

In Mansfield on March 12th, 1935 Mrs. Brinkenhopf, in-law the daughter/of General Brinkenhopf came to Mrs Allen's to see me. I had a struggle with myself to remember my connection. Came to the conclusion that it was a Lincoln connection, but I was wrong, as I succeeded in recalling before the lady came.

Back in (?) I had gone to Mansfield to consult the General about the tariff work of the reformers of the early '70's. He was one of the leaders working with Horace White, Arthur Perry and the others who felt seriously. His vision was always out and out. (See story in "Tariff of our Times")

I remember distinctly the visit, of going to a large square house set back on a rising ground, beautiful trees, big hall in the middle with comfortable rooms on each side, the long talk I had, the copy of the General's recollections which I carried away (autographed) With Mrs. Brinkenhopf there came in a young woman of thirty-five or so - her daughter - who told me she was a little girl of nine or ten and remembers bringing her cat in for me to see. It is curious as I think of this visit that the thing that comes back is not anything the General said - that was all recorded by note - but that pleasant picture in a comfortable living room of the period with the General now a man of white haired and philosophical telling me his story about as I tell it.

But why oh why was I so reluctant to say anything about that visit, anything about the impression of the man? How

severely I kept myself and my impressions out of all that recording in those days - never once bursting out with impressions of people.

It is only now that I recall that room and wished that I had ^{not} ~~written~~ the recollections of the tariff but of that fine old man and his lovely family. This comes back to me with regret as I talk over with the daughter my visit.

They bring a picture to the house. It was torn down ~~along~~ time ago I take it and two charming modern houses erected side by side on the site and in one of these the Allens live.