Washington was helping in my weaning. The city as I knew it in the 1890's is lost in the Washington of the 1930's. The pivots on which it swings, the Capitol, the White House, were there to be sure. So was the Washington Monument but they stood by themselves for the nearby flanking was so unpretentious ~~that they dominated~~. Today they are almost lost in the piles of marble heaped about them to accommodate the needs of the last frantic twenty years. The town has stretched unbelievably to the Northwest. Where once were wide lawns, wooded tracks, pleasant walks, are now acres upon acres of apartment houses and hotels. They have engulfed the delightful Woodly Lane where my friends the Hubbards lived and they have changed no less. I had become almost one of the family, was freely invited to meet their friends.

Their circle was wide, including diplomates and statesmen and eminent visitors though its core was the large group of distinguished scientists which made up the working forces of the Smithsonian Institute and the Agricultural Department, the Geological Survey, the Bureau of Mines, the Observatory. An ~~great and~~ important group they were and nobody in town appreciated them more or took more pains to show his appreciation than Mr. Hubbard. Naturally the center of this group was Alexander Graham Bell married to the Hubbard's daughter, Mabel.

The Bells lived across the Avenue from the Hubbards and I soon had the good fortune to be welcomed there, a great privilege for both Mr. and Mrs. Bell were rare persons. Mrs. Bell's story is well known but it was only in seeing her with her husband and daughter that one could realize what fine intellect

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65

When my friends the Hallocks visited in summer
left behind their beautiful corn came ~~and~~ on the advance
~~one of the~~ Corn are close to Dupont Circle. Had
close to Where it merges into ~~The Circle~~ ~~left~~
A dress ~~was~~ ~~was~~ just beginning to be pumpkin by the
~~I don't know~~ ~~and~~ ~~when~~ were ~~was~~ just beginning to
find their way with the Circle. Group Vertaynes had
~~been~~ ~~been~~ there, 20 and when we Lilian & Chicago,
old Washington ~~was~~ ~~was~~ at their dinner 2
their ways, capped at the Lilian "spiral stair-
case" as she said it ~~was~~ called it. A ~~was~~ dress
just at the ~~was~~ ~~was~~ reported white velet satin elastic.
They received the ~~was~~ ~~was~~ of their names
announced by the social ~~was~~ ~~was~~ a dip-
matic circle. ~~was~~ then ~~was~~ announced by the
paid for ~~was~~ ~~was~~ ~~was~~

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the Hubbards

Where my friends and they became shaped no less
the ~~basis of quality about them~~

2 and became almost one of the family - was privileged
to meet him freely

Their circle of friends was wide, including different
nationalities & eminent writers they [illegible] & one
~~one~~ was ~~friend~~ of the large group of distinguished
scientists interested when Mabel was the
moving force of the ~~state institution~~ ~~in the~~
Smithsonian ~~Institution~~ the agricultural department
the Geological Survey,
the Bureau of Mines, the Forestry - Agent &
influential group they were and ~~friendly~~ in their
~~contact~~ & appreciation Mabel was a life
pass to ~~also~~ their appreciation of the Hubbard &
Naturally the ~~center~~ of this group was Alexander
Graham Bell - the Bells and became the ~~annual~~ avenues
from the Hubbards - ~~the~~ ~~to~~ as I ~~was~~ had the
good fortune to be ~~welcomed~~ there ~~at~~ ~~Baddeck~~
I passed ~~vacations~~ with the ~~Bell~~ ~~Bell~~ ~~Bell~~
Mr. Bell & ~~Mrs~~ daughter at the

a great privilege for

and what an unspoiled and courageous character she had. Deaf and dumb from infancy Mr . Hubbard had determined to open life to her. Among the teachers of speech he brought to her was a young man then teaching at Harvard - Alexander Graham Bell. Under his tutelage she made rapid strides and the two young people had learned to love one another. At that time Mr. Bell was giving his nights to trying to "make iron talk." When he had proved his point Mr. Hubbard held him to developing his invention "for Mabel's sake" I once heard Mr. Hubbard say. Probably no other argument would have persuaded him for Alexander Graham Bell was the type of inventor whose interest flagged when he had solved the problem proved it could be done. Let somebody else take care of the development. He was off on a new voyage of discovery.

That the telephone was developed to be a commercial possibility by Mr. Bell and that Mr Bell he and all the family reaped riches from it invention was due largely to Gardiner Hubbard's keen persistant proding him, "You can't have my daughter until you prove it practical", was his ultimatum and when he had it was done proved it was practical it was Mr. Hubbard who telephoned in pocket- his went about the country demonstrating its possibilities interesting friends, even enlisting the man Theodore Vail whose organizing genius made it the great industry it is.

At the time I came into the circle Mr. Bell was, I think, the handsomest and certainly the most striking figure in Washington. It was amusing to hear people discussing who was the handsomest men man in town. There were various candidates -

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General Miles, General Greeley, General John Foster, but while I concluded they all had their points no one of them had the distinction of Alexander Graham Bell and no one certainly had a gayer, more boyish appetite for what he found good in life. He was more like Masa Henry Watterson in that than anybody I have ever known though the activities and interests of the two were utterly different.

Mr. Bell's plan of living was modelled to suit himself. He slept through the day when the interruptions naturally came and the telephone most often rang. If sleepless he played the piano. Mrs. Bell could not hear and the rest of the family being young and devoted were never disturbed. He was up and began his day around four to nine. Often there were guests for dinner for everybody of note the world over who came to Washington wanted to meet him. On Wednesdays after dinner there usually gathered a group of scientists and public men to talk things over. Mr. Bell was something to see at these gatherings, the finest social impresario I ever saw in action, so welcoming, appreciate, eager, receptive. I thought then I had never seen anybody so generous about what others were doing. He loved to draw out great stories of adventure, discovery, and would silence all talkers when once his guests were started. Partly this was because of Mrs. Bell, his intense desire that she enjoy everything that was going on and she did thanks to the intelligent devotion of her splendid daughter.

The most distinguished member of this Washington

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Mr Bell - his wife died - the only
surviving child - was going on. And she died
leaving to the intelligent direction of her
daughter, who ~~he~~ ~~spoke~~ upon the readers
read - ~~& one of their~~ ~~reading~~ the contra-
dictions of the day go on.

Mr Bell at this time was personally
acquainted with problems of physics - as such -
of the universe ~~with~~ =

The most distinguished member of this
valuable group of scientists connected
with ~~the~~ ~~Smithsonian~~ institution at that time
was Mr Bell was Prof Samuel Pierpont Langley - the
head of the Smithsonian Institute at
that time ~~&~~ ~~was~~ ~~in~~ the problems of physics -
Mr Bell with the rest ~~all~~ ~~of~~ ~~Bell~~
gave ~~his~~ sympathy with the man
working with what they termed ~~in~~
called a crazy distraction - Mr gave
it ~~to~~ Prof L

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Gilbert Grosvenor

Elsie & Marian - the girl - now the wife of the
[illegible] of the [illegible] founder of the Geographic Magazine - the secretary
of Daniel Gandhi [illegible] head of the U.S. Bureau of Foreign Relations
- who is when the picture was a
big debt for service.

Roland & explorer Book.

Who organized the bureau of the Agricultural Department and known as Foreign Plant Introduction

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group of scientists after Mr. Bell was Professor Samuel Pierpont Langley, the head of the Smithsonian Institute, and at that time agonizing over the problem of flying.

When I first met Dr. Langley in 1894 he was working on his air runner or aerodrome, a machine which, as I gathered from the talk I heard which I did not very well understand, was to run over the air as an engine does on rails. He finally came out with a machine weighing about twenty five pounds made up of a pair of rigid wings, twelve to fifteen feet across, and an engine which weighed not over seven pounds. It had cost him four years work to develop it to that lightness. But would it fly? Could it be launched? Attempts were made from a house boat down the Potomac river. These experiments were carried on with the utmost secrecy for Dr. Langley was a taciturn man, proud, dignified, always awesome to me. He knew that there was a public that thought him a little touched and wondered that the Government should keep him at the head of a great national institution a man who held the crazy notion that one day people would fly and who was willing to give his days and nights to proving it.

When I first met Dr. Langley he was working on his air runner or aerodrome. It was to run on the air, as I understood it as an engine does on the rails. Little as I understood what it was all about I gathered from the talk I heard at Mr. Bell's that Dr. Langley's problem was how was he to get an engine light enough to raise the wings? These wings were rigid. How as he to launch it?

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Dr. Bell took the most genuine and enthusiastic interest in Dr. Langley's experiments, was always present I think when an attempt to launch the airorunner was made. I recall his disappointment when it fell and his rejoicing when it did finally fly. This was one day in May of 1896.

Then on that May day - I have heard him tell ~~about it~~ - how suddenly when it was started it rose up to one hundred feet and flew in a big circle. And it did not fall but made a perfect landing. The little company that had been there so many times could not believe their eyes. Again it was launched and again it flew, and this time it went over the land and over the tree tops, came back to the river and when its power was exhausted settled quietly onto the water.

Dr. Langley came back to say, "I shall not see it, but men will fly, will do business in the air."

Inside that little circle at Dr. Bell's there was the consciousness of a great discovery, a certain solemnity at that again it had been proved that labor, training, thought, patience, faith are not in vain.

Mr. McClure was as excited as any one of the Washington group. He must immediately have an article on the news about it from Dr Langley himself and I was commissioned to get it. I think perhaps it was a little strain on Dr. Langley's goodwill to have a young woman come to him and say, "Now we want the whole story of how you have done this thing, what it means, and we want it told in language so simple that I can understand it, for if I can understand it all the world can", which he probably knew, knowing me, was true.

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And so he consented and I had the privilege of talking with him occasionally about the article, of reading what he did and saying once or twice, "I don't see quite what that means." And having the satisfaction of his making it clear enough for me to understand. And so a year after the Langley contraption first flew we had in McClures Magazine the whole story.

As a reward for my persistent effort to see that article come out to his satisfaction he gave me the greatest treat he ever gave his friends. He took me to the Rock Creek Zoo after the crowds had gone. It is perhaps not generally known that the wonderful Rock Creek Park is one of many things the country owes to Professor Langley. It was he who persuaded Congress to buy the land to apply its men to develop it and to establish a Zoo there. How he did enjoy the animals. The day that he took me there he had the keeper make the kangaroo jump and the hyena laugh , two of the strangest things I have ever seen.

But the public interest in what he had done, the honors that came to him, did but little, I think to heal the soreness, to wipe out the bitterness that ridicule had caused. "There was a time," he said as he was going to England to take the degree which Oxford University, I believe it was, was giging him, "there was a time I should have been glad of this. It means little now." Yet he had his moments of strong emotion. There was the attack of the Turk on Greece in 1897. I had never realized until then the passionate sympathy aroused in the youth of this country by the war of Turk in Greece. The new war stirred the memories of the elderly in Washington.

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Rarely have I ever been more moved than at a dinner at Mr. Hubbards soon after the Turco Greek war began in 1897. A half dozen men of seventy or threabouts were at the table, among them Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, Major Powell, Edward Everett Hale and Dr. Langley. They talked only of Greece and her helplessness before the Turk. It was to Greece, said Senator Hoar that he first gave money of his own, a long treasured twenty five cent piece, and then Dr. Hale and Dr. Langley fell to quoting Bryon. "The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece."

"Earth render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three
To make a new Thermopylae."

"It was Bryon," said Dr. Langley with an emotion of which "I had thought him invaluable of who first stirred in me an enthusiasm for men's struggles for freedom, to a desire to join those who fight for it." He thought Bryon first.

It opened England's eyes to her duty, to the opposed of the continent of Europe and at the same time opened the eyes of the continent to English literature, its love of liberty, its sympathy with the helpless. Certainly here was a Dr. Langley I had never before glimpsed.

But this was not all of Washington I was seeing. As in Paris I had set aside time for acquainting myself with the city. So now I did in Washington taking time to go to the Capitol when debates promised excitement to see all great official shows. When McKinley's inauguration came I arranged to see it

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By such scraps I will imperfectly
did Ann come Marye Van Cortlandt
to be what she is -?
4 But I did not. Nearly 6
Summer about. I started to
pass the (W) of 30 year officer
Quarter Cafferdy the adornments
220 I went to Tea
Wm K.

compared with the extraordinary
life I never yet

(11) So now I did to learn Wadsworth but

Thus many years I passed, the new ~~middle-aged~~
me of that kind of experience that subtle opinion
that fully I patience with men which made Bonaparte
a great human being to me - more more like one of
ripe claim of old palaces, grand sheets, sudden corner
B. Betty Wadsworth had taken it upon it ~~was~~ but
promise ~~promised~~ I had that the abbreviation and it did.
but known it own Parker it was the pull of pride in what I
had done in that ten than a extended year since
Geo Wadsworth mind with the White House & Capitol
the Capitol. and then I had a problem to think about
the the Wadsworth Quincy knew - 22 went about with him
from D. C. to War dept, up to the Congress - down to the
Arsenal - into to the I had transport, driving to the
Soldiers' Home in ~~summer~~ over to Arlington. The main incident
tragedy ~~Potomac~~ almost every step he took on the form depicted that -
unfinished sheets, gave a meaning & a sanctity to the two hills.

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all, once I told myself would do forever, as it has. I began after breakfast and did not stop until the Inaugural Ball was far on its way. That fine old Pennsylvania Congressman Galusha Grow on of my Lincoln acquisitions invited me to join his party at his rooms in the Willard Hotel for the Procession. I had a seat in the Senate Gallery and for the Inaugural address and a ticket for the ball. A fine colorful sight-seeing experience, a series of pictures which have never quite faded. Years later one of these pictures brought me a curious bit of minor political history. I was trying to persuade Richard Olney to write the story of the Venezuela message for McClures and remarked that the first time I met him was at the McKinley Inaugural Ball. To my surprise he blushed.

"There was a reason for my presence." Outgoing cabinet members are not expected to attend the Inaugural Ball of a new president. (I hadn't known that or of course I should not have spoken) But that morning General Miles, then head of the army came to me to say that there were murmurs of an attempt on McKinley's life. "Suppose that both he and Hobart should be assassinated before a new cabinet is appointed, you would be acting president. You must go to the Ball, walk with Mrs. McKinley." I didn't like the idea but General Miles insisted so I went but the new president walked with his wife and I had to hang around conscious that more than one Republican was saying, 'What's Olney doing here?'"

For as proud a man as Richard Olney and one with a training in the necessity of political etiquette the position was

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embarrassing
humiliating, the more so because he could not explain even to intimates. Only an assassination would have justified his presence in the eyes of many of his political opponents.

What was behind General Miles had to go on in taking the precaution he did in case the country was without a president at so critical moment I never knew. All presidents are always in by threats even in what we are pleased to call normal times, there being always plenty of grievances, real and fancied, to be squared. At the moment of the McKinley inauguaration the despair and bitterness of many radicals over the defeat of Bryan were outspoken. The experience of the country in the thirty preceding years had been too dreadful for a man in General Miles' position, the Commander and Chief of the Army charged with the order of the town and the safety of the heads of the government not to forsee all possibilities. It would have been easy to assassinate the president and vice president at the Ball, given a clever and determined conspirators in giving fellow conspirators a chance to seize the government while a new president was being elected. But with a determined man like Olney on the guard to take hold of the political situation and backed by sufficient military support scattered through the great Patent Office where the Ball was held a temporary government could have formed while the assassination was being managed.

How General Miles would have enjoyed such a coup!

In the first year of McKinley's administration I came to know him well, another one of the friendly acquaintances made in carrying out varied tasks that came my way in my financial & contributing editorial capacity in research and editing of McClure's Magazine.

That year, 1897, there was a strong popular revival of interest in military affairs. There had been uneasiness for a long time over the strain of our relations with Spain. Cleveland had managed to keep us out of a war and it was reported that McKinley had said to him as they drove to the Capitol, "If I can only go out of office at the end of my term, with knowledge that I have done what lay in my power to avert this terrible calamity, with the success that has crowned your patience and persistence, I shall be the happiest man in the world."

Were we prepared for war? But still further interest was excited in the ~~Washington~~ election of 1896 by the outbreak of the Greek-Turkish war which started as a skirmish that soon grew until it looked as if it might involve all Southeastern Europe, perhaps England, Russia. Moreover, the character of the campaign surprised the world. The Turk was making a showing nobody thought in him. Obviously we should have an observer in the field and so in May General Miles and a staff started for the field of battle. He studied the military organization of Turkey and of Greece, watched armies lined up for battle, saw the end of the war. From Greece he and his staff had been sent to London to represent the United States at Queen Victoria's Jubilee.

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Following that great show he had attended the autumn manoeuvers then of/existing armies, those of Russia, Germany and France.

Mr. McClure ~~was right in thinking~~ thought there was an important story in General Miles' observations and I was commissioned to get it. But General Miles willing and glad as he was to tell of his European experiences, he had never been abroad before, wanted only to tell of the sights he had seen, sights which had nothing to do with armies and their manoeuvers. All that was Greek for him. "They'll think I didn't see anything but soldiers and guns," he growled, "think I'm not interested in history and art. People don't know how wonderful Pompeii is and I would like to tell them. A lot of them never heard of Alexander's Sarcophagus, finest thing I ever saw. There are countries that would pay a million dollars to get it and there's the ~~Parthenon~~ Parthenon and Moscow and the Tower of London and the Louvre. These are the things I want to write about." And he was preparing to do it as I saw by the stack of Baedekers, the ~~open~~ volumes of the Brittanica, the pamphlets and travel books on his desk.

It took all my tact and patience to persuade the General that whatever his interests/were ours centered only/on military Eugope. He had no notion of what writing meant and my job soon resolved itself into a rather arduous pice of ghost writing.

In the course of this distasteful task I came to have a real liking for General Miles. He was as kindly and courteous a gentleman as I have ever known, and was certainly the vainest, vain of his looks, of his position, of his scrupulous attention to detail ~~duty~~.

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He
~~General Miles~~ was an exceedingly handsome man but he often sighed because his hair was greying, his face wrinkling. "Battered old fellow", he would say hoping for my contradiction, which he generally got. He took the deepest interest in uniforms. One of the real disappointments of his European visit was that the American uniform was so severe. There were hundreds of lesser ranks than himself on parade with three times the gold braid he was allowed. When it came to the Queen's Jubilee he revolted and had special epaulets designed. I was at Headquarters the day they arrived from London and nothing would do but I must see them. He ordered the box opened at once, disappeared into an inner office and came back arrayed in all the glory the American Army allowed him. He walked up and down to show himself off, explaining the fine points but sighing that it would have been impossible for him to shine like a Turk or India officer, not to say a British General.

Perhaps I should not have found his vanity so endearing if I had not almost daily seen him doing naturally and unconsciously some kindly act. I was frequently kept waiting outside his door for my appointments because of the regular visitors seeking an audience. His aides might have attended to most of the cases but he knew they wanted to see him and he couldn't feel sure that they were properly attended to if he did not look after them himself. Now it was a boy seeking a sick leave, now a cadet in disgrace, now a petty officer praying for an exchange of post, now a soldier's widow in dire want. He couldn't

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refuse anybody. He would grumble in his throat, ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ be downcast if he had not been able to give what the relief asked, but when everybody had been satisfied he would softly hum to himself as he worked - a Sousa March, a strain of the Blue Danube. Sometimes he would tell stories. He liked those in which he could say "damn" "devil" "hell." It sounded so much like a real soldier.

I was working on his articles on February 16, 1898 when the Maine blew up in the Havana Harbor. As no message came cancelling my appointment with General Miles, I presented myself as usual though with some misgiving for it seemed as if the very air stood still. At Headquarters There was a hush on everything but the routine went on as usual. As we worked an orderly would come in with the latest report - "Two hundred fifty three unaccounted for, two officers missing, ship in six fathoms of water only her mast visible, Sir." Then a second report, "All but four officers gone, Sir, and there are two hundred women up in the Navy Department. (The Army and Navy were in the same building in 1898)

The General made no comment but every now and then blew his nose violently. ~~Captain~~ Mills his smart Chief of Staff, a gallant simple-minded officer with a bullet hole in his cheek kept saying to himself, "Ain't it a pity, Ryan ain't it a pity."

I wish I could untangle what I really saw and felt in the two months between the blowing up of the Maine and the declaration of war, but little that is definite is left. I

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vacillated between hope that the president would succeed in preventing a war and fear that the savage cries ~~for him~~ coming from the Hill would be too much for him, as they were in the end. I honestly believed then as I do now that he was doing his best and this in spite of the fact that my heart was not with resentment for what I called his inwardly cowardly & disertion of my Poland friends in 1893.

McKinley was patient, collected, surprisingly determined. Everybody indeed in the departments where the brunt must fall if war came seemed steady to me as I watched things in my frequent visits to General Miles Headquarters. Everybody was at his post, everybody except Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of War. He tore up and down the wide marble halls of the War and Navy Building "like a boy on roller skates," a disgusted observer growled. More than once he burst into General Miles' office with an excited question, an excited counsel. Already he was busy preparing his Rough Riders for the war to be if he had his way. Already he saw himself an important unit in an invading army.

I remember this because it shocked me more than any thing else I was noting, more than the mad raving of Congress, more than the ranting of certain newspapers. I didn't expect anything else from them but here was a Government official in an important post at a critical moment when all the intelligence and wisdom to be had was needed by the Administration, here he was thrashing around like an irresponsible agitator. ~~He was not on his job.~~ What chance had government in peace or war if men did not stay on their jobs? Was not fidelity to the trust

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committed to you a first obligation and if you felt as Theadore Roosevelt evidently did that he was needed in the Army did not good manners ~~if nothing else~~ require resignation? I was very severe on him in 1897, the more so because he had bitterly disappointed me in 1884 when he had refused to go along with the mugmumps in the revolt against Prohibition Protection, refused and gone along with my particular political ~~detestation~~ abomination Henry Cabot Lodge. I had not been able to reconcile myself to him even when as a Police Commissionerof New York City he made his hearty and effective fight on the town's corruption, a fight which I admired but the old disappointment, the lost hope that here was a political Saint George ready to fight the Dragon Privilege still lived and came to life when I saw him ready to make and carry on a war with Spain.

The steadiness of General Miles and staff in the weeks between the blowing up of the Maine and the breaking out of war with Spain raised my respect for ~~the~~ Army ~~and the~~ training ~~it gave~~ as much as Roosevelt's excited goings on antagonized me. At the same time my contempt for the outpourings of Congress in a crisis was modified by almost daily association with one of its oldest members, the Senator from Massachusetts George Frisbie Hoar.

When I had decided in 1894 that sufficient materials were at hand in Washington for the sketch McClure's wanted to go with Gardiner Hubbard's Napoleon portraits I went to live at a boarding house on I ~~Street~~ between 9th and 10th ~~Streets~~ recommended by Mrs. Hubbard chiefly because Senator and Mrs. Hoar lived there.

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The neighborhood had been not so long before one of the most desirable residential sections in town but business and fashion was pushing well-to-do residents from Connecticut and Massachusetts Avenues into Dupont Circle and beyond. The fine old brown stone houses left behind ware being hsed by trade and occasionally by owners, whose incomes had been cut or destroyed, as rooming or boarding houses. The head of the house into which I was received was a Mrs. Patterson, the widow of a once distinguished Washington physician. She and her daughter Elizabeth made of their home one of the most comfortable and delightful living places into which I had ever dropped. Such food! But best of all the Senator. Senator Hoar at this time was close to seventy years of age, and had been in Congress for twenty six consecutive years, seventeen of them in the Senate, and everybody knew that as long as he lived Massachusetts Republicans would insist on returning him. He embodied all the virtues of the classic New Englander and few of the vices. His loyalty was granite-ribbed; he revered the Constitution and all the institutions born and reared under it. He was proud of the United States but his heart belonged to Massachusetts. In his mouth the name took on a beauty and an emotion which never ceased to stir me - Westerner that I was.

Combined with his patriotic loyalties was a passionate devotion to classic literature - Greek, Roman. He knew yards of Homer and Virgil, as well as of the greatest of the English poets. Like all the men of his day committing to memory had been a part of his education. I heard him say

and not infrequently at our Sunday morning breakfast; he would repeat in his sonorous voice long passages.

had

once that one of his disappointments was that he never/had time to finish committing the whole of the Iliad, but he knew enough of it, to my astonished opinion, for

These Sunday morning breakfasts at Mrs. Patterson's were the Senator made his entertaining talks. He never spoiled by opinions on current events, but aired his memories, exhibited his loves and his hates. We were a good audience willing to sit until noon if he would talk and he sometimes did until almost that hour. He claimed that it was our Sunday morning breakfasts of codfish balls and coffee that put to flight all his cares and loosened his tongue. That Patterson Sunday morning breakfast was enough to put gaity into any heart. Senator Hoar had already circulated it in a widely circulated letter to a Pennsylvania editor who attacked him for never having done a stroke of useful work in his life and, what greatly amused the Senator, was living in Washington on champagne and terrapin."

"My dear man," he wrote, "your terrapin is all in my eye, very little in my mouth. The chief carnal luxury of my life is in breakfasting every Sunday morning with an orthodox friend, a lady who has a rare gift for making fish-balls and coffee. You unfortunate and benighted Pennsylvanians can never know the exquisite flavor of the codfish, salted, made into balls and eaten on a Sunday morning by a person whose theology is sound, and who believes in all the five points of Calvinism. I am myself but

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an unworthy heretic, but I am of Puritan stock, of the seventh generation, and there is vouchsafed to me, also, some share of that ecstasy and a dim glimpse of that beatific vision. Be assured, my benighted Pennsylvania friend, that in that hour when the week begins, all the terrapin of Philadelphia or Baltimore and all the soft-shelled crabs of the Atlantic shore might pull at my trouser legs and thrust themselves on my notice in vain."

over (1)

"Earning money is hateful to me," he said, "never in all my life have I undertaken a thing I did not want to do simply for money. Some things I like to do, believe that I could do better than I could do anything else. I never was such a donkey before," he went on. "I am a thundering idiot. There are so many things I long to do, one of them is to learn Italian well enough to read in the original, to read Dante and Bocaccio and to commit Homer to memory. in the original. I would like to have my head packed with Greek."

But Senator Hoar went in for rare books and to finish out his collection of Piranesi. The Senators Sunday morning talks were rich with anecdotes of the New England types, his antipathies among them - Margaret Fuller and Ossoli was one of them - and he used to tell the story of an old Concord Doctor who was called up in the night by a quavering voice outside his window asking, "Doctor, how much camphor can a body drink without its killing them? Who has drunk it?" he asked? "Margaret Fuller." "A peck," snapped the Doctor, shutting his window with a bang."

Dr. Mary Walker, a familiar figure in those days was a particular abomination. She made him "creepy" he said.

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~~99~~ 90

He claimed that if Mr ~~Dow~~ Sunday would put ~~[illegible]~~ corporation called a corporation ~~that turned~~ his wife ~~[illegible]~~ put it right ~~all~~ his own. ~~[illegible]~~ ~~that the whole talk. He took~~ ~~the question of this~~ was empty to put Sunday with any talent. That Pallister Sunday would not put Senator Dow's head, almost ~~celebrated~~ circulated it in a way ~~[illegible]~~ it a political crisis. Mrs ~~[illegible]~~ Pennsylvania ~~[illegible]~~ for ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~

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[illegible] as we all know

[illegible] Senator Hoar had no money to "clean out
Republican" He had received his [illegible] law practice
& public service "yielding a little power year by year"
in a number of [illegible] had no interest in making
money. I never saw him more irritated with [illegible]
than after refusing a [illegible] fee, which he sent
back to the [illegible] "Earning money is
[illegible] to me" he said

Roll #1 [illegible] 30

Simply to mention her as I found would dry up his talk. But There was Jonathan Edwards who he particularly detested. The mention of his name always loosened his tongue. "He was an inhuman cuss," he said one morning. "There is a true story of his riding through Northampton with a slave boy whom he had just bought tied to a cord and trotting behind the horse. "Is this doing as they would be done by?" a woman of his faith called to him. And Edwards said, "I'll answer you some other time."

Sanator Hoar rather enjoyed calling a man whose acts he disliked by hard names. Indeed he very much enjoyed salty words and one morning ably defended them. "Dammit" was a useful word. "It eased one's feelings." He also put up a strong argument for "whoopees". "They were", he contended, "a valuable weapon with the impertinent and the imbecile."

There was much boyish mischief in him. He greatly admired our wholesome big-hearted Elizabeth, her common sense and her gaity, but he loved to pinch Elizabeth Patterson's plump arm. He did it in presence of us all and in spite of Mrs. Hoar. "Do you know, Elizabeth," he said one evening as he followed us up the stairs from the dining room, "that it has taken nineteen hundred years of Christian civilization to produce a man who does not pinch a girl's pretty ankles when she is going up stairs ahead of him."

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In July 1898 after Congress had adjourned Senator Hoar made up a party for a trip through Berkshire and I had the good fortune to be asked to join it. I had heard him talk much of Berkshire, of his walking trips there in Harvard days with his favorite classmate, Frances Child. "As great a man at seventeen when he entered college," he said, "as when he died. A real genius."

From the moment our little caravan left his home at Worcester the trip was like champagne to him.- trees, grave yards, epitaphs, views, the homes of the honored in this day and past days. There was the Sheffield elm which we must stop to measure, the grave of Mumsbet, with the inscription his favorite Catharine Sedgwich had written for it. There was the best view of the Sleeping Napoleon on Cedar Mountain - this for me. Then we must spend the night at a certain inn on Mount Washington to give Elizabeth plenty of time to look up the family graves and records there. His father had been born on Mount Washington where and this was one of many reasons why the Senator admired her. He went with her to look up the graves and returning late he said, "If we had not feared you would ~~have~~ waited supper we would have stayed and been buried there."

I have certainly never known anyone for whom life at seventy was so joyous and full. He hated weakness, anything that impaired his dignity, his self-reliance. He was a true untouchable and would fall into a rage if friend or stranger offered to assist him. "Unhand me," he thundered at a street car conductor, who one day seized his arm to help him up the steps.

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and His wrath lasted until he had told us about the indignity at the dinner table.

On this Berkshire trip a little ~~incident~~ accident happened to him which caused an explosion of the same nature. We were at an inn in the mountains and after dinner had gone on to the lawn. The Senator was sitting on a rustic bench which gave away, turned him on his back, feet in the air - a most awkward position ~~for a United States Senator.~~ We all ran to assist him but were stopped in our tracks by a Senatorian voice which roared, "I decline to be assisted."

But this was the Senator of our Sunday morning's breakfast on a vacation. Take him when public affairs were in a serious tangle and he was glum, unapproachable. He suffered ~~disparingly~~ deeply over the trend to imperialism ~~brought on by~~ after the Spanish American War. To save Cuba from the ~~and real~~ Mal- administration of Spain, to watch over her until she had learned to govern herself seemed to him a noble expression of Americanism, but to annex lands on the other side of the globe for commercial purposes only, as he believed was to be false to all our ideals. He had the early American conviction that minding one's own business was even more important abroad than at home. He wanted no entangling alliances, ~~and~~ had the feeling that he feared, as he never had, for the country in those days following the treaty of Paris. Certainly there were far fewer Sunday morning breakfast table talks.

I was learning something of what responsibility means for a man charged with public service, of the clash of personality, ambition, judgment, ideals, and there was growing in me a profound

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respect for those who stuck to their jobs whatever it cost, a respect for McKinley, for General Miles and those about him, for Senator Hoar and those like him. And it was not long before I was saying to myself, as I had not for years, you are a part of this Democratic system they are trying to make work, a citizen in it, your business is to use your profession to serve it. But how? That was clearly now my problem & nobody else's. I couldn't run away to a foreign land where more and more I was ~~realized that~~ one great attraction was and that there I had no responsibility for affairs. I was a spectator. I must give up Paris.

Between Lincoln and the Spanish-American War I was taking on a citizenship I had practically resigned. The War had done something to McClure's as well as to me. In all its earlier years its ambition had been to be wholesome, ~~alive~~, ~~interesting~~, to give great fiction, poetry, science, to foster new writers while it held on to the best of the old. It touched public matters only by introducing great human beings who ~~directed them~~. But when the War came it was quickly recognized that it was more interesting to people than any other subject. There was a great War number and there were a continuous flow of articles. MrClure's suddenly was a part of the active public life. when the War was over the problem was to keep the place it had taken. Having tasted blood it could no longer be content with being merely attractive, readable. It was a citizen and wanted to do a citizen's part. The group which added this new conception

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of the work to that with which it had started out had grown steadily in number and in outlook in the five years, since they first came together. ~~What~~ Mr. McClure had had in mind from the start ~~was~~ the building a staff of good craftsmen, ~~good~~ reporters on whom he could depend for a steady stream of contributions, as well as of editorial ideas. He wanted them versatile, flexible, more interested in the magazine than in themselves, capable of sinking themselves to a collective effort, become a permanent acquisition to the staff. The first to become a permanent acquisition, was Ray Stannard Baker. ~~After I came in xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ an article on the capture of Booth by his cousin Colonel L. C. Baker/written from personal reminiscences and documents and was submitted by ~~Ray Standard~~ Baker then on the staff of the Chicago Record. It was the General's ideal of a McClure article. Baker was urged to write more and each piece emphasized the first impression. The year after his first appearance in the magazine, May 1897, he joined the staff and became a regular contributing editor.

Baker was an admirable craftsman, as well as a capital team worker. He had curiosity, appreciation, a respect for facts. You could not ruffle or antagonize him. He took the sudden calls to go here when he was going there with equanimity; he enjoyed the unconventional intimacies of the crowd, the gaiety and excitement of belonging to what it was more and more obviously a success. He was the least talkative of us all, observant rather than garrulous, the best listner in the group, save Mr. Phillips. He had a joyous

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laugh which was more revealing of his healthy inner self than anything else about him. There was an endearing simplicity about Baker. He had seen and been on friendly terms with the highest in the country, but there was no trace of worldiness about him. When I learned/that David Grayson was the nom de-plume of Baker for the gentle, homely, whimiscal, essays on "Contentment", I said at once, "How stupid of me not to haveknown it. Why of course, haven't I always known that Baker is a David Grayson." It's himself he is talking about."

Few practical philosophers, indeed, have so lived their creed as Ray Stannard Baker and none have had a more general recognition from the multitude of people in the country who like him believe in the fine art of simple living. It is a comforting and beautiful thing to have had a friend and co-worker over many years of so rare a person as Ray Stannard Baker.

By rare good fortune McClure's in this period happened on a reader of real genius - Viola Roseboro. I found her in the office after one of my frequent jaunts after material. It was as a talker that I first learned to admire and love her. Her judgments were unfettered, her emotions strong and warm, her expressions free, glowing, stirring, and she loved to talk though only when she felt sympathy and understanding. She loved to share books of which she read many, particularly in the biographical field; she wanted none but the best, no imitation, no mere fact-finding. Her eagerness to let no good thing slip her consciousness of the all too little time a human being has in this world to explore its riches made her right in her choices.

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The stern selection of the best rather whetted her appetite for her daily ~~barge~~ haul of manuscripts. She thirsted for talent and ~~sat~~ dived down to her ~~daily~~ reading with something of the eagerness of the gold digger. Today she might strike it and she knew it when she found it, even when hidden in coats of bad grammar and ignorance. If she detected even a slender vein there was no trouble too great or too long to take in its development, and if she found it in a great pure unadulterated nugget she wept with joy.

"Here Mr. McClure," I heard her cry/the tears pouring down her cheeks the morning she brought back to the office the manuscript of Booth Tarkington's, "Gentleman from Indiana", "here is a novel sent by the Lord God Almighty for McClure's Magazine."

This woman of unusual intelligence, loyalty and of truly Spartan courage was a precious addition to the crowd. Ill health, threatened blindness, but never lowered her enthusiasm, her ceaseless effort to find the best, to give ~~Her~~ her best.

The most brilliant addition to the McClure staff in my time came in 1901 when J. Lincoln Steffins joined us. He had made himself felt in the journalistic and political life of New York City by an entirely fresh form of reportorial attack. Young, handsome, a good academic back-ground and two years of foreign ~~life and~~ study, Steffins began his professional life ~~in New York City~~ unemcumbered by journalistic shibboleths and with an immense curiosity as to what was going on about him. He was

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soon puzzled and fascinated by the relations of police and politicians, prohibition and the law, law and city officials, city officials and business, business and church, education, society, the press. Apparently groups from each of these categories worked together supporting one and another, an organization close compact loyal from fear or self-interest or both. It was because of this organization Steffins concluded that graft and vice and crime were established industries of the city. Attacks of outraged virtue had showed up the system at intervals ever since the Civil War, but never permanently. A few rascals might be exterminated but they were soon replaced. The system had bred new rascals, grown stronger and more cunning with time. He set out to trace its pattern. Incrediably outspoken, taking rascality for granted, apparently never shocked nor angry nor violent, only cooly determined to demonstrate to men and women of goodwill and honest purpose what they were up against and warn them that the only way they could hope to grapple with a close corporation devoted to what there was in it was by an equally solid corporation devoted to decent and honest government, business, law, education, religion. First as a reporter and later as the city editor of "The Globe" Steffins stirred the town.

It was entirely in harmony with the McClure method of staff building that this able fearless innocent should be marked for absorption. He was persuaded to take the editing of the magazine now in its tenth year and steadily growing in popularity and influence. He was to be the great executive-& editorial head that would shift some of the burden from the shoulders of Mr. McClure and Mr. Phillips. But the machine was running

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smoothly even if with little outward excitement.

Steffins made a brave effort to adjust himself to the established order, to learn the situation. Naturally he took Mr. McClure's meteoric goings and comings, his passionate and often despairing efforts to make his staff "see" what he did, his cries that the magazine was stale, dying, more seriously than those of us who had been longer together.

I had learned in the episode of the opening of Napoleon's tomb that Mr. McClure's excited discoveries - often were discoveries - discoveries such as there was not another one of us absorbed in definite tasks would have made and he relied on us, John Phillips particularly to see that they could and were worth the reporting. I had come to look on the General's return from his constant foraging expeditions as the most genuinely creative moment of our magazine life.

Mr. McClure was an extraordinary reporter, his sense of the meaning, the meat of a man or event, his vivid imagination, his necessity of discharging on us at once as a group his observations, intuitions, ideas, experiences, made the gatherings on his return amazingly stimulating to me. Sifting, examining, verifying, following up, were all necessary. Mr. McClure understood and trusted John S. Phillips to see that it was done but he properly fought for his findings. In his "Autobiography" Steffins credits me with a tact in our editorial scrimmages which I do not deserve. It is true, as he says, that I was the friend of each and all, but what I was interested

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11) Ita enim libri veri dividuntur ut [illegible] in the effect stay meaning Verbi veri enim ne medium esse in prima propria expedium.

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in was seeing the magazine grow in delight and in importance. If this way of making that happen, and I had become convinced that being what we were no other was possible, I did not get excited.

As a fact in the ten years I had been there when Steffins joined us I had come to be a species of big sister to the group, all of whom except Mr. McClure were younger than I. We were like a family in our devotions and interests. It had come about that each of the members had the habit of making me more or less of a confident of me, of calling me in if things were strained. I cannot remember ever to have influenced or taken sides, but I was a sympathetic listener.

But it was this unsatisfied seeking by Mr. McClure for more and more of contemporary life than the magazine was getting that Lincoln Steffins' chief contribution to it and to the political life of his period had its root.

Mr. McClure's fixed convition that great editing was not to be done in the office he finally applied to Steffins who was bravely struggling there to become the great editor he had been called to be.

"You can't learn to edit a magazine in the office," told him. Mr. McClure. "Get out, go anywhere, everywhere." And so Steffins went to Chicago and from Chicago to Minneapolis and from Minneapolis to St. Louis and from St. Louis to Pittsburg. His shame of the cities was born and made.

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The McClure method may have been, was frequently, difficult to follow, puzzling in its meaning, but it ~~produced~~ results. producing of real wealth.

Some little time before Steffins was added to the staff my own part in the effort to bring the magazine into cloers touch with the problems stirring the country at the end of the Spainish American War had been decided upon. At the top of the pile which disturbed and confused people was ~~what we called~~ the Trust ~~Question~~. Where ~~were~~ they spawned? What kept them alive? ~~They were~~ contrary to the philosophy of the common man who believed that given free opportunity, free competition, there would always be brains and energy enough to prevent even the ablest leader ~~in~~ monopolizing an industry. What was interfering with the free play of the forces in which he trusted?

There was much talk, and ~~in~~ it there came to the top finely the idea of using the story of a typical trust to illustrate how and why our clan grew. How about the mother of them all - the Standard Oil Company? Well here I could be suggestive. I had a conviction that it was a product of control of transportation, a control always contrary to Democratic notions as well as to common law and for ten years now contrary to federal law. But to tell the story so that people would read it was another matter. Mr. Phillips finally put it up to me to make an outline of what was possible. ~~Mr. McClure~~ was ill and in Europe. I didn't think much of it myself as a practical scheme for our type of magazine and I don't think he did.

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"Go on," said John S. Phillips, "show the outline to Mr. McClure, get his decision." And so in the summer of 1890 I went to Switzerland to talk it over with Mr. McClure. A week would do it I thought, but I hadn't reckoned with the McClure method. "Don't worry about it, and you and Mrs. McClure will go to Greece for the winter. You've never been there. We can discuss Standard Oil in Greece as well as here. If it seems a good place you can send for your documents." And so before I realized it we were headed for Greece via the Italian Lakes, Milan, Venice, but on the Lakes Mr. McClure suddenly decided that he and Mrs. McClure needed a rest before Greece and he headed for Sala where in the interval of mind and strain watching such magnificent humans as Cecil Rhodes and the King and their retenue, we finally came to a decision. Greece was to be abandoned; I was to go back to New York and see what I could make of the outline I had been expounding.

Leaving Mr. & Mrs. McClure to end their rest I headed for New York to write what as far as title was concerned certainly was a doubtful enterprise for a magazine like McClure's - A History of the Standard Oil Company.

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