

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, the Agricultural Department, the Geological Survey, the Bureau of Mines, the Observatory. An 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 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 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 flags when he has solved his problem. 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 and that Mr. Bell and all the family reaped riches from the invention was due largely to Gardiner Green Hubbard. It was he who telephone in pocket went about the country demonstrating its possibilities, interesting friends, even enlisting 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 man in town. There were various candidates - General Miles, General Greeley, General John Foster, but while I conceded they all had their points no one of them had the distinction of Alexander Graham Bell and no one of them certainly had the gay boyish appetite for what he found good in life. He was more like Massa 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 interruptions naturally came and the telephone most often rang! If sleepless at night 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 six. 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 dinners and gatherings, the finest social impresario I ever saw in action, so welcoming, appreciative, 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 and discovery and would silence all talkers when once his narrating was 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 daughters Elsie and Marian - the first now the wife of Gilbert Grosvenor, one of the founders and the present editor of the Geographic Magazine, the second the wife of David Fairchild, botanist and explorer who organized the Bureau of the Agriculture Department now known as Foreign Plant Introduction, two men to whom the public owe a big debt for service.

The most distinguished member of this Washington group of scientists after Mr. Bell was Professor Samuel Pierpont Langley, the head of the Smithsonian Institute, 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 and which I did not too well understand, was to run on 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 the engine to that lightness. But would it fly? Could it be launched? Attempts were made from a house boat down the 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 kept 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.

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 air runner was made. I recall his disappointment when it fell, his rejoicing when it did finally fly. This was one day in May of 1896. I have heard him tell 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 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 over the news. He must immediately have an article 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, but no scientific jargon please, we want it ~~to be~~ 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. He consented and I had the privilege of talking with him occasionally about the article, of reading what he did and saying when necessary, "I don't see quite what this or that means," of seeing him docily making it clear enough for me to understand. A year after the Langley contraption first flew we had in McClure's Magazine the whole story.

As a reward for my persistent effort to see that article come out to his satisfaction he gave me what I think he considered the greatest treat he could give his friends. He took me to the Rock Creek Zoo after the crowds had gone and in company with the director, Dr. Baker, showed me the animals and told me their stories. It is perhaps not generally known that the country owes the wonderful Rock Creek Park to Professor Langley. It was he who persuaded Congress to buy the land, to appropriate money 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 his air runner, the fresh honors that now came to him did but little to wipe out the bitterness that ridicule had caused. "There was a time," he said as he was going to England to take a degree which Oxford University, I believe it was, was giving him, "there was a time when I should have been glad of this. It means little now." Yet he had his moments of strong emotion. Rarely have I ever been more moved than at a dinner at Mr. Hubbard's soon after the Turco Greek war began in 1897. A half dozen men of seventy or thereabouts 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. They recalled the wave of sympathy which in their boyhood swept over the country when the Turk attacked Greece. It was to Greece, said Senator Hoar, that he first gave money of his own, a long treasured twenty five cent piece. Dr. Hale and Dr. Langley fell to quoting Bryon. Their voices shook as they declaimed,

"The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece
Earth render back from out they 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 incapable, "who first stirred in me an enthusiasm for men's struggles for freedom with a desire to join those who fight for it." He thought Bryon first opened England's eyes to her duty, to the oppressed of the continent of Europe and

at the same time opened the eyes of the continent to the love of liberty, the sympathy with the helpless in English literature. 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 set aside time for learning the city. So now I did to learn Washington but how meagre and young and awkward she seemed compared with the exhaustless life and treasures of Paris. Here was none of that wisdom of experience, that subtle cynicism that pity and patience with men which made Paris like a great human being to me. Nor were there here the ripe charm of old palaces, ^{grand} grand streets, hidden corners. Everything was new, sprawled in the open. But if Washington had little to offer but promise it had that in abundance and it did not know its own lacks. It was too full of pride in what it had done in the less than a hundred years since ^{John Adams} George Washington moved into the white House and Congress into the Capitol. And then I had a problem to think about - the Washington Lincoln ^{had} and I went about with him from ^{white House} to War Department, up to the Congress, down to the Arsenal, into this and that hospital, up to the Soldiers' Home, over to Arlington. The pain and tragedy behind almost every step he took in the town dignified its unfinished streets, gave a meaning and a sanctity to the raw village. By such steps I told myself did Paris come through the Centuries to be what she is.

But I did more than follow Lincoln about. I wanted to know the Washington of thirty years after Lincoln especially its activities and so I went to the Capitol when debates promised excitement and I missed no great official show. When McKinley's

inauguration came I arranged to see it all. Once I told myself will do forever for an inauguration, as it has. I began after breakfast and did not stop until the Inaugural Ball was far on its way. A fine colorful sight-seeing experience, leaving 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 McClure's and remarked that the first time I met him was at the McKinley Inaugural Ball. To my surprise he flushed.

"Outgoing Cabinet members are not expected to attend the Inaugural Ball of a new president," he said. (I hadn't known that or of course I should not have spoken) "But there was a reason for my presence. General Miles, then head of the Army had come to me to say that there were rumors of an attempt on McKinley's life." "suppose that both he and Hobart should be assassinated before a new cabinet is appointed," he said, "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 embarrassing, 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' precaution I never knew. The lives of all presidents are always in danger 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 inauguration the despair and bitterness of many radicals over the defeat of Bryan were outspoken. The experience of the country with assassinations in the thirty preceding years had been too dreadful for a man in General Miles' position charged with the order of the town and the safety of the heads of the government not to foresee all possibilities. It would, of course, have been easy to assassinate the president and vice president at the Ball. Given clever and determined conspirators there would have been a chance to seize the government while a new president was being elected. But with a determined man like Olney on the ground backed by a watchful and sufficient military guard scattered through the great Patent Office where the Ball was held a temporary government could have been formed while the murderer was being manialed.

How General Miles would have enjoyed such a coup! In the first years of McKinley's administration I came to know him well, another one of the friendly acquaintances made in carrying out the varied tasks that came my way in my position as a contributing editor of McClure's Magazine. For several years the popular interest in military affairs had been ^{growing} ~~going on~~. There were several reasons:- doubt of the efficiency of the army; talk of revolution and particularly our strained 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." But were we prepared for war in case it came?

Interest was still further excited in 1896 by the outbreak of the Graeco-Turkish war which starting as a skirmish soon grew until it looked as if it might involve all Southeastern Europe, perhaps England, Russia. Obviously we should have an observer in the field and so in May General Miles and a staff started for the field. He studied the military organization of Turkey and of Greece, watched the 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. Following that great show he had attended the autumn manoeuvres of the greatest of then existing armies, those of Russia, Germany and France.

Mr. McClure 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 to tell only of the sights he had seen, sights which had nothing to do with armies, their equipment and their manoeuvres. All that was shop 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 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 volumes of the Britannica, the pamphlets and travel books on his desk.

It took all my tact and patience to persuade the General that whatever his interests ours were centered only on military Europe. He had no notion of what writing meant and my job soon resolved itself into a rather arduous piece 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 certainly the vainest, vain of his looks, of his position, of his scrupulous attention to detail. He 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 had been impossible for him to shine like a Turk or Indian not to say a British General.

Perhaps I should not have found his vanity so endearing if I had not almost daily seen him naturally and unconsciously doing a kindly act. I was frequently kept waiting outside his door for my appointments because of 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 refuse anybody. He would grumble in his throat, be downcast if he had not been able to give 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 when on February 16, 1898 the Maine blew up in the Havana Harbor. As no message came cancelling my appointment with General Miles that morning I presented myself as usual though with some misgiving for it seemed as if the very air of Washington 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 while 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. By Jove 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 vacillated between hope that the president would succeed in preventing a war and fear that the savage cries 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 hot with resentment for what I considered his cowardly desertion 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 ^{the Navy} 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. What chance had government in peace or war if men did not stay on their jobs? Was not fidelity to the trust committed to you a first obligation and if you felt as Theodore 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 Prohibitive Protection, refused and gone along with my particular political abomination Henry Cabot Lodge. I had not been able to reconcile myself to him even when as a Police Commissioner of 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 Army training as much as Roosevelt's excited goings on antagonized me. At the same time my contempt for the outpouring 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 Ninth and Tenth recommended by Mrs. Hubbard chiefly because Senator and Mrs. Hoar lived there. The neighborhood had been not so long before one of the desirable residential sections of the town but business and fashion were pushing well-to-do residents into Connecticut and Massachusetts Avenues, into Dupont Circle and beyond. The fine old brown stone houses left behind were being used 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.

At this time Senator Hoar was close to seventy years of age. He 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, English. He knew yards of Homer and Virgil, as well as of the greatest of the early English writers for like all cultural men of his day committing to memory had been a part of his education, and not infrequently at our Sunday morning breakfasts he would repeat in his sonorous voice long passages. At these Sunday morning breakfasts at Mrs. Patterson's the Senator laid aside all formality and became our entertainer. He never spoiled things by opinions on current events, but poured forth gaiety whatever came into his mind. 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 Mrs. Patterson's codfish balls and coffee that put to flight all his cares and loosened his tongue. That Patterson Sunday morning breakfast was enough to put gaiety into any heart. Senator Hoar had already

celebrated 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 on "champagne and terrapin."

"My dear man," he wrote the irate critic, "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 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."

As we all knew Senator Hoar had no money for "champagne and terrapin." He had sacrificed his law practice to public service "getting a little poorer year by year." As a matter of fact he had no interest in making money. I never saw him more irritated than after taking a difficult case for which he was to get a fee of twenty five thousand or thirty thousand.

"Earning money is hateful to me," he said, "never ^{before} 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 can 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 Ariosto in the original and I want to commit Homer to memory. I would like to have my head packed with Greek."

The Senator's Sunday morning talks were rich with anecdotes of New England types. He had his antipathies - Margaret Fuller 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 camfire can a body drink without its killing 'em?" 'Who had drunk it?' "he asked?" "Margaret Fuller." 'A peck,' snapped the Doctor, shutting his window with a bang."

Dr. Mary Walker who in her rather shabby man's attire was a familiar figure in those days ^{in Wakefield} was a particular abomination. She made him "creepy" he said. Simply to mention her I found would dry up his talk. But the mention of Jonathan Edwards' name although he particularly detested him 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 thee doing as thee would be done by?' "a woman of his faith called to him, and Edwards said, 'I'll answer you some other time.'"

Senator 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 eases one's feelings." He also put up a strong argument for "Whoopers". "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 gaiety and loved to pinch her plump arm. He did it in presence of us all and in spite of Mrs. Hoar's reproaches. "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 ankle when she is going up stairs ahead of him."

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 kept him busy. 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 family graves and records. Her father had been born on Mount Washington which was one of many reasons why the Senator admired her. He went with her to look up the graves and returning late said, "If we had not feared you would wait 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, as well as everything 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, and his wrath lasted until he had told us about the indignity at the dinner table. On this Berkshire trip a little 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. We all ran to assist him but were stopped in our tracks by a stentorian voice which roared, "I decline to be assisted."

on a vacation

But this was the Senator/ the Senator of our Sunday morning's breakfast. Take him when public affairs were in a serious tangle and he was glum, unapproachable. He suffered deeply

over the trend to imperialism after the Spanish American War. To save Cuba from the 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 personalities, of ambition, judgments, ideals, and there was growing in me a profound 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. Is it not your business to use your profession to serve it? But how? That was clearly now my problem - nobody else's. I could not run away to a foreign land where I was a mere spectator. Indeed I was beginning to suspect that one great attraction of France was that there I had no responsibility for affairs. I must give up Paris. Between Lincoln and the

Spanish-American War I realized 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, enlivening, informing companion for reading, to give fine fiction, poetry, science, to foster new writers while it held on to the best of the old. It had touched public matters only as they became popular matters. Thus when the War came it was quickly recognized that it yielded more interesting material than any other subject. There was a great War number and there were a continuous flow of war articles. McClure's suddenly was a part of the active public life. When the War was over the problem was to keep the place it had filled. 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 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. Mr. McClure had had in mind from the start the building of a staff of good craftsmen, 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 after I came in was Ray Stannard Baker.

An article on the capture of Booth by his cousin Colonel L. C. Baker written from personal reminiscences and documents was submitted by 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 was more and more obviously a success. He was the least talkative of us all, observant rather than garrulous, the best listener in the group, save Mr. Phillips. He had a joyous laugh which was more revealing of his healthy inner self than anything else about him. When I learned a few years later that Baker was the author of the gentle, homely, whimsical "Adventures in Contentment", "The Friendly Road" and other delightful essays under the nom de-plume of David Grayson I said at once, "How stupid of me not to have known it. Why of course, haven't I always known that Baker is a David Grayson." 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 - the only "born reader" I have ever known. 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 rigid in her choices.

The stern selection of the best rather whetted her appetite for her daily bag of manuscripts. She thirsted for talent and always sat down to her 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 morning she brought back to the office the manuscript of Booth Tarkington's, "Gentleman from Indiana", the tears pouring down her cheeks, "Here is a novel sent by the Lord God Almighty for McClure's Magazine."