Shower or Tub Baths
45 Rooms

Redecorated and Refinished
Newly Furnished

THE SALINA TAVERN

A Home For The Boys

Operated By The Lamer Hotel Corporation
DAN H. CARLISLE, Mgr.

Phone 502

214 W. Ash

SALINA, KANSAS 81829.

Dear Miss Tarbell:

I was again disappointed at finding no clipping when I came in last evening. My brother wrote me that the newspaper was moving its office, and that things were all at sixes nad sevens, but that the editor had promis d to get an extra copy of the letter if possible, failing which he would type it from his files.

But I shall wait no longer, and shall give you some details as I remember them from a conversation when I visited him last May.

He said that there had been a "wild animal" show in Springfield, and some one had suggested that they train some dogs and cats and have a show of their own. So Hobart and Dolph, the oldest of the Graves tribe, and Bob Lincoln, and four other boys whom he named more than seventy years after the event, conspired against the peace of the dogs and cats of the neighborhood. They didn't have much luck with the cats, and they were soon ignored. But the dogs would readily accept the invitations of the little boys to the Lincoln barn, not knowing what was in store for them. Once! Just once would they come with wagging tails and happy anticipations. After that the dogs fought shy of the hospitable children, and another lot must be gathered. Among those gathered on the last day of the training was a rather large dog, of whom the boys decided to make a lion. It was Hobart's task to hold him up on his hind legs and make him roar. The dog wouldn't roar, but growled. He make no attempt to injure his tormentor, but struggled to get away, growling the while. It was hard work for the boy. Seeing a hope, a brilliant idea flashed through his mind. Putting his mouth close to the dog's ear, he growled as he thought. Just then Mr. Lincoln solved, [illegible]

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while. It was hard work for the little fellow. Seeing a rope, a brilliant idea flashed through his mind, and the problem, as he thought, was soon solved. Tying one end of the rope aroungd the dog's neck, he threw the other over a beam, and thus pulled the dog to the desired position. At this moment Mr. Lincoln opened the door. He had an old barrel stave in his hand, and immediately began plying it indiscriminately on the persons of such boys as were within reach. The boys dashed for the door, and evidently got of without serious injury. Hobart was too far from the door, but another avenue of escape seemed to open to him. There was an opening in the side of the barn behind the stalls, and through this he started. Head and shoulders got through very promptly, but there he stuck, offerring a most tempting target for that barrel stave. I think that he must have got the brunt of that whole spanking bee.

That's about all. He says that Mrs. Lincoln was very angry, and reproached her husband in language that was not at all acapted to Sunday School. Later in the day she sent Bob ever the neighborhoon, inviting the aggrieved children to a condy pulling. But something went wrong, the molasses was burned, and the invitations were withdrawn.

How Dr. Barton does show up McNamar_. I am tremendously enjoying the book. So far as I have read, there is no mention of her use of

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violent and unseemly language.

Miss Tarbell, I think that your description of a woman dressed in silks and adorned with jewels wringing her hands on the sidewalk in front of Ford's thewtre, was the first note of sympathy I ever read of Mrs. Lincoln. Somehow I acquired very early the notion that Mr. Lincoln's home life was unhappy, and more than once remarked to friends that it was not unlikely the the country owed much to that unhappy home life; that oyherwise he might not have given to public affairs the energy that he did give.

It will probably take generations for this belief to die out. What a tragedy!.

Very sincerely,
Walter Graves.

P. S. I am sure that you will make generous allowance for the many errors in this letter. G.

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