RECOLLECTIONS

1880 to 1891

PART II

If I had been going on my honeymoon I would scarcely have been more expectant or more curious than I was in August of 1880 when I left home to take my first position as Preceptress of the Poland Union Seminary, Poland, Ohio - "$500.00 a year and board yourself!"

Poland was not a long journey from my home - four or five hours - but nobody that I knew had ever heard of the town or its Seminary. I knew no one there but the kindly gentleman, Mr. B. F. Lee, the financial agent of the institution who had hired me - with misgivings.

You reached Poland I found via Youngstown, Ohio, and then a ten mile drive. The event was so important to me that I had expected some kind of a delegation to meet me, but when I stepped from the train there was no one. The station was practically cleared when a slender, handsome youth of fourteen or fifteen years wandered around my way and addressing the sky, wondered if there was anybody by the name of Miss Tarbell there. It was, I soon found, the son of my employer - Clyde Lee. He had as much trouble in entertaining me on the way to Poland as he had in finding me at the station. He made only one remark on the drive and that was to inform me at a certain dark corner on

the road a murder had been committed a few weeks before.

But once in the home of the Lees where I was to stay until a boarding place was arranged excitement re-kindled, for here in a big old-fashioned home set back on a lawn filled with fine trees I received the warmest welcome from a ~~most~~ motherly and hospitable Mrs. Lee ~~mother~~ and her three beautiful daughters.

Poland Village I found delightful. It had the air of having been long in existence, as it had. Here there was no noise of railroads, no sign of the coal and steel and iron industries which encircled it but had never passed its boundaries. Here all people seemed to me to live tranquilly in roomy houses with pleasant yards or on near-by farms where there were fine horses and fat blooded sheep and where plantings and harvesting went ahead year in and year out in orderly fashion.

The chief and only industry of Poland was its Seminary now about thirty years old. It was a community enterprise started by Mr. Lee in 1848 just after he graduated from Allegheny College. Everybody in the village had subscribed to its endowment , practically every church had at one time or another been its patron. The long depression of the '70's had crippled its finances sadly, but times were better now, the well-to-do Presbytery of Mahoning County had agreed to take it under its care. But I was soon to learn that Poland Union Seminary in spite of the patronage of the Presbytery lived on a narrow

and worn shoe string. Moreover, I at once devined, kind as were those who were responsible for my being there, that I had been injected into a situation of which Mr. Lee had given me no hint strong enough to penetrate my inexperience. It was serious enough as on the very day the school bell first rang the villagers began to let me know. Men and women would stop me on the street to say:-

"So it's you that's taking Miss Blakeley's place. You have no idea how badly we feel about her resigning. I went to school to her, my father and mother xboth went to school to her. I had hoped all my children would go to her. She was a wonderful teacher, a beautiful character. You look pretty young; you haven't had much experience have you?"

I was not long in learning that the devotion of the community to Miss Blakeley was deserved. She had taught in the Seminary for twenty years; she had done more I concluded before I left Poland to shape and direct the lives of the people about than any other half dozen individuals. She had directed them to friendly, helpful living, to a liking for good things, good books, good pictures. She had real intelligence, fine taste, large ambitions and she had put all of herself into her work for the town. The village was right in honoring her, in mourning her. It no doubt felt a certain satisfaction in letting me know at the start they in no way regarded me as an adequate substitute. Their insistence was such that before the end of my first fortnight I was ready to resign.

My morale would hardly have been so quickly shaken if I had not at once discovered to my consternation that there was an important part of my duties which was in danger of proving too much for me. The worst of it was that it concerned the largest block of pupils in an institution where every pupil counted, where Mr. Lee regarded it as of vital importance that every pupil be given what he wanted. Here he advertised you could prepare for college, here you could have special advanced work in anything you wanted. And Mr. Lee was right if the Seminary was to live as a cog in the country's educational wheel.

Somebody ought to write, perhaps somebody has written of the passing of this once valuable institution. It came before the college and the high school and for a time did the work of both, but when the high school began to prepare students for the college and the colleges added preparatory departments and at the same time offered special courses the Seminary slowly realized that either it must go out of business or combine with one or another of its healthy growing rivals.

In a few places as in Poland Village the Seminary was hanging on tenaciously trying to demonstrate that it was still a better man than these new undertakings, these high schools, these colleges with their preparatory schools.

The faculty which was to make the demonstration at Poland was made up of three persons. In order of rank, the President, the Preceptress, her assistant. The acting President

insisted on all the perquisites of his title. His chief duty he regarded as conducting the Chapel with more or less grandiloquent remarks. When my assistant and I complained of too much work he would scowl and say that his executive duties made it impossible for him to take on more classes. The result was that I started out with two classes in each of four languages - Greek, Latin, French and German, as well as classes in geology, botany, geometry, trigonometry. In addition there was my threatened Waterloo, the two largest classes in the school - one in what was called "verb grammar", the other "percentage arithmatic" so named from the point in the books where the term's work began. From time immemorial these two classes had been conducted in the interests of the district schol teachers of the territory. It was the custom for these teachers to spend one term a year in the Seminary where regardless of the number of years they had been teaching ~~the~~, the number of times they had treated themselves to a period of study, they always, so I was told, insisted on their verb grammar and their percentage arithmatic. It was like a ritual. As they were the numerical backbone of the institution there was nothing so important in the judgment of management as their satisfaction.

It was a killing schedule for one person, but I was so eager, so ridiculously willing, so excited and also so fresh from college that I did not know it. Indeed, as I look back on it I think I did fairly well all things considered. I would have had no great alarm about my success if it had not been for the grammar and the arithmatic. From the first day I realized

I was on ground then which once familiar was now almost unintelligible. I could and did teach my geometry and "trig" with relish; I could and did pilot fairly advanced classes in four languages so that the pupils at least never discovered that in one of them I was far beyond my depth and that in all of them I at times knew myself to be skating on thin ice, but these district school teachers, several of them older than I, were not to be deceived or bluffed. They had had experience, I had not, and like the Villagers of Poland they proposed to make me realize that no one college diploma could make up for experience. Experience in "percentage arithmatic" and "verb grammar" came from doing the same examples and diagramming and parsing the same sentences year after year and going back to teach them in their community. Many of these examples were tricky. Many of the sentences were ambiguous. They had learned solutions for both, solutions which had the backing of tradition. I was soon terrified lest I be trappsed, so scared ~~at that~~ I would wake up in the night in cold sweats. This was my state of mind when one day the most important man in the Village, Robert Walker, the local banker - his daughter already trying to make things pleasant for me - stopped me on the street.

"Sis," he said - he was to always call me Sis - "Sis, you are following a fine teacher." I could have wept - the same old story. "But don't worry, what you must do is keep a stiff upper lip."

"Oh, thank you Sir," I said as I hurried on lest I cry in the street.

But that "keep a stiff upper lip" coming from the one that it did restored me and I resolved, cost what it would, to find a way to master my district school teachers. True, it took me two months to discover the weak place in their armour. Finally I learned they were solving problems and parsing sentences not according to principles but according to answers they had learned. The reason they insisted on going over them year after year at the Seminary was to keep the solutions in their memory. I had no skill in solving puzzles, but I did know something about the principles and determined to try them on problems and sentences that were not in their books or any book to which they had access.

And so one day luckily for me before they had a chance to demonstrate my incapacity as two or three of them I am confident were expecting to do I casually put on the board two or three rather tough examples from outside arithmatics, two or three not simple sentences from grammars I felt sure they had never seen. I always recall with satisfaction the perplexity with which the two or three young men I most feared looked at what I had set for them, their injured protest. "But those examples are not in our books." "What difference does that make? The only important thing is that you know the principles. If you can't apply them why learn them."

After a month of excursions into territory unfamiliar to them I had them humbled and slowly grasping certain new ideas. I knew I was regarded with respect. It was the one conquest in the two years I spent as the Preceptress of the Poland Union Seminary

of which I was proud.

Before these two years were up Mr. Lee must have realized he would never get from me the help he needed in his ambition to preserve the school as a Seminary, that I would never become another Miss Blakeley. He wanted some one ambitious to make teaching a life work. I was not. Teaching was a mere stepping stone in my plan of life and at Poland Union Seminary it had proved a slippery stone. From the time I bounded out of bed in the morning, for in those days I did bound out of bed, until I dropped into it at an early hour, dead tired, I had no time for my microscope. It had become rusty on the table, but the passion for it and what it might reveal was still strong in me. My confidence that I could save money to continue my studies on five hundred dollars a year had proved illusory. I found myself coming out short, obliged to borrow from my father. There came to be a mutual, if unspoken, agreement between Mr. Lee and me that I better resign. Neither of us was getting what he had hoped and so at the end of the second year, June 1882, I gave up teaching as a stepping stone.

So far as I could then see or did see for a long time this first effort at an independent self-directing life was an interlude which had no relation to what I wanted at the time to do or what as it turned out I did do. Looking at those two years now is like looking into a long-forgotten sketch book.

There are pictures of Poland before my eyes and these pictures stir memories. Always at first I see the long white roads leading out from the town - the Struthers road - the Youngstown road - the Mahoning road - and there are certain definite things along them. And so much not there that was there undoubtedly.

There are curious unrelated persons and scenes. There is Uncle Billious, a little old man who lived on the edge of town in a big white house who used to come to see me and kiss my hand when he went away to the more or less scandalized amusement of my friends. Kissing your hand was not a common practice in Poland, Ohio. It savored of something foreign, something intimate and secret, but nothing more innocent in all the world could have been than Uncle Billious' kissing of my hand.

There is the delightful old Irishman who for a year was my landlord, a famous horseman in his day. He won my heart by his wit and perhaps a little by his lawlessness for he did startling things after his occasional sprees. He owned a magnificent stallion not only his chief support but come to be/his one intimate friend. One morning when I came down to the dining room I found him gently and quietly enticing that hugh and beautiful beast into the room. I stood paralyzed until he had him over the threshold and then just as quietly and gently had backed him out and taken him to his stable.

More important are impressions of the village itself, its ~~social~~ structure. It was in Poland I first learned that all communities have dregs, slums. Strange that it should as Poland
~~be~~ be in such a place/but here it was - a disreputable fringe where a group of men and women had long been living together with or without marriage. ... You heard strange tales of incest and lust, of complete moral and social irresponsibility and they were having a scandalously jolly time of it. Why I was not more shocked I do not know, probably the fact that incest and lust were almost unknown words to me in those days.

And there were indelible impressions of the industrial world. When we drove into Youngstown ten miles away we passed between iron furnaces lying along the Mahoning River. After the long depression of the '70's they were again busy and into the valley were coming hundreds and hundreds of foreigners whom the news there was once again work in the United States brought from Europe. It was in passing through the very heart of this furnace district one night returning from the theatre that I first learned of the terrible dangers that lie in the smelting of ore. A furnace had burst, men had been trapped by the molten metal and their charred remains were being carried across the road. Unforgetable horror.

And it was on one of these chance drives that I first saw what women can do in moments of frenzied protest against situations which they cannot control, first had my faith challenged in the universally peaceful nature of my sex. I learned the meaning of Maenads/as we came upon a maddened, threatening Furies
crowd rushing towards the offices of the mills which had been

shut down without warning. It was led by big robust/shrieking women their hair flying, their clothes disheveled . It was a look into a world of which I knew nothing, but like the charred bodies carried across the road as I rode from the theatre it was an unforgetable thing.

There were other introductions to the industrial world less horrifying. It was while in Poland that I first went into a coal mine, a deep old-fashioned coal mine, a subsidiary to a farm. Under some of these great farms with their blooded sheep, their fine orchards and fields, their horses and ponies, coal had been found. And it was being mined as a sideline of the farm, a new kind of crop. All about the farm were little houses for the miners and when dull times came and the mine was shut down then the farmers took on the care of them. There was a slaughter of an immense number of pigs, the putting down of barrels of pork, the smoking of an incredible number of hams, the making of sausages and head cheese.

"But why, why all this?" I asked.

"Oh," said my hostess, "mining is unstable business. When there are long shut downs we must help the miners out and to see that they have food."

The most lasting impressions and experiences in this Poland interlude had little or nothing to do with my work in the Seminary. They came from the friendships I formed while that work went on, centering in the family of the understanding

gentleman who had at the outset stopped me on the street to say, "keep a stiff upper lip." His daughter Clara became and remains one of my dearest friends. Mrs. Walker treated me as a daughter and as for Robert Walker who still called me "Sis" he liked to have me around and to give me a word of wise counsel now and then. It is because I learned him to be in those months as kindly, shrewd, honest, simple-minded man as I have ever known that I must interrupt my narrative long enough to put in here the story of one of the cruelest episodes of which I personally have known in the fifty years that I have been a more or less understanding observer of our national political life. The story is that of Robert Walker and his one-time friend William McKinley, the twenty-fifth president of the United States.

When I became an intimate of the Walker household a person I often heard mentioned by its head was "the Major" - Major McKinley. Now it was not in 1880 a name unfamiliar to me. I had met it already at Allegheny College where McKinley had once been a student. When the Civil War broke out he had joined the exodus of students who volunteered at the first call. He had come out of the War a Major, studied law and settled in Canton, Ohio, only sixty or seventy miles from Poland and in the same Congressional District. Here in 1876 - the Mahoning district as it was called - had sent him to Congress. It was a matter of interest in Allegheny in my time this having one of its former students turn out a Congressman, its usual crop being teachers, preachers and missionaries.

When I came to Poland I learned quickly that McKinley had lived there as a boy, had attended the Seminary and was their proudest example of "the boy who had made good." For four years he had been their Congressman. How they boasted of him!

I was not long in the Walker's household before I sensed something more in Robert Walker than a citizen's pride in McKinley. It was that species of adoration a modest honest-minded man often has for his leader - his leader who can do no wrong. I realized this when I first saw them together. The Major had come to our Seminary Commencement in June of 1881. I remember nothing at all of the speech he made but vividly the scene on the wide green in front of the Village Church after the exercises were over. Scores upon scores of girls and women in the frilly white gowns, the long white feather boas, the flower trimmed hats, the gay parasols of the period, were scattered about, and in and out wound the Major shaking hands, smiling, exchanging friendly greetings - all together at home - no back slapping - no kissing of babies. It was all so gentle, so like a picture of an English garden party where the politics are hidden beneath the finest of social veneers. And there was Robert Walker almost effulgent.

"Well, sis," he asked me later, "what do you think of the Major?" A remark to which he expected no answer. What answer other than his could there be?

What I did not know then was that from the beginning of William McKinley's political career Robert Walker had been his chief and for a time I think his only financial backer. Beginning with his first campaign for Congress in 1875 Mr. Walker had advanced the Major $2,000.00 for expenses. He continued equal advances before each successive campaign, the understanding being that $1,000.00 a year was to be paid on the debt.

Along with this financial support went a staunch support of all the Major's political ideas. These ideas were those of the Republican party and for men like Robert Walker the party was hallowed. It was "the party of Lincoln." Loyalty to Lincoln required loyalty to all that was directly or indirectly connected with him.

"Is Robert Lincoln a dude?" one of my Mahoning County acquaintances asked me years later when I told him that I had been talking with Robert Lincoln about his father.

"Is he a dude? by which he meant as I took it a kind of Ward McAllister.

"No, no, not that," I assured him.

"Well, he said reflectively, "even if he was a dude I would vote for him for president because he is Abraham Lincoln's son."

The chief test of loyalty to the party of Lincoln in Ohio was the degree of support given to the high protective

tariff. William McKinley's support was devout and unqualified. He looked on a duty so low that it allowed importations as a species of treason. There was tin plate for example.

The year that I went to Poland, 1880, McKinley first espoused a duty on tin plate. There was strong opposition among iron and steel manufacturers. They felt they already had all they could look after in Congress but when they told this to McKinley his answer was that unless they supported tin plate he would not support their tariffs. Naturally they yielded and tin plate was added to their list of protegé. McKinley felt so sure of ultimate victory for the duty that he evidently did not hesitate to advise his friends to get ready for its coming. At all events he encouraged Robert Walker, suggested to him in fact that he establish in Youngstown, Ohio, a stamping plant for the making of tin ware taking with him as partners his brother Abner and his brother-in-law Andrew J. Duncan. As neither of these men had money to invest the "Major" gave to Mr. Walker a sheaf of signed notes to be used whenever he had need of money.

Now Robert Walker was not a manufacturer; he was a farmer and a good one - a coal operator - the banker of the Village of Poland and the sourrounding country, but it was not in Robert Walker's nature to refuse to help the Major or his relatives in their ambitions as he had already frequently proved. Moreover, his faith in McKinley's wisdom was such that he could not conceive of failure in anything he advised.

The plant was started in 1890. There could not have been a more unlucky moment to launch a new industry. The long depression of the nineties was beginning. Iron and steel ~~industry~~ were already seriously effected. Money was tight. Robert Walker found himself almost at once forced to use the Major's notes. He found only too soon that he had embarked on a hopeless undertaking and in February of 1893 the works were closed.

Now at that moment Mark Hanna and his colleagues on the National Republican Committee were counting on William McKinley to win the Presidential election for them in 1896. The announcement that he was involved in the Walker failure to the tune of some one hundred thousand dollars, more than the combined fortune of himself and wife, was a cruel blow to their plan. McKinley was straight forward with them. He had signed the notes; he must give up politics, go back to the law and pay his honest debts. But that could not be permitted. He was too important - one hundred thousand dollars was a small sum compared to what the Republican Committee expected from his election. The money was raised - not so quietly. It became necessary to explain how McKinley had become involved to this amount and the explanation which McKinley's political friends put out was that he was a victim of "a man named Walker" as Mark Hanna's able biographer, Herbert Croly, calls him - a man whom he had trusted and who had deceived him as to the amount of money he was raising on his notes.

That is, the Republican committee deliberately put on Robert Walker the stigma of fraud, presented him to the public as a man who had betrayed confidence and William McKinley never denied their presentation.

I have it from Robert Walker and from his daughter that no notes of William McKinley was ever cashed without consulting him and I believe them. Moreover, Abner McKinley and Andrew Duncan were in this enterprise and knew what was going on. It is an interesting fact that when my friend Clara Walker who kept the books for the McKinleys and her father went the morning after the failure to her office in Youngstown all her books had disappeared along with many papers which belonged to the firm.

I had been living abraod for two years when all this happened, but just before I had left America I had talked with Robert Walker about his venture - the money he was trying to raise on McKinley's notes. His confidence was untarnished.

"The Major knows, Sis. He will see this thing through. I'd do anything to back him."

And he did. When on my return I went to see my friends I found they had given up practically everything and that Robert Walker himself was utterly broken by the ignominy heaped on him.

I begged him to give me his side of the story, let me tell it, told him I would never rest until I had an opportunity

to put down what I knew of his long support of the Major's ambitions, what I believed of him as a man of unselfish integrity. He absolutely and finally refused, "Nobody would ever believe the Major could do anything wrong. I didn't."

But the Major had allowed the oldest and most loyal friend he had in his public life to be ruined not only in fortune but in reputation. Now that Robert Walker and Mrs. Walker are both gone and reviving the episode can no longer give them pain it gives me a certain solace to put down the story as I believe it to be true.

I was leaving Poland but what was I to do? Today with my passion for the microscope still but little dimmed, ~~discovered, today, 1936,~~ I would naturally seek a place in one of the many laboratories now open to women. Hundreds of women in the country bent on scientific research are now in industrial institutional or governmental laboratories, but in 1882 there was almost nothing of that kind open to women. The change is due first to the tremendous advance in scientific research, second to the way women have proved their adaptability to laboratory work. No doubt the great majority of them are, like the majority of women in offices, laboratory wives, but we have inspired workers among them. Probably all things considered as large a proportion as among men.

If things had been as they were in 1876 when I asked my father if he could put me through college and he had so

cheerfully and happily I think agreed I could have gone to him now and asked to be financed for higher studies. But things were not as they were and it would have been quite out of the question in 1882 when I decided that my first step towards economic independence was mistaken, that I must find another for him to have financed me - the country was coming into a new depression, that of '83 and '84 and the oil business was in a serious state for those who produced the oil.

But my home was open, wide open. I think it was this fact that is at the bottom of my strong conviction that the home as an essential link in the security of men and women. After one has gone out on his own there fraquently comes a time when he is thrown out. To have a refuge of which he is sure is one of the most heartening and stabilizing experiences in a life. If my Poland venture was a failure professionally it did not throw me on the street; I had a place to go and think it over. When I asked my mother if it would be all right for me to go home her answer was what it always was to be in the future when I was obliged as I was more than once to make the request. "Of course, that is your right." That is, my father and mother looked on the home they had created not as something belonging only to them - a place they had for their comfort and privacy, where they were protected - it was a place for all of those in the family procession who had no other place to go. In turn I saw that home opened to grandmother and grandfather, aunts and uncles, cousins and grandchildren,

quite regardless of the extra burden it put on their resources, limitations on their space, the extra irritations and complications that are always bred by the injection of extra persons, however beloved and close, into a settled group.

It was in June 1882 that I went back home, dusted my desk in the Tower room now shared with my sister's play house and dolls - set up my microscope and went to work on the Hydrozoa. But not for long.

It was the custom of the Tarbell household to do its part in entertaining the Methodist ministers and presiding elders who periodically "filled the pulpit" of our Church. In the winter after my return from the Poland venture we had a guest - an important local personage, Dr. Theodore L. Flood - a preacher who had retired from active ministery to take the editorship of a magazine called The Chautauquan, edited and published in the town thirty miles from Titusville where I had so recently spent four years - Meadville, the home of Allegheny College.

On this visit Dr. Flood asked me "to help him out" for a month or two in a new department in his magazine. I was quick to accept, glad to be useful, for I had grown up with what was called the Chautauqua Movement. Indeed, it had been almost as much a part of my life as the oil business, and in its way it was as typically American, and if we had a true measure for values more important.

The geographical starting point of the movement was Chautauqua Lake, a long lovely sheet of water only some fifty miles from my home. Near the head of the Lake lay an old Chautauqua County town, Mayville; at its foot Jamestown where my father for several years had been a student in the Academy and from which in vacations he had gone on his annual trip down the Ohio.

In my childhood our grandest excursions had been a day at Chautauqua. Loaded with big baskets of lunch we took an early train to Mayville, changed there to a little white steamer: zi-zagged the length of the lake, twenty or so miles, stopping at Point after Point. We ate our lunch en route and at Jamestown went up town to drink a bottle of "pop." And then came the slow return, home where we arrived after dark exhausted by pleasure.

Three or four miles from Mayville on the West side of the Lake jutted a wooded promontory - Fair Point - the site in those days of a Methodist camp meeting. They had found as president of their Association a man justly respected in all that part of the world for his good deeds, as well as his business acumen - Lewis Miller, a manufacturer of Akron, Ohio. Mr. Miller was to come to be known nationally as the father-in-law of Thomas Edison, but old time Chautauquans put it the other way - "Edison is Lewis Miller's son-in-law." That was enough recommendation for Edison in their minds.

Lewis Miller's interest in Chautauqua went beyond the annual camp meeting. He saw the opportunity to build up there a summer home where parents could give their children healthy out-of-door amusement, protection from the evil ways of the unregenerate and sound modern instruction in the Bible. Their sympathy with this program induced a half dozen families in the Titusville Methodist Church to join in the purchase of a lot on the outskirts of the grounds and start a Titusville settlement - a cottage with a mess hall and a few rooms - tents serving as sleeping quarters for extras. Father joined the colony soon after we moved to Titusville. We had a tent and a flat-bottomed boat.

The religious and intellectual life of Chautauqua meant nothing to me in those years. But in 1874 something happened that dragged me away from the water. Lewis Miller had persuaded the most eminent advocate of the Sunday School in America, Dr. afterwards Bishop John H. Vincent to select Fair Point as the home of a National Inter-denonimational Sunday School Institute which he and those who saw with him had been for sometime planning. The first session of this new organization was held in 1874 under the name of the Chautauqua Assembly. It was recognized at once as a revolution upsetting the old order.

The most spectacular feature of the revolution was the Chautauqua Platform where great speakers of the day were heard on all sorts of subjects - concerts given - scientific experiments performed - stirring, challenging contacts with current intellectual life.

A man better fitted by experience, conviction and personality to persuade a half-a-sleep, wholly satisfied community to accept a new order could not have been found in the America of the '80's. John Vincent at this time was forty two years old - handsome, confident, alert, energetic, radiating well being. And he was an orator, and orating at Chautauqua made men tolerant even of heresy. He went about his business of organizing the work of the Assembly with a skill which commanded the admiration of everybody, even those hostile to the secularization of their beloved campmeeting. As a platform manager I never have known his equal. He had magnetism, but he knew when and how to turn it on; he was shrewd, cunning, pungent. He pricked bubbles, disciplined his audience. The Chautauqua audience came to be one of the best behaved out-of-door audiences in the country. The fact that we were out of doors had persuaded us that we were free to leave meetings if we were bored or suddenly remembered that we had left bread in the oven or that the baby must have wakened. When the performance had been stopped once or twice to "give that lady a chance to go out without further disturbing the speaker" we learned to stay at home or to sit out the lecture.

There is only one word to describe what Dr. Vincent did to Chautauqua and that is electrification. The community was made up mainly of hard-working men and women who wanted a vacation in surroundings where they "did not have to worry about the children." Certainly if high fences with gates through which

you could not pass in or out after ten P.M - never pass without your ticket, and not even with one on Sundays, if watchful guards and ten o'clock curfew, if a mass public opinion on the part of elders in support of these restrictions, could have suppressed all the mischief and lawlessness in the youth which swarmed Chautauqua, parents were right in sleeping tranquilly. As a matter of fact I never knew of any serious offenses though there probably were many but I was still too much of a little girl to recognize them. The worst mischief in which I personally assisted was playing tag up and down the relief model of Palestine which skirted the Lake as Palestine does the Mediterranean. It was spotted with plaster-of-Paris models of towns from Damascus to Bethsaida. I remember one rule of our game was that you could not be tagged if you straddled Jerusalem. The most serious vandalism of which I knew and in which I had no part was stealing Damascus or Nazareth on Tyre and carrying it away bodily.

Dr. Vincent did not change the restrictions, but he made them more endurable by the fresh interest he put into our lives. His effect on the community physically was immediate. It began to grow. The sound of the hammers nailing together the, for the most part, flimsy cottages was never still. The result was very like what Mark Twain found in the summer colony of Onteora in the Catskills in its first year - "the partitions so thin you can hear the women changing their minds."

Housekeeping improved. It had been as sketchy as the cottages - picnic housekeeping. No one can understand the

social life of a great body of the American people in the '80's and '90's without understanding the hold the picnic had on them - the picnic in summer - the sleigh ride and suppers in winter. The Tarbell household ~~xxx~~ took the picnic so seriously that it had a special equipment of stout market baskets, tin cups and plates, steel knives and forks, tin spoons, worn napkins (the paper ones were then unheard of) Their menus were as fixed as that for a Thanksgiving dinner: - veal loaf, cold tongue, hard boiled eggs - "two apiece" - buttered rusks, spiced peaches, jelly, cucumber pickles, chow chow, cookies, doughnuts (~~we~~ called them fried cakes) and a special family cake. And you ate until you were full.

It was natural and simple for people so trained to adapt its picnic technique to housekeeping at the Lake. You saw them at it, out in the rear of their cottages, over an old wood stove, or stone fireplace stove, the men in their shirt sleeves, the women in big aprons, if not wrappers. Planks on saw horses for tables, mats (we had not learned to say d'oiles yet) benches for seats. The natural practice of bringing discarded furniture from home to furnish their cottages led to the only distinctive piece of Chautauqua furniture I recall - a long high-backed bench made from an old-fahioned four poster bedstead. There were few garrets in all the country about Chautauqua that did not harbor one or more. They had been hidden away when families could afford the new styled quartered oak or walnut bed room suites. Some ingenious mind had seen that by shortening the

side pieces of a four poster to seat width, using the head board for a back, you had a commodious, and with cushions a comfortable seat, even couch. They were scattered all over the place.

With the coming of Dr. Vincent Chautauqua rapidly developed a Park Avenue along the South end of the Lake Front. Cottages here were lathed and plastered, had wicker chairs on their verandahs and the residents soon were taking their meals at the really stately Auditorium Hotel. It was in this front row that Dr. & Mrs. Vincent came to live in a tent, a tent de luxe with a real house, so it looked to us behind it.

Sometimes when we were properly dressed and shod we walked past the hotel and the cottages housing our aristocrats and if by chance we saw Dr. or Mrs. Vincent or best of all the "Vincent's little boy" - George we later learned his name to be - why then we boasted of it at the supper table as one might say today, "I saw President Roosevelt, Mrs. Roosevelt, "Sissie", "Buzzie."

Dr. Vincent kept the place on its toes not only by the steady improvement of its platform, its amusements, in the quality of the people who came to teach and preach, but by a steady flow of new undertakings. His active sympathetic persistant nature drove him to incessant planning for the intellectual and social improvement of his followers, as well as for the awakening and developing of their religious nature.

He sought to stir them to undertake the enrichment of their lives. We came to expect new ideas at each successive session and were never disappointed if sometimes a little bewildered!

His master-piece as I always thought came in 1878 when he laid before his Chautauquans a plan which had been long simmering in his never quiet mind. He did this in the finest of what we call inspirational talks that I ever heard - at least it stirred me so deeply that I have never forgotten the face of the orator, no more important the upturned faces of his hearers. It was his announcement of The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, a four year course of home reading under the direction of the Chautauqua management for men and women who had missed a college education but who felt a deep desire for knowledge and were willing to adopt any practical plan which would give them a college outlook. Now this does not sound exciting but as a matter of fact it was deeply exciting for the speaker was pouring out his heart. He had never had a college education; he had never ceased to feel the lack of what he believed it would have given him. He had struggled to make up for his loss by persistant systematic daily reading and study. Establishing the habit as a boy he had never abandoned it. It had given him deep satisfaction, supplied, he thought, the college outlook. He believed there were thousands of men and women in the United States scores possibly hundreds in his audience who had been forced, as he had been, to sacrifice their early ambitions for a liberal

education. They had hidden the hunger in their hearts when at times it still gnawed. He was offering them the same help he had found and confidently glowingly he outlined the course of home reading which Dr. John H. Finley has so aptly characterized as the American Adult Education Pioneer.

The uplifted faces all about me told the story, particularly the faces of the women of thirty or more. Women of that generation had had their natural desire for knowledge intensified by the Womans Rights Movement in which the strongest plank had been a demand for the opportunity for higher education. These women were now beyond the day when they could go to college, but here was something which they saw intuitively was practical. ~~thing~~

The immediacy of their response was in a degree accounted for by their devotion to Dr. Vincent. I suppose most of the women who frequented Chautauqua were more or less in love with him, the worship a man of overflowing sentiment receives from the benches, but most of his audience would have preferred to die rather than to reveal their secret passion.

Well, it was a great emotionsl experience with large and immediate practical results for before the summer session was over eight thousand people had joined the Chautauwua Literary and Scientific Circle.

They had joined and they were buying the books chosen. The most important volume in that first year's course

was Green's "Short History of the English People." A sudden demand for so large and expensive a volume outside of regular trade channels followed as it was by spectacular sales of other books from which neither publisher nor writer had expected anything out of the normal, set the whole publishing world agog, and naturally raised the question, "How are we to get in on this new market?"

There were many approaches, all legitimate enough so far as I know. I found a rather amusing proof of one not long ago in Marjorie Wiggin Prescott's fine collection of manuscripts and rare books - a volume of Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur" enriched by a letter to the publisher, signed by Mrs. Wallace and dated November 24, 1884. The letter which is self-explanatory is reproduced here with Mrs. Prescott's permission.

"Crawfordsville
Nov. 24, 1884

"Dear Sir

Because of inquiries of correspondents as to the number of wives Gen. Wallace has had, I have thought best to instruct you to add to the dedication of Ben-Hur, making it:

To
The Wife of My Youth
who still abides with me.

This with Gen. Wallace's consent.

Several literary clubs have made it a handbook for study in connection with Roman History. If by some means you

could have it adopted by the Chataqua Club, which numbers twenty thousand members, it might be worth while to try. Pardon the suggestion.

May I ask you to furnish me a report of the sales of Ben-Hur, year by year, from the beginning?

With high regard,

Very truly yours

Susan E. Wallace."

As the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle grew there came increasing necessity of a steady sympathetic administration. To help in this task it was decided in 1880 to establish a monthly organ - The Chautauquan it was to be called - in which portions of the required readings could be published more cheaply than in book form and through which by counsel and suggestions the leaders could keep in close touch with the readers - better meet their needs. Dr. Vincent was quick to sense weak places in the organization and ingenious in devising ways to take care of them. It was to try out one of his devices that Dr. Flood was now asking my temporary help.

Here was the situation that had been uncovered - hundreds of those who had joined the great circle and bought its books were without dictionaries, enclyopaedias, explanatory help of any kind, and they lived too far away - on the Plains - in the mountains - on distant farms to reach libraries. Headquarters were inundated with questions - how do you pronounce this word - translate this phrase? Who was this man - this woman? What does this or that mean?"