming up and peering at me through the open bars, said, "What're you in for? Drunk and disorderly?"

"Not that," I answered, "I really don't know, but I suspect it is for stealing a horse and buggy."

"Did you steal it?" he continued.

"I did not," I replied.

"Get a lawyer!" he advised, and gave way to a number of other "vags" who approached me; and after being identically catechised, I was given the unchangeable and same advice, "Get a lawyer."

In the meantime, I had lost sight of my friend, Charlie. I could neither see nor communicate with him in the adjoining cell, and I had been so busy answering the interrogatories of my hobo acquaintances as to give me little room for other thought.

In a few more moments I saw Charlie being returned to his cage by a police officer. They had had him out and given him the third degree. The same policeman then came to my cage, unlocked it and took me into another large room resembling an ordinary justice court. A dozen

uniformed police officers were lounging around, some walking about and others being seated, but none of them saying a word, and looking as dignified, fierce and stolid as possible.

But hold! I am not telling this right; and unintentionally, almost omitted an important thing which really was the chief thing that put us in the bad fix we seemed to be in.

When we were taken to police headquarters that evening, we were searched immediately, before we were locked up. Great pains were taken to go through every pocket. Upon me they found no weapon of any kind, not even a pen-knife, absolutely not one penny, no incriminating writing of any kind and only a harmless, friendly, social letter from my sister in Michigan. But when they came to Charlie, it was then he "shivered." And imagine my surprise, when in an inner pocket of my friend's coat (who had all along been telling me he was without a cent), they found a small chamois-skin purse containing a single fifty-dollar bill with one end slightly torn, and one-hundred other dollars!

"What have you here?" asked the officer, opening the purse.

"Money," replied Charles.

"But I thought you said you had no money," continued the officer.

Charles made no reply, but looked perturbed, and — shivered, casting a sheepish glance at me.

And now, I too, was properly turned over to our police examination. Charlie had already been given the third degree and returned to his cage, without any opportunity for me to know what he had told or what had been done to him. Even though new in police methods (and this was my very first experience), the efficacy of this plan was immediately clear to me. Had we been guilty, we would have had no opportunity for a frame-up, and each would have told a different story. Never for a single instant doubting Charlie's integrity, it only remained for me to tell them the exact truth, let them ask me what they would!

I was now taken out of my cage and brought into a large room for the sweating process. A dozen police officers sat or lounged about, while back of the chief's table sat a dark-complexioned, wirey looking man about fifty years

of age, whom we immediately recognized as our ingratiating landlord. We afterwards learned that he had at one time been chief of police of that little city, and prided himself in no slight degree upon his ability to work up a case and run his victim to earth. His name was William Bruck. He at once opened up on me furiously, and in this fashion:

“Well, you’re a nice fellow, aren’t you? Come into my house and do what you did! Didn’t I treat you well? Didn’t I tell you, you could have the best in the house? And do what you did! I suppose you know why you were arrested?”

“No, I do not,” I candidly admitted, “unless it is for stealing my own horse and buggy.”

“You are not arrested for stealing a horse and buggy. You are arrested for stealing one hundred and fifty dollars from my wife’s room. I don’t say you took it, but your pardner did. We saw him go into her room when you were out in the office pretending to be talking to each other. I thought you said your pardner did not have any money; and yet we found one hundred and fifty dollars on him, including a

fifty-dollar bill torn on one end, which both my wife and I can identify as the one she had in her pocketbook, and which she had been carrying for several weeks. Where did your pardner get it if he did not steal it from my wife's room? It's the same bill, and we can identify it."

"Mr. Stauffer never left the room while I was there, and while I myself do not know where he got a fifty-dollar bill, and I did not even know he had one, Charlie Stauffer is not a thief, and is as straight as a string," said I, with some warmth, never for a single instant losing confidence in the integrity of my life-long friend, and warming in his defense.

It was clear by this time that they regarded Charlie as the more desperate of the two of us; possibly because he looked older, more manly and more mature, while I looked greener, more inoffensive and less capable of desperate deeds.

Charlie was now returned to his cage below, while I was taken upstairs and locked in a large pleasant-appearing room, where I learned afterwards they were in the habit of putting refractory women when under arrest. It contained a

lounge and a couple of rocking chairs, a looking-glass, toilet rooms, and faucets with drinking water and water for washing. I could raise the window to admit air from the outside; and, but for the tell-tale bars that constantly reminded the inmate of the true nature of the place the accommodations were good and the surroundings by no means disagreeable.

I sat down and was really beginning to enjoy the change of conditions for myself, while regretting that Charlie was less fortunate and was compelled to remain in the cell below, when the door was unlocked, and that individual admitted by a turnkey whom we afterwards got to know pretty well as a clever, genial, ingratiating individual who looked after "making things pleasant" and smoothing over matters — Mr. Sims.

"Too bad, boys," was his greeting. "But such is life, and make the best of it." I thought you boys would like it better to be together and have a room all to yourselves, and so I got permission of the chief-of-police to make this change. I trust you will approve of it. Would you like to look at today's issue of our city

paper? I brought you up a copy. I believe there is some reference to this unfortunate affair therein."

Charlie and I, delighted to meet each other again, eagerly accepted the paper, a large, city paper, published in Hamilton, Ohio, the name of which I do not now recollect. We were also handed a copy of the Cincinnati Inquirer, one of the most sensational papers in the United States. On the front page of the Hamilton paper, in glaring headlines was the announcement:

AN IMPORTANT CATCH

† Our energetic and efficient police force covered themselves with additional glory last night, by promptly running down and arresting two suspicious characters before they had been in our city twenty-four hours. They gave the names of J. Connell and C. H. Stauffer, and claim to have driven through from Michigan, driving a horse with a roached mane, and a buggy manufactured in Albion, Michigan.

They had been stopping at the popular hotel now run by our genial townsman and former

chief-of-police, William Bruck. The same evening they arrived in our city, a saloon was burglarized three doors from the Bruck Hotel, and suspicion at once pointed to these individuals.

The next day one of the men attempted to get a draft for \$167.65 cashed at the First National Bank, but of course was unsuccessful. When arrested, a fifty-dollar bill with a torn end was found in the purse of one of the men, and one hundred other dollars, although he had previously stated that he had no money. It is not known yet whether the horse is a stolen animal or not, but so many horses have been stolen lately that the police are unusually vigilant. Both men are being held for developments.

The police are assiduously working up a strong case, and are confident they have already sufficient evidence to convict. Both are fluent talkers and are very smooth people.

Identical articles appeared in the Cincinnati Inquirer, and, through the associated press, in many other papers throughout different parts of the country. Our home paper, a small weekly paper, copied it from the Grand Rapids, Michigan Papers; and one or two of the wags of

Fennville, the little town from which we came, got busy and sprung something they regarded as humorous, but which the police looked upon in a serious light, or else they pretended to do so. And this caused us additional trouble.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, the chief-of-police, Mr. Thomas, a white-whiskered powerful man, about sixty years of age, came up to our room, and said, "Here is a telegram for you boys. Is this from some of your pals, urging you to remain steadfast?"

The telegram was post-marked, Fennville, Michigan, and addressed to "Connell and Stauffer, care chief-of-police, Hamilton, Ohio." It read, "Keep a stiff upper lip. We smoke Banners!" and was signed "Hopper and Hall".

Hopper was the railroad agent at Fennville, and Hall, his assistant both of whom knew us well and saw the humor in our predicament. Every one, who could afford it, was at that time smoking an elegant, ten-cent cigar, called the "Banner," and our friends thought we ought to set them up.

"What does this mean?" said the chief-of-police. "Is this a cipher message from some of

your pals up in Michigan, urging you to keep a stiff upper lip? This is serious and I don't like the looks of it," he continued.

"It's just an effort on the part of a couple fool friends of ours trying to be funny," I truthfully explained. "Hopper is the station agent in our home town and Hall is a young man that is with him a good deal. It's just a practical joke. They see the humor of two fellows like Charlie and I being arrested on such a charge."

"But how about this draft?" continued the chief. "Is that straight, and can you prove it is all right?"

"It is unnecessary for us to disprove any charge. We are innocent before the law, and the burden of proof rests with the police department," said I, once more warming up, and remembering that this is the theory of the American idea of justice, although in practice, it is not the way things are done at all.

Go into any city or town in the United States and be arrested on any charge by some over-zealous officer who wishes to establish a name for himself, and you will be locked up

until you can convince him you are innocent. And so, in real working out practice you are actually required to prove your innocence when any high-handed arrest is made, regardless of the beautiful idea that you are supposed to be innocent until you are proven guilty! All bosh! Everything you do or say is construed as prime facie evidence of guilt, and you have to work like a Trojan to even get out of the police station!

“Wire the cashier of the Old State Bank, Fennville, Michigan, and I think he will remember that he paid me this fifty-dollar bill with the end torn,” said Charlie.

“And,” said I, “wire the president of the West Michigan Savings Bank, Bangor, Michigan, J. E. Sebring, and he will tell you that this draft is all right and so am I.”

In about two hours we were shown two strongly-worded trenchant telegrams from the two banks, and the chief of police unlocked the door and let us out. I then said, “The associated press has spread it all over the country about our arrest and they are already jollying us about it in our home town. Some people

might think there is something in it. Would you mind writing a disclaimer and explain the mistake?"

"Surely," said the genial Mr. Sims, and he wrote this, signing the names of Mayor Bosh and that of the chief of police, Mr. Thomas. *To whom it may concern.—Whereas, Mr. James Connell and Mr. Charles H. Stauffer were arrested in this city on suspicion and detained for a short time, we take pleasure in saying we found them square and all right, and recommend them as first-class gentlemen.*

But, it was interesting to note, that when we were discharged, only three lines were given us, viz.; "The men who were arrested the other day on the charge of stealing one hundred and fifty dollars from the room of ex-chief of police, Bruck, and attempting to pass a forged or stolen draft, were discharged today, no evidence being found against them." Yet, when we were in disrepute, and it was desirable to make us appear in a bad light, the same papers used a full column. And so it is in all the world. It is a long story when something comes out bad against you; and people seem

disappointed when they find that it is not true, and begrudge saying a very few, short words correcting the error that they seem to regret is an error.

But I must not forget our dinner the first day that Charlie and I were put together in the woman's room upstairs. Promptly at twelve o'clock, the genial Mr. Sims unlocked the door of our room, and coming briskly in, said, "Here boys, I have brought your dinner. I hope you will like it." He set on the table steaming hot coffee, mashed potatoes, sweet potatoes, hot biscuits, condiments, and some kind of meat roast about the size, and having the appearance of an ordinary sized pug dog. We at first eyed it with suspicion, but being hungry to the point of the ravenous, in another moment we "set to", and devoured the thing, all but a few of the very small bones. And all of the few bones were small, slender, and resembled nothing that we had ever seen in an animal of that size. "Of course it cannot be a pug dog", we smilingly decided. "The bones would be larger, and besides they would not give us dog in the United States. They do that in Turkey.

But what is it? That's the question! It's fatter, and not quite the right shape for a coon; and, it is not a young pig, because we were raised on a farm, and know all about pigs! And this is not one! No part of a cow could be cut in this shape, and have the same taste. It's the whole of some kind of an animal."

After much thought we finally decided it must be a possum, but even this did not quite answer the specifications. However, it was the best we could do. It was a strange case; and we have always been in doubt as to the identity of that strange animal, and I fear we always will be.

After we got out of that scrape it was ten years before I dared leave my first class hotel in any strange town, and wander out on the street, for fear I would be picked up by a police officer, and charged with some real or pretended offense that I had heard nothing about and knew nothing about. I "stayed in close" for a good many years, but in the last dozen years I am becoming reckless and more or less fearless again. Still, I am not sure we could blame the

police officers. After we were released, the chief of police showed us twelve different postal cards with descriptions of horses stolen in that part of the country. One answered the description of our little horse, Freddy, and on this description they suspected us.

CHAPTER VI

Then he took up the battle of life again saying only, "It might have been."

— *Whittier*

For a variety of reasons, many of which seem sufficient, I never married, but unfortunately lived to be an old bachelor,—at this writing, forty-two years of age. Just why this has been the case, whether from lack of an opportunity, or other sufficient reasons, it does not seem necessary to state. But I believe it is safe to say, that the average old bachelor never ceases to fall in love; and, is often painfully reminded by the meeting of chance acquaintances of the happy days forever past, of the times that will not come again, and of the mistakes that can never be corrected in all the years to come! And so, on my way north I had a little chance experience that set thoughts of the sad Maud Muller, and the still more disconsolate Judge, running through my mind. On leaving Knoxville, Tennessee, and driving west and then north on my way to northern Indiana, I had a pleasant experience that is almost as dreamy

as the airy substance of which dreams are made. And because of this, and because I was younger then and am older now, it remains as a delightful exotic experience that memory cannot quite forget.

I could not find the place again in a hundred years if I tried, but some where, I do not know where, along the banks of the Nola Chucky river in sunny Southern Tennessee, there is a little town or hamlet, called Kingston, or was twenty years ago. I got in there one evening and stopped at some little rooming house, I do not know where, putting out my little horse, Freddy, at a nearby livery stable. And at this rooming house, a private house, I met the landlady's daughter, whom I thought was the most unusual, extraordinary, and beautiful woman I ever saw.

It would be folly for me to say a single word by way of description. I never try it, and only think of dark-brown, southern eyes and hair, a perfect form, infinite grace, that she lived in Kingston on the banks of the Nola Chucky River, and that her name was Emma Lindi.

In this case, remembrance would not seem so strange in a young man of twenty years, but

it is strange that a middle-aged man of forty-two does not forget. How I learned her name I can never recall, for I was not introduced to her; and, while we engaged in social conversation during the evening, any effort on my part to become more friendly and intimately acquainted was effectively and genteelly discouraged. There was an old bachelor there who was quite in love with her then, as I am half in love with her memory now, but she quietly held his ardor in check by saying, "You are too old. I prefer and will tolerate no one but a young man."

Leaving Kingston, Tennessee, I pushed steadily northward the next morning, and in a comparatively short time reached the Ohio River, and crossed over into Evansville, Indiana. Having now something of the sensation that I was more on domestic, and not on foreign soil, I sought out and drove northward, along and very close to the banks of the beautiful Wabash River.

It was here that I heard, late one moonlight night, while driving gaily along, the beautiful song now well-known and sung all

over the country. However, even as well-known as it is, I am not quite sure I remember the title, if indeed I ever knew it, but the chorus runs:

“The moon shines bright tonight along the
Wabash,
From the fields there comes the breath of
new-mown hay;
Through the sycamores the candle lights
are gleaming
On the banks of the Wabash far away.”

And the staging was perfect for the beautiful song. It was in the early autumn time, the air soft and balmy, and the moonlight softly falling on the quietly moving waters of the Wabash.

I was driving along the historic river with rows of tall sycamores on either side through which the cottage candle-lights could be distinctly seen, and from the fields came truly “the breath of new-mown hay,” while our way was made almost light by the innumerable fire-flies or lightning bugs that filled the air. And then, with heart hopeful for the future, yet filled with sad memories of the dead past,— the male quartette’s perfect symphony, the fire-flies, sycamores, and rushing river made a perfect setting, and left an impression that

has been with me every moment even to this day.

But, before going further up into Indiana, I want to tell the reader of a little experience I had just on the border-line separating Kentucky and Tennessee, and which I unintentionally passed over without notice. Permit me to come back to it now.

In pushing northward from Tennessee, and trying to reach some little town in Kentucky, I found myself, late one evening, approaching a point on the boundary line of Southern Kentucky and Northern Tennessee. I think "*point*" would be the proper word, as there was no town there, and not even enough buildings to call it a "*place*". There was nothing there but a saloon, a dance hall, and as I learned that night, a very nice residence a little beyond, owned by a typical southern gentleman of the better class, a man perhaps sixty-five years of age. Night had come on suddenly and it was getting quite dark as I was driving along, headed for this point, when three horsemen rode up from behind, one shouting, "Hey, stranger, what's your name? Where have you been and where are you going?"

"My name is Connell," I said. "I have just come from Knoxville, Tennessee, and am going to Valparaiso, Indiana. What is your name?"

"My name is Jones," he said. "And mine, Smith," "and mine, Brown," repeated the others in unison.

"Do you ever drink?"

"I should say I did," I replied, "if I ever have a chance."

Now the truth is, I don't drink at all, but I drank that night, or rather I pretended to drink and I always felt I was justified in the deception. I never drink when I am master of myself and the situation, and this night, when under duress and in self-defense virtually forced into telling and acting a lie, I felt, at least to some extent, not wholly at fault. Remembering Shakespeare's suggestion that "discretion is the better part of valor," I did not regard the time as being opportune for a temperance address, and so I drank good old Kentucky moonshine whiskey, and out of half-a-dozen bottles at the same time, or at least, the boys thought I did.

The boys were convivial, drunk and friendly,

and they all crowded around me on both sides with their horses; and, in an excess of cordiality, all said at once and in the same breath, "Try some of this," each one proffering me a bottle out of either hand, and all at the same instant.

As it was so dark by this time that I could not see them so as to distinguish one from the other, I had to be guided entirely by their different voices. Always naturally friendly to a degree myself, but never entirely forgetful, I asked one of the boys on horse back nearest to me to get in the buggy and ride with me, letting one of the other boys lead his horse. He did so, at once proffered me a drink out of three bottles at the same time, and instantly pulled a gun out of his pocket and began shooting, first on one side of Freddy near his feet, and then on the other side.

I have since thought that the odorous moonshine must have gone to my head that night, even though I did not drink any, because I did not seem to mind his shooting very much; while, under normal conditions, I would have been concerned by having a half-drunk Kentucky hot-blood thrust upon me in the dark,

with an overload of booze and a gattling gun.

I feared he might shoot my little horse, Freddy. I did not remonstrate, lest I might complicate matters; and again, remembering Shakespeare's adage, "Striving to better, oft we mar what's well," I let things go as they were, and at a propitious moment, said in my mildest tone, "I can see you are a good shot. Don't mar your good record by hitting my horse."

"You have nothing to fear, stranger. I am the best shot in Tennessee, only I am frank to say I am not quite so accurate when I have been drinking. But I haven't taken enough tonight to hurt, and I can shoot almost as well in the dark as I can in broad daylight. No, don't you worry about me. I won't hurt your horse," he continued, firing another broadside, first on one side and then on the other of that patient animal.

"How far is it to the 'point'? And is there any place there where I can stay all night?"

"We will be there in another hour," he replied, "and there is no place to stay unless the doctor would let you stay at his house. He lives just the other side of the dance hall.

“But hold! There is going to be a dance there tonight and all of the boys are going. My two friends and I are on our way there now. Why not come to the dance with us and go back home and stay with us. You would be entirely welcome and we would be glad to have you.”

And for a moment I thought seriously of doing so. But I almost immediately remembered the moonshine whiskey and the reckless fire-arms, neither of which goes well with the other.

My better judgment came back and I courteously and honestly replied, “I really would like to very much and I thank you for your cordial offer and good will, but I am getting older and I don’t stay out so late nights, and I believe it would be wise to go right up to the doctor’s when we get there, if you will kindly show me the way to his residence.”

“I will be glad to do so,” he replied.

In half an hour we had reached a little store, and the two other boys horseback coming up behind, my three friends left me for the dance-hall, first pointing out the doctor’s house

in the pitch dark a quarter of a mile straight ahead.

As this seemed to be the only recourse, it was idle to falter or hesitate. So, without an instant's delay I said, "Go on, Freddy," and we started out in the blinding darkness to find the house. As near as I could tell, for I could see nothing, there seemed to be a deep cut in the middle of the road, with banks perhaps ten or fifteen feet high on either side.

After driving perhaps a quarter of a mile, I could see lights on the left hand side above the bank, and not far from the road, which indicated the probable location of the residence of the doctor.

In the southern country, at least wherever I have been, it is customary to call when approaching the house, so the people will have an opportunity to call-off their dogs and let you in.

In order to do this, I had to take the desperate chance of driving up on this narrow bank with horse and carriage in the absolutely "breathless darkness", without knowing whether it was wide enough to hold a buggy or not, or how far you would fall if you fell off the bank.

But there was no other alternative, so without any unseemly hesitation or a moment's delay I drove up on the bank, and, guided by the light that seemed to be in the house, stopped and called, "Hello! hello! hello!" No one coming to the door, I called again and again, until after a time a door opened cautiously and an elderly man's voice said, "What's wanted?"

"I want to stay all night and put out my horse," I said. "I have a horse and carriage and have just driven through from Knoxville, Tennessee, and I am on my way north to Valparaiso, Indiana. I am originally a Michigan man, about thirty years of age, not married, and not used to the ways of this country. I used to be a school teacher, and am now in the optical business," said I, all in one breath, so as to give the information complete and get the whole thing through with at once.

"Can you let me stay all night? I want to leave and get started on my way the first thing in the morning."

"Wait a moment and I will come out," he said, and taking his lantern, started for the buggy.

“The reason I was so slow about answering you and coming out, is that it is getting late and this is a pretty rough part of the country. I usually want to see who the folks are and what shape they are in, before I go to the door. We are just over the Kentucky line and there is a saloon just across the border over in Tennessee and it's pretty rough. We will put out your horse, and after we have supper I will tell you about it.”

We took the lantern, and after watering and feeding Freddy, returned to the house where we were joined by the doctor's wife, after which we sat down to a delicious dinner of sweet potatoes, pork chops, cornbread, Irish potatoes, white bread, coffee, and desert.

After dinner, the doctor, now clearly seen to be a gray-haired man, but active, and perhaps about sixty years of age, said, “This country is a little rough, and I did not quite know whether to go to the door or not until I first saw who it was; and for that reason I temporized.

“We are right on the border line between Tennessee and Kentucky, and such places are nearly always rough. My house is in Kentucky,

and less than a quarter of a mile from here on the Tennessee side is a saloon where people drink a good deal, and there is often trouble. There is a dance-hall just across the street from there, and I believe they have a dance tonight. They always have trouble, and it is a good thing you did not go. There was trouble an hour or two ago in the negro part of this locality, and two men were shot, one being injured quite severely, while one negro was slashed with a razor.

“I am on good terms with every one, and I do not believe there is a single man who would do me an intentional injury, but they all carry guns, and when crazed with whiskey, they are not always to be depended upon. So when night comes, I am very careful about answering a call at the door, as I cannot always tell if it is a sincere respectable call, or some irresponsible ‘drunk’ looking for trouble.”

When I told him I never touched a drop, but was virtually forced to pretend to drink when overtaken by a lot of drunken fellows on their way to the dance, he said, “You did quite right. Had you refused they would have made you

trouble; and as you are without means of defense and entirely at their mercy you might have been seriously maltreated. I congratulate you on your diplomacy and good sense."

The doctor's home surroundings showed evidence of refinement and some means, and in many other respects indicated that they had come from the better and cultured class of people.

Being shown my bedroom, a large room with high ceiling, I found a large, old-fashioned bedstead with a modern, expensive mattress. I disrobed and retired at once; and pretty thoroughly exhausted by the day's journey, fell asleep almost immediately, only awakening when the sun's rays fell upon my face in the morning. I arose at once and hastening to the dining room upon the call of breakfast, enjoyed the true, open-hearted hospitality of an educated, chivalrous, cultured gentleman and his wife, and the best breakfast I ever had in the south.

After breakfast, declining the pay I tendered for the night's entertainment, the doctor and I harnessed Freddy, and I continued my journey.

CHAPTER VII.

And still to win, all the world to nothing.

—King Richard III.

I now take the reader with me to Valparaiso, Indiana, the location of the largest and best private University in the United States. At the end of a few more days I had finished my drive through the entire length of the Hoosier State, from Evansville, Indiana to Valparaiso, in the northern and western part of the state forty-four miles east of Chicago.

Having long been interested in the science of optometry, I left my horse and buggy in Valparaiso and went at once to Chicago where I took a thorough course in optometry, receiving the degree of Doctor of Ophthalmology. After matriculating, I returned to Valparaiso and opened an optical office over Collins' drug store on College Avenue.

Having been at considerable expense in the previous two or three years, and my trip through Kentucky and Tennessee being without finan-

cial profit, but only a considerable expense, I began to feel I must buckle on my whole armor in an earnest effort to immediately recuperate.

I had paid out a good deal of money during this time, and had taken in very little. My financial resources were not yet exhausted, but were getting low. A well-established optical business in the student section of Valparaiso, near the University which had a student attendance of several thousand young men and women each term, seemed to look good for a successful business. I spared no pains in seeing that Mr. Collins furnished the two rooms well; the one, my office and the other, my sleeping apartment. I advertised extensively and thoroughly; purchased all the latest improved optical instruments for diagnosing and correcting errors of refraction, and had a sign painted and placed outside: *Dr. J. Connell, Eye Glass Specialist. EXAMINATION FREE.*

My office was soon so overrun with students whose eyes needed attention, that I had to enlarge my quarters and see patients only by appointment. The business side was going all right, and this gave me an opportunity to

turn my attention occasionally to the humorous, and once in a while, devise means of having a little fun.

The boys I fell in with were the nicest fellows in the world. I still remain on close terms of friendship with most of them, although a few have gotten away with whereabouts unknown.

A. L. Collins, the genial, gentlemanly proprietor of the drug store on College Hill at that time, has for a number of years been traveling for some wholesale drug house, while the equally genial drug clerk, G. R. Jones, has studied dentistry, and has long been the best known and most popular dentist in Valparaiso,— Dr. Geo. R. Jones.

Just back of my office rooms, was another suite of rooms where roomed two students: one, H. L. Stratton and the other, a Mr. Kilgore. I had more fun with those two boys than it would be possible to ever fully tell!

Stratton was keen and bright as a dollar, but when a child, had met with some kind of an accident which had left him somewhat deformed, his back not being entirely normal.

Stratton never had any money, and no chance to make any, while his father was wealthy, or at least so he said, a man owning a large number of race horses.

Kilgore, now Dr. Kilgore, was then a minor "with a guardian." Kil's guardian would never come through with quite enough money to keep him going, and so he too, was having troubles.

One day I happened in his room and he was sewing up a rent in a pair of trousers.

"I've got a guardian," he said, humorously, as soon as I got my head inside the door. "And I have to do my own tailoring! Now these will be pretty things to wear, even after I get them fixed. My father was wealthy, and left me fifty thousand dollars; but I have a 'guardian', so I can't get a dollar until I am twenty-one. I need clothes, or at least, a pair of pants. I am ashamed to be seen on the street. I haven't money enough to buy a postage stamp, am boarding at the cheapest student place in town and am in arrears for my board even there. I am sick of it!"

"Cheer up, my friend, the worst is still to come," said Stratton, that moment stepping

in the door. "My father has money, too, but that don't help me any. I need a few things myself. Look at these hand-me-downs that I am wearing. I would like a change, too, from the student diet, and would prefer to go to the hotel for a few days, but I am not permitted to do so. I am hungry! I'd like to lean up against a smoke-house."

Some days I would do a splendid business and would keep it up for several weeks, when I would have all kinds of money. And then, again, things would drop off all at once, and in spite of my best advertising, I would not fit a pair of glasses in a month. What money I had, would then soon go, and the first thing some morning I would wake up to find myself in worse shape than Strat or Kil ever were, and without money enough to be comfortable. At such times as these, instead of becoming disconsolate, the humorous side of the situation would occur to me, and I would get a whole lot of fun out of life by turning my attention to my friends, Strat and Kil.

One hot day in August, after the boys had been giving me a dissertation on how hard

up they were, and when they had gone down stairs for a moment, I slipped quietly into their room and built up the hottest fire that they had known since Christmas.

It was "dogdays", with people dropping dead on the streets of Chicago, and farm wives all over the state of Indiana, using their summer kitchens.

I hurried down stairs the back way.

The boys, seeing smoke coming out of the chimney, were both upstairs in less than a minute. Kil was actually profane while Stratton threw a pitcher down the stairs after me, which nearly caught me before I could get to the foot; and then, picking up a large lamp he was on the point of throwing that also, when he was dissuaded.

The boys then went down to make their complaint to Al Collins. Kil was spokesman. "I wouldn't care," he said, "if it was winter, but here it is the middle of August, with people dropping dead all over the United States from excessive heat. We've got to sleep in that room tonight and there is not a breath of air stirring and hasn't been all day."

I don't know how he did it, but Mr. Collins fixed the matter up in some way, while I was afraid to go down stairs and into the drug store for a week, for fear of running into the two boys but normal conditions were soon restored.

One day a young man came into my office and inquired if I was the "glass-eyed specialist." I corrected him pleasantly by saying that I was the Eye-Glass Specialist, and that my business was fitting glasses and correcting errors of refraction. The information did not seem to be entirely understood or wholly comprehended, however, because the next day he called on me again, and said his eyes ached so he could hardly study; that the letters all ran together and he wanted a pair of glasses.

After examining his eyes and fitting him, he said, "I wanted them yesterday, but you did not seem to understand."

At this time I had my horse and carriage in Valparaiso, and one day I drove out with my two friends, Stratton and Kilgore, to Flint Lake, a beautiful sheet of water about a mile in length and equally as wide, a few miles north of Valparaiso. The beautiful banks of this lake are

ideal for social parties and entertainments, while the waters of the lake are equally ideal for bathing.

I cannot recall how we did it, because I know every one of us was "broke", but we all went bathing, and afterward hired a boat, rowed around the lake and had a good time generally.

With the day done we drove leisurely back and returned to our old rooms above Collins' drug store, my friends having forgotten by this time the incident of the August fire.

My optical business was good that year, my work satisfactory, and I was beginning to know nearly everybody while nearly everybody knew me.

The next year a building was erected in the next block, and I left my old quarters and engaged office rooms in the new building then owned by a delightful gentleman, Mr. John D. Urbans, now dead. Everything was new,— building, carpets and entire furnishings. I took up quarters there in the spring, and the summer passed away as a pleasant dream, with a good business in the

optical line and a pleasant, social time among my new-formed acquaintances.

At length, fall came and passed, almost immediately bringing winter upon us.

At that time, Dodge's magnificent telegraph institute was not occupying its present splendid, commodious quarters; but being younger then, was located overhead in the building adjoining Urbans', where I had my offices.

Neither steam heat nor hot air was available then, and I kept up heat by means of hard nut-coal and a small stove. The winter had started in at once severe, and, "as misfortunes never come singly," my optical business dropped off suddenly, and do what I would in the way of my old-time and best advertising, I could get no one in the office nor could I fit a pair of glasses.

My funds ran low and finally disappeared entirely, so that I was unable even to mail a letter. My room-rent was fortunately paid in advance when I was "flush" and at the time I engaged the rooms. And, as I was known to the boarding house keeper, I could "stand her off" until the dawn of better days.

But the "feature" was the petty little laundry bill that must be paid, and the coal bill, for, the coal man, like Shylock, invariably demands his pound of flesh,— before the coal is delivered.

But I must have coal! The weather continued to get colder and colder, and while business got no better, it got no worse. It could not, for I had not taken in a dollar in three months nor had I seen one — of my own.

One day Vic John came in and said, "Dr. Connell, I would like to room with you. I am a telegraph student, and finish my course this year. Where I am, the place is old and the accommodations poor. You have a nice, new, clean building and delightful rooms. You are an old telegraph operator, and I know you well enough by reputation to feel that we will get along well together. I want to room with you, and of course will pay half of the expenses."

"I will be glad to have you," I returned. "Bring your things right up."

During this talk I had kept warm on the exercise (and John on the excitement) of thinking of a pleasant change in quarters.

Essential heat was for the moment forgotten by both of us, or at least not mentioned.

That evening after supper, John brought his things over, and after we had sat around in the cold for half an hour he said, "It's a beastly cold night, and getting colder every minute. I am frozen stiff. Did the fire go out on you, Doc? If you will tell me where you keep your kindling and coal, I'll start it for you." And then I pulled both triggers and gave the poor fellow both barrels.

"The truth is John, I've been keeping up a front for a month. I haven't a sou, and haven't taken in a dollar for about thirty days. I haven't any coal, nor any money with which to get coal."

"Immortal Caesar!" he ejaculated. "I am against it worse than if I had stayed where I was. I am 'all in' financially, too, to my very last sou! I was frozen out by this cold snap and thought I'd be all right if I got in with you, because you always look as if you were prosperous, and seem to be making money all the time."

"And I do, part of the time, but not all of

the time," I returned. "Stand it tonight. I may have some money tomorrow, and will then get some coal. We will have to take a chance, and if it fails, try something else."

The next day came, and the next night also, bringing to us cold, but no coal — and no money! And I want to say here, in parenthesis, that this happened some years ago, I being younger and tenderer then than I am now, would not for the world have asked a coal man to trust me for a quarter of a ton of coal, or let any one know I was short of money, unless driven to it and obliged to do so.

Things have changed since then, and I have been hard up so often, and under stress of adverse circumstances literally forced to ask for favors, against which my prouder spirit revolted, that such a condition would not now embarrass me in the least. I would simply approach the coal man, talk both arms and legs off, and get the coal — if I could.

But then it was different. Being in a college town, and accustomed to playing pranks on each other, I saw an opportunity to have a

little fun and enjoy the escapade, besides getting the coal.

Later in life, and under different circumstances, with different feelings and motives, such a proceeding would unquestionably come under the head of a theft, although not a very considerable one.

But, not so with a boy and a student. At the present time—at forty-two years of age, I notice that I see almost everything in a very different light than I did when I was twenty - five, and now do not sympathize with, but frown upon the boyish college escapades. This probably is what age does. It causes us to change our opinions, and a changed opinion is often an evidence of age.

In the University part of the city, in the part known as the Hill (College Hill), boxes for coal were found back of the houses where students roomed. These boxes were numbered to correspond with the number of the room, and were usually, although not always, locked with a padlock, the student to whom the box belonged, retaining the key.

The school idea in Valparaiso is to work,

and work hard every minute! Fraternities and athletics, while not forbidden, are not encouraged, and hence there are no "rushes", no "pranks" and no "hoodlumism". I think I was the only hoodlum on College Hill, and having a more or less innocent manner, was quite unsuspected of being anything but "straight" and a gentleman.

President Brown and Prof. Kinsey often used to say in their chapel talks, "You are known here only by your *work*. It don't make any difference how much money you have. *You are known here by your work.*"

Every student who attends that institution almost instantly imbibes or acquires that spirit, and it remains with him through life. Hence nearly every one of the students succeeds in the "battle of life." I have never known, or even heard of a single failure. The influence exerted and the spirit acquired are simply marvelous!

After moving from over Collins' Drug Store and into the new Urbans Building, I enrolled as a student in the scientific department of the University, graduating in 1897.

But John and I had to have some coal, and right off! Seeing an opportunity to have some fun out of the escapade, besides actually needing the coal, I said to John, "After supper tonight we will wait until about ten o'clock, and then go out and borrow some from the boys. I know several whom I am sure do not keep their coal bins locked. We will each take a scuttle and if we can get these full, we can warm up this room, and so stand it another day. By that time maybe one of us can make the raise of some money." (This was before I registered in the school.)

Night came, and after supper, John practicing telegraphy in the other room, and I trying to figure out the proper demonstration for a proposition in geometry, we waited for ten o'clock when those on the street would go home and the boys in their rooms to bed.

At last the coast seemed clear, and each taking a coal scuttle, we started out. I went back of Collins' drug store, where I knew there were some unlocked boxes full of coal, and sent John to the rear of the first house on the same side of the street in the next block, on College

Avenue. Nor was I without some trepidation. I was supposed to be respectable. I would not have been caught for the world, and I was in fear lest I would at any instant run into that watchful night police-officer, Mike Kelley, who knew me well and might not be disposed to look upon it as the joke I was trying to make myself believe it was.

I got about half a scuttle of coal, and was hurrying back to my room, when I was overtaken by John, on the dead run with an empty coal scuttle. He came up and said, "That was the biggest dog I ever saw."

"Tell us about it," I persisted.

"Wait until we get to the room," he said.

Going immediately to our cold room, John put some kindling in the stove, lit it and using the half bucket of coal I had filched from one of my student friends, we had the first hot fire I had felt in that room for nearly a month.

We got ourselves warm, and John, settling deep down in the rocking chair, said, "Yes sir, that was the biggest dog I ever saw. I believe he was savage too. He must

have been chained or he would have got me. The coal was in the shed and I had to go in there in the dark, when that man-eater growled and sprang for me. Had I not overtaken you, I'd have been running yet." And the humor of the joke did not appeal to me, either. Nor did I ever really appreciate the supposed humor of snipe-hunting, stealing watermelons, and hazing Freshmen in college, although I have helped to do all these things.

And yet one or two snipe-hunting escapades are worth remembering for the simple reasons that I cannot forget them and they are perhaps worth telling.

Dr. F. C. Jarvis is now a prominent and successful dentist, with office for the past two years in Kalispelle, Montana; but, at the time of this escapade he was the courteous, smartly-dressed and well-behaved clerk in the post-office in the little town of Fennville, Michigan. At that time I was night operator in the same town, which was on the old Chicago and West Michigan Railroad, now the Pere Marquette; and Dr. Jarvis was plain "Cordy Jarvis."

I believe it was some time in the early

summer of 1894 when some of the boys and myself conceived the idea of taking Cordy and Frank Hoyt out snipe-hunting. To be absolutely honest about the matter, this old chestnut was brand new to me then, and they could have just as easily taken me out as Cordy and Frank. I would have fallen for it in a minute, I am almost sure the thing would have looked all right to me, and it don't look so very unreasonable to me even yet. But, for some reason or other, perhaps because Jarvis was a gentlemanly kind of a fellow and just the essence of politeness and decency, while Frank it was known, would stay with any kind of a proposition until the cows came home and then not quit — they decided to take the two boys.

For two full days prior to the "drive" that evening, we spent most of our time making it clear to the two boys that the snipe season was then at its height, and that we would be quite sure to make a rich haul; while I myself courteously offered to make arrangements for the handling of the snipe with a Chicago Commission House for whom I had been working. I loaned my rail-

road lantern for the occasion, and after all, the joke was on me, as I had to go after it the next day, a mile away in a kind of swamp, only to find the oil all burned out, the wick burned off and the chimney so smoked it took me half a day at hard labor to get the lantern in presentable and serviceable shape again.

The following was the line-up of the snipe-hunting party as I remember it: C. L. Fosdick, Charles H. Stauffer, Charlie Secord, Charlie Freeman and myself, with the two mascots, Cordy Jarvis and Frank Hoyt to hold the sack.

On the way out to the snipe-hunting grounds I gave Cordy this line of talk. "Now I like to go all right, but its no fun and no easy thing to have to run all over the field in the dark helping to drive them in. I haven't done any hard physical work since I was a kid and I don't know whether I could stand it or not. I am going to ask the boys to let me hold the sack. It takes two of us to do that. That is the easiest job. Let some of these young, husky fellows go out and drive them in. I am going to hold the sack, although it will be just like Stauffer and Freeman and Fosdick to oppose it."

"I will hold the sack, too, if they will let me," said Jarvis.

We had now reached the sniping-grounds; the sack was properly adjusted and my railroad lantern placed in the mouth to attract the snipe. I here made a formal motion that I be one of the two that was permitted to hold the sack, but it was promptly voted down, and Hoyt and Jarvis selected by acclamation.

Never did a man do a more cowardly or deceitful thing in his life! When the two boys crowded about me to express sympathy and regret that I had been defeated in the vote, I reached out, shook hands with them and congratulated them on their success. The boys held the sack, and the rest of us went back to the depot! Cliff Fosdick, who was almost a perfect penman, at once got busy and wrote a number of placards which he hung on the walls of the post-office building and in the windows, the outer door being unlocked so we could go in.

"Snipe for Sale!" "Coming in Coveys!" "Leave your orders for snipe early!" "If you want the best snipe come to us!" etc.

Signed: Jarvis and Hoyt,
Professional Snipe-Hunters.

This is what Cordy had to face the next morning when he opened up the post office and had to hand out the mail and explanations to five-hundred patrons in this small town. But both Hoyt and Jarvis were gentlemen, and "game", and won in life, where many of the jokers failed.

I believe another snipe-hunting narrative would not be entirely out of place and I want to review the one following:

In the year 1900, when I was principal of the public schools in Big Timber, Montana, a young, gaudily-dressed fellow struck the town, introducing and putting in "traveling" public libraries. His name was Eastman, and he registered at the Grand Hotel where I was stopping. He was a genial, friendly, social fellow, bright and dressed in the height of the latest eastern fashion; but he was entirely unacquainted with western manners, methods and morals; and to "reduce him" and bring him down to the common level, the boys in some way obtained access to his sleeping room, and cow-itched his underwear.

The next evening after I had returned to

the hotel from school, he met me and asked me to go with him for a ride of four or five miles out in the country, where he wished to see some one about establishing a library in the neighborhood. We had no sooner got started than he began to itch, and waiting until we were out of the town and alone on a quiet country road, he suddenly drew up his horse and said, "Professor, I actually believe I am lousy. Is that hotel entirely respectable? I wouldn't get body lice for a million dollars. I had them once, caught them of some lumber jack in Muskegon, Michigan. I did not get rid of them for six months, and I could neither sleep nor stay awake. This feels to me just like gray-backs." Not knowing at that time the nature of cow-itch myself, and not knowing that the boys had put some on his clothes, I said, "The Grand is the best hotel in the place, and Mr. Bliss is too good a hotel man to have any lice in his beds. It must be something else."

"Well, I can't stand it any longer, and I am going to let this trip out and turn right around and go back to the hotel and take a bath and change my underwear. Maybe that

will discourage them, whatever they are."

We returned to the hotel, and in an hour or two I met Mr. Eastman in the office and he said, "I did that, and I seem to be all right now."

The next night on returning from school, I saw some of the boys working on the contrivances which I immediately recognized as the paraphernalia of the snipe-hunter.

"Who are you going to take out now?" I asked.

"Eastman," they answered in chorus. "We are going tonight." And they did go that night.

The next morning, rising early and going down to the depot, I ran across Eastman, walking down the railroad track toward the depot, and just getting in (sad, footworn and disconsolate) from an all-night stay in the mountains where he had been "holding the sack".

"They think they are pretty smart in this cowboy country, don't they?" he shot at me, as he hurried by. Going on to his hotel, he disappeared.

Snipe-hunting does not appeal to me now

as it once did, and I almost feel ashamed to find myself smiling at the recollections of some of these past pranks. Still, I am not entirely sure that any harm is done by them, and possibly an occasional hazing has its place, and may be of value in the discipline and education it gives us and in the early "wising-up" of the unsophisticated.

I continued to make good in the optical business, financially and professionally. And as I was thoroughly competent and always did honest, thorough and faithful work, I became well known in the town and was always successful. Laboring under disadvantages, I made good. Now let me come back to the recital of some of my experiences, mishaps and escapades elsewhere.

CHAPTER VIII

Twenty Years Ago!

— *Old Poem.*

I don't know whether any one hears of that old poem any more, or whether it is even published any more; but, precocious in my school work, I used to read it in school when I was eleven years old, and that was *more* than twenty years ago. I would like to print the old poem here. I think I still remember every word of it, but I have not seen it in print for years, and might get it wrong. So I will not try it, but will give the first verse.

“I've wandered to the village, Tom,
I've sat beneath the tree
Upon the school house playground,
That sheltered you and me.
But none were left to greet me, Tom,
And few were left to know
Who played with us upon the green,
Some Twenty Years Ago.”

When I was a little boy, and read that in

school, it always made a vivid impression upon my mind; and I had a strange conception of the enormous lapse of time comprehended in "twenty years." But, twenty years does not seem long now in *looking back*, although it still seems longer than it really is in *looking ahead*.

It is twenty years, yes, more than twenty years since I got my first job as telegraph operator at White Cloud, Michigan. I was a new man, and of course was not a very good operator, as it was my first job. I was sent to work nights there on the old C. & W. M. Ry. The day operator was a splendid fellow, named Blue. The billing clerk was Mr. Gurley, a bright and genial fellow, now dead, while Mr. William Ross, since holding Blue's old job as day operator was then the station agent.

It was quite a pretentious railroad station at that time, being the junction point where the two branches of the old Chicago and West Michigan railway crossed, one running from Grand Rapids to Traverse City and the other from Muskegon to Big Rapids. I was then young and entirely inexperienced, and so "green" that

the yardmaster, Hopkins, called me "Rufus."

Here I did not have all my own way playing jokes on other people; and not a few were perpetrated on me. I seemed to be liked by all the boys, including the conductors, the engineers and brakemen, who of course "laid over" in White Cloud, that being the point where many of the trains were made up. Blue and Gurley and Ross were all very nice to me and helped me in every way.

And so the month wore away, and by constant effort I managed to hold my job. Getting my first month's check cashed I immediately secured a long, flat pocketbook for bills, and began carrying it in my back trousers' pocket. For several weeks I had been in the habit of taking a railroad velocipede that some employee around the depot had, and for the exercise, novelty, and new sights, would pump down the track a mile or two and back. Sometimes I took the track towards Muskegon as far as Ryerson, and again, the other track, going a mile or two toward Traverse City or Grand Rapids, and back.

After receiving my first month's pay, and

making some expenditures in the way of clothes and a few other things, I only had a small amount of money left. Putting that in my long pocketbook and the pocketbook in my hip pocket, I pumped to Ryerson and back, and then ran down on the Grand Rapids line a short distance and came back. On going into the telegraph office I put my hand out for my pocketbook and found it gone. It had slipped out while pumping the velocipede. There was but one thing to do, and although tired out and virtually exhausted by the long trip, I immediately got on the velocipede and pumped to Ryerson again, watching, eagle-eyed, every foot of the way. Not finding it, I came back to White Cloud, and was immediately starting out on the other track for a two mile pump toward Grand Rapids, when Blue came up, and handing me my pocketbook said, "Here is your pocketbook, Jim. You did not have it with you at all, but left it on the table here when you were showing it to Gurley and me."

Was I indignant? Not a bit of it. We never become angry with those we like, do what they will, and Blue was a royal fellow, honest,

honorable and capable, and the soul of good nature and friendliness.

I got to be a pretty good operator after awhile; not good, but fair, and I understood the business well enough to hold my own with the common fellows; although there were a few fast ones who had me "up a tree" a good deal of the time, and often destroyed the serenity of my temper. And I, in turn, would be equally mean in harassing some other fellow, perhaps not hardly as good as myself.

The "call" for White Cloud was "M-R"; and when the batteries and instruments were working right, these letters produced a telegraphic sound that could be heard with uncommon distinctness and at quite a distance.

One evening I had occasion to leave the office and go out on the platform a moment, when Blue, who was in the office, slipped up and locked the door on me, and then, unseen, dropped under the table and manipulated the wires in such a manner as to call "M-R"! "M-R"! "M-R"! very rapidly, signing "H.", the train-dispatcher's call. Hearing my call distinctly from the platform I immediately

turned to go in and answer it to find the door locked! The dispatcher's furious call for train orders continued for about five minutes, and I was on the point of breaking open the door when my friend Blue calmly opened it and said pleasantly, "They want you for train orders, Jim. They have been calling you for the last fifteen minutes."

I was once sent to work, days, at Fruitport Junction, a little junction about three miles from Muskegon, Michigan, where the operator had to keep a gate swung across the tracks, first one track and then the other, blocking one track and leaving the other clear. I had to room and board in Muskegon, and pump-out mornings on a railroad velocipede, in time to let some train through at seven A. M., leaving again for Muskegon about five P. M. The salary was small, but the work was easy, the hours good, my boarding place agreeable, and Muskegon a delightful old town, at one time, sawing more lumber and making more shingles than any other town in the United States. It no longer does these things, but has developed in other

ways into a prosperous Michigan city of the second (and I am not entirely sure but of the first) class.

When I could get away from my duties of swinging the gate and getting an occasional train order, I used to take my railroad velocipede and do the same stunt I did at White Cloud,—ride down the railroad track and visit some of the old derelict towns, once prosperous, and the scenes of activity, but long since passed into the pathetic class of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

One day in going back to my boarding house, I got drenched to the skin in a tremendous down-pour of rain. Although I immediately changed my clothes, early that evening I was seized with a severe and acute attack of sciatic rheumatism in the left hip joint, and so severe was it, that I could not even move my hip the fraction of an inch. The hotel man learned of the situation and brought my supper up to my room. I then said to him, "I've got to get over this and be fixed up some way, so I can pump out on the railroad velocipede to the telegraph office, and be there at seven

o'clock in the morning, or the two trains will come together. I am the only operator here, and the only one that can do it. It don't make any difference whether I have sciatic rheumatism or what I have, I've got to get down there and look after those trains, and I must be fixed up right off. I can't go down to see a doctor, because I can't move my left hip-joint at all. I want you to send some physician up here at once and have him come to my room."

"I will go down and have Dr. Quinn come up," he replied.

In about an hour I heard some wheezing man coming up on one leg. After a few moments a cross red-faced Irishman opened the door and said, "What did you send for me for? I've got rheumatism myself and can't do anything for it. I have had it for twenty years. One leg is off and I have rheumatism in the other. This is a pretty thing to call me out and make me walk up those stairs!"

"But" said I, as soon as I could check him, "I am the day operator down at Fruitport Junction, and I have to get down there by seven

o'clock in the morning to swing those gates, or the two trains will come together. There is absolutely no one else to do it. I have to pump down on a railroad velocipede, and to do that I have to use this other leg. I can't even move this hip joint. You've got to fix me up in some way so I can walk, and so I can pump that velocipede."

"Well," he said, "you can get this prescription filled, but it might not help you any. It don't me. I hope you will be all right by morning, but if you are going to have rheumatism, get some place so a fellow won't have to climb these stairs!" And wheezing, he slowly, painfully and indignantly made his way down stairs to his office just across the street.

The hotel man went out and got the prescription filled, and I rubbed the liniment on several times before retiring for the night. Whether because of the medication, or some other valid reason, the rheumatic symptoms had so moderated in the early morning (although they had not entirely disappeared), that I was able to walk as far as the railroad track, get on

my velocipede, and pump it down to Fruitport Junction which I reached in ample time to attend to my work.

I once tried to operate a small grocery store in the little village of Fennville, which was my home town. But times were hard, a panic was on, people took little stock in me, because I was a home boy and everybody knew me, and lastly, because I had neither the natural ability nor the training for a commercial debut. Still I hung on for two years and lost a few hundred dollars, but learned a whole lot, had a splendid time, and lived through it.

Several years before I opened the grocery store in Fennville, a young fellow had struck that town and opened a jewelry store. He was a nice looking fellow, — bright, and, although young, a first-class jeweler, full of confidence, business ability and hustle. His name was John Raven, and he was born near the unimportant little town of McDonald, Michigan, in rural surroundings. He had learned the jewelry business of his brother-in-law, L. P. Husen, then of Hartford, Michigan, who, staking him, had helped him to open the store

in the little village of Fennville. A favorite immediately in society, the young jeweler wooed, and the next year, married the brightest and prettiest little girl in all that country 'round — the adopted daughter of the village editor.

Fennville was a country town, and the people in the adjacent country made their living by farming and by raising fruit — peaches and apples — that being the center of the great Michigan fruit-belt.

Just before I had opened this little grocery store, my later friend, Raven, had failed in the jewelry business, and, out of it entirely, was in a precarious financial shape. With his stock gone, and no money with which to purchase another, he moved his regulator into one corner of my grocery store; and, setting up his work bench, prepared to look adversity and fallen fortune squarely in the face and begin the battle anew.

There was no money in the business outlook for either Raven or me! Standing it for perhaps six months longer, the times growing harder and the business less for each of us every minute, Raven suggested that I hire

a horse and buggy, purchase a stock of spectacles, and he and I would go down the line selling glasses. Although not an optician, he was at that time legally permitted to fit glasses.

Raven was an expert salesman, a fluent talker, was possessed of an ultra-magnetic personality, and could sell any kind of a proposition, when an ordinary salesman would have starved to death. Without stopping once, we drove as far as Glenn, a little "four corners" some eight or ten miles west and south of Fennville. There Raven's ability in salesmanship enabled him to fit a prominent man, George T. Clapp, with a pair of glasses. Stopping first at one house and then another, Raven soon found, on counting his money, that he had just twenty-seven dollars, although we had started out without a cent.

Passing on into the township of Casco, I was sitting out in the buggy after dinner, holding the horse, when a red-eyed, grouchy individual drove up, stopped, and gave me thus an opportunity to tell him who we were, and that Mr. Raven, an expert optician, was

driving through that country fitting glasses.

"How are your eyes?" I continued, "Do you see pretty well?"

"Some people see too well!" he replied. "Go on, Mag!"

We stopped at one place where all of my friend's eloquence and persuasiveness were needed to make a sale. He had examined the woman's eyes. The optometer indicated a very high degree of hypermetropia, and the applied glasses did not seem to fully correct the extreme difficulty. But it was the best correction he could possibly make, and personally I was confident that in a day or two the eyes would adjust themselves to the glasses, and I so advised Raven. And yet, they did not immediately seem to fit.

"Can you see any better, Ma?" asked the old man.

"Of course she can see better," said Raven, without giving her an opportunity to reply.

"Hold me, pa!" said the woman, not being able to see distinctly.

My judgment proved correct in the diagnosis, for I drove down to see the woman a

month later, and found her still wearing the same pair of glasses with perfect satisfaction and pleasure.

A few months later I disposed of my grocery stock and engaged regularly in the optical business, while Mr. Raven, getting out of the jewelry business for good, began his successful career as a jewelry auctioneer, selling jewelry stocks for accredited jewelers in every part of the United States, and with conspicuous success. He would usually hold his sale for one week, and I would often arrange to make the same town the same week, fitting glasses in the store whose stock was being sold. In this way I was able to doubly and effectively advertise my business, and usually with a high degree of success.

CHAPTER IX.

The Roach House!

Once Mr. Raven was dated to sell a jewelry stock for Mr. H. E. Low at Buchanan, Michigan, and I arranged to make the town at the same time, and fitting glasses in the same store.

We stopped at the best, in fact, the only hotel in town and occupied the same room. While we had both stopped before, at alleged hotels which could with propriety be technically referred to as "fierce", this was a little the worst we had ever run across since we were boys together in the far-away days.

Raven's jewelry sale was good, while I was making some money in the optical business, but these successes were more than lost sight of in the frightful accommodations of the hotel. The place was literally overrun with cock roaches—no insignificant insects — but big, broad-browed long-legged, juicy ones! And they were everywhere and in everything! They were in every

thing we ate, and there were so many on and around the bed that there was no opportunity to even sit on the bed, much less lie on it. When we woke up in the morning, we would find half a dozen athletic roaches running up and down the legs of the bed as if daring us to get up. And the flies were just as numerous as the roaches. They too, were cooked in everything, and one was not able to take a long breath without danger of serious consequences.

Raven and I always took our meals at the same time, occupying the same table close together. One morning we had some nice-looking, hot biscuits for breakfast. Made ravenous by my light diet for nearly a week (I could not eat for roaches), I eyed the biscuits with increasing hunger, and said, "At last here is one that's safe!" and took a huge bite. Fatal mistake! I bit a big, fat cock-roach "right in two in the middle!" Raven was just that moment coming into the dining hall and seating himself at the table. Without a word, I took this biscuit, where the roach had "fought, bled, and died," put it near Raven's plate, and

quietly left the room, going out and seating myself in the office. One glance at the biscuit and the defunct roach, and Raven followed immediately.

By this time we were both getting so weak for want of food, that we decided to ask Mrs. Low to let us go down to dinner with them and get something to eat. She graciously assured us they would be glad to have us come.

That noon we gorged ourselves on well cooked spring chicken, mashed potatoes, hot biscuits (but without roaches) baked squash, rice pudding and pumpkin pie. This was twenty years ago nearly, and while neither of us has ever been there since, to know if the same man has charge of this hotel, the memory of it "that will not down" remains with us to this day! And we have ever since referred to it as "*The Roach House.*"

Leaving Buchanan at the close of our business Saturday evening, we were driven to a little way-station on the Pere Marquette railroad, where we wished to catch a train north for Holland, and — home.. But there was no

night operator at the place, and the fast train did not stop there.

So, having been an old operator on the road, and knowing the time of the different trains and the proper method of procedure in such a case, the moment the fast train's head-light appeared, I lighted a newspaper, and waving it on the track, brought the train to a stop, when Raven and I got on. This action was irregular, but essential and effective, and Conductor Johnson was half sore when he came down the aisle to collect our fare, but broke into a laugh when he saw who it was.

Johnson was a fleshy man and one of the most popular conductors on the road. The picture of health, he nevertheless was long a sufferer from heart trouble of a serious nature, and less than a year thereafter he went the way of all flesh, being fatally stricken while passing with his train through the Waverly yards.

Reaching our respective homes all right, I got off at Fennville, while Mr. Raven went through to Holland.

We next went to Reed City, Michigan. Mr. Raven was an unusually bright fellow and was

conspicuously successful in business, making good financially when he once more "got on his financial feet" and could have the whole say about his business affairs. But, for a while, he received occasional assistance from his brother-in-law, L. P. Husen, the latter having the power to dictate to him what to do. It was then that Mr. Raven would say, "I don't know about it, Husen's my other leg."

CHAPTER X.

*Every heart has its mountain peak where
envy, hatred and despair tears life long with
vulture beak.*

— *Prometheus.*

Prometheus, chained eternally to the rock with the vulture feeding forever on his vitals which grow again, but symbolizes what some of the less wise or less fortunate men and women must endure through life, until the final summons comes and the captive is unchained!

Not every heart that seems happy is over-filled with joy, while he whose mistaken life could well excite pity, bears his chains uncomplainingly. Few are free, and well has the poet said, "Every heart has its mountain peak where envy, hatred and despair tears life long with vulture beak."

It would be ill-advised for the writer who is attempting to see only the humorous side of things, to refer at length to the mistakes, follies, temptations and failures of a life, or

perhaps even to speak of them at all. But, what to the unthinking would seem success, the captive bound to the everlasting rock sees in quite a different light, and often interprets in terms of regret and failure.

The writer, who perhaps has had a better chance than anyone else in the world for an ultra-successful career, did not make the best use of his manifold opportunities; and, in order to escape, or at least neutralize, the chagrin that comes in later life, has trained himself to see the humorous side of his follies, accidents and mistakes, and look upon the whole thing as a huge joke!

But it is a beautiful thought to know that Prometheus will some day be unbound, and that the gates of opportunity never close, but remain wide open, *world without end!*

CHAPTER XI

A Kindly Word for the Old School.

As time goes on, and I grow older, I am beginning to more clearly understand the reasons for the marvelously successful career of the great Valparaiso University and school where I had the honor to graduate in 1897. While I thought differently when a boy, now that I am almost a middle aged man, I can see with clearer vision that real merit in some unusual degree must be the true explanation for such stupendous success. Every student who goes there succeeds later in life, and if by chance the occasional and rare one fails, his failure can be found in himself alone.

It is absolutely the only school in the entire country where the poor boy or girl can receive a thorough education, and where the student of moderate means can successfully compete with the student whose family is wealthy. It is absolutely the only school where the student is *known by his work* and not by

the amount of money the father gives the child to spend. Living expenses are made so low that the poorest boy or girl can pay them, and the wealthy student can find accommodations to his liking without usurious expenditure. Students come from every state in the union, and come year after year, and are found representing almost every civilized country on the globe. Twenty-two foreign countries are represented, including Syria, India, Japan and the Philippine Islands. Nearly six thousand students attend every year and nearly two hundred of the best teachers that can possibly be found any place in the United States act as their efficient instructors.

The fact that the school has no endowment whatever but is an entirely private institution, and that it continues its large attendance every year with no falling off but rather with constant increase, and with every graduate successful, is evidence to the writer that the school is doing tremendously satisfactory work.

Without solicitation, and without the president knowing it,— having here the opportunity — the writer wishes to make this state-

ment:— This is the only University in the United States where an humble, uninfluential student can approach the president, H. B. Brown, or the vice-president, O. P. Kinsey, at any time, and be treated pleasantly, courteously and as an equal. This treatment and kindly feeling is in itself worth more than the year's tuition!

CHAPTER XII.

Some acquaintance with the Mormons of Utah and the West!

After finishing the scientific course at the Valparaiso University in 1897, I engaged to teach the little school at Clifton, Oneida County, Idaho. I began work there that fall, remaining three years.

While they have since erected a very large, fine school house, and have an efficient corps of teachers, at that time there was but one teacher, school was held in a rude little log cabin of one room having less than half the necessary space, the seats were wretched, the blackboards insufficient, and we were without enough books by sixty or seventy pupils.

It was unusually hard to know just exactly what to do or how to get along. Had it not been for the fact that the boys and girls were the nicest children in the world I would have been in despair about getting along at all. But they were bright, genial, nice-mannered and help-

ful, and did everything in their power to make it as pleasant and agreeable for me as possible, instead of doing quite the contrary thing as the occasional American boy or girl seems to do.

I boarded and roomed with a pleasant, mild-mannered old lady whom everybody loved, and whom I in time learned to know well, as "Aunt Harriet," by which name she was known all through that country. She lived with her grown-up son, a young man twenty-five years of age, in a small house of two rooms, with a lean-to or "shanty" which was used as a kitchen.

My first school surprise came when, after asking for some kind of fuel so we could have a fire, to have two big logs about a foot in diameter drawn up, be handed an ax, and told that either one of the boys or myself would be expected to consider these two logs as "wood". And I had been reared in Michigan where we had a wood-shed, and every winter twenty cords of stove wood were sawed, split up and piled in tiers and protected from the snow and rain in this wood shed.

There is an old and very foolish saying "when in Rome you must do as the Romans do."

There is absolutely nothing to it. That old saying is both silly and untrue. I immediately told the folks that I belonged to a different school of artisans, and would have to have some wood cut, piled up and put inside, out of the snow and rain. And without a protest or an unpleasant word, in civilized manner the thing was done. The trustees, the parents, and the boys and girls helped in every possible way they could.

I learned by the merest chance at the end of the first week that these people were Mormons, or as they called themselves "Latter Day Saints." It never had occurred to me that I was in a Mormon settlement or that there were any Mormons in that country. I thought they were all down in Utah, and could be distinguished by some peculiar appearance. I soon began to think a great deal of "Aunt Harriet" and of her grown-up son, Warren, with whom I roomed. One day I said to her, "I don't suppose you ever meet any Mormons?", when she replied, "We are all Mormons in this neighborhood but two families. I am a Mormon."

After working for a month or two, and with winter on and snow a foot or eighteen inches

deep, I drove with the County School Superintendent to a little town called Mink Creek, for the purpose of giving a talk on educational matters.

Mink Creek is a little hamlet away off in the mountains some place, to reach which you would have to drive for miles along the bank of the Bear River, with the river on the left hand going in, and the rugged mountains on the right. Going over this for the first time it seems they were making some repairs on the Canyon road, and occasionally, rocks, stones and boulders would roll down the mountain side often passing just in front of us, or behind, as we were driving through.

"I am new here and I don't know if they are trying to knock us off into Bear River or not," said the superintendent.

"Nor do I, either," I replied, "and about the only thing that need concern us is that we get to Mink Creek in safety tonight for the meeting."

After the lecture I had my first experience attending a dance given under Mormon auspices, and learned for the first time that these people advocate, instead of opposing, dancing as

a social amusement. I remember well the Mormons' Articles of Faith, but will not take the space to subjoin them here. One strong point in their social life and belief is sobriety, frugality, and early marriage. As I was working among them I took early pains to learn much about their beliefs, customs and practices. Full of short comings myself, I am, as I grow older, more tolerant in adverse criticism of any one else. I found I could not criticise them adversely and do it with much justice.

The next morning I returned to my school at Clifton, and soon became a regular participant in all of the village dances, my enjoyment in the pastime leading me often to attend dances in neighboring villages and school houses. This don't mean that I am arguing in favor of public dancing, for in the way I have just mentioned, it was more like a private, social, family affair.

In driving over the country "out west" a good deal, I first saw and learned of the western small wolf — the coyote. They are tricky, cunning, cowardly and enduring and the

country is infested with them. They live on rabbits, and under favorable conditions, on the ranchers' chickens. Few dogs have the hardihood to attack them, although the make-believe dog will follow them until the coyote turns, when the dog himself will run away.

Aunt Harriet's son, Warren, had a dog that really deserved the name of "Bluffer" although his name was Sport. For months I thought Sport was "the real thing" and just the essence of pugnacity, only to learn later that he was all "yellow."

The first time I saw Sport do his stunt I was riding out one evening with Warren going in a sleigh from Clifton to Oxford, a small place four or five miles away, Sport following behind. Seeing a coyote coming down the road behind, Sport gave a menacing growl and with eyes distended and hair on end started down the road after him. He looked so fierce that my sympathy went out wholly to the wolf and I begged Warren to call in his dog, as I did not want to see any blood shed.

"You needn't worry," said Warren. "He won't hurt him." And he didn't!

When within about a dozen rods of the wolf, the coyote just laid his head over his shoulder and gave one silent, instantaneous look, and Sport just dislocated his spinal column getting back to the sleigh, and even tried to run under it.

This was invariably repeated every time I went out with Warren and his dog. I never saw any four-legged animal that could make the time Sport would in getting back to the sleigh. The coyote had only to put his head over his shoulder and look at him — once. Not a bark was made nor a growl uttered — just one look!

I never saw anything quite so funny in my life. "Brave dog! That of yours, Warren," I said.

"I am just like that," he said, "it runs in our family."

CHAPTER XIII

My Changed Religious Convictions.

There has crept upon me almost imperceptibly in the last half dozen or dozen years a radical, and I believe, a distinct change in my former religious ideas. I have not the skill to set down or think exactly what I feel, but the thoughts seem to be there. I am not "converted", am not a particle religious in the church sense, and would no doubt be considered as unorthodox as I ever was. And yet, I look upon so-called religious matters in an entirely different light than I did years ago. Ever since I received my first impetus in the way of looking at things from the agnostic's point of view, I have no longer been an agnostic.

After the death of Roscoe Conklin, Robert G. Ingersoll delivered his matchless eulogy upon the life and character of that eminent statesman. I believe it was delivered before the legislature of New York. Of course it was widely spread by the associated press, and

appeared not only in every prominent newspaper in the United States, but on the "patent side" of every rural newspaper in the country.

Our local country newspaper published the address and with it a picture of the eminent speaker, placing under it simply the two words, "The Orator." I read it carefully and with such tremendous interest, that I committed nearly all of the eulogy to memory. The phraseology was so different from anything I had ever heard or read before, and so transcendently beautiful, I was captivated on the spot, and for life.

Judge for yourself whether the following ultra-eloquent language would not make an impression on anyone competent to recognize a beautiful thing, and doubly so upon a young and impressionable boy, qualified mentally to understand such eloquent words and hearing them for the first time. I subjoin the closing words:

"And as he lived he died! Proudly he entered the darkness or the dawn that we call Death. Unflinching, he passed beyond our horizon, beyond the twilight's purple hills,

beyond the utmost limit of human harm or help, — to that vast realm of silence or of joy where the innumerable dwell. And he has left with us his wealth of thought and deed, the memory of a brave, imperious, honest man who bowed alone to Death.” †

Afterwards I read every book this eminent author wrote, both of an anti-religious and of a political nature; heard a number of his superb addresses, and was in entire bondage to his ideas and eloquence. In recent years however I have “broken clear”, and see so-called religious matters in quite a different light.

Christ has no followers. He never had, and probably never will have any followers. His teachings are so beautiful, and so far above anything that is human, that thus far any attempts to follow them, even remotely, have resulted in the grossest kind of failure. I am sometimes egotistical enough to think that I would be able to follow them almost as well as anyone yet has done. Certainly I could do little worse!

If they were or could be followed, my own judgment is that all the essentials of the Christ-

ian religion could be written on the back of a postal card. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." But churches are built of cold brick and stone and the remote memory of Christ's beautiful, tragic and unselfish life is commerce and pretense — money! money! money! How far am I wrong?

CHAPTER XIV.

Some Erratic Reminiscences of Here and There. Sheep-herding.

When I was in the optical business in Valparaiso, Indiana with offices in the front rooms over Urbans' store on College Avenue, and using the title "Doctor," as doctor of ophthalmology, many people thought I was an M. D., although I am not.

In the adjoining room, two boys from Idaho, Morris Cottom and his friend, Mr. Dunlap, roomed together. Cottom had a bad cold, and having called me in, I told him he had the mumps and insisted that he go to bed.

Cottom was an unusually bright fellow and felt that we were trying to haze him a little, yet while he objected strenuously he nevertheless ultimately complied. To carry the joke further, his room mate would allow callers to come in to see him only a few minutes at a time — as he did not want him disturbed because he had the mumps!

Once out in Beaver City, Utah, near the central part of the state, while waiting for a little school to open in the fall, without money and having nothing to do, I hustled around, and through the influence of my friend, Prof. J. E. Hickman, obtained a job herding sheep for a sheep man, one Mr. Gillis.

It was my first experience along that line, and I did not last long—only a week—when I resigned. Still, I liked the work, had a most enjoyable time, and would have continued indefinitely had the following incident not occurred. The young man who was with me went to town one day promising to be back for supper, but instead, got drunk, and did not come back until the next morning—when I resigned—refusing to work with a man who would not keep his word.

I did not know at that time that sheep herders as a class are not reliable, cannot as a rule be depended upon, and usually, although not always, are inclined to drink.

This boy, John Gillis, was a young man about twenty-five years of age, and was himself half owner of his father's herd which we

were watching. John, although a young man, was a good deal of a booze fighter, and I learned afterwards could hardly go to town without drinking, thus becoming more or less irresponsible. Had I known this I might have been a little more charitable, but I only knew that he did not keep his word — did not get back when he said he would — and I quit.

Yet apart from his fault of occasional drinking, John was bright, and the most genial and best fellow in the world. I never had a better time in my life than I did the very short time I was out with him about a dozen miles south of the little village of Beaver City on the sage-brush desert of middle Utah.

Our sheep camp was our sheep wagon in which we rested days and slept nights, and in which we did our cooking. John baked his own sour-dough bread, while the best I, a green horn, could do, was to get a few pails of water and occasionally round up the sheep which had strayed too far away.

To be doing something, John had in the wagon a little .22 caliber rifle which he would take with him when we walked out to look after

the sheep. He used it to practice shooting at the peg squirrels, which, sitting upright on their haunches at the door of their ground home, were ready to drop into it and disappear the moment any one approached. John must have kept himself "broke" all the time buying cartridges to shoot at these peg squirrels, and during the week I was with him I never knew him to hit one. We would hear the little bullet go "ping", and see it disappear in a little cloud of dust as it struck the ground a hundred yards beyond.

But John never even dreamed of being discouraged, and every time he went out he was just as zealous to take his gun along as if he had been meeting with conspicuous success right along in slaying peg squirrels. The humor of the thing got on my nerves and into my brain after a while, and I took the liberty of jollying John about his marksmanship one day. He remained silent and good natured but it seemed to set him thinking, because the next morning when we started out he without his firearm, I said, "John, aren't you going to take your gun?" He replied, with a downcast look, "No."

The novelty of herding sheep for the first time is of some interest, but, requires hard work when one is not experienced.

A few of the lesser troubles are,— keeping the bunch from wandering too far away, thus losing some of them; and, letting others get in some ditch or gulley filled with water, or stray so far away that the stragglers might be set upon by coyotes. They tell a good many humorous stories about a new sheep herder who was a good man, but the owner could not keep him in sheep — he would lose the bunch.

About half a mile from where John and I had our sheep wagon was a wide, deep gully or ravine half filled with water, and I was early given to understand that we must keep the sheep away from there or we would lose them. They would get into the water, or still worse, would get across on the other side, stray away and become a prey to the coyotes or be hopelessly lost.

Before John left and while he was herding with me, every sheep seemed to be on his good behavior, and we never had to pay any attention to them. We could sit in our sheep wagon,

read some paper or a book, and gossiping with each other tell what improvement we could make in the sheep industry if we "only owned the sheep." But after John left all this changed and it almost immediately seemed that every individual sheep in the flock wanted to start off on an exploring expedition, and each in a different direction.

Now there is a law in natural philosophy that a body cannot occupy two places at the same time and I verified that law when I tried to look after three thousand sheep, every one of which was moving in a different direction and all at the same time. John had told me I would have no trouble, as the dog would look after them; but the dog had laid down in the shade of the sheep wagon and gone to sleep. I did the best I could, the only thing I knew to do. I started out to keep the sheep from falling into the big ditch, or worse still, from crossing the ditch at some unlooked-for place and being lost on the other side.

But too late! The next time I looked up I saw at least fifteen-hundred sheep already on the other side, half of them feeding on or near

the summit of another mountain range. It seemed to me that the thing to do was to go after them and try to drive them back across the ditch, and over where they belonged near our sheep camp.

But how to get across the ditch myself,—that was the question. I tried it and wandered up and down the bank for three-quarters of a mile without finding a place where anything but a bird or a fish could cross, for the ditch was full of water.

At the same time the sheep on the side I was on needed some attention. My dog having been quiescent right along, now showed signs of unusual activity. Looking up, I saw the other half of the flock, which had remained on the home side, on a dead run for the nearby foot hills with my brave dog in close pursuit. I never knew whether the dog was chasing them or was just taking exercise, or whether again he lost his nerve by hearing the bark of a nearby coyote in close proximity to the bunch. But at any rate the dog and this section of my sheep bolted.

Now it requires no unusual generalship on

the part of a soldier in the field when his army, powerful and well disciplined, is uniformly successful and the enemy is always "on the run." But, reverse the matter for a while. Be the weaker and under dog, the pursued and not the pursuer, the vanquished and not the victor, the one who is losing and not the one who is winning, the one who does not understand, as against the one who knows, and the aspect presents quite a different appearance.

And so I found myself in a predicament which I did not have quite the skill or knowledge to meet. My flock of sheep was "split right in two in the middle," about fifteen hundred of them being on one side of a deep ravine filled with water, and about fifteen hundred on the other side, in a new and strange section, with night coming on, coyotes beginning to howl, my sheep dog in the sulks, my sheep camp lost in the quickly gathering darkness, the sheep scattered and in danger from wolves, John not back, and the sheep in charge of a hopeless tenderfoot, and without a mouthful to eat for either the dog or himself.

John and I had all along slept in the wagon,

first driving up the sheep and letting them lie for the night on the hillside near the camp as a protection against wolves. New in the business and not gauging my time correctly, night settled down and I suddenly found myself in almost utter darkness, scarcely able to see the dog six feet away, and unable in the darkness to return to the camp.

Losing the location of my sheep camp was accounted for the next day by this explanation: During the two hours the dog and I were busy trying to get the sheep back, John's brother had come down and changed the location of the sheep camp, taking the wagon to another place nearly a mile away. In the darkness I barely discovered the old location, only to find by feeling about that the wagon was gone.

I had not the slightest idea what had become of it, and so without an opportunity to sleep that night and without supper or a drink of water I wandered around in the dark all night, with the sheep dog as company, keeping near the sheep and preventing the coyotes which could be heard yelping close on every side from at least killing any of the sheep.

The night slowly dragged its weary length away, and as dawn began to break and I could once more discern objects, I noted that the sheep camp had been moved and was nearer the foot hills, in quite a different location. I then saw the reason why I could not locate it when darkness came on so suddenly the night before.

An hour or two later John's younger brother, a boy about fourteen years of age, rode out to the sheep camp from his father's home in Beaver to tell me that my fellow sheep-herder, John, had been drinking the night before and would not be back to the camp until later in the day.

Refusing positively to associate with a man who would lie to me or in whom I could place no confidence, I told the boy we would round up the sheep on the hillside where there would be the least danger from any prowling coyotes, or of their getting into the ditch. Then I said I would go back home with him, and his father could hurry out another man to look after the sheep before they had time to stray away.

Mr. Gillis handed me a check for ten dollars for the week I was out with the sheep and that

was my first, last and only experience as a sheep herder.

I was told later that sheep-herders as a class are not reliable; that they cannot be depended upon; that as a rule they drink, and that as a class they are not the kind of society a man would seek who insists upon associating with those only whose word can be taken at all times and in any place.

I did not know at this time that poor John was a booze fighter. Had I known it, I might have acted differently, certainly I would have felt differently.

It is the exceptional man who can ever hope to win in a prolonged contest with John Barley-corn! It would be exactly the same thing to have a two-year-old child put on the gloves with Jack Johnson, and expect the former to be victorious!

And I might say here in passing that the great question before the American people to-day, as indeed it is all over the civilized world, is not the tariff question, patronage, militarism, woman suffrage or finance, but, *how can the sale or even the manufacture of liquor be*

prevented — for an age of experience has proven it cannot be controlled.

My business always kept me straight, but had I been engaged in some more reckless or unorthodox work other than teaching school, I could as easily have gone the unhappy way of some of my brightest and best friends who lost in the unequal contest with King Alcohol.

John was the best fellow in the world, bright, competent, genial, good-natured, educated and business-like, but he could not win where so many thousands had failed. But he drank and was therefore unreliable, and so in self-defense I was forced to quit him, as the drinking man must always in the end be quit. I have not seen him for a number of years, but he has my good wishes and I hope he has long ago given up the habit.

CHAPTER XV.

Some Erratic Experiences—Continued. *Social Experience in Chicago.*

In my social days when I was younger I once had a girl in Chicago. She lived with her parents in one of the little villages or towns that are found every few blocks along the Illinois Central Suburban Railroad. I will not tell the name of the station, the name of the girl, or that of her parents. This was nearly a quarter of a century ago. She has long been married and living with her delightful family in a far away western state, and the memory, coming as an unforgotten happy dream is too sacred for others to share.

At this time I was drumming for fruit for the well-known commission house of Barnett Bros. of 159 South Water Street, Chicago. My work was in the great fruit belt of Michigan with headquarters at Fennville, Michigan. Every few weeks I would cross Lake Michigan from Holland, Saugatuck or St. Joe and going out to

this Chicago Suburban Station, spend a day or two in the family of the girl I do not entirely forget.

It would be foreign to the purpose of this little volume to tell of those golden days forever gone, of those happy hours that will not come again, of the theaters, the whispered hopes, nor yet of the great World's Fair of 1893. And all the time I did not know I was in love, nor did I suspect it until the occasion had forever passed. Prosperous in those days, with a small property, always a good position and some money in the bank, I never felt the need of a dollar, nor did I know what it was to be without one.

Without in the least suspecting it, I was so hopelessly gone on this girl, that once headed for Chicago, nothing that got in my way was ever considered and I seldom stopped to think where I was going or what I was doing.

Arriving at Chicago one day and taking the street car I reached the suburban Illinois Central Station early in the evening. Something had momentarily gone wrong with the electric lights and it was getting quite dark.

The street I had to go down was torn up completely for some kind of repair work, and owing to a two hours' downpour of drenching rain, was full of mud of the worst kind. I have never been able since to figure out just what kind of mud hole I got into that night, but I could not find the sidewalk and being just able to discern the outline of the street, I struck down the middle of it. The mud came up to my knees and over them. It was too late to go back — I had already come too far, besides I wanted to reach my destination. Sidewalks on either side of the street had long ago disappeared in total darkness. There was but one thing to do — go on. And I went on, arriving at my friend's house covered with mud up to my knees, and I had to get Mr. H. to let me have a pair of his trousers for an immediate change.

A hundred times since then I have made a special trip out to that town to try to find the street where I went in that night but I was always unsuccessful.

The second day I returned to my work in the Fruit Belt, ready and eager to take up the "battle of life" again.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Hermitage — The residence of Andrew Jackson.

Once when driving with Freddy through Nashville, Tennessee, I went out to visit the old home of Andrew Jackson — The Hermitage. It is located some six or seven miles due east of Nashville close to the main roadside. At that time, twenty-one years ago, it was taken care of by some religious society who charged you twenty-five cents to be shown through the house and over the grounds.

The hermitage looks exactly like the pictures we have seen of the house. Substantially built and pretty well out toward the road-side, with a neat barn in the rear, the place takes on much of the strenuosity that characterized the great statesman, warrior and fighter, Old Hickory. An oil-painting of Jackson hangs on the wall, being from the same print from which his pictures are made the country over. The old darkey, who told me he was ninety years of age, and who

was Andrew Jackson's private coachman, showed me through the house and over the grounds.

Andrew Jackson is buried in the back part of the yard of his old home, as are also his wife and two or three of their children,— I forget which. Old Hickory owned quite a few hundred acres of ground where the hermitage is situated. It is good land and was always very valuable, but doubly so now.

Jackson was a slave holder, and while I do not know whether there is any warrant for the story, his old negro coachman told me this: "Every time Jackson would buy a new slave one of his old slaves would die, and so he always had the same number of slaves. He never could increase the number."

CHAPTER XVII.

A Joke on the Joker.

When I had my optical offices on College Avenue over the store in J. D. Urbans' building, I had quite a wide circle of acquaintances and friends who made my place their headquarters, and called often to see me in a social, friendly way.

Being a member of the K. of P. Lodge, I became very intimate with a prominent member of the order, Bro. W. L. Wright, a well-known attorney down town who often called to see me during his occasional spare moments. His companionship was trebly interesting and appreciated because of his genial disposition, bright intellect, his fund of humor and interesting conversation. Brother Wright had peculiar and unusual ability as a reader and public speaker. It was always a rich treat to have him drop in, whenever he could spare a moment's time.

Attorney Wright left Valparaiso and went to

the Philippine Islands at the time of our war with Spain, and since that time has been practicing law with conspicuous success in Manila. He accumulated a very considerable property, and has long been well-to-do, and is the same, bright, genial, social, professional man he always was.

J. M. Shilling, a fellow student, was also a friendly, frequent visitor at my office rooms. My hall door was never locked and likewise the door that connected my sleeping apartment with the office was always wide open.

One morning I awoke to find a piece of gas-pipe about a foot in length filled with giant powder and slugs, on the threshold of the doorway between my office and bed chamber and in close proximity to my bed. A fuse attached had been lighted and had burned as far as the percussion cap, which, exploding, would have set off the contrivance.

While still trying to figure out the mechanism of the apparently "infernal machine" Mr. Shilling happened in, and taking note of the contrivance at once pronounced it a cleverly constructed "infernal

machine." He claimed to be pretty well acquainted with such things by having considerable official experience in different cities. "Yes, it's an infernal machine all right and if it had not been for the fact that the fuse went out before the cap exploded, you would have been a dead man and this building would have been a wreck," he said.

As we were talking a young man, Mr. John Brune, came in and telling me he was doing a little amateur detective work volunteered to make a police investigation gratis, and endeavor to apprehend the perpetrators. Declining his offered services and thanking all the boys for their interest in the matter which I told them was purely a joke of some kind, I started down stairs, only to be met when half way down by the Local Associated Press Reporter who turned me back and insisted that I give him the full facts in the matter so that he could make the proper report. I did so, at the time same assuring him it was only a joke of some kind, perpetrated by whom I did not know and could not even conjecture.

The next day the Associated Press spread all

over the country the most florid, wild-eyed and sensational story that I had seen in a paper since the Hamilton, Ohio incident. It was copied in my home village paper and in many other papers where I was well-known in addition to all the big City Dailies.

I immediately began to receive jocular, semi-serious and half humorous letters from all over the country, asking what I had done now to create such a furore, and why it was that someone had made an attempt on my life.

Common courtesy required that I at least reply to these letters from my numerous friends in various parts of the country. It was no easy matter to write so many letters almost every day. I nearly went bankrupt buying postage stamps, and almost had nervous prostration in making and following up the attempt to reply to the constant queries.

This is the article that was sent out and appeared in all the papers: "*Dr. J. Connell, the well-known scientific optician who has been practicing optometry for several years in Valparaiso, Indiana, with offices in the Urbans' Building on College Avenue, was the recipient*

of what seems to be an infernal machine, and also had another placed in his bedroom which however failed to explode.

It looks very much like a deliberate attempt upon his life although he says he has no enemies that he knows of. The police are investigating the strange circumstances, and Dr. Connell has requested a private detective to look into the matter, but so far without the slightest success, absolutely no clue being found."

The afternoon of the same day I found the gas-pipe in my room the express agent delivered a package to me, and upon opening the package, and sliding back the lid of the box half a dozen blue-tip parlor matches were ignited with a crackling sound and a puff of smoke. Thus, the second infernal machine had been placed.

And the joke of it was that I paid the alleged expressman half a dollar for delivering the box!

Warnings from my friends to "be careful and take no chances on going out nights" continued to pour in at each delivery of mail. I never learned for two full years that the joke was successfully perpetrated by my two staunch friends, Attorney W. L. Wright and the student

friend, J. M. Shilling, who had apparently been concerned for my safety through it all.

A little while ago, I met an old friend in St. Paul, one whom I had gotten to know pretty well several years before in Spokane, Washington — William D. Jacobs. He had been having an attack of acute indigestion for several days, business had gone all to the bad, taxes were unusually high and income low. To add to these vexations he confided to me that he was suffering from insomnia and hadn't slept a wink for a week. Not in condition or position to look upon the rose-tinted, humorous side of life, he drew me quickly to one side and fixing his eyes upon the leaden Minnesota skies, said, "Prof. Connell, I want to give you my ideas of

LIFE."

Man comes into this world without his consent and leaves it against his will. During his stay on earth his time is spent in one continuous round of contraries and misunderstandings. In his infancy he is an angel; in his boyhood he is a devil; in his manhood he is everything from a lizard up; in his duties he is

a "dam fool"; if he raises a family he is a chump; if he raises a check he is a thief, and then the law raises Cain with him; if he is a poor man, he is a poor manager and has no sense; if he is rich, he is dishonest, but considered smart; if he is in politics, he is a grafter and a crook; if he is out of politics, you can't place him, for he is "an undesirable citizen"; if he goes to church, he is a hypocrite; if he stays away from church he is a sinner; if he donates to foreign missions, he does it for show; if he doesn't, he is stingy and a "tight wad."

When he first comes into the world everybody wants to kiss him! Before he goes out, they all want to kick him! If he dies young, there was a "great future before him;" if he lives to a ripe old age, he is in the way, — only "living to save funeral expenses." *Life is a funny proposition after all!*

And with a courteous good night, Will shook hands and entered his hotel, while I, waiting up for the midnight train, went on to the depot and purchased a ticket for my destination.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Conclusion.

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

— *Shakespeare.*

And after all our joys, sorrows, perplexities, failures and successes, heart-aches, doubts, dreams, hopes, joyous times and ill-advised fun, frolic and happy days, life at last must close and death claim us. And surely if we have led an honest, honorable and unselfish life we can remember up to the last moment before we pass into the final shadow that the things worth while, and worth the most at the last, were those genial, jovial, happy, humorous times,— the pleasant and the funny things that have occurred in life, and the hope that they may continue on when this world to us shall be no more. Life is so full of the stern, severe, relentless, harsh and implacable, that it seems almost imperatively essential that we occasionally relax, forget the hard

things in life, cease to sigh for the unattainable and to dream of what can never be, and in stead, think only of the happy unforgotten past and of the fun, humor and good cheer it has brought into our lives.

Although I have not seen him for a number of years I will never be able to forget a local character who for years lived in the little village of Fennville in Allegan County, Michigan — one, John McGuire. Johnnie was a typical Irishman and had seen service for a number of years in the British army.

He wore medals for participation and conspicuous bravery in the Battles of Alma, Inkerman and Sebastapol. He was also an active soldier in some of the Indian wars of the United States — in the west.

John was a typical, warm-hearted, impulsive Irishman,— bright, genial, good-natured, witty with all the Celtic wit; the soul of honor, and honest and dependable to the utmost. Everyone liked Johanie and everyone was his friend.

But he had one fault! When too strongly tempted he would drink and he was a child in the hands of ' John Barleycorn.' His only

safety was in total abstinence, and that meant he would not drink if he were where he could get nothing to drink.

John used to trade with me when I was running the little grocery store in Fennville. Mr. McGuire's wife was sometimes a little harsh with him, and there were some unkind people who even went so far as to say she was a good deal of a shrew, or termagant.

Physically, Mrs. McGuire had all the best of the argument. In a finish contest there would not have been the slightest doubt that John's better half would have won, hands down.

One evening Mr. McGuire was in the store with Raven and myself and had been drinking a little. His wife came after him and immediately "bawled him out" in this fashion. "Here you are, you little Irishman, down here drunk and I up on the hill starving to death."

"And its too bad I'm an Irishman," said Johnnie. With two or three more thrusts on the part of his better half, Johnnie's fighting blood arose, and he continued, "I don't want any d—m woman agitatin' me mind tonight."

What was fast becoming an acute estrange-

ment Raven diplomatically prevented by promising Mrs. McGuire that he would see that Johnnie went home soon and asking her to go and not raise his ire any more.

"I don't want any one agitatin' me mind tonight," became thereafter almost a classic expression in that little village.

The Pere Marquette Railway now has a fine large modern stone depot at Muskegon, Michigan instead of the smaller unpretentious one in which I had my offices when my old friend, Stillman J. Kidder and I used to work there nearly a quarter of a century ago. The baggage room is especially fine, and when I was there half a dozen years ago was presided over by a man who in his younger years must often have felt some of the delights of the jovial side of life. Even then, at the robust age of thirty, he was still able to see the humor in a "good thing." This baggage man was a large, strong, powerful man weighing close to two-hundred pounds, and having much the same kind of build and matchless physique as the ex-heavy-weight champion pugilist, James J. Corbett.

Muskegon used to be a pretty tough little

town, but long ago and even before this time had changed radically from its strenuous days and habits and had become a modest, quiet and almost an effeminate city.

In his own hand writing the baggage man at Muskegon had printed and hung over his desk this placard, "If you want to know whose running this joint, just start something." The husky ones took him at his word and never started anything! The middle-weights got their baggage checked in silence and passed on into the waiting coach, while the more delicate ones of both sexes paused a moment to admire the athletic physique of the "baggage smasher" before taking the carriage to their hotel.

And this was the funny part of it. The big man was the most genial, jovial, open-hearted, harmless and friendly fellow in the world. He could not have been dragged into any kind of trouble by a yoke of oxen.

He would have walked from one end of the city to the other to do anyone the slightest favor. And, so serene, gentle and happy was his disposition that while fully competent to defend the defenseless, a whole regiment could

have stood on his toes without causing him to lose temper or say one unkind or unpleasant word to those about him.

He was loved by the traveling public and appreciated by the railroad officials, and because he knew the man so well and appreciated the humor of the joke, the General Passenger Agent permitted the notice, "If you want to know whose running this joint, just start something," to stand.

When I was night operator on the Pere Marquette Railroad in the little village of Bangor, Michigan, a good many years ago, two students, one Dell Jackson and the other Stillman J. Kidder, were learning telegraphy of the agent there, Mark Remington. Dell, although a young fellow was precocious and already a man of the world, knowing as much as was good for him and perhaps more. Kidder on the other hand was by all odds the greenest fellow I ever ran across, north, east, south, or west. He had a florid complexion and auburn hair, always wore dove-colored trousers and a speckled coat, and parted his hair on both sides, while winter

and summer he wore the unchanging purple necktie, probably to match his complexion.

Kidder was a splendid fellow, too, bright, keen and capable, the soul of honor, honesty and wit, but his complexion and his looks were against him — he looked “green.”

He was smitten by the charms of a very pretty little girl who was a chamber maid in the hotel where I was stopping, and he confided his infatuation to us. Dell and I then took Stillman into our “private office”, and after spreading out his hands and placing one hand on either knee, Dell gave him this line of talk.

“Now, Kidder, Mr. Connell and I are both older than you and know just exactly what to do in a case like this, for each of us has had so much experience. Listen to us and follow our advice to the letter and you will come out all right. Neither of us can introduce you to this girl in the regular way because we don’t know her ourselves, but you do this:—attend Rev. Decker’s revival services tonight, and after the meeting is over contrive to meet this girl just outside the door when she is on her way home. Approach her modestly, and after raising your

hat, introduce yourself by saying, 'My name is Kidder and I'm from Breedsville,' and then ask her if you may walk home with her." He followed our instructions to the letter, but she turned him down cold, and some very young boys who overheard the incident began to chant in chorus, "my name is Kidder and I'm from Breedsville." For sometime thereafter they followed the poor boy with this chant whenever he appeared.

Yet I always felt that the only thing that was wrong with Kidder then, was his florid complexion, purple necktie, and the fact that they all knew he was only a boy and didn't have any money. The last objection was the chief one. Older now he has since made good, and with a charming wife and one bright grown-up boy has long been living in his own expensive house on Jiroch Street, Muskegon, Michigan. That is a whole lot better than Dell or I have done — certainly much better than the writer has done as far at least, as owning a house is concerned.

I called on my old friend some few years ago, and was delightfully entertained for sev-

eral days by himself and his wife in his beautiful home. Genial, to his finger tips a business man, he succeeds fully and wonderfully wherever he goes, and so, in the presence of his splendid family at his magnificent home, I but dimly recollected our kiddish moments in the far away days.

It is not easy for me to forget a character I used to know when I was teaching a little rural school in Manlius near New Richmond, a quarter of a century ago — one I. N. Meeker, or as he was commonly called, "Newt."

Mr. Meeker was at that time a man about fifty-five years of age, and lived in a very large, rambling, ancient house next door to the little country schoolhouse where I taught. His brother's wife, then an old woman nearly seventy years of age, lived with him and kept house for him. Her grandson, Tommy Meeker, then a boy twelve years of age who went to my school, lived with her and it was there I roomed and boarded.

From the American's standpoint, Mr. Meeker had made a failure of life — he "never

made any money" and never had any. Bright and keen intellectually, widely read and almost profound in legal and social matters and in affairs of state, he nevertheless was a failure financially, and so — did not "count."

I follow a precedent in speaking at all of my poor old friend, Newt Meeker. Charles Dickens did not go into the halls of fame and into the mansions of the rich to find his characters, but found them in the lanes where the lowly were forced to live, and in the haunts of squalor, vice and ignorance. And so, my friend Newt, bright, honest, honorable and almost a sage, was neither respected nor respectable — he "had no money."

I occupied a large room upstairs to reach which it was necessary to pass through an unoccupied apartment after reaching the head of the stairs.

Mr. Meeker had the most wonderful flow of language I ever heard! Each word was so tremendous, one following the other without an instant's break or pause, and all used with such correctness, only the uncommon and unusually big words being selected, that the effect

was well-nigh startling, not to say appalling! He would "let off" a fusilade of epigrams, a broadside of these lengthy, uncommon and almost unheard of words upon you, without any known provocation whatever, and at the most unexpected moment, night or day.

My first introduction to Mr. Meeker's florid style of speech was when he came to my door to call me to breakfast the first morning I was there. Coming into my room and holding the door slightly ajar, for about fifteen minutes he gave me a talk like the following,—never for a single instant hesitating in the choice of words, and rolling out unctiously one after another the biggest and most tremendous words I had ever heard, half of which at least, were I to hear them now at forty-two years of age, I would not understand.

"Mr. Connell, I have just this moment returned from the sun-kissed fields where I have been extracting the foaming lacteal fluid from the udder of the docile bovine. The sun gilds the hill tops. Arise and hear the birds singing their praises to the rising 'god of day.' Then we will descend at once

to the culinary department where Mrs. Meeker has already prepared for you a most sumptuous repast." And so on, for half an hour without a moment's pause, until at last I was forced in self-defense to rise, dress and go down stairs with him to breakfast.

And the same thing was repeated each morning thereafter, only the theme and wording were different, the phraseology each time being if possible more extravagant and extraordinary than it was the morning before.

The twelve year old boy, Tommy, was really not the most gifted person intellectually in the world, but Mr. Meeker seemed to take special delight in using the longest words possible when speaking to him about the very simplest things.

While no harm was done the boy, the look of utter confusion, astonishment and bewilderment on his face was laughable in the extreme.

Readers will recall that in the opening chapters of this book I made some jocular reference to some of my friends who talk so much that they could be heard through the

furnace pipes in the adjoining room. Either they have ceased entirely, or I have grown accustomed to the talking and do not notice it any more, at least, it does not annoy me any more.

Since that chapter was written I have become quite intimately acquainted with the different members of the family, and find them the nicest and most delightful people in the world. All of which goes to prove that when we don't know people we are apt to criticize them, and when we do know them and become well-acquainted, forthwith they become the best people in the world.

And the same thing is true with nations. Nations which actually know each other seldom quarrel and when they do quarrel it is well-nigh proof that they do *not* know each other.

And again, we are at liberty to say of another almost anything we want as long as no malice is implied and our remarks are intended only as a joke.

Thanking my friends for their courtesy in being good enough to read what I have thus far written, and kindly taking leave of them in the concluding chapter of these Reminiscent

Experiences, I can no more fittingly bring this little volume to a close than by subjoining the following erratic verse which I picked up somewhere.

It is not poetry, although it rhymes. Neither is it doggerel, because in it there could be quite as much fact as fancy. The name of the little rhyme is:

GO TO FATHER

“I once asked a maiden to wed.
In reply to my question she said,
‘*Go to Father!*’ Now she knew that
I knew that her father was dead,
And she knew that I knew the life
He had led, and she knew that
I knew what she meant when she said,
Go to Father!”

FINIS.





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