

MEMORY PICTURES



JOHN HYDE DRALY

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John Hyde Braly.

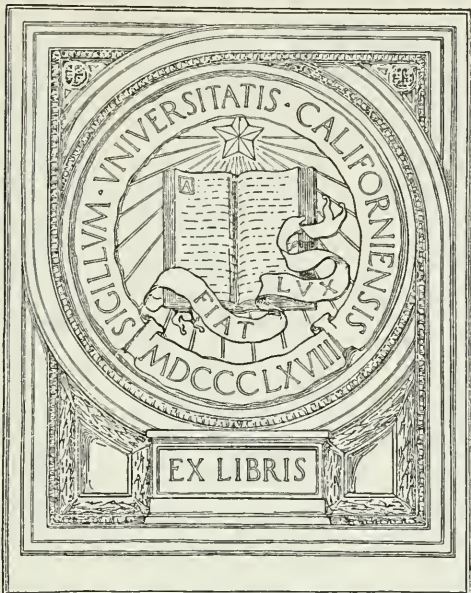
To R. D. Richards.

Feb. 22. 1922.

To the Sunshine Man and poet
and my Friend

J. H. Braly.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



ROBERT ERNEST COWAN

DEDICATED TO
MY BELOVED WIFE
AND
OUR PRECIOUS CHILDREN
AND
GRANDCHILDREN



John Hyde Braly.

MEMORY PICTURES

AN

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY

JOHN HYDE BRALY

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PREFACE

Thomas Carlyle said that biography, spoken or written, is by nature the most universally profitable, the most universally pleasant of all things. This is equally true of autobiography, the personal testimony of individual experience—ofttimes more varied and novel than the romances of the fictionist and enhanced a hundredfold by the living presence of the relator who bears witness to his history.

Into every life there comes some form of experience—the notable, the miraculous and the tragic, which, if pictured forth in the shine or shadow of their strength, mystery or fatality, would far excel any romance or drama ever written. Therefore the events of every life may be recorded with both profit and pleasure—from that filled with novelty, adventure and character-developing incidents to that of the most barren life in which sterility is the tragedy of the desert and the wilderness or the utter unprofitableness of the waste and the void.

There is, perhaps, no narration that affords keener interest than that related of the experiences of the early pioneers, especially of those who opened the way to California, separated as it was by such vast wastes of desert lands and pathless mountain heights peopled by hordes of savage Indians. Every virtue and capacity of soul and body, inherent and inherited, was developed into active, assertive, re-

sourceful energy in those brave pathfinders by the taxing demands of the early transcontinental expeditions.

In addition to the interesting data of the habits, customs and occupations of the pioneer family this record shows the quality of the development wrought by these varied experiences, the mental elasticity and capacity for device and contrivance, the strength of purpose, the quickening of the protective instinct, and (that most sublime attribute of the soul) the splendid self-sacrifice which gilds many a life unknown and unsung save in the hearts and memories of those who passed through the same perilous days.

Such a testimony should be worth much to the descendants of a worthy ancestor; and it is in the hope that the hands and hearts of many dear ones may be strengthened in the battle of the nobler life that these lines have been writ in simple, unaffected fashion.

We live in deeds, not years;
in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures
on a dial.

We should count time by heart
throbs.

The most lives who thinks most,
feels the noblest, acts the best.

—PHILIP JAMES BAILEY



INTRODUCTION

TO MY CHILDREN AND MY CHILDREN'S
CHILDREN

The Greek Philosopher, Plato, had no such "garden of trees" near Athens in which to teach his students as this enchanting acre of lofty pine trees that tower a hundred and fifty feet skyward above the little red school house nestling in their midst wherein I am now sitting.

Half a century ago the pioneer school teacher taught the children of the early pioneers in the midst of an even more magnificent forest, while their hardy and adventurous fathers were felling the wherewith to build Carson and Virginia Cities, stripping wherewith to timber the great mining shafts.

But you cannot discourage Nature. Those early settlements and log school houses have gone, and here this new forest arches its fragrant branches above new generations, beautifying the spot beyond all describing, transforming it into the loveliest fringe of this "eye of the sky," Lake Tahoe.

Within this inspiring fragrant grove I am beginning something which has long been in my heart to achieve—the eventful history of my life for my children and my children's children! These varied experiences are recorded without any striving for literary effect—without any desire to exploit any

deed or accomplishment—simply because I have thought they might interest my children, my grandchildren, perhaps even my great grandchildren, my many relatives and some of the numberless friends I have known and loved during the last sixty years of my life in California.

I find in reviewing the past—as one quite removed from it—that it seems to present itself in three distinct history-making epochs which, in the steady flowing of life's stream, have merged “as the waters of many rivers into one sea.”

The first part has to do with the primitive life and customs of three-quarters of a century ago in the Middle West; the second with that strange obedience of mankind to the call of empire, the early history and development of California; and the last with incidents of an active life at a time when most men have laid off the armor of battle! The first two should be interesting because of the romanticism of a unique period of both human and national life; the last perhaps valuable because, to those who have known the narrator so intimately and taken part in his latest experiences, they may serve as a tender and loving remembrance when, in the time to come, he shall have obeyed the call of the New Life!

I have endeavored to be exact and truthful in every detail—sincere in every account of incident, in its result and effect.

I have often thought of the great privilege vouchsafed me in the vicissitudes of my early experiences—the privilege of learning the lessons of strength,

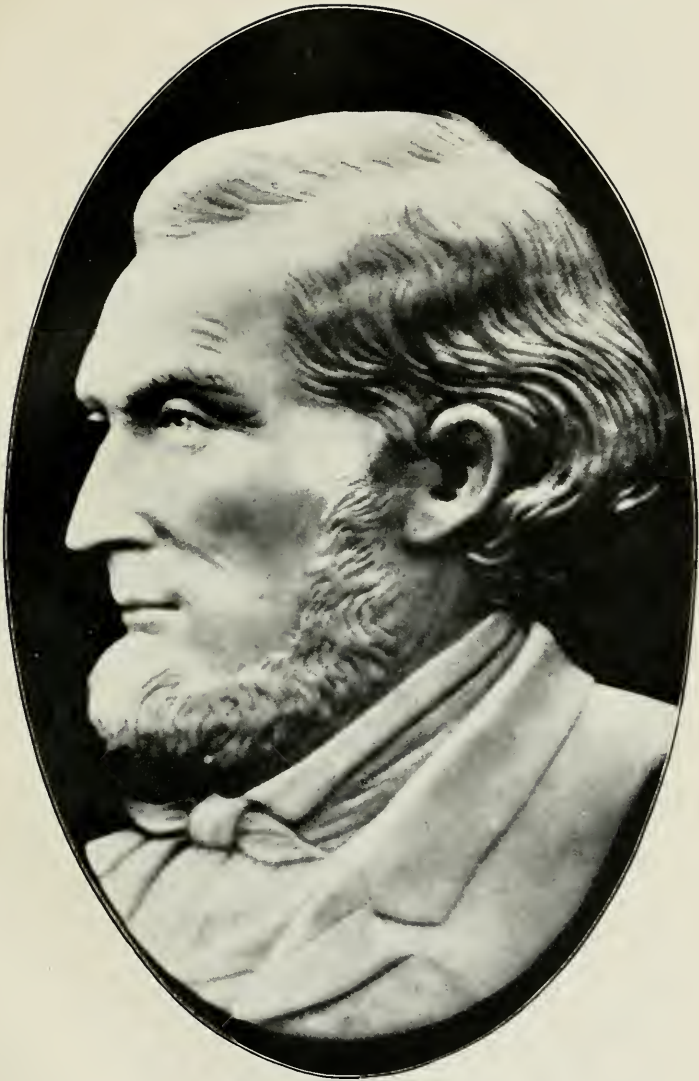
patience, self-reliance, endurance and courage which have stood by me in later years like good friends in the times of perplexity and trouble. We come to know, beyond all doubt, that every experience is serviceable to us, that every tribulation well gone-through develops us Heavenward, that every necessity affords advantages for the development of those powers which go to make for character and success.

It is a fortunate thing that each generation is beset by difficulties peculiar to itself and necessary for self-assertion and self-protection—a divine requirement that calls for the highest and best we have to give. As no one lives to and for himself alone, so our lives live after us; and, if we have done our highest and best, the record “copies fair the past.”

And now, with my deepest love and the fullest faith in your affection and approval, I submit these reminiscences.



THE AUTHOR'S MOTHER



THE AUTHOR'S FATHER

RETROSPECTIVE

My father, the Rev. John Eusebius Braly, was born in North Carolina, January 28, 1805. His father and his ancestors for generations back were Scotch-Irish, and Presbyterians of the strictest type. His mother was a MacCullough, also of Scotch descent.

My mother, whose maiden name was Susan Hyde, was also born in North Carolina, July 6, 1805. Her father, John Hyde, and his brother William came from England and settled in North Carolina. Their family history relates that they were large, handsome men of very strong character. John Hyde, my grandfather, married a Miss Shuch, a Holland-Dutch lady. Her father fought in the Revolutionary War, but I do not know whether any other of my ancestors took part.

While my father and mother were still children the Bralys and the Hydes moved west and settled in Missouri; and it was not until they had ripened into maturity that these two progenitors of mine met and in due time were married on September 20th, 1830 — my mother being then the young widow of Larkin Moultrie, who died shortly after their marriage, leaving a son named Joseph Addison. This boy had volunteered for, and was engaged in, the Mexican War at the time we were crossing the plains in 1847. He reached California in "49", studied law, became a County Judge, married Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, lived in San Jose many years, and died in 1890, leaving two children, Lloyd W. Moultrie, an attorney, and Mrs. Kate Beattie, both of whom are at this time citizens of Los Angeles.

My brother James married Lizzie Whisman, raised a large family, was a member of the Oregon Senate and died in Los Angeles in 1903. My brother Frank died from the results of an accident in 1862, soon after his graduation from the Uni-

versity of the Pacific. My brother Eusebius, who married Mellie Blythe of San Jose, lost his life in a railroad accident in 1890, leaving a widow with two young children, Edith and Norman.

My three sisters, Mrs. Sarah A. Cory, Mrs. Elizabeth E. Cory and Mrs. Susan I. Braly are still residing in Northern California at this writing.

In the year 1847 my father and mother with their brood of seven children — the oldest sixteen years, and the youngest a baby of six months — set out on their long pilgrimage across the plains by wagon trail to Oregon, thence to California, where they arrived in 1849.

After a year spent in the Sacramento Valley they moved to Santa Clara County near San Jose, at which place they established their farm and homestead. Here they lived until my father's death at the San Jose home of my eldest sister, Sarah A. Cory, on June 10, 1880, in his seventy-sixth year. Mother died sixteen years later under the same roof.

Father was a pioneer Presbyterian preacher of the Evangelical type. Mother was his equal mentally, and his peer and co-worker in all spiritual and religious matters.

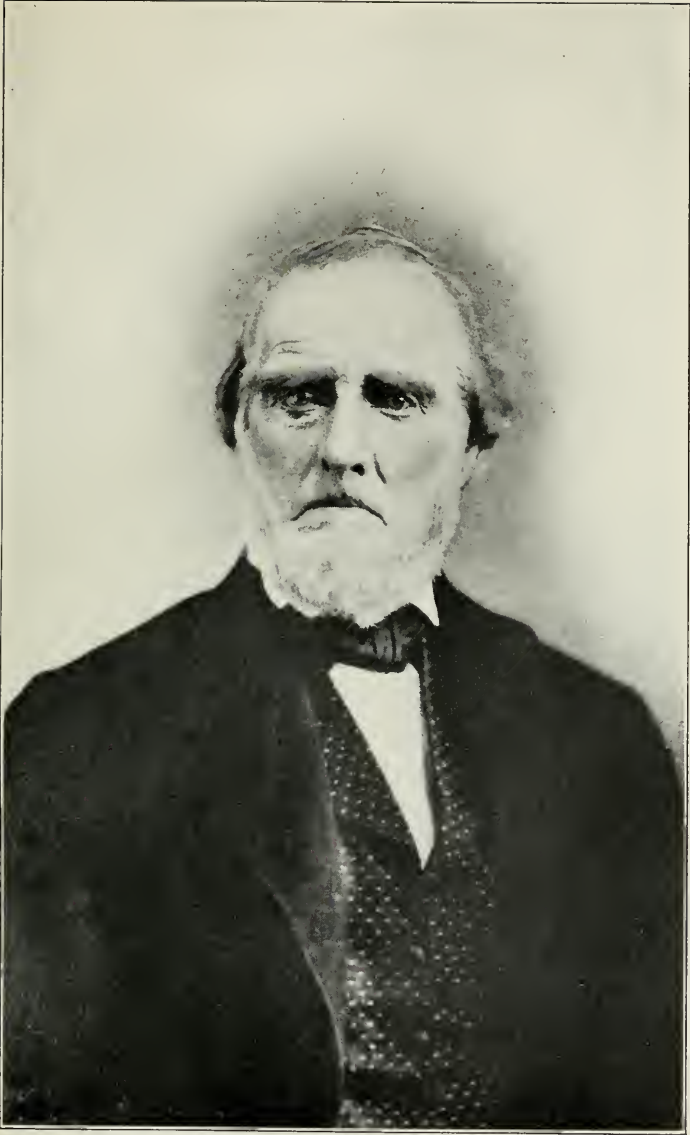
The first church of their denomination, called the Mountain-View Church, was organized in their house, as was also the first Cumberland Presbytery of California.

Always deeply interested in camp-meetings, the devoted pair were important factors in this phase, as in all other branches, of the work they loved so well.

To the day of their death they were intensely interested in all things religious, and their efforts were most arduous to promulgate the gospel and spread its divine influence throughout their world, thus proving themselves worthy descendants of a noble line of ancestors who for generations had stood as representatives of the Church of Christ.



MRS. AMELIA HUGHES



ZACHARIAH HUGHES

MY WIFE'S PARENTS

Zachariah Hughes, my wife's father, was born in Blunt County, Tennessee, December 20, 1795, of Irish Protestant parents. Faithful to the warm temperament of his race, truly an Irish Gentleman of the "old school," he was ever courteous and kind and mindful of others. Whoever has seen and known the great temperance orator and leader, Francis Murphy, has seen and known Zachariah Hughes.

He passed away in his seventy-third year, on September 22, 1867, at his beautiful country home Eden-vale, Alameda County, California.

We (wife and I) reached his bedside a few hours before he sank into his last sleep. As we were bending over him, he opened his great blue eyes and, taking our hands in his, said clearly and distinctly, his eyes shining with the brilliancy of youth, "Now I understand it all," and then passed into the place of his understanding with its light shining upon his face.

Amelia Edgar Jamison, his wife, was born in Kentucky, August 26, 1806, and died April 10, 1890.

The parents of these two moved into Missouri when their children were quite young, and lived strangers to each other in adjoining counties until their children had grown to manhood and womanhood.

At the time of their marriage Amelia was a

widow and the mother of three boys—two living. Zachariah was a widower with four daughters. As the years passed on, five sons and two daughters were added, making a family of fourteen children. Almost coincident with the transmigration of the Braly family to California in '47, was that of the Hughes family, just four years later. Following the same order of travel, the latter, however, took the California trail at a propitious time of the year, arrived safely and settled in Alameda County, adjoining Santa Clara County.

Strangers, yet destined to mingle their blood in the holiest of human ties, their lives ripened under the same influences, making harmonious the union of two souls embodied for each other, and thus consummating a divine purpose.

After the death of father Hughes, "Grandma Hughes," as she was called (not only by her grandchildren but by her hosts of friends) made her home with us until her death, April 10, 1890, in her eighty-third year. During the eighteen years of her life spent under our roof, I am sure not an unkind word was ever uttered by her or to her. Every one loved her and she loved every one. Her life was always a benediction to her children and to her children's children.

FIRST EPOCH

MEMORY PICTURES

MEMORY PICTURES

ON THE MERRIMAC, IN MISSOURI

Well, my darling children, John Hyde Braly, Mina Braly, Dorris, Jane, and Hyde Braly and Louise Janss, would you like to know the first thing your Grandfather can remember?

It was back there on the banks of the beautiful Merrimac River in dear old Missouri, and I was just three years old—all of which I did not know. I was wrapped in patchwork quilts and snuggled down on the straw in a wagon that was going up a steep, stony bluff. A man sat on a board seat, snapping his whip over the backs of the horses that were pulling the wagon and struggling up the steep hill, while the man said, "Git-up, git-up."

I can hear the horses' feet clattering among the loose stones which are rolling down, down the hill, while the horses struggle on and on and up the hill.

When we reached the top of the high hill, the man said, "Lie down, Johnnie, and cover up."

The wheels stopped crunching around on the stones, the horses stood still, and I heard a woman's voice saying, "Why, where is Johnnie? I thought you were going to bring Johnnie this time." Before she could say anything else or I could stand up, I called out, "Here's Johnnie," and climbed as fast as ever I could to the side of the wagon, where I was seized by two strong hands and lifted out

quickly, kissed and kissed, carried into a low, brown log-cabin and put into the lap of the dearest little Dutch woman I ever saw. She sat in a low wooden rocking chair before a great broad fireplace filled with blazing logs. Oh, how she hugged and kissed me! Hugged and kissed as only a dear old Grandmother can!

For that little woman was my Grandmother, and the strong woman who had snapped me so quickly from the wagon was my Aunt Rachel, while the man who had cracked the whip over the horses and said: "Git-up, git-up," and told me to "Lie down and cover up," was my father.

As I think of it, and see it all so plainly in my "mind's eye," it seems that I came into the world just then and there, out of blackest darkness into brightest light—out of shivering cold into genial warmth.

Before very long another woman came to Grandma's and took charge of me; it was my Mother! And what a wonderful, cheery mother she was, to be sure! It is my first remembrance of her—there at my Grandmother's log-cabin—my very first remembrance of anything.

Before that climb up the steep hill in the wagon, there is nothing! Since that arrival at the top of the hill—Love! Life! Action!

Some day, my dears, your Grandfather will have another experience very much like that one. The morning papers will say "John Hyde Braly is dead." Don't you believe it! Your Grandfather will never

die. He will go into another life of still brighter light and sweeter love, and be met by his father and mother and a thousand loved ones. There will be another love-awakening to a new life with all its wondrous and beautiful manifestations.

That will be Heaven! I surely had a foretaste of all this future delight in the boyhood Merrimac days with my good grandmother and all the loved ones who made every day a glad and happy one in those dear old log-cabins of long ago.

Heaven is truly here and now, if we will to have it so, in being right and doing aright, in meting out continually kindly acts and loving words.

So passed my days! It all seems to me now to have been one long summer time, and the different events that impressed themselves vividly upon the fresh tablets of my memory come to my mind much as do the wonderful moving picture plays of the present time.

Of course, I do not remember all the special acts of loving kindness that ministered to my daily needs nor all the lavishing of tender affection that made me happy, but one morning when I was about four years old shines most brightly in my memory. That morning was crowned with an ecstasy beyond all forgetting—my SPOTTED BREECHES.

My Uncle John Hyde, for whom I was named, had given me at Christmas a piece of spotted red, white and black cloth for a pair of breeches; and I hung around my mother until they were made and on me.

My first pair, and spotted at that! Solomon in all *his* glory knew nothing of *my* glory.

How proud I was! How I strutted, trying hard to appear unconscious of my variegated spottiness! Napoleon commanding his troops in battle array possessed no greater sense of power than I, with those spotted breeches on my little legs. It was then that I learned my first lesson on the foolishness of vanity, and proved the truth of the scriptural saying, "Pride goeth before a fall."

One bright day, growing pretty warm while at play, I took off my beautiful breeches, hung them on a bush, and forgot all about them! The next morning, some one brought in all that was left of my motley finery. One of the "chewed up" legs was all that a cow had left uneaten.

"Oh, my beautiful spotted breeches, my spotted breeches, my spotted breeches!", I cried, and cried. I felt that I could not live without my spotted breeches, they were so beautiful and gay.

My mother finally consoled me by promising that I should have another pair of spotted breeches some day, but time assuaged my grief and I outgrew my longing.

EARLY INCIDENTS

Many incidents and experiences flash forth upon the curtain of memory as I make my mental journey back to those early times. As they are "as good as new" to me, I think you will enjoy them also, for they play a part in the yesterdays of the life I am

going to tell you about, in many ways serving as illustrations rather than as historic detail.

You must remember that all the country round about was new. As yet, not any great numbers of people had migrated from the East, and the more developed and cultured southern neighbors and neighborhoods were few and far between. Towns were fewer, cities were unknown.

The country was in "the rough," and the forests were dense with virgin growth and of vast extent. They were thickly inhabited by animal and feathered folk, which, while providing the early settler with delicious food, also taught him a good many things he did not naturally know, furthermore giving plenty of opportunity for good honest sport and the exercise of nerve in time of peril. Few boys there were who had not had their fights and escapes from the savage clutches of some wild beast, while their night-tramps after game were common diversions.

MY PARTRIDGE TRAP

There were a great many partridges about grandmother's place there on the Merrimac — the spot where we lived for two or three years. Many birds were so tame they would scarcely fly out of the reach of our hands, but, as the partridges were very shy, we had to trap them.

My older brothers were experts in this line. I fancied I was as capable as either of them. But I had no trap, and I could not make one. So I had to wait until I could cajole the boys into making one

for me, which, after much coaxing, they did, and my pride vaunted itself within me. I thought my trap so beautiful that the partridges, seeing it, would gladly go in and be shut up. This thought, however, I kept to myself and proudly accompanied them to the fields one day to set the traps for the birds. While searching for the best places in which to hide them we came to an open spot where there was a big stump, smooth on the top, upon which I insisted the boys should put my trap so that the partridges could see it and go into it.

Well, I didn't get any partridges and the boys teased me and laughed at me—after the fashion of elder brothers. I was very much ashamed of having been so silly, but I learned something from it I did not know before.

THE BLACK AND "YALLER" SNAKE

"Were there any snakes about there?" Well, I guess there were snakes in those days; but, of all the stories told, the Missouri snake story was the very biggest.

I remember one day I was going home from grandma's house and had to cross a creek on a log. While edging along on it I saw something swimming down the creek toward me with its head held above the water. It looked as big as a tree as it came toward me, and I thought it could swallow me. Stiffened with fright, I ran and screamed, screamed and ran, until I choked and fell, breathless with terror.

My sister Sarah, and Adaline the colored girl,

ran to me as fast as possible, asking what was the matter. I caught my breath and sobbed, "The snake, a big snake, half black and half 'yaller', wanted to swallow me in the creek." Your grandpa was a pretty badly frightened boy, but he was so little and the snake looked so big that he could not help thinking it was after him.

SISTER LIZZIE AND THE LOAF SUGAR

While we lived on the Merrimac River my little sister Lizzie became very ill. I remember how worried they all were, for they did not know what caused her illness. At last they discovered that she had been eating clay and seemed to be as fond of it as most children are of candy. Everything possible was done, but they were not able to cure her of the habit until father came home one day with a cone of hard loaf sugar and told her to eat of it whenever she wanted clay. She obeyed and fully recovered her health and strength.

I dearly loved sugar, but couldn't have any for it was very scarce and expensive. I wanted it so much, however, that I made up my mind to eat clay and get sick, but it didn't work. I was switched instead of sugared.

MOVING TO THE "RIDGE."

Father had taken up some Government land out on the St. Louis and Springfield road, about six miles from grandma's, which we called "The Ridge." He cut away some of the timber, and built a large log-house in the clearing. We all

thought the new home very fine and nice with its big living-room and the deep fire-place that filled one end of it. The kitchen was built away from the house, but was connected with it by a deep porch, after the fashion of all Southern homes.

I was about six years old when we moved to the new house on "The Ridge." Father, Mother, Addison, Sarah, Jim, "me," Lizzie, Frank and Adaline, our black girl. Susie and Sebe were born there. The barn was built of logs, not a "dandy of a barn," but a good honest barn capable of sheltering our stock and stowing away the hay and fodder.

Our nearest neighbor was three miles away, and for miles around was a thick forest alive with birds and wild animals, such as gray fox, squirrels, coons, opossums, panthers and wolves.

We all went to work to raise crops and sheep for food and clothing, for there were no "corner groceries," nor factories to supply our necessities. The farm and the farm-home and the willing hearts and hands were the factories of those early days.

We planted corn, wheat, potatoes, peas, beans and all kinds of garden truck for food, and raised cotton and flax for our clothing. We had also a flock of sheep, and I was the shepherd boy.

We planted, tended and picked the cotton; planted, gathered and hackled the flax; "minded" the sheep; sheared them; washed and combed the wool; spun and wove every yard of cloth used by the family. All worked early and late, summer and winter, that we might have plenty to eat and wear,



"LOOK, JOHN, LOOK! THREE COONS!"

and, as we always had both, we were very happy. Nobody was poor, and the neighbor was one of the family in those pioneer days.

COONS AND THE CORN

There were a great many coons, and they were very fond of our green corn; but, as we were fond of the corn ourselves and healthy boys with three good hunting dogs, we naturally went hunting the coons night after night, and, oh! what fun we had!

One of our dogs, "Old Bull," was an especially fine fighter, very strong and powerful. He could whip any dog and most of the "varmints" about us in the woods. He was spotted, with short tail, clipped ears and a neck bigger than his head.

We loved Old Bull better than any dog we had.

I shall never forget one fight we had with the coons. One morning, a little before day, Jim and I went with the dogs as usual into the cornfield, when suddenly every dog began yelping, and away they went, each in a different direction.

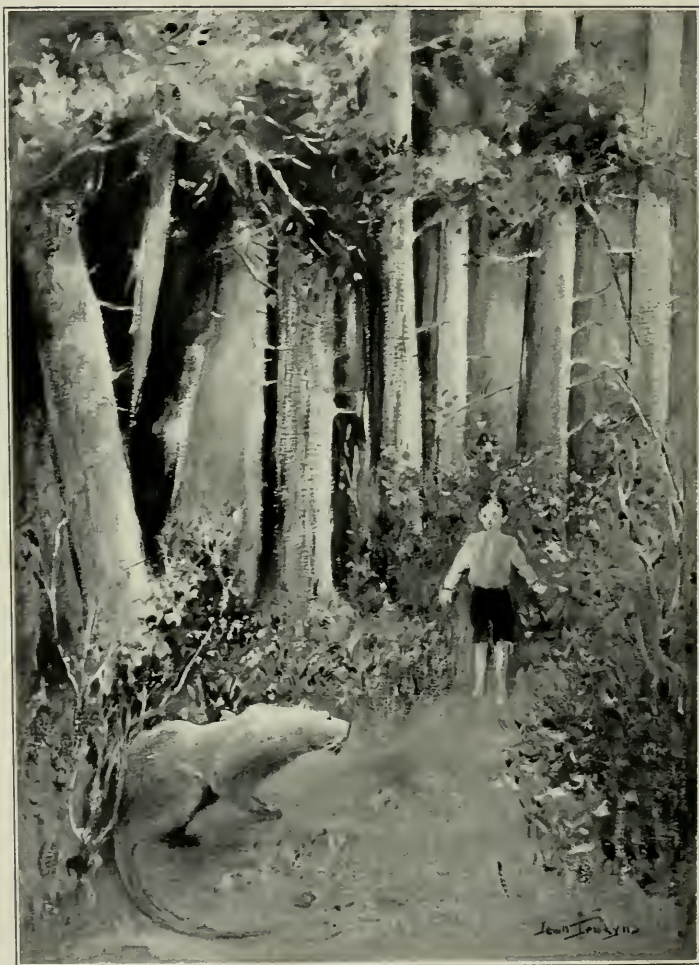
Pretty soon we heard Old Bull barking, and we knew that he had "treed" a coon. We ran in the direction of his bark. He barked again and again, and we ran as fast as we could, fearing he would leave the tree and lose the coon, for it was Bull's habit to bark three times and then start back for help. Sure enough! We met him coming, but, seeing us, he turned quickly and ran back to the tree—we after him pell-mell. Jim was ahead, and on arriving at the tree he yelled: "Look John! Look! There are three coons treed. You stay here with

Bull, while I go and get the other dogs." And away he went, but was soon back with the dogs, and all were ready for a fight.

Jim climbed the tree, with a big stick in his hand. One coon jumped. The dogs caught him before he reached the ground—then a fight. Down came another—another fight; and, oh! my! what a fight it was. But three dogs were too much of a majority for one coon, and the fight, though fierce, was soon over. Then came the last and biggest coon, and the third fight. He was going to whip all the dogs, but finally Old Bull got him by the throat, and then it was all off with the coon, for Bull's throat grip was a death grip.

I remember another fight we had. The dogs had run the coon up a hollow tree. Jim tried to twist him out with a stick, but in spite of every effort he could not dislodge him.

We had no matches in those days, but with his steel and flint and punk, which he always carried, Jim struck fire and started a blaze with dry and green leaves in the tree under Mr. Coon. The smoke was too much for him. Down he came and jumped into a deep pool of water nearby, with the dogs after him. Then such a fight as I have never seen. First the dogs were under the water, then the coon, and I thought the coon would drown every dog we had. Finally the dogs came up blowing water out of their noses and blinking water out of their eyes. They swam around and around, but no Mr. Coon came in sight; he had dived down stream and made good his escape.



"I THEN RAN BACKWARD"

CHASED BY A PANTHER

Whenever my mother wished me to take any word to Aunt Peggy she would always tie a red string around my finger, so that I, seeing it, would remember to tell her, and she, seeing it, would ask me what it meant.

It was three miles to Aunt Peggy's, through the thick woods, but three miles was no distance for my young legs.

One day I had to go to Aunt Peggy's on an errand and was to have a little visit afterwards. As usual, the red string was on my finger, and away I scampered, happy to make a visit and glad of my freedom.

I was soon there, hard at play with my young cousin, and had such a good time that the sun was nearly setting in the sky before I started home. Then I left on the run; I could easily run three miles. I ran fast, for the sun had gone down and it was getting dark in the thick woods. I was still a mile from home when suddenly I heard a wild scream, and there in the road in front of me stood a great panther, crouching and waving his tail.

I knew I must not run from it, for it would know I was afraid and would follow and spring upon me. My only hope was to make it afraid of me. Trembling with fright I stood facing it for a few awful moments, then slowly advanced toward it, keeping my eyes fixed upon it. As I advanced nearer and nearer, the panther growled and slowly moved off into the woods. Slowly I went forward to where it

left the road, then I fairly flew towards home. Soon it screamed just off to one side of me, and I tried to run faster.

Where the path ran under the overhanging branches of the big trees I would stop an instant, (for I was afraid the creature would drop on me from the trees) then I would dart past.

Again I heard the terrible scream close behind me. I turned quickly, faced it and yelled. I then ran backwards, for to face it was my only chance of life. It again left the path and went into the forest; then I ran for dear life; I flew, and began to yell for Jim and the dogs. I was nearing home. Jim heard me and came running with the dogs. I was saved! Jim bore me tenderly and bravely home, and mother comforted me.

It was a pretty close call for a little boy ten years old; but boys—even small boys—in those days had to learn to keep their wits about them, for they were forced to face many things that were more or less dangerous.

THREE MILES WITH A LIVE COAL

In these days of electric light, gas and matches it is not easy to realize what it meant to a pioneer family to have the fire go out, and the coals "die."

I remember one summer morning, when father and Jim were away from home, that mother discovered there was no fire in the ashes. I tried to strike fire from the flint and steel, and failed. We could have no breakfast without fire, so I went to Aunt Peggy's with a little bucket for fire.

Doesn't it sound funny to read of sending a small boy with a bucket to "borrow" some fire?

Well, Aunt Peggy put some hot ashes into the bucket, placed a "live coal" in the midst of it, then filled the bucket with more hot ashes, and I ran home three miles with it, glowing hot, and soon mother had a good steaming breakfast for us all.

I didn't have to hoe corn that day—as a reward for getting home with the live coal.

TURKEYS AND THE TURKEY PEN

Wild turkeys, as well as wild game of any kind, were as much sought for in those early days as in the present time.

One morning early in November, after a fall of snow, father found turkey tracks down in Cox's Hollow. I was greatly excited, for father was going to build a rail pen in which to entrap the wild turkeys, and I was to assist him.

We built a pen about ten feet square out of rails, covering the top and laying the rails far enough apart to admit light to the pen, but close enough together so that the birds could not escape. We then dug a long trench, beginning quite a distance from the spot, wide and shallow at first, but narrowing and deepening at the pen and on into it, to the length of about two feet inside the inclosure. Then father scattered corn all around near the outer end of the ditch, increasing the supply in the ditch and still more plentifully inside the pen.

The next day we went to the trap, and what a sight! The pen was full of big, fat turkeys. They

were running frantically around in the trap, holding their heads high and poking them through the rails at the top.

We feasted on turkey, and had all that we wanted for ourselves as well as for our neighbors.

A pretty good turkey story for a true one—and you may be sure I will tell you nothing that is not true of those early days, for their memory is very dear to me, and I am presenting them just as each picture moves into view.

A QUILTING BEE UNDER THE WHITE OAKS

How wonderfully decorative are the trees! Have you ever thought how barren the earth without them? As this picture flashes forth I see a forest of tall walnut, hickory, black gum and white oak and many other kinds of native growth. I see cattle and horses grazing in the fields and on the rising land toward the timber. In the clearing I see the lofty white oaks that stand in the dear old home-yard, and I see that old home of mine which can never be destroyed, for it is eternal in my mind and heart.

The morning is hot, yet spiced with the fragrance of the woods all about the hallowed spot, but under the white oaks it is cool and sweet. The near-by brooks and wet-weather springs are dry, and we are compelled to haul water in a barrel on a sled over a flint-rock road, from the "big spring" away down in Cox's Hollow, a mile away.

Jim was gone by sun-up to hunt the steers which have strayed away, for there is water to haul, and plenty of it, for company is coming. We are to have

a "Quilting Bee", and the neighbors are coming from far and near to help quilt our new quilts which mother and the girls have been "piecing" for a long time.

I see mother, father and the girls busy swinging the quilting frames, in which is fastened the quilt, tied by the corners to the hanging branches of the white oaks. I see women and young girls coming on horseback, with children clinging on behind. They arrive early, for it is summer, and there is much to be done.

I am busy hitching the horses, for Jim has not yet returned with the steers. What a noise of greeting! All the women are talking at once; the children are running and calling out to each other; the dogs are all barking. I see sister Sarah and the faithful Adaline flying about setting a long table out under the trees. They are getting up an old fashioned country dinner.

Jim has not appeared with the steers. There is no water, and everybody is thirsty. Father starts out also to find the strayed steers. The women and girls gather around the quilting frames with flying needles, quilting for dear life, and bantering each other as to which side will quilt first to the middle, laughing and joking with mother—the life of the party.

How plainly I can see it all. The jolly crowd—a loving, helpful co-operative bevy of pioneer women whose courage finds no nobler measure in history! There were Aunt Rachel and Aunt Isabelle, who

have come six or eight miles on horseback; Aunt Peggy from three miles away; Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Bacon, Mrs. Clark and others who also had ridden long distances on horseback.

Everybody was getting alarmingly thirsty, and still neither Jim, father nor steers! With a wooden pail on my head, and barefooted, of course, I started on the run for the spring, a mile away, along a stony road and down into Cox's Hollow.

I drank my fill; then, with the heavy bucket on my head filled to the brim, I returned as fast as I could to the parched women. Aunt Rachel saw me coming and ran to meet me, gave me a kiss and called me pet names.

No steers yet, nor father, nor Jim! So Johnnie must run and get another pail of water.

As I was returning I met father with the steers, sled and water barrel going to the spring; but I hastened on with my pail, and so supplied the need till father came with the barrel full of good cold spring water.

Now the quilting was finished, and all the "grown-ups" sat down around the table loaded with about every palatable thing that was ever cooked to be eaten! Chicken, baked and fried, with plenty of gravy; sweet potatoes, corn on the cob, fresh butter, milk and cream, pumpkin pies, cake and tea.

We children kept the flies off the table with long tree branches while the dear women ate, talked, laughed, and kept on eating—the while our mouths

watered and our empty stomachs wondered whether they were going to eat forever, and everything as well.

Ah, let me tell you those pioneer Missourians truly loved the good things of the earth! And the "woman of Missouri" was a being of power and purpose in those days—no less so than the man of Missouri.

The "Quilting Bee" was the society event in the pioneer times—as was also the "Barn Raising," the "Corn Husking," and, indeed, anything that required the assistance of the neighbor. When a young couple married it was the common custom for all the neighbors to meet, make a clearing, and build a log cabin for them to go to house-keeping in—everything complete for occupancy, even down to the little gum cradle—each neighbor only too happy to contribute his time and strength toward a happy start in the new life.

THE SHEEP AND THE WOLVES

In those days we kept sheep for their wool only—never for food; for what reason I do not know. Having no sense of self-protection they require much care and attention. Cattle, horses and hogs possess intelligence enough to find their way home and "come in out of the wet;" but sheep are too stupid to retrace their steps to the fold.

Most of our winter clothing was made from the fleeces of our sheep. We sheared, washed, carded, spun and wove the wool, then cut and made every garment we wore.

One of my chief duties was to look after the flock. It was pretty dull work; but, if the herder is inclined toward thinking out things for himself, it gives him healthful opportunity to do so.

The wolves were numerous and destructive, and they enlivened the dull employment considerably at times. They were larger than the coyote wolf and very ferocious when hungry. The hogs would band together when set upon by wolves and fight them savagely; the cattle and horses would also fight them fiercely; but the poor innocent sheep had no means of self-defense and were devoid of sense enough to run home when danger threatened.

One year the woods were full of wolves. They would come to our enclosures and howl and bark all night until our dogs would charge upon and chase them! Frequently the brutes would turn upon the dogs and chase them back to the house-yard. One of those wolves could have whipped all our dogs; but they were cowardly, as well as vicious, and did not know their power.

Every morning the sheep were let out of their pen to hunt for their food, and in the evening, before sundown, they were gathered into their pen again by the herder. A bell was hung on one sheep called "the bell-wether." The flock followed him, and whenever any danger threatened would gather about him, pushing and jostling him, thus causing a continuous ringing of the bell.

One drizzling afternoon I went to get the sheep as usual, but could not find them. While searching

I suddenly heard the bell ringing rapidly. Riding as fast as possible, for I knew there was trouble, there, sure enough—the wolves had scattered the sheep, and had killed three or four. I hastened to drive home those which had bunched around the old bell-wether, penned them, then started back to find the scattered remnants of the flock.

I was riding bareback on old Quebec (a “scary” steed) but I took the dogs with me and rode as fast as I could through the trees and underbrush. It was now quite dark and raining. Old Quebec snorted and stopped! “What’s that?” The rushing and hustling of the sheep, and the growling and snapping of the wolves! I urged the dogs on and pushed Quebec forward, and soon—sheep, dogs, wolves, Quebec and I were all mixed up together. In the dim light I could see the wolves, and they looked frightfully big.

Old Bull was fighting like mad. He knew no fear, and he bit and chewed furiously until the wolves ran away howling. The sheep were free, and Bull and I took them home and put them in the fold.

Counting the sheep next morning we found there were eleven missing out of a flock of fifty. It was a great loss, for it meant fewer warm clothes, caps, socks, stockings and mittens next winter.

Our neighbors suffering also from the ravages of the wolves the men with dogs and guns organized a wolf hunt, and for a year our part of the country was quite free from raids.

THE OLD GRIST MILL

The grist mill was a most necessary adjunct of the pioneer family, for it furnished the "manna of the wilderness" to those hardy people. "Milling" was done every two weeks. Meal could not be kept sweet and good very long, and so for that reason milling had to be done often.

I remember early one morning father's putting a long sack of corn (one half in each end) on old Quebec, and then, placing me on top, telling me to take it to Harrison's Mill, get it ground, and bring home what the miller didn't take for toll. It was five miles to Harrison's Mill!

I hurried as fast as possible, for the grists were ground in the order of their arrival at the mill; so I had to hurry in order to get my corn ground early in the day. There were a lot of boys at the mill when I arrived, and, while we waited, we went swimming in the mill pond, paddling up and down in the mill-race, and watching the water tumble down over the mill-wheel.

We played marbles, mumbley-peg, leap-frog, and all the other games that boys have played since there were boys to play at anything. We roasted corn in the hot embers, eating it as we played.

One after another the boys got their meal and left for home—their day's play over and night-chores waiting. Toward evening good Alex Harrison got my bag of meal on Quebec, set me astride her, and I rode home proudly winning for myself the new job of miller boy.

To be useful and trustworthy in those days was to win distinction among our folks.

JACK THE RACE HORSE

Father traded for a big grey horse. We did not know much about him, but were told he could "go" pretty fast.

One day mother told Jim and me to take him down into the big valley and turn him loose with the other horses, but charged us not to go too fast. We both climbed on Jack,—Jim in front—and rode one half mile to where the horses were.

We came to a pretty straight path, and Jim said: "I'll get off here, and you ride Jack away down yonder, turn him around, and we'll see how fast he can run." We had heard he had been a race horse.

I, nothing loth, obeyed and with one hand holding the bridle reins, the other clutched in Jack's mane, I told him to "go." He went! I grabbed his mane with both hands as he tore along and I bobbed up and down trying to hold on like a lizard to a log! I "whoa'd" him with all my might, but Jack was showing Jim how fast he could run and was not considering me. I was clinging for dear life to Jack's mane, my feet straight out on his back, but my manehold broke, and Jack flew from under me!

As I was in the air, and before I struck the ground, everything bad I had ever done passed through my mind. Oh! if I could only see mother and tell her how sorry I was for not obeying her!

When I fell Jim ran down and lifted me up, picked the gravel out of my face, and was glad I was not even badly hurt.

HOEING CORN BEFORE BREAKFAST

Ah! how we hoed corn in those Missouri days, and how I hated it! Big and little, girls and boys, all had to hoe corn in the hoeing season.

One sultry morning Jim and I went out as usual at sunrise to hoe a certain amount before breakfast. I felt very bad that morning; I must have had what is now called, "nervous prostration."

Jim was hoeing ahead of me, and urging me to "hoe up." I found my hoe was getting loose on the handle. If it would only come off I would run home with it! I jerked and jiggled it until it came off, and then, picking it up, said, "Jim, my hoe has come off, and I am going to the house." "No, you are not," Jim said, "I'll fix it." "No, you wont," I said, and started for home. Then there was a foot race. I was a coward and my safety lay in my heels; but Jim was brave, and his safety lay in his fists. Jim was ten and I was eight, but I could outrun him. Lickety-clickety, with the hoe in one hand and the handle in the other, over the plowed ground, sometimes breaking down the corn, away I ran, Jim close after me, crying, "Stop, or I'll whip you." I knew he would, and, forgetting my nervous prostration, I ran with all my might and didn't stop till we both bounded into the open door of the house. Then explanations and laughter, followed by breakfast, and all were happy.

Mother laughed heartily with us and enjoyed the boyish sport. She was always cheery and optimistic, which helped us all over many things that otherwise would have caused us to be downcast.

HOG KILLING AND CHRISTMAS

A cold December day just before Christmas. Everything was ready for hog-killing. The big log-heap with stones laid on it had been carefully built early in the morning and the stones were now blazing hot.

Hog-killing was a great day. Everybody big enough had something to do. The large water-barrel filled with water was placed with its open end slanting up, and when the stones were hot enough they were dropped into the barrel. So soon as scalding hot the rocks were pulled out with a hoe and the hog slipped in, first one end, then the other; then it was drawn out on a strong bench, where the hair was scraped off, and finally it was hung up, washed and cleaned.

So the process went on until a long string of white porkers hung side by side. They were next opened and the fat carefully removed, but the bladders were divided between Jim and me. With the greatest care we worked them, finally blew them up as tight as they could bear, then laid them away for our Christmas guns!

Christmas morning everybody was astir long before day, each one trying to catch the other's "Christmas gift!" All was joyous excitement! Jim and I would run out and get some of our hog bladders, lay them down on the ice and with a big paddle strike them sharply. They would make a noise louder than a pop-gun. Oh, but it was fun!

Then breakfast of spare ribs, sausages, sweet potatoes and wheat biscuits!

How happy we all were! Such good friends and loyal comrades!

Next came the Christmas presents, and they were worth while. Everything homemade—warm knit socks and mittens and caps and ear flaps, comforters for the boys, a pretty dress pattern for each of the girls, for father a bolt of blue jeans for a suit of clothes, and for mother—*think!* she had only love and kisses, for nothing could be made in that old home without mother knowing all about it. That was a Missouri Christmas, and one of the very best.

Snow was on the ground during the holidays, and Jim and I would go rabbit-hunting with the dogs. When the rabbits were pressed by the dogs they would dive under the snow, and the dogs, running past, would lose track of them, and we boys would pull the rabbits out of their hiding.

MY FIRST SCHOOL AND ONLY LICKING

One day in November, Billy D. Johnson, a dapper little Englishman, rode up to our house on a mule. He said he wanted to teach school. Father, having had six months' schooling himself, examined Billy D. and thought he would do. The neighbors built a log schoolhouse in a black-jack forest about two miles from our house, and we started a three-months' winter school in it.

There was a very large fireplace in one end of the

schoolhouse, where the great black-jack logs burned brightly. The boys had great fun in rolling those big logs into the schoolhouse and the fireplace.

I know Billy D. Johnson was the meanest little rascal that ever disgraced a schoolhouse. He kept a rack of long tough hickory switches which he seemed really to love to use, on boy or girl, for the slightest failure in lessons or deportment.

One day I was sitting on one of the high slab benches, my feet six inches from the floor. A hot fire blazed in the fireplace, and the room was stifling. I was tired and very thirsty, but I was afraid to ask the master if I might have a drink. There was a tin pan with some water in it just behind me, so I screwed myself around and, doubling over the bench, took the tin cup and was very softly dipping up the water and drinking, when, whiz-yip!—I thought I was split in two! I was hit from heel to head. I did not know which place hurt the worst; it hurt me so dreadfully I couldn't yelp! It was too good a chance for Billy D. to miss, and he didn't miss it, or me.

Not long after he whipped a boy so unmercifully that the girls cried and I was scared stiff. That ended the school, and Billy D. rode off on his mule. Word came back that the mule had fallen off a bridge, and Billy D. was killed. I could never feel sorry, for I always remembered that he gave me the only licking I ever had in school—though I may have deserved many.

GOING TO UNCLE TOMMY'S

I hear mother saying: "Yes, you may go to Uncle Tommy's to see Tom and Paul tomorrow afternoon—if you have finished your work and cut all the wood that is needed." It was Friday noon; a full day's work was laid out and we jumped into it with a hearty will and had it all finished but the cutting of the wood shortly after sundown. In the gray of the next morning we were at the wood-pile, making the chips fly.

Through the ring of our axes, we suddenly heard a strange sound, and, looking up, we saw there in the early light something white!

A ghost, large, and white as snow!

Jim was brave, but I was shivering with fright and waited to see what he would do. He picked up a stick of wood and said: "Go away, or I'll throw this stick of wood at you." The ghost gave a low solemn moan, and Jim dropping the stick said: "Come John, let's run," and away we went. Mother dropped off her white sheet, calling to us and laughing at our fright and flight. Soon the wood was cut and carried in, and, breakfast over, we two happy boys were off with light hearts and nimble feet to see our cousins and to have a two days' vacation six miles away on the Merrimac.

THE CAMP-MEETING ON THE MERRIMAC

Now, my dear children, I come to the first great event of my life. I was just nine years old. There was to be a camp-meeting on the Merrimac River in the Whitmore Settlement. Father was going, of

course, as he was one of the preachers. Mother must go also, for she was a great camp-meeting singer.

It was a full day's journey on horseback, over a stony road, thick with stumps.

I cannot remember whether any of the other children were with us. I only know I went, riding behind father on his horse. At one place we had to ford a wide river, and mother was afraid of getting dizzy and falling off into the water. Father rode close beside her and held her, telling her to look straight at the further bank. The camp ground was on the bank of the beautiful Merrimac in the midst of a lovely grove of hickory, walnut, oak and ash trees, under whose green branches was a platform of rough boards, with a hard plank-seat long enough to hold four or five preachers. A board pulpit was built in front upon which to lay the Bible and hymn book.

Down in front of the pulpit and platform were many rude slab seats, with a wide aisle running between, dividing the seats into two equal parts—for in those days all the men sat on one side of the meeting-house and the women on the other. All around the pulpit and "mourners bench," and among the seats, and still farther away, even into the campers' tents and cabins, the ground was covered with clean, bright straw.

There were a great many people there, I thought, for I had never seen so many at any one time. They had come from miles around. All were settlers and

farmers, for the nearest town of any size was St. Louis, seventy-five miles away.

The order of worship was prayers in the tents before breakfast, public prayer-meeting at 9:30, preaching at 10:30, two sermons (one succeeding the other) preaching at 3 P. M., and again at night. Intense earnestness marked these wonderful meetings, for these forefathers of ours made it a business to be good and to serve God. But not all who came to these campmeetings were good. Rowdies came to make light of and to disturb these religious gatherings.

One day I saw a party of young fellows away off under a big tree and some of us younger boys went over to see what they were doing. There was a noted gambler by the name of Tom Livingston who was the leader of the rowdies. He was standing and solemnly holding a big horse-fly in his hand, which he called his "text." He was preaching from this text, and saying: "Brethren, watch my text, for when you see it flying away to heaven, the meeting is out." Pretty soon, away flew the "text," and away scampered the rowdies, for my father came and led me by the arm back to camp.

I remember that one day a nice young fellow was plaiting a wonderful hickory-bark whip and all the boys were begging for it. I was shy and said nothing, though I wanted it as much as any of them. When the whip was finished, he handed it to me, saying, "Because you didn't beg for it and bother me." I couldn't help feeling very virtuous over this

reward, though I knew, down in my heart, I didn't deserve it any more than the rest of the boys.

Well, the meeting went on and on. It was wonderful to me. It seemed as if everybody old enough, and even the birds and the trees, was getting religion.

I remember one night my mother came down the wide aisle, with the two daughters of a noted infidel, singing, "Pray on, shout on, we are gaining ground." I was greatly interested. I thought I was not old enough to get religion. My little palpitating heart felt heavy, and I kept praying: "Our Father in Heaven, don't let me die and be lost before I'm old enough to get religion and be saved." That was the deepest and sweetest prayer of my life. The Father in Heaven was talking to me, and I knew it not. Such was the beginning of my religious life.

A FAMILY NIGHT SCENE IN THE OLD LOG HOUSE

The old log house grows human when I think of the winter nights around the fire in the big family room—the great fire place which filled the east end of it bursting with the glory of flame, like another sun, to warm and caress those loved ones whose industry, patience and loving kindness are indelibly imprinted on my memory, connecting in some strange way those inanimate things with those who dwelt therewith, making them of one substance and equally sharing my love and fondest remembrances.

That family room! It holds all that is most precious to my child heart! Curtained off in the west

end of the room are two high beds, with trundle beds under them. Opposite the south door and main entrance is another wide one which opens on to the porch that connects the house with the kitchen.

The big spinning wheel stands near the middle of the room, the little wheel a bit north of it, and both headed toward the fire-place. The cotton-gin, a little to the right of the big wheel, stood with its side to the fire-place. This primitive "cotton-gin," consisting of two wooden rollers, like the modern clothes wringer, was fastened to the middle of a slab seat. The hickory or black-jack log, with plenty of smaller wood, blazed brightly in the fireplace.

Now, stand back, facing the east, and see the living picture! Father to the right, making shoes for the family! Mother to the left, with the baby's cradle near, carding wool, cotton or flax rolls as fast as her blessed hands can fly, while she watches the "johnny-cake" which is leaning against the johnny-cake board, browning before the fire. Adaline, our faithful colored girl, is at the big wheel, with distaff in one hand and a wool or cotton roll in the other, making the wheel sing as backwards and forwards she goes converting the rolls into yarn or thread. Sister Sarah is making the little wheel hum, "like a bee in a hollyhock;" Sister Lizzie is knitting socks or something else for our personal comfort. Little brother Frank is crocheting with a home-made crochet hook; little sister Susie is playing with the kitten, and baby Sebe lies asleep in the



A FAMILY NIGHT-SCENE IN THE OLD LOG HOUSE

black-gum cradle! Oh! how plainly I see it all! But, you haven't seen all the picture.

Look! There sits Jim astride of one end of the cotton-gin bench, John straddling the other, the gin between. Jim is turning the gin rollers with one hand and pulling the ginned cotton through with the other. John is feeding the rollers with cotton and every now and then getting his fingers pinched, to his discontent. I hear the dear voices in loving converse, or some sweet song rising lark-like from Mother's throat, to be joined in chorus by all!

But, "Ah! Good Painter! you can't paint sound!"

Now, the scene is changed! It is two hours later and the johnny-cake (twenty inches long and six inches wide) is baked through and through and browned to the "Queen's taste," with the Queen sitting to the left of the glowing fireplace.

He who has never eaten johnny-cake has missed one of the greatest luxuries of life! You may be served with what they call "johnny-cake," but it will only be that in name, for there is everything missing that makes it what it used to be.

Now the wheels, the reels and the "distaff's tousled head" are set aside; the shoe-making things, with the horrid, finger-pinching cotton-gin are put away; the feast and fun begin—all are talking, laughing, singing, and eating johnny-cake. After that, the romping and games—"blind-man's buff," "pussy-wants-a-corner," "stage coach," father and mother either taking part or else looking on and intently enjoying the sport of their youngsters.

Again the scene changes! Father is in his corner with the little red Bible in his hands, (I have it now); mother ever in her place, with all the children, Adaline included, seated quietly about. Father reads, mother leads the singing, in which all join; then we kneel down. After prayers come the "good nights and sweet dreams," kisses for mother and father, and all are off for the dreamless sleep of healthy childhood.

This is a typical winter's night scene in the old Missouri home of my childhood, and it is as vivid in your grandfather's memory as if it were only last night.

CROSSING THE PLAINS

The long winter months passed with their night scenes of work and mirthful games. It was now March, the year 1847. Father had been very sick with malarial fever during the last of November and December.

Dear wicked old Dr. Fox would swear that father shouldn't die and leave mother and her children to struggle alone. He had to come twenty miles on horseback, and he came once a week. He told father he couldn't pull him through another winter in Missouri; he must go to a warm climate.

One day while father was so ill I went to grandmother's on an errand, returning home in the evening. The weather suddenly turned very cold—a northern blizzard. I urged my horse as fast as he could travel, but I grew colder and colder. I thought about getting off and running to warm myself, but

I feared I was so numb that I couldn't get on my horse again, so I lay down on the horse and put my arms around his neck to keep from freezing. He finally took me home. Father saw me through the window and sent some one to bring me in.

We longed for a better climate and warmer country. We were hearing wondrous stories about California—"a land of warmth and sunshine; cool summers and warm winters," where no rude storms came, where farms could be had without felling forest, digging stumps and piling rocks. We naturally wanted to go to it, and many a consultation was held around that hallowed family fireside after father was able to join the circle.

At last the decision was made to start for California as soon as the grass came. Truly a great undertaking; but, once the decision was reached, all was excitement in preparing for the long and perilous journey.

The spinning-wheels, the dear old loom in the kitchen and the sewing needles were worked overtime; night and day the preparations were on in every direction and department of our domestic life. Clothing was made for a year ahead. Father, Jim and I were just as busy outside, hunting suitable young steers, picking out the best young cows, breaking into harness two pairs of young horses, and attending to every detail for the welfare and protection of the family. Jim was then just fourteen and I just past twelve.

Father took me with him to St. Louis to buy

wagons and other things for the long journey. Jim was obliged to stay whenever father was away. It was seventy-five miles to St. Louis—at that time only a little French and Dutch village, straggling along the banks of the Missouri River.

Father bought a wagon and had a water-tight bed built on it, with hickory bows and a good canvas cover. He also purchased a Government spring carriage. The dear old farm and home of my early boyhood was sold with all its belonging, including the sheep, hogs, chickens and the unfit cattle and horses.

THE START

It was early in April, in the year 1847. The neighbors and kindred from far and near were there to see us off, for we were going, never to return; we were saying our final good-byes; seeing one another for the last time! The hand shakings, the "God's Blessings!" the kissing, the crying and sobbing! At last, after one long lingering look and silent pressure of clinging fingers, we started—father and mother on the front seat of the carriage, with Sarah, Lizzie, Frank, Susie and baby Sebe behind; Jim beside the three yoke of young steers hitched to a wagon filled with food and bedding; I on horseback, with some friends to help me, getting the loose cattle and horses together for the start.

Amid the cheers, and waving of hands and handkerchiefs, the procession started on its long journey across the plains, over the "northwest wagon trail."

We went about six or eight miles that day and

made our first camping. The roads were very bad all the way through Missouri, the settlements few and far between, and nothing of importance happened until we reached the Osage River. We had to ferry everything across in a flat-boat, and it took us all day. Father and Jim and I were on the boat when it made its last trip.

You remember we had three dogs: Tige and Joaler were young, but Bull was old and we loved Bull the best. For some reason, I do not know why, the dogs were not on the boat, but, seeing us all gone, they ran a distance up the river and jumped in to swim across. Tige and Joaler swam across easily, but dear old spotted Bull came floating by our boat drowned. It was a sad incident for Jim and me. My heart was fairly broken. I never can forget Old Bull! He was a very "son of battle."

We moved along up the Missouri River on the south side till we reached Independence, a little military post on the border-line of Missouri and the great plains beyond.

We remained there two or three days, resting the stock and laying in further supplies for the journey. Leaving Independence, a few days more brought us to the Kaw River. Here we found quite a number of emigrants waiting for the collection of a larger company. I think we remained there two or three weeks.

It was May and the grass was fine; our cattle grew fat and everyone had a fine time. Oh! the wild strawberries, so fragrant and sweet. I could

gather a quart in a little while. I thought it the prettiest country in the world, and the best, and I wanted father to stop there. The Black Kaw Indians came into camp every day on their pretty fat ponies.

By and by enough parties had come for a good company. Mr. Bulah was elected Captain and the start was made. It took two days to ferry the wagons and swim the stock across the Kaw.

A few days after we left the Kaw we had a bad fright. A big band of black Kaw warriors, with their war-paint on, came sweeping down upon us on their horses, carrying bows and arrows and spears.

The train stopped. Our men got out their guns and made ready for defense. I felt that the end had come, and my hair seemed to stand on end ready for the scalping-knife and tommyhawk! A parley was held and a half-breed Indian rode up saying: "We are friendly, and just starting on a buffalo hunt, but we want a beef to pay for your going through our country." The beef was promptly given, my scalp was saved, and I have it yet!

THE PLATTE RIVER

A few weeks of travel, of novel experiences and strange incidents, brought us to the South Platte River. Here we found warnings on buffalo skulls and boards, left by emigrants ahead of us, to look out for Pawnee thieves, for they were thick and bad. We were then in the Pawnee country and we camped on the banks of the river, taking extra precautions for our safety and doubling the

night guard. Notwithstanding this, however, the Indians proved their prowess, especially in one instance.

STRONG'S RACE HORSE

A man by the name of Strong, belonging to one of the parties, had a very fine race horse of which he was justly proud. He would not risk leaving it out with the other horses and cattle, all of which were well guarded day and night, but insisted upon bringing his animal into camp, to the rear end of the wagon in which he slept, tying the end of the halter-rope to his arm. He swore that the Indians should not get his horse, and that, anyhow, he would take his head with him to California.

The next morning he found the loose end of the halter-rope (cut sharply off) hanging to his arm, and the horse gone. It was the only one stolen from the train. Mr. Pawnee had crossed the river, seen the horse, crept under the wagon in the dark night, and, at the right moment, cut the rope, and slipped away as only an Indian can with the race horse.

The men joked Strong at first about losing his horse: "Well, Strong, have you got your horse's head in the back end of the wagon yet?" Finally they saw Strong didn't like it, and desisted—for they found he was a dangerous man, that his real name was Wright, that he had killed a man and was fleeing from justice. After hearing Strong's story they all said Strong was (W) right, and Wright was Strong! Everybody had to make the best of everything in those days to get along.

PRAIRIE FUEL

We made about one hundred miles a week traveling up the Platte. The buffalo grass was fine, water plenty, the weather and everything lovely; it was all a picnic for me. All I had to do was to drive the loose stock behind the train, afoot or horse-back, milk the cows night and morning and also make fires.

We had plenty of milk and butter. There was little or no wood to be had, and we had to gather buffalo-chips for cooking. The buffalo-chips were abundant, making splendid fires and the bread and bacon cooked over them tasted mighty good to me.

Father and Jim had all they could do in looking after the stock, making camp at night, and striking camp in the morning—mother and the girls helping, of course, almost everywhere. I didn't have to stand guard. I presume I was not big enough.

THE BUFFALO

Children, I am almost afraid to tell you the truth about the buffalo for fear you will think your grandfather is getting excited in recalling those early experiences and is magnifying them out of proportion. But I feel sure I cannot picture to you the countless numbers of the buffalo that I saw ranging the hills and plains. Buffalo, buffalo everywhere. The men shot them down for fun; but that was stopped by order of the Captain and Camp Council. The men would bring in the hind quarters of some of the fat young cows and the meat was very good.

The buffalo were moving from their winter homes

in the north to the summer feeding-grounds in the south. Sometimes a herd would come running across the trail in front of our train, which would have to stop until they had passed. We overtook another train which had started from St. Joe, Missouri. There were, as well as I can remember, about thirty wagons in each train. We moved on and camped a mile or so apart.

THE STAMPEDE

We camped near the river, and just about dusk we heard a roaring noise from the other side. The buffalo were coming! It seemed as if they were coming straight toward our camp!

Great excitement prevailed. Some of our men grabbed their guns and ran to the river banks; others mounted horses and, gathering the stock, drove them away in order to control them. One man rode fast to the other camp to tell the men to do the same, but they failed to do it, although they had good warning and plenty of time. Almost sooner than it takes to tell it, the buffalo came thundering across the river, which was about a mile and-a-half wide, but quite shallow. The men began shooting and yelling and the column was turned between the two trains.

Our horses and cattle were badly frightened and stampeded, but our men, having them well in hand, turned them so that they ran away from the buffalo.

In about two hours the maddened buffalo had all passed, and, with them, about one half of the cattle

of the other train. They ran so close to us that one big buffalo jumped over the tongue of one of our wagons.

The cause of that terrific buffalo run was said to be that the Indians were hunting and killing them on the north side of the river. In those days the Indians lived mostly on dried buffalo meat and made their houses and bedding out of buffalo hides.

The following morning dawned bright and clear, and our cattle were all safe. But word soon came from the other camp that one half of their stock had stampeded with the buffalo. A council was held in our camp and it was decided that we would go on, while they, after hunting up their stock, could follow later. But they begged us not to leave them, as they were afraid the Indians might discover their helpless condition and kill them. So we moved our camp close to theirs and our men, with theirs, went on the trail of the buffalo to hunt up the stampeded stock.

They were gone three days and came back weary, heartsick and half starved, without a single animal. They found only a few old oxen worn out and unfit for use. It was a distressing time. I remember one day their women were gathered together, talking and crying, and saying they would all perish in the wilderness. Then I saw mother stand up among them—I think she was the bravest woman I ever knew—talking to them and singing that wonderful poem of Robert Selkirk: “I am monarch of all I survey,” with her clear, beautiful voice ringing out

triumphantly in that vast wilderness of space, bringing fresh courage to every heart. She sang it clear through, and I ever think of Deborah as it comes back to me after all these years. "The highways were unoccupied, and the travelers walked through byways * * * until that I, Deborah, arose, that I arose a mother in Israel. * * * Bless ye the Lord. * * * Then shall the people of the Lord go down to the gates."

The people of our party wanted the crippled train to return to Independence, 400 miles back, as there was plenty of grass and water on the way and the Indians were friendly. Some had lost all their oxen; some had lost none; these latter said if we went on they would go also. The crippled unfortunates would have to go back, or on to Laramie, two hundred miles away, where they could be cared for. A general council was held, and the decision was that all must go on, which meant that all must help their dependent fellow-travelers.

We had three yoke of oxen only, and really none to spare. But we gave up one yoke and yoked up two cows in their place, our whole train being so far crippled that we had to move very much more slowly thereafter.

THE BUFFALO CALF AND BILLY MONROE

One evening a man came into camp with a big buffalo calf that he had lariatied. He picketed it a little way from the Camp, and it was an immense curiosity to everybody. It was a great fighter and we were afraid to go near it. Bill Monroe was

one large braggadocio. He had a fine horse, a gun, wore pistols, and was the "dude" or "lady's man" of the company. He was away on a buffalo hunt when the calf was brought to camp, and when he came back he went out to see it and the fun that was going on, for one and another were teasing the calf, scampering away when it would "go" for them. Monroe said, "I'll pick him up in my arms."

He went toward the calf, which first backed as far away as it could and then made a run and plunged at Monroe, striking him between the pockets, ran between his legs, and left him rolling upon the ground. Everybody screamed with laughter, and it was many a day before Billy heard the last of his fight with the little buffalo.

FORT LARAMIE

A few more weeks of pleasant traveling brought us to Fort Laramie, six hundred miles from Independence. We were now in the country of the Sioux Indians. They were the finest looking and the greatest warriors on the plains.

THE CHIEF AND HIS WAR-WHOOP!

The following did not happen to our party, but was told by the men of another train. Some thirty or forty young Sioux warriors were annoying the emigrants by stealing everything upon which they could lay their hands. They grew so bold and bad that one day one of the men rode off to the main Indian village and told the old Chief what his young warriors were doing.

Without saying a word, the chief seized his shotgun, mounted his pony and rode like the wind to the train. When he was within about one hundred yards of it, he let out a warwhoop which the rascals recognized and they fled in every direction. One of the young bucks was a little tardy in getting on his pony; the old chief leveled his gun at him and fired, putting three buck-shots into the horse and grazing the Indian's leg. Then he turned and rode gravely back.

PAYING TOLL

We frequently had to give the Indians something for going through their country. One day when we arrived at a Sioux village a band of warriors stopped the train and told us that each wagon must give them flour and bacon. They spread their buffalo robes and we had to march up with our toll, while the warriors, squaws and papooses watched the performance.

Seizure of that bread and bacon was literally taking it out of our mouths, for we knew then that we did not have enough on which to get through, and some of our men were so furious that they wanted to fight. But we were in the Indian's country, and were forced to submit.

LEFT IN THE TALL GRASS

One morning after the wagons had all started, the loose stock trailing behind, it was found that our unhitched horses were missing. I looked around and saw them about a half mile away in some tall grass. With bridle in hand, and afoot (bare-footed

of course) I went back for them. I could always catch "one-eyed Riley" by slipping up on his blind side. Just as I had a good hold of his mane, the horses all started to run, Riley with them. I hung on to his mane, but he whirled so quickly that he threw me to the ground, treading on my ankle and turning it. I found I couldn't walk a step and knew I couldn't overtake the train on one foot.

The Indians were usually lurking about, and I was sure they would come to the camps as soon as the trains had left. What was I to do? Again I felt my hair rise, thinking of the tommy-hawk and scalping knife! No, I thought, they will not kill me; they will capture me and make a Sioux Indian of me! I hid in the tall grass and kept peering out for Indians and looking longingly in the direction of the disappearing train. Well children, you can imagine my feelings when I saw a man coming back on horseback—riding fast. I hopped out of the tall grass, and stood up. Yes,—it was father, and I was saved again!

The journey from Fort Laramie to Independence Rock, a distance of about two hundred miles, was uneventful to me. I know we went over what were called the "Black Hills." Most of the way we had pretty fair roads, water, grass and some forest, dead willows, scrubby pine and cedar.

I remember the vast plains of white alkali and soda. Some of the women used the soda for making bread, and said it was pretty good.

About two weeks out from Laramie we came to a

place where there was plenty of water and grass and wood. We stayed there several days resting both ourselves and the stock. Father held service and preached on Sunday, as was his custom.

We stopped again a day or two at Independence Rock, which is a great smooth rock that can be seen for miles away. It was a long way from our road, but many of the men and larger boys went out to it. I thought I was big enough and went with them. Some of them cut their names in the solid granite.

The next river to cross was the Sweetwater, one of the largest tributaries of the North Platte.

Up the Sweetwater we tugged and pulled, crossed and recrossed it many times, with our weakened teams struggling up the slope of the Rocky Mountains.

Finally we left the Sweetwater, turning into a canyon that led us, after some days of hard traveling, near the summit of the Rockies — the mighty “backbone of the Continent.”

For our last day in that terrible canyon the road lay along the bottom of the crooked bed of a dry water-way, full of boulders. Often the men would have to lift the wagons around big rocks or pry them out from between stony ruts into which the wheels would drop every now and then. Brother Jim drove the ox team, and father scolded him several times for not being clever enough to miss the big boulders. Jim was tired and discouraged and his wagon soon hung on another big rock. Father

scolded him again, and Jim, though he was one of the best and bravest boys that ever crossed the Rockies, threw down his whip and would drive no more that day.

I took up the whip, and, finally, by the hardest possible tugging, pulling, twisting and lifting, we climbed out of that awful roadless canyon, almost reaching the top of the mountains by what is known as the South Pass. The next day, as I remember, we arrived at the "water parting," the very apex of the mountains, where the rainfall divides, part going east toward the Atlantic Ocean, and part west toward the Pacific. And here we were only a little over half way from Missouri to California!

CROSSING THE GREEN RIVER

The romance of crossing the plains was passed, and it was now trudge, trudge, along bad or no roads, picking our way through sage brush and sandy deserts; pitching our tents at night and taking them up again in the morning. Trudge, trudge, on and on and on, ever loyal to our purpose and with unabated courage. Finally, we reached the Green River, a wide, swift stream whose waters flow west, tributary to the Colorado River whose mighty torrent empties into the Pacific.

We camped on the banks of the river and planned the crossing. There were no trees on the banks to which might be fastened ropes for ferrying purposes. A few of the party crossed in their water-tight wagon beds, the men pushing the improvised craft out into the river as far as possible, then, by



CROSSING GREEN RIVER IN 1847. DUKE AND BERRY LEADING. JIM DRIVING

a rope tied to the front-end of the wagon-bed and the other end in the hands of strong men, who had swum across to the opposite bank, they were pulled to the other side. But this method failed because an accident occurred which endangered many lives. A wagon-bed got loose, and, with the terrified women and children that were in it, went rapidly down stream. Only by heroic efforts of our brave men were they finally rescued and drawn to the shore. After this the women utterly refused to run further risk in that way, and a new method had to be devised.

Finally, it was decided to lift and tie the wagon-beds to the top of the long wagon standards, fasten all the wagons together and to these hitch the oxen in one long string. The next day, after a good night's rest, this feat was accomplished, and it was a sight never to be forgotten.

Jim and I were very proud that our oxen were chosen to lead the procession across the river. Duke, as white as snow, and Berry, speckled white and black — the best pair of oxen that ever crossed the plains — in the lead; Buck and Jolly, our wheelers next, with Kim astride of Buck; the other thirty or forty pairs of oxen strung out behind, hitched to the string of some twenty wagons! The driver of each ox team was on his near-side ox. All set and ready, the word to start was given.

At Jim's command Duke and Berry plunged into the stream at an up-angle against the swift current. After them moved the whole train. Every

teamster urged his steers to do their best to stem the current. The wagons rolled into the river as Duke and Berry struck swimming water. Gallantly they fought against the battling current, swimming with mighty strength and for dear life under the calls of brother Jim on the back of old Buck.

All the spare men were either wading or riding on the up side of the wagons, holding on to ropes tied to the wagon-beds. The wagons rolled into deep water; everybody in them leaned as hard and heavily as possible against the up-stream side, the wagon wheels perhaps touching bottom or perhaps not. It was a time of greatest anxiety and danger. Had Duke and Berry struck below the landing God only knows what would have been the consequence.

As the steers clambered up the bank the men leaped from their backs, every man and every ox doing his utmost in this fight to draw those wagons with the precious lives through the deep water before they could float or slide too far down stream or turn over in the swift current.

Every man, woman and child reached the western side of Green River, rejoicing and thanking God, and blessing the men and the sturdy oxen for their deliverance and safety.

Jim, and Duke and Berry, were the heroes. Every one came to see and to speak to them and show their gratitude. My darling children, I was then twelve and one half years old, and I am now seventy-seven years young, but that scene thrills me yet and brings tears to my eyes as I try to describe it to you.

The journey from Green River through what is now Wyoming, to Fort Hall, in what is now Idaho, while uneventful, was anxious — for our stock were growing footsore and weaker each day. Everything but food, clothing and bedding was thrown away in order to lighten the loads, and the women and larger children walked most of the time. So we trudged on our weary way through a monotonous desert land until we arrived at Fort Hall, where we rested for a day or two. Here a wonderful, and, I think, a providential thing happened. We had come to the parting of the ways—one road leading toward Oregon, the other toward California. We took the one to California, while some of the company followed the Oregon trail.

It was afternoon, and, ere long, we camped at a little stream of water. Just after sundown a company of men came from the California way and made camp not far from us. They were the first white men we had met since leaving Missouri, and we were not only greatly interested to know who they were, but anxious to get all the news they could give us about California, and the best way to get there. Father, Jim and I went to see them and found they were a Company of United States soldiers, under General Kearny, taking news back to Washington of the revolution going on in California.

To our horror and dismay the General told us the awful story of the perishing of the Donner party in the Sierras the year before, and urged that we

were too late to think of getting across the mountains that year, assuring us the only way for us to save our lives was to take the Oregon road down the Snake River. That "chance" meeting undoubtedly saved us from perishing.

The next morning we pulled across to the Oregon trail, sickened and awe-struck by the terrible story, yet grateful for God's mercy in being directed into safer paths.

To the day of their death father and mother believed that the meeting with General Kearny near Fort Hall was providential, and that it saved our lives.

Having re-joined the Oregon train we dragged our weary way over sandy and rocky deserts and through thick sage-brush. The romance with which we started out had passed into memory, and now the travel consisted of nothing but hardship and drudgery.

FORT BOISE

By the time we reached Fort Boise (Idaho) our stock was very weak, and father traded for two fresh yokes of steers, which greatly strengthened our teams.

While outfitting in St. Louis father bought the first suit of "store" clothes he ever owned. Being a preacher he wanted to make a good appearance in the new country. He also bought a bolt of calico for mother. He exchanged that suit of clothes for

one yoke of oxen, and the calico paid for the other. He had some money, but thought it best to save it for a greater emergency.

We remained in Boise several days, guards being kept around our camp day and night. I did not understand why it was done until one day some Indians were seen approaching the camp. Mr. Star went out to meet them, trying to motion them away. They advanced, nevertheless, until he called for our two dogs, Tige and Joalar, and set them on the Indians, which had the desired effect. I then learned that the Indians had measles, and our people were afraid of contagion.

DOWN SNAKE RIVER

The situation was growing more serious every day, for, with the exception of a little flour, our provisions had given out. We were fortunate, indeed, in being able to barter with the Indians for salmon, some times fresh but usually dried. We were without salt, however, and fish without salt is very unpalatable.

Our appetites soon rebelled at fish. Mother baked flour cakes in the frying pan as usual, and divided them amongst us, but we had to eat a certain amount of salmon before we could have our portion of the bread.

After our rest at Fort Boise we reached and forded the Snake River, following its high, dry and flinty bluffs, the river running in a deep gorge

below. It was impossible to reach it save in a few places, and it seemed we would perish — stock and all.

We finally came to a place where we could descend, and we camped there. The cattle were carefully driven down the steep cliffs to the river, which was not very wide, but very deep and rapid.

DROWNING OF MR. GREEN

Mr. Green's best yoke of oxen unexpectedly plunged in and swam across. He could not go on, of course, without his steers, so he went a distance up the river, swam across, got his steers and drove them into the river. They swam back, but in attempting to follow them the poor man was caught in the strong current, carried down the stream over the rapids and was never seen again.

This tragic occurrence cast a deep gloom over all the company. Father and mother, with all the other immigrants, were very sympathetic and helpful and did everything possible to assist the bereaved family during the remainder of the journey.

"FIVE CROWS" AND JIM'S OX-WHIP

Our progress down the Snake River was distressingly hard. At one point, where we had to cross a branch of the river, there were several young Indian bucks who gave us much trouble. The young chief, whom I afterward learned was a young Cayuse Chief named "Five Crows," seeing my pretty sister Sarah, who was then in her seventeenth year, was very desirous of possessing her. He offered

“a pony — two ponies — five ponies.” “How many ponies you want?” Greatly frightened, Sarah climbed into the wagon and hid away. “Five Crows” started to follow her, climbing on the wagon tongue and peering in after her, when Jim, who was a “dead shot” with an ox-whip, gave him such a crack and whack on his tender-loin, that he yelled loudly and wildly, and ran madly from the wagon.

We thought we were going to have a fight. The men caught up their guns, a council of war was held, but after a short parley peace was declared. The night after, seven of our eight horses were stolen. We hitched a pair of steers to the family carriage, putting another yoke of cows in place of the ox-team, and started on.

THE RASCAL AND THE RAMROD

Father and mother were greatly troubled. Father mounted the remaining horse, one-eyed Riley, and went to hunt the horses, while the train moved on. Late in the night, father came walking into camp carrying his saddle, saying he had left Riley about a half a mile back where there was water and grass, and that “Riley was down and out.”

Next morning father told me to go back and get him. When I returned, only father and mother, with the family carriage, were at the camp. I told father I had found Riley’s tracks, saw where he had nipped the grass, and found moccasin tracks where an Indian had caught and gone off with him.

An Indian was talking to father at the time, in motion language and a little broken English, telling him that a bad Indian had stolen the horses, and if father would give him powder, lead and a little sugar, he would get them and bring them to him that night.

Father was loading his gun at the time, and had the ramrod in his hand, which he used to mighty good purpose around the Indian's bare legs, and sent him off howling. Mother was cooler-headed than father, and tried to restrain him, exclaiming, "You should not do that! Oh, father, don't do that." She felt it was dangerous to anger the Indians in their own country.

MEASLES AND DEATH OF MR. SAUNDERS

In addition to worry, hunger, loss and disaster, another calamity overtook us; measles broke out amongst the members of our train, resulting in the death of Mr. Saunders, a delicate man, who succumbed readily to the disease, leaving a wife and three children. With simple ceremonies, performed by father, Mr. Saunders was buried by the roadside. His oldest son and chief helper had been run over by a wagon only a few days before, and was still unable to perform the duties required of us all.

Father was the first victim of measles in our family; but soon, one after another was stricken, until blessed mother and I were the only ones fit for duty. She drove the family wagon, and I the ox

team, and we moved bravely onward, grateful that none of us had yet died.

Think of it! Father and six children down with the measles at the same time! No medicine and no doctor! I wonder if that is what saved us?

We had struggled over a range of mountains and were descending the long stony slope into Grand Round, a wonderfully beautiful valley, surrounded by mountains, in what is now western Oregon.

It was a hot afternoon; I had been feeling tired for several days, but was keeping up as well as I could, walking beside the team and trying to hold the wagon in the road.

I grew weaker and yet weaker; I was afraid I would fall down and the wagon would run over me, so I wandered off a little distance, threw away my whip and fell down by the side of the road, leaving the team to take care of the wagon-load of sick folks as best it could. I was "all in," as the twelve year old boy of today would say. Soon some good Samaritan carried me forward to mother's carriage, and she found I had a beautiful outbreak of measles too.

We rested in Grand Round a few days, receiving food from the friendly Indians, which cheered and revived us. The worst of the dread disease was over, and father and sister Sarah were soon able to take their places again and resume their duties.

I can think of no fitting expression adequately conveying an idea of my dear mother's heroism during that journey from Fort Boise to the Grand Round, and on to Whitman's Mission. Any de-

scription or comparison I might make would, I fear, only belittle and cheapen the superb courage and the divine strength never better demonstrated, I feel sure, by any hero or heroine of history! Such blood as hers is indeed royal!

WHITMAN'S MISSION

We had only one more range to cross — the Blue Mountains — before reaching Whitman's Mission, where we could get food, shelter, rest and medical aid.

After a few days of recuperation, which the stock needed even more than the people, we bravely attacked the mountain roads and passes, and in a little over a week began the descent of the western slope, daily nearing Whitman's Mission, ten miles off the emigrant road on the Walla Walla River. It was presided over by Dr. Whitman and his wife, and, although removed by that distance from the highway, they had thorough knowledge of approaching travelers through the Indians. Whitman's was about one hundred and fifty miles west of the Dalles on the Columbia River.

MOTHER'S SICKNESS, AND THE WHITMANS

I have forgotten to say that mother had been taken with mountain fever, and was by this time quite ill.

Dr. Whitman came out to meet our train, and, seeing our helpless condition, took us to the Mission and gave us the best possible care.

Mother was now very ill, but father and all the children improved and gained strength and courage daily.

This was late in October; the mornings were frosty, the air crisp and cold. I think that Jim and I never had a more joyous time than the four or five weeks we spent at Dr. Whitman's Mission, riding fat ponies with the Segar boys, galloping over the hills with the dogs, looking after the stock and chasing coyotes. Grass was abundant, and our stock gained in flesh every day.

But mother, dear mother, was very sick, and the good doctor and his angelic wife were like ministering spirits to her, and indeed to us all. My heart swells and my eyes swim in tears even now when I think of the goodness of those two precious souls.

It was about four weeks after our arrival at the Mission that mother's fever was broken, and it left her helpless. One day she called father and the children into the room and said, "We must all leave this place. I have had a vision. These Indians, who seem now to be so friendly, will murder us all if we stay this winter." Father, being a minister, had promised Dr. Whitman to stay through the winter and help him in his work. He replied, "No, mother, you cannot be moved; we must winter here." She answered, "We must go on, or we will all perish."

Day after day she argued with father. Dr. Whitman was consulted, and he said she could never reach the emigrant road alive, and must not think

of going. Mother insisted. We must go or I will die, whether the rest of you do or not." So, one bright, sweet and cold November morning, father called Jim and me to him and said in a sad voice: "Boys, go get the stock together; tomorrow we move on."

LEAVING WHITMAN'S

The stock was gathered, teams hitched up, our effects loaded into the wagon, a bed made for mother, and, when all was ready, Dr. Whitman and father carried her out and tenderly laid her on the bed in the dear old army carriage.

Dr. Whitman rode in the carriage with mother all that day until we reached the main road and camped, staying till nine o'clock, when, after giving father medicines and directions, and blessing us all, he rode back to the Mission.

The next day we struck the Oregon trail and moved on toward the Dalles. Much of the way was covered with snow and the weather was cold, but we were well supplied with food and other necessities and jogged patiently on through the wilderness.

THE WHITMAN MASSACRE

About ten days after leaving Whitman's Mission, we learned of its destruction by the Cayuse Indians, and of the massacre of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman and all the men the Indians could find — as well as the two Segar boys, who were just the age of Jim and myself. The women and children were taken captive, but were treated kindly by their cap-

tors. The Cayuse War followed, after which all the women and children were rescued and brought safely down to the settlements.

Again had our lives been saved — this time by our mother's vision and intuition.

BOATING DOWN THE COLUMBIA

A journey of one hundred and fifty miles brought us to the Dalles. But it was impossible to cross the Cascade Mountains, as they were deeply covered with snow, and the only possible way of reaching the settlements in Oregon was to go down the Columbia River. Perilous as was this way we determined to attempt it. Wagons, stock — everything except our scanty clothing and bedding was left behind. Father and we children were by this time quite well, but mother was helpless, unable to raise hand or foot. We procured some fresh meat, a sack of wheat and a little salt at the Dalles, and this scanty food, with our effects, was put into a little boat that father hired of an Indian who was to take us all down the river as far as the Cascade Falls. A bed was made in the boat for mother, father and Jim rowed the boat, while the Indian steered. As I remember it, a drizzling rain, sleet or snow fell upon us every day and night.

Carefully, oh, so carefully, the boat had to be handled to keep it from dipping water. We camped every night, managing to get a big roaring fire started, the tent pitched, and a bed made for mother. Those nights, with their great warm beautiful camp fires, held the only joys of that pilgrimage.

I cannot remember how many days and nights it took to reach the Falls, but we arrived safely and found some of the other emigrants from whom we had parted near Whitman's Mission. The dear women received mother into their warm tents and warmer hearts and ministered to her needs.

We remained above the Falls about two weeks, with nothing to eat but boiled wheat — and that without salt — for many days, and were getting pretty weak.

THE FLAT BOATS

To get down the river beyond the Falls the men built flat boats above and floated them over the Falls, the Indians catching them below. They then carried their effects around the Falls and put them upon the boats.

Father found an Indian pony upon which he placed mother, and, walking beside her, held her on until this point was reached, where he lifted her into the boat.

For a distance of six miles below the Falls the rapids are very dangerous, and the foot trail around was very bad. None of the women and children and only a few of the strongest men went with the Indian pilots on those flat boats over the rapids. All the rest walked around by the trail. It was December, and raining or snowing or sleeted all the time. Mother could not be taken around by the six mile trail, and had to go on the boat — father with her, of course.

CALLED BACK

Here the most touching incident of our whole lives occurred. Before the boat left father started the children on that six-mile trail. My dear sister Sarah, with baby Sebe in her arms, Jim in charge of little Susie, Lizzie, Frank and I made quite a procession. We had gone only a short distance when we heard father's voice calling us to return.

He and mother had held a quick conference after we had started, and decided we would all go over the rapids together, or perish together. We returned. He motioned, and without a single word we all filed into the boat. The Indian told the oarsmen — father and another man — to pull hard for a certain point, and the start was made. There was a breathless silence until the Indian yelled: "Pull hard; pull hard." The men pulled for life — yes for many lives, but the boat hung on a rock. I can see father now, as he fell from the oar, raising his hands and exclaiming, "Lord, save, or we perish!" The boat plunged over, dipped water, rose again — and we were once more saved! In a few minutes more we were at the camping place, six miles below, still shivering with fright and cold.

We remained in camp two days, then, re-embarking, we went on down the river, having nothing to eat but boiled wheat! Soon the Hudson Bay's boats met us with provisions, and in a few days more we were at Fort Vancouver, where we were received kindly. Good Doctor McLaughlin gave us all necessary provisions, and again we were comforted and happy.

We then floated on down the Columbia to the mouth of the Willamette River — still on our flat-boat; worked our way on the Willamette to a place called Sofa's Island, about five miles below where the splendid city of Portland now stands.

There we found shelter on Christmas eve, in a sort of barn-house. Mother was still helpless, but improving, so we remained there a week to recuperate and enjoy the comforts of a shelter over our heads! Oh! how sweet the music of the pattering rain over our heads!!!

It was here that Jim shot a little teal duck in the river and waded out and got it. Sarah made a tender stew of it, and we were all so happy to see mother eat it.

PORTLAND

At Portland we camped in the forest while father went out to Forest Grove—then called "The Settlements" — and came back with an ox wagon and two ponies.

LEAVING PORTLAND

Mother had by this time so far recovered her strength that she could sit upon a horse. Our effects were loaded into the wagon, mother was helped on to the pony, with Lizzie behind her, Sarah was on another pony carrying baby Sebe in front and Susie behind her; Jim and Frank and father were with the wagon. Thus the cavalcade started on the miserable road, wet, muddy and almost impassable, while I with a shot-gun on my shoulder went on foot as body-guard to mother and the children.

Why they put that gun on my shoulder I have never to this day learned, but I carried the awful thing all that long hard journey. We traveled all day, stopping but once for a little rest.

FROM OREGON TO CALIFORNIA AND
EARLY DAYS IN CALIFORNIA

We climbed over the mountains, reaching the plains beyond at the approach of night. I was ahead, hunting the road. Seeing a light some distance off the road, Mother said: "Let us go to the house." Arriving, I went through the gate and knocked at the door. An Indian woman opened the door, and I said, "Mother wants to stay all night."

The woman shook her head saying: "No, No." I went back with a sad heart to mother, who with the children had dismounted. Mother could scarcely stand, but said, "I am going in. I must stay all night," and in she went, with her five children following after.

The good-hearted Indian woman finally consented and did everything she could for our comfort, giving us food, and taking care of us until the next day, when the wagon came up.

That evening we reached the home of Mr. Griffith, who lived about twenty miles from Portland. He was one of the earlier missionaries. We children were hungry all the time, and thought that here we would have a good dinner. After the older people had dined, we youngsters were admitted to the table and each given a small bowl of "porridge."

That was the first time I had ever heard boiled milk and bread called "porridge." And that was all we had for the long anticipated good dinner!

CAMP-MEETING GROUND IN THE
FIR GROVE

A few days later we arrived at Forest Grove, the missionary settlement, over which Mr. Clark and his gracious wife presided. There were also "God-Almighty Smith" and his blessed wife, and Geiger, son-in-law of Rev. Josephus Cornwall. They were all great missionary workers. "God-Almighty Smith" was the image of Lincoln, and notably of the old puritan type. He looked as though he might have come over in the Mayflower.

It was now the middle or last of January, 1848, and we were still in Oregon, safely housed in the camp-houses on the camp-meeting grounds, in the midst of a very pretty fir grove. Our neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Nailor, were very good to us, giving us food and other things to make us comfortable. However, that was an anxious winter. The Indians all over Oregon were excited and ready for an uprising. I remember one cold night, after father and Jim had gone back to the Dalles to get our stock and other effects, mother wakened us and told us to dress quickly, for she believed the Indians were coming. She had heard some frightful noises. We hurried off into the thick woods and brush and hid. From our hiding place, we again heard the noises and I slipped away to learn the cause. It proved

to be a bunch of Nailor's hogs, squealing on account of the cold. Relieved, but disgusted, we were soon back in our warm beds.

Early that Spring father and Jim were still at the Dalles endeavoring to get our cattle and wagon home. The Dalles was then the headquarters of the United States soldiers, who, needing beef, wanted our cattle. Finally a compromise was effected. They were to have one-half and father the other. The division was made, father and Jim getting the better half, they thought, but we never received a cent from the soldiers for their share. Jim drove his half off, and was guarding them, when an officer came and forcibly took a few more of the finest away from him.

Father and Jim were gone about two months, and, not hearing from them, our days were long and anxious indeed. I remember how mother used to go out day after day and walk down the road along which they would come. One evening as she was walking, she saw "Frosty," the cow that had been the "leader" in crossing the plains, coming down the road. Frosty was my cow. Mother had a wonderful voice, and she let out such a "Hallelujah" that all of us heard it and went running, for we knew father and Jim were coming!

Sure enough, there they were, with the wagon and some of the cattle, especially Duke and Berry, the wonderful steers that had led us across the plains and the rivers.

Many years later, Jim met a man at a Democratic Convention in Oregon—I think it was Senator

Nesmith—who said: “Mr. Braly, do you remember the Colonel who took those cattle away from you at the Dalles in the Spring of 1848?” Jim said: “Yes, I remember.” “Well, sir, I am the man. Let us shake.” Jim shook him cordially by the hand, but, looking him straight in the eyes, said: “If I had possessed a gun that day you would not be here to relate the incident.”

We remained in Oregon, contented and prosperous during all that year, (1848) and until the Spring of 1849. Then, as soon as the roads were passable, we with others started for California.

We then had two wagons, with three yoke of oxen to each wagon, Jim driving one team, and I the other. The roads were very bad, muddy and slippery. Jim’s team were not so manageable as mine. I had the celebrated Duke and Berry for leaders. The first day out Jim’s wagon upset, causing a great deal of trouble. It was cold and rainy, and Jim had had a hard day. I remember he had terrible cramps in his legs during the night. So, life wasn’t all rosy with Jim at that time.

STUCK IN THE SWALE

There were a great many marshy places along the trail which Oregonians called “swales.” Jim’s team was ahead of mine, and one day father made me stop and wait while he and Jim took Jim’s team through one of those “swales.” He then came back and took the whip from my hand to drive my team through. I was humiliated, for I felt sure I was a better ox-master than father.

Well, he started the team on a rush, calling loudly to the steers, cracked the whip over them, struck them and rushed them into the swale. It was pretty wide, and the wagon stuck at the center of the marsh. He gave me the whip and told me to stay with the team until he went on and brought Jim's team back to help pull out.

As soon as he was out of hearing, I went to Duke and Berry and told them to come away round "Haw." Then I talked to the other steers and told them quietly that they could pull out all right. Next, I told Duke and Berry to "Gee" out. Then I cracked my whip over the team a little, and "Gee" they went. The wagon began to move. I cracked the whip again, and said, "Now pull." They pulled, and the wagon was out of the mire. I met father and Jim coming back with the other team, but I didn't need them. Father never took the whip out of my hand after that.

I was then fourteen years old.

This is only one little incident of hundreds that are interesting to me — incidents never to be forgotten.

The journey from Oregon to California was to me, and I think to all, very nearly a picnic; plenty of grass, water, food and game, and the stock all fat.

FREMONT

We arrived at Fremont, at the junction of the Sacramento and Feather Rivers, about the first day of July, 1849.

We spent the Fourth there. Soon we had cloth-houses erected and were very comfortable. On the other side of the river was a little town called "Vernon." It was a rival of Fremont, each thinking the capital of the State must be located there, because it was the head of navigation for big ships! I remember that there was at the time a three-mast ocean schooner called the Montague anchored on the North bank of the river.

FREIGHTING TO NEVADA

Gold had been discovered in 1848, and there was a great rush of people from all parts of the world. The Nevada and Grass Valley placer mines had just been opened up, and men were flocking there.

We hitched up our two ox teams, and, from the good ship Montague, loaded the wagons with flour, bacon, beans, picks, shovels and such other mining necessities, and started for the mines.

For the first part of the way we had a pretty good road, then we had to strike off through a country where wagons had never gone. Father went ahead, blazing out the way, while Jim and I forced the wagons through. We took the first wagons and first load of provisions that ever went to Nevada and Grass Valley. It meant only about a week to make the journey there and return.

This was a very profitable business, and we made trips just as often and fast as we possibly could. During one trip my wagon netted over five hundred dollars. Everything was very high. Flour was one dollar a pound, with bacon and other things in

proportion. A man was hired to drive Jim's team a little while at sixteen dollars a day in gold dust.

We had no coin in those days. We paid everything with gold dust, weighed out — an ounce of pure gold counting for sixteen dollars.

Fremont was a lively town during the Fall and Winter of '49. With a population of between five hundred and one thousand persons attracted from all parts of the world there were, naturally, some very interesting and unique individuals.

The unrestrained adventurous life created a new type of character, one that took root and raised up an original people whose tendencies and power of self-assertion marked them as a distinctive class.

There was "Captain" Hardy, from Missouri, who was known as "the wise man," "the wit," "the humorist." There was "Bill Malaway," the "fighter;" "the dignified Captain Buckner." "Jim Allen," the "dude," "the braggadocio," "the horse fancier and horse racer." Jim Allen had made a big lot of money in the mines and was quite a swell. Each man was distinguished either by what he was or what he had done.

The snows in the Sierras were very heavy in the Fall of 1849, and the miners were early driven down into the valleys for winter quarters. So there was nothing that didn't "go." It would make an interesting and amusing volume if all that was enacted at Fremont that Fall and Winter by those adventurous miners, who were "putting in the time" before work began the next Spring, were related. Such

men as these I have mentioned constituted the skirmish line of civilization; and, having braved the perils of the desert and mountains, either to better their conditions or in a spirit of adventure, their lives were intense and filled with vital experiences that they were constantly relating to one another.

HOW POLK BEAT THE MULE

It was my chief delight to join the groups of men that gathered on the street corners and in front of the general store or saloon; and, being at the impressionable age and possessed of a boy's inquiring mind, I was keenly alert to learn all I could about this new country and everything with which it was connected.

You can imagine the absorbed attention on my part as I listened to the stories of hairbreadth escapes from the Indians; of desperate encounters with grizzly bears, and the more harrowing tales of hunger and thirst and all the many vicissitudes incident to such lives.

In time my deep interest won the attention of many of these men, who always referred to me as "little John Braly." If this had not been the case the story of "The Bull Calf and the Mule" would never have been told.

While at the Dalles my cow "Frosty" had given birth to a beautiful black and white spotted bull calf — just about the period of the greatest excitement at the Fort in consequence of the Cayuse war. By the time we reached Fremont the calf was a fine big yearling. I was very proud of him and gave him



"LITTLE JOHN BRALY"

as much care and attention as I lavished on my best horse. I had trained him to be ridden, and he really seemed to enjoy it as much as I did. I guided and controlled him by means of a stick around the end of which were a number of sharp brads. He would go in the direction indicated by this wand, which was only used when he became obstreperous — as he did occasionally, being young and frolicsome. I had named him “Polk,” in honor of James K. Polk, who was then President of the United States.

In time he became a well-known character about town, as I rode him frequently, and, being of rather slight build, the calf carried me with perfect ease. Consequent upon this frequent training he developed an astonishing speed, and he would go tearing through the town under the stimulus of a good pair of spurs, snorting, wagging his head and snapping his tail, seemingly from pure enjoyment of the fun!

As I was cantering down the main street one day I passed a group of men who were excitedly talking on the sidewalk.

Amongst them I recognized Captain Hardy, Bill Maloway and Jim Allen. Captain Hardy called to me, and I headed Polk to the sidewalk.

Jim Allen had just bought a fine new mule, and in his boastful style had been recounting the many ways in which it surpassed in speed all other mules and most horses in Fremont and the surrounding country.

The men had been deriding his statements and had worked him into quite a pitch of excitement. It was at this moment that Polk and I passed gayly by, and that Captain Hardy called to me. As I rode up he turned to Allen and remarked: "Now see here, Jim, you have been doing a lot of talking with your mouth about your old mule, and I will just bet you Fifty Dollars that he can't beat little John Braly's bull-calf here, let alone a horse that can run."

The crowd received this sally with a shout of laughter, and Allen angrily replied: "Do you mean it?"

"Surely," laughed the Captain.

"All right," said Jim, "I'll just call that bluff and bet you an even hundred on the mule, and we will see who is talking with his mouth."

Turning to me the Captain inquired if I would enter the race. I replied that I must first secure father's consent. This was readily granted, for father did not admire Jim Allen's boastful manner, and was not averse to seeing him somewhat humiliated. Besides, probably, he would enjoy seeing the race himself.

We of this later day can hardly realize how few forms of entertainment were possible to those early pioneers. Their pleasures were, indeed, few and far between.

The announcement of the race, which was to take place a week later, created great enthusiasm in the town. In the interim most of my time was spent

in grooming Polk and getting everything ready for the important event. Polk was not only curried and washed down, but he was "slimmed up" so that the saddle would stay in its place and his hind legs have more space to play under him.

The day came around at last, and he was in fine form and mettle. The course was to be a straight-away for one half-mile between lines thirty feet apart, and if either contestant got outside of these lines he would lose the race.

Allen insisted upon this latter condition, for he knew that Polk was apt to travel on his bias sometimes and hoped that this inclination would prove my undoing.

As I rode down to the starting point — dressed in the brightest of red shirts, and with the loudest of red-tasseled scarfs wound several times around my waist topping off a pair of striped pants, booted and spurred and with prod in hand — I found assembled not only the inhabitants of Fremont but miners, ranchers, Chinamen and Indians from miles around, all lining the race course from one end to the other.

The golden glow of the California sunshine, with the blue sky overhead, the mountains in the background and the gayly colored costumes of the intensely excited crowd, made a picture that I never can forget.

After an animated discussion concerning various details we were finally lined up for the start,—both animals toeing the starting line,—a condition I had demanded.

Allen's mule was restive, and he did not seem to relish the proximity of Polk. Both of us were leaning forward on our animals to catch the signal flash from the other end of the course.

Suddenly, the pistol report broke the breathless silence! I stuck the cruel spurs into my steed's side, and with the prod headed him down the track in front of Allen and his mule.

Polk had been standing quietly, taking no apparent interest in the proceedings; but, as the vicious steel dug into his flanks, he snorted, bellowed a loud, "bah-a-ah," flung his heels in the face of Allen's mule and started down the course, running as no bull-calf had ever run before.

His spasmodic action was so sudden and unexpected that Allen's mule "went bad," reared, pawed the air for a few seconds and then came down the line with a terrific burst of speed — Allen using some lurid language which seemed to accentuate the hilarity of the spectators. In the meantime Polk was speeding down the course and had gained a considerable lead.

I heard Allen's mule coming, gaining at every jump. Just as he was about to pass, I gave Polk another jab with the spurs. Again he reared and leaped in front of Allen's mule, which fell back and shied. Allen used quirt, spurs and more bad English in the effort to manage his mount, but before he was straightened out we had once more forged ahead. I eased up on Polk a little that he might have good wind for the final dash.



"POLK" RUSHES HIM ACROSS THE LINE

As we neared the goal Allen was about to overtake us, and, thinking to deceive me, as he reached Polk's flank he swerved and attempted to pass on the opposite side.

Knowing that my surest chance of winning the race depended upon Polk's gymnastic ability, suddenly realizing Allen's manoeuvre, and knowing that Polk had his wind all right, I dug the spurs viciously into his ribs, snatching off my sombrero and waving it wildly, yelling mightily at the same time, and jabbing the cruel wand into Polk's head on the side opposite the mule.

The response was magnificent! With a tremendous bellow of pain and rage, and a wild flirt of his tail, the calf, evidently thinking the mule was his deadly enemy, struck out from behind, and the next second rushed him over the side line, and lost Jim Allen the race!

As I dashed over the goal I was snatched from my saddle, surrounded by the yelling, cheering crowd, and carried on the shoulders of the excited and enthusiastic men who had bet heavily on the Bull Calf!

They carried me to a tent in which there was a daguerreotype gallery, and there I had my first picture taken!

Allen was intensely humiliated by the result and claimed I had not fairly won the race; but, as he had insisted on all but one of the conditions, especially as to the side lines, he was laughed out of court and had to accept the result with as much

grace as possible. It was a long time before he heard the last of the incident; and for years afterward, whenever a horse race was under discussion in Fremont, some one would tell the story of how little John Braly's Bull Calf beat Jim Allen's mule!

LIFE IN MINING CAMPS

From July, 1849 to January 1st, 1850, was a very interesting period to all our family. During the early summer and fall of '49, father built several good log houses; Jim returned on the Montague to Oregon to attend school; I remained at home and hauled provisions to the mines; mother and the girls kept an eating house!

Provisions were very high; flour was fifty cents a pound, and everything else in proportion. Three dollars, weighed out in nice clean gold dust, was the price paid for a single meal.

I wish you could have seen one of those mining camps of '49, to which I constantly hauled supplies! Grass Valley, Nevada, Rosa's Barr, Yuba and many other mining camps. They were all alike—eating, drinking, smoking and swearing places. The men were dressed in heavy blue flannel shirts and overalls, with pistols and bowie knives belted around them. When the day's gold-digging was over the miners would collect in those public places to drink and gamble, smoke and fight, and sometimes shoot, the fiddle all the time squeaking out "The Arkansas Traveler" or something like it.

Fremont, Sacramento and San Francisco were nearly as bad as the mining camps. There were

comparatively no white women in the country, especially at the mines, so there was more or less lawlessness.

Such scenes were constantly before my eyes for a year and half, and it now seems strange that, notwithstanding all those splendid (?) opportunities, I never learned to play cards, drink whisky or swear—yet I was an ox-driver. It is an old saying that no man can drive oxen without swearing. I proved that a boy could.

But, with all their faults, those early pioneer miners were young, brave, generous, kindly men who, though wild and rough in appearance, were self-sacrificing and gentle at heart and quickly responsive to every call of humanity. So, when women began coming to the wild country, they readily succumbed to their gentler influence, and ere long a notable change took place in the social aspect of this new civilization on the western coast of the Continent, and the fundamentals of the great republic were firmly laid in the fertile sun-kissed land!

SECOND EPOCH

LIFE IN THE SANTA CLARA VALLEY

LIFE IN THE SANTA CLARA VALLEY

Gradually, yet decidedly, the evolution of a new form of life was taking place, and the Braly family was beginning to take root in the young republic; for January, 1850, found us settled on one hundred and sixty acres of wild land in the beautiful Santa Clara Valley, ten miles west of the old Mission of San Jose and six miles from the Santa Clara Mission!

The family had boated down the Sacramento River to San Francisco, while I went by land with the wagons and stock.

When father was in San Francisco he bought a house that had been built in the east and shipped in parts around Cape Horn to California. This he had sent by boat to Alviso, at the east end of San Francisco Bay, whence it was hauled out to the land and set up for the beginning of our new home. It consisted of a good sized sitting-room with a big fireplace and two small bed-rooms.

Many houses were sent in this way from the East to California, around Cape Horn. After getting one house set up the men and boys with teams hurried to the redwood forests, where they felled the trees, sawed out clap-boards and hauled them home to build "lean-to's" around the "imported" house. Very soon we were all once more comfortable and happy as usual.

The next rush was with ox-teams to plow and prepare twenty acres of the virgin soil for sowing wheat and barley, the cost of which seed was twenty cents a pound. With another rush we cut and brought rails and pickets from the redwoods to fence in the grain from the cattle that ranged at large in the Valley.

However, notwithstanding this introduction of new elements from the East and Middle West, the social life and amusements and the customs and habits of the Spanish inhabitants remained much the same—especially in the country closely contiguous to the old missions. Here, their intermingled religious and social interests were more deeply concerned and more markedly affected.

Their festivals, observed as faithfully as in Old Spain, were exceedingly interesting to us all. Chief among these festivities was the oldtime cruel bull-fight so dear to the Spanish heart and, naturally, of absorbing interest to our young eyes.

The grain crop turned out poorly the first season, but we threshed out what there was in the primitive way—by the treading of oxen and horses. However, there was a good crop of potatoes and cabbage, and in the fall we took two ox-team loads of these to San Francisco (a distance of fifty miles), there trading them for flour at fifty dollars a barrel and other necessaries.

The emigration of '49, '50, '51 and '52 continued to pour in from "the States," and the country began to "settle up" very fast. Ere long neighbors gath-

ered around us, and society, with its customary happy blending of the religious and the social, rapidly assumed the well-poised manner of the older communities.

THE BULL AND BEAR FIGHT

Boys of my days who would not steal watermelons or rob a hen roost or run horse races on Sunday would risk all hazards to see a bullfight. I was one of those boys, and I had attended several of them before the particular one of which I am about to tell—the most intensely exciting of them all.

The bull-pen in which this performance took place was on the Plaza, just in front of the old mission church of Santa Clara—where, by the way, the open field is still in evidence.

It was arranged in circular form and very strong, with tiers of seats built all around and overlooking the central space—thus accomodating the thousands of spectators, (women as well as men) who would gather from all parts of the country to witness the scene.

Several wild fighting bulls had been captured and were kept in the pens adjoining the bull ring. The great grizzlies were also confined in strong enclosures nearby. They were ferocious animals, and it was a heroic and scientific feat to capture one of them without crippling him. The Santa Cruz Mountains were alive with bears in those early days, and the ravenous brutes would frequently come down to the edge of the valley.

A party of expert vaqueros, mounted on their

best horses and with their strongest riatas, would watch for an opportunity to catch Mr. Bruin on open ground, make a dash for him, lassoing him by neck or feet, holding the lasso taut while the others would "rope" him, string him out, bind him hard and fast by head and feet, then get him onto a large dried bullock's hide, and, with their riatas made fast to it, finally drag captive this monarch of the mountains where they would.

The one grizzly that proved to be the hero of the fight of which I am telling you was taken in the foot-hills back of where the little town of Mountain View is now located. He was caught by the vaqueros of old Don Secondino, the proud owner of a great rancho in the country that was then known as the "lowlands."

Secondino was a fine looking old Castilian Spaniard, straight and tall, with a fine military bearing — every inch a "Don." As he was manager of the bull-and-bear fighting festivities that year the bear was taken to his rancho. There it was that I had the pleasure of seeing that king of beasts fast-tied under a great oak tree — high-fed and lavishly cared-for.

The occasion was a Spanish holiday of a week's duration, in which the bull fight was always the most interesting feature, occupying two days of intense excitement. The bears were wild fighting-bears, and the bulls were wild fighting-bulls, each receiving the most stimulating of food during their captivity.

The festival day arrived with its merrymaking and fun, bringing with it everybody from everywhere — making straight for the old church and the Plaza. All were in holiday attire and in exuberant spirits. Some came on horseback, some in the old wooden cart of that day, some on foot.

The old church bells had been ringing and chiming since early morning, calling the faithful to worship; the forenoon, as always, was devoted to prayers, but in the afternoon the church was empty and the amphitheatre around the bull-pen was full.

It was a great sight to me to see Don Secondino ride into the arena on his milk-white horse whose flowing mane and tail almost touched the ground. Distinctly the most beautiful and the proudest horse I had ever seen, he daintily pranced into the arena. The splendid creature seemed to realize the beauty of his superb trappings—the silver mounted saddle, the bridle and spurs of brightly polished silver—but was vain above all of his handsome master. As the stately grey-haired old Don rode around the arena on his magnificent steed, and with sombrero in hand bowed right and left to the ladies, the multitude of spectators gave him a great ovation, cheering and waving scarfs and handkerchiefs.

As he made his exit there entered three or four Indian toreadors, each with a red blanket in his left hand and some sharp brads headed with rattles grasped in the right hand, awaiting the bull's entrance.

The bull rushed furiously at one of the toreadors, who dodged and threw the blanket in its face, at the

same time sticking a brad into its neck. This maddened the beast the more, and he lunged wickedly for another Indian, who promptly bestowed a second treatment of the sharp brad.

The Indians crowded and bantered him by waving their blankets, and the spectators cheered and clapped their hands, but the bull, discouraged, would fight no more. So he was let out, another was let in, and the fight renewed.

After the second bull had been worried and discouraged by the toreadors until he refused to fight two caballeros entered on horses, carrying long spears or swords. They challenged, the bull accepted and went for them, the caballeros fighting him off with their weapons.

The excitement was now intense, as the bull was fighting fiercely, and the caballeros had all they could do to protect themselves. Suddenly, the bull, infuriated by the spear thrusts, reached one of the horses with his horns and threw him to the ground with his rider, but the other caballeros quickly attacked the bull to draw his attention while the unhorsed man made good his escape. So closed the sport for the day.

At the opening of the second and great day's events the Don again rode his splendid charger into and around the arena, gracefully acknowledging the wild plaudits of the enthusiastic throng. The best bulls had been kept for the last day, and the people knew it. The toreadors entered, followed by a fine fierce bull, and the fight began at once.

He lunged first at one and then another of the Indians, who so worried the poor animal that he was soon dispirited and was led out of the arena. Another bull was introduced—a long, gaunt, black bull.

By this time the toreadors became a little reckless—there were perhaps a half dozen of them in the arena. Possibly they had been drinking a little too much. At any rate, they wildly challenged the black bull, who promptly accepted and darted at one, then another, catching at each thrust nothing more formidable than a red blanket and a dagger wound in either neck or side.

Now, bulls in fighting ordinarily make their thrusts with their eyes closed; but, by and by, it was noticed that this one started slowly towards a toreador with his head up and his eyes blazing fire. The toreador used his red blanket as usual to deceive the bull; but this wily animal, with eyes wide open and with a quick spring, caught his enemy and threw him half across the arena, killing him instantly. The body was carried out and the fight went on. Another toreador was caught in the same manner and met the same fate, and a little later a third man was caught. The other toreadors and the caballeros at once flatly refused to fight that bull any longer, as they saw he was “on to their tricks.”

Then the cry went up — “The bear! the bear! bring in the bear!”

At this, a large grizzly entered and walked deliberately to the middle of the arena, while the people screamed wildly.

The bull, seeing his approach, pawed the earth and uttered a low bellowing challenge, at which the bear sat up and took notice.

The bull approached slowly, pawing the ground and bellowing in a low tone; the bear settled upon his haunches and braced himself for an assault. There they stood confronting each other—two powerful animals, both fierce fighters, but neither knowing how the other would fight.

The spectators watched in breathless excitement!

The bull lowered his head, flung up his tail and made a desperate lunge full at the bear — who, quick as a flash, struck the bull square in the face and dropped him quivering to the ground, the blood gushing from his nostrils as if he had been hit by a sledge hammer.

The cry went up—“Another bull! another bull!”

A large old bull entered and cautiously advanced toward Bruin, as if wishing to form an acquaintance. The bear bristled and growled and both made several passes at each other. Finally, when the bull came near enough, the bear grabbed him and they both rolled upon the ground, the bull trying to extricate himself from the bear. Suddenly, they freed themselves and were quickly upon their feet — apparently much displeased with each other, for they immediately went to opposite sides of the arena and remained there. When it was found they would fight no more they were let out of the pen, another bull entered, followed in turn by mounted caballeros carrying spears and swords. There was



immediately a mixup of bulls, horses and men. Once in awhile there would be an upset horse and a hasty scramble to save the rider.

Now follows an incident which fixed the whole event indelibly upon my memory. The caballeros, it seemed, were not fighting bravely enough to suit old Don Secondino, who, contemptuous of such pusillanimity, dashed into the arena on his magnificent white steed—determined to show his caballeros how the fighting should be done.

An intense thrill of excitement permeated the whole throng as he attacked the maddened animal with his spear, intending to kill him. It was a furious contest. Lunge after lunge the bull made for the trembling horse, the Don dodging and whirling and thrusting his spear into the neck and side of the infuriated bull. The excitement was most intense — women were screaming and fainting. Mad with thirst for gore, tense with alternating hope and fear, men for the time being became as beasts themselves.

The fight raged with increasing fury, the bull making lunge after lunge, the Don making thrust after thrust with his strong arm and long spear. Finally, the bull got his cruel horns into the side of the splendid horse, threw him, and gored him to his death. Don Secondino was rescued by the caballeros, carried from the arena badly wounded, and so ended the most exciting scene of my boyhood-days.

CAMP MEETING OF 1852

The first Cumberland Presbyterian Church and Presbytery were organized in the Braly home in 1852. A camp-meeting was held that Fall on Dickey Creek, a beautiful grove in the foothills of the Santa Cruz Mountains. It was a union meeting, and families came from far and near. Within a radius of a hundred miles there were only a few preachers, and I think they were all at that Camp-Meeting.

Everybody seemed to be getting religion. I thought I was a Christian; and yet I felt there was something wrong, though I knew not what. The other young people seemed very happy — singing and rejoicing. I often left the camp ground alone for long walks in order to think and try to pray that I might find out my real state and standing with God.

One day, while sitting under a great sycamore tree, I knelt and prayed as best I knew. I wanted to be sure I was saved, but I could hear no audible voice of assurance. In those days there was much stress laid upon "besetting sins." I felt my besetting sin was laziness. So I told the Lord that, if He would save me and make me conscious of it, I would agree, then and there, to work without complaining all the days of my life; adding reverently—"Now I give myself to Thee. 'Tis all that I can do; and, if I perish, I perish." I fell asleep; and, when I awakened, the leaves of that sycamore tree, as well as the birds, seemed singing aloud for very gladness. I arose and walked away with a light heart—no longer in doubt.

Such was my conversion or baptism into a higher life. And God has held me strictly to my promise to work diligently and uncomplainingly all the remainder of my days.

We were prospering, for we were raising enormous crops of wheat and barley—a hundred bushels of barley and seventy-five of wheat to the acre—and had all of our hundred and sixty acres fenced and under cultivation. Prices, too, were good.

BEGINNING OF SCHOOL LIFE

A subscription school was started in the Mountain View neighborhood, six miles from our house, with the Rev. Wesley Gallamore as teacher. But this I attended only a month or so.

The next year a little school was started in the Braly neighborhood with Preacher May as teacher. I also attended that for only a short time—but long enough to induce a great desire for an education.

The Methodists had opened a College in Santa Clara, six miles distant. I was now in my seventeenth year, but could barely write my name. The only book I had attempted to read was the New Testament, which I carried in my pocket when I was out looking after the cattle. I wanted to attend the new College, and father at last gave his consent to my doing so.

I milked my regular number of cows night and morning, summer and winter, took care of my horse and rode to school every day for three years. I labored under the adverse condition of having no

suitable place to study—no quiet or private room away from the rest of the family. So, during my summer vacation of 1854, I took down a deserted squatter's shanty, some miles away, hauled it home and built a studio for myself. After this I made better progress, developing with every effort a greater thirst for knowledge—a craving which so grew upon me that at last I prevailed upon father and mother to allow me a few years in an Eastern college.

FROM HOME TO LEBANON

Thus, one fine day, I found myself weeping my eyes out on board the old "John L. Stephens" — steaming out through the Golden Gate in company with one thousand fellow passengers.

All my effects were in a carpet bag—save a pistol and two hundred and fifty dollars in gold. These were belted on my person—the pistol outside, and the gold under my clothes around my body.

The old "John L." rolled, creaked and careened, and it was not many hours before I lost all ambition for a higher education.

Sick?? Well—Yes! Sick!!! I would freely have given my pistol and all my gold to have been again on the solid earth, and gladly have walked any distance to reach my happy home once more! But I was on the ship bound for Panama with all the other sick folk, and had to bear it as best I could.

With but one stop (at Acapulco for an hour or two) we continued our way, the weather growing

hotter and hotter ; then hottest and hottest, and more suffocating each hour. I had never experienced anything like it. Finally we reached Panama, landing on lighters. The place was interesting, and different from anything I had ever seen. The next day we crossed the tropical isthmus to Aspinwall, where the ravens were as thick as blackbirds in a newly plowed cornfield. They were the scavengers ; and, unharmed by anyone, were not the least afraid of men.

We were soon again on a steamer bound for New Orleans, touching en route at Havana. Here we experienced a great storm in which I was thrown from my berth and believed the ship wrecked. Just a boyish scare ! Crossing the Gulf of Mexico we entered the mouth of the Mississippi and were soon at New Orleans, where we remained two or three enjoyable days, roaming about the quaint old city.

After boarding one of those renowned Mississippi River steamboats I began again to enjoy life and food. I had been seasick all the way from the Golden Gate to the mouth of the Mississippi, and I vowed I would never get on an ocean steamer again while I lived — even vowed I would return home across the plains on a mule !

The voyage up the noble River was of compelling interest—the great breadth and majestic sweep greatly impressing me. Landing at Memphis I secured passage on a stage coach and started for Lebanon in middle Tennessee, about a hundred and fifty miles distant.

It was late in December, and quite cold; the clay roads were about as bad as can be imagined; every little while the stage would bog, and the passengers would all have to climb out and help to pull it out of the mire—the men walking fully half the way. We stopped for the night in any place reached at dusk—thus traveling only in the day time.

So, you see, those were primitive days—even in the South.

COLLEGE LIFE AT LEBANON

Christmas Eve found me in Lebanon—a strange, timid boy from the far West, without a single friend or acquaintance in the town. It was Saturday night, and, the next day being Sunday, I felt anxious to get into some sort of haven. I presented myself to dear old Dr. T. C. Anderson, President of Cumberland University. He was one of the most fatherly and genial men I have ever met. He received me cordially—inviting me to his home and bidding me remain there until I could find a better one. As no better home could be found anywhere I did not try, and I remained with that blessed family for one year.

Subject to some conditions I was permitted to enter the Sophomore class, and therein I soon made many friends, largely I think because I was very far from home.

I remained at Lebanon for three years, and they were among the happiest and, I believe, the most profitable years of my life.

I graduated with the honors of the class, being given the Valedictory. A certain percentage of the students' average standing for the three years decided this honor, and, under the rule, four others and I were eligible. From that number the class were to elect, and the faculty confirm, the choice of the class. I think it must have been because I was so far from home, and so long away from all my dear ones, that those kindly, courteous Southern hearts conferred so much honor upon me.

In those good old college days at Lebanon graduation was a great time. Three days were devoted to the delivery of orations, and the Valedictory, of course, came last. My subject was: "Life's Changes."

VALEDICTORY

The closing events of our college life are strongly imprinted upon my memory. The farewell scenes were affecting; tears flowed unchecked — professors and students, good friends all, unashamed in this last hour together. Parting was a serious thing in those days; it meant more than in this era of rapid transit, for the distances which separated friend from friend were long and travel was difficult.

Upon leaving school I desired to see something of the country before returning to California. I traveled north to Niagara Falls, and thence on to New York. A little passing incident of the trip down the Hudson fastened that beautiful journey on my mind. When miserably sick on the "John L.

Stephens" I unbuckled my pistol, put it into my carpet bag, and never carried it again. While sitting on the deck of the Hudson River steamer I took the pistol out of my bag, laid it on the railing, and it slipped off into the water. Since then I have never worn a weapon of any sort.

Much as I dreaded a sea voyage I had again taken the ocean route. I was so anxious to get back home to see my loved ones and my California that I could not take the time to ride across the plains on a mule! The return voyage, however, was not quite so uncomfortable; nevertheless I was ill every day from New York to San Francisco. But I reached home at last, and oh! such greetings!

HOME AGAIN

The same dear home I had left three years before, with father, mother and all the seven children to meet me with open arms! A never forgotten occasion—tempered only by the fact that my close application to study, aggravated by the dreadful seasickness, had impaired my health.

AT OLD SONOMA

In a few months, however, thanks to good food and happy home life, I was well and strong again, and eager for employment, which resulted a little later on, (in the fall of 1859), in my becoming President of Sonoma College, a boarding school for boys and girls.

I thought I had worked hard and studied closely at College, but that Lebanon work was not to be

mentioned in comparison with the work I accomplished in the Sonoma College. Young and inexperienced as I was—only twenty-four years old—I had the responsibility of all the departments, as well as charge of the boarding school. Among the students were several young men older than myself. Eleven at night was the hour for retiring, and six for rising.

I had not thought of teaching, as I fully expected to be a lawyer, and therefore had made no preparations in the direction of the position in which I found myself. Yet, as upon my return from college I was not only without money but under obligations for my tuition, I gladly accepted the first good opening for employment—doing my level best in the school for two years and enjoying my labor to the full. I loved my work and my pupils, and I know I was so much beloved by them and respected by the people that I really made a good name for myself during the engagement.

My reasons for resigning after two happy and prosperous years were partly because of my long purpose of studying law, but mainly because of a keen desire to develop myself and my work in some larger sphere of endeavor.

I had been instrumental in securing from the citizens of Napa City a tender of a fine college building if our Cumberland Presbyterian Church would locate its college in their midst. I pleaded with the fifteen trustees to go to Napa with the College. Granting this, I would continue. After

a day and night of debate the eight local men voted to stay in Sonoma. Knowing that the school had reached its possibility, and being ambitious, I resigned my position and went home to Santa Clara County. Here my brother Frank and I engaged a heading and threshing outfit and went into a three-months' harvesting campaign.

Before finishing the harvesting a delegation from Contra Costa County waited upon me and engaged me to take charge of Union Academy in the celebrated San Ramon Valley.

MY FIRST AND ONLY PARTNERSHIP

On the 24th day of November, 1861, Martha Jane Hughes and I were married (before breakfast of that morning) at the beautiful home of the bride in Edenvale, Alameda County, California.

After the wedding, in company with sister Lizzie and Fisk Hughes, and sister Sue and Westley Hughes, we drove to San Jose, a distance of thirty miles.

It was a day somewhat typical of our lives, with alternating clouds and showers and sunshine—mostly sunshine!

The next morning we all went to Santa Clara, where Fisk Hughes and Lizzie Caldwell were married. We accompanied them to Alviso, saw them on their boat for San Francisco, then drove to my home where we were met by father and mother, sisters and brothers, and had our "in-fare" dinner, returning on the following Friday to the Hughes' home!

UNION ACADEMY

On Saturday we packed trunks and on Sunday morning started for Union Academy, via Dorherty's Cañon, a distance of thirty miles. It rained all day, but we arrived safely and took charge of the Seminary the next morning, thus beginning our real life work together!

The winter of '61-'62 is noted as the rainiest and greatest flood season in the history of California. There were times when it seemed as if the country would be swept into the sea! But it was a happy and buoyant year to us young lovers and teachers. My beloved co-partner ate not the bread of idleness. She had entire charge of the boarding department; gave piano and vocal lessons in her private apartments; taught some primary classes; and, in addition to this, having learned with her other accomplishments the art of dressmaking, she cut the dress patterns for most of the young lady pupils, as well as for their mothers!

You must remember those were pioneer days; and, although the women no longer wove the cloth from which their gowns were made, they were compelled to be their own dressmakers. We had a pair of lovely saddle-horses and rode a great deal, especially on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, taking long excursions over the beautiful rolling hills and through the oak and pine forests that covered the western slopes of Mount Diablo.

In that charming San Ramon Valley we passed the first three years of our united bliss and earnest

life work. And there was given to us the first pledge of our consecrated love—Baby Josephine. Following which the darling little one lay in the grip of death for six long dreadful weeks.

Those were the years when the terrible civil war was raging between the northern and southern states with such deadly strife and bitter passion—raging in intensity of feeling even in this far away western land. But by the help of Him who said “Blessed are the Peace-makers” we were able to keep perfect harmony in our school. This, too, aided in preserving a spirit of charity in the entire community; for, although there was no fighting on this coast, the people were divided on the questions of slavery and the right of secession, and the feeling was very marked.

THREE YEARS—THREE THOUSAND
DOLLARS AND “BUSTED”

In the winter of '63-'64, I became pessimistic about the future of our part of the country, and was ambitious to make money a little faster than was possible in school work. I sold out my interest in the Academy, left the little mother and her baby with her parents in their lovely Edenvale home, and, with our school earnings of three thousand dollars, went to the Reese River mines over in Eastern Nevada. There I loaned my first money to Sam Langhorn—a high-toned young druggist—\$250 at 10% per month compound—or 120% per annum. It now amounts to \$3,360,455.25! I never expect to get even the principal.

Six months later I returned, riding a little red mule, with my camping outfit—consisting of a blanket, a tin cup, a package of tea, some crackers, cheese and bacon, and—minus our three thousand dollars! The bottom had dropped out of the mines. By alternately running on foot, leading or driving the mule, I made fifty miles a day over the Nevada deserts and the Sierra Mountains, a distance of about seven hundred miles, camping out every night.

It was truly humiliating to realize that I must present myself to that darling wife and her parents in the garb of a beggar with *nothing* but the little red mule — instead of the fortune I had so fully expected to make! As I neared home, the hurt of it all grew upon me, and I kept saying to myself: “What will she think of me? How will she receive me? What will she say to me?”

Every true woman — wife or maiden — knows the answer to such questions. When I said: “Mattie, we are poorer than when we began together three years ago; everything is lost but just ourselves,” she threw her arms about my neck and with her great blue eyes swimming in tears, said, as she kissed my sun-browned and desert-burned face, while she pointed to the baby: — “We have that left also.”

Well, it is not possible to frame into words the hope, faith and inspiration that will spring up in the heart and soul of a man under such a reception from such a woman, under such circumstances!

Out of humiliation our courage rose to exaltation. Though poorer, we knew we were wiser, better and stronger.

BUYING A FARM

It is wonderful what changes can be wrought out in human lives almost in a twinkling. Before retiring that same night we planned and multiplied plans; we added and subtracted and divided schemes; and, finally, before we slept, we decided that we would BUY A FARM! Yes, and that we would buy that *certain* farm, having decided upon a particular one.

The next morning we borrowed a horse and buggy and drove to Santa Clara County, a distance of thirty miles, and proceeded to negotiate for the farm upon which we had decided. It consisted of one hundred and twenty acres; price, fifty-five hundred dollars, no cash down; interest twelve per cent, with partial payments on principal.

We bought it! Now begins the most heroic and perhaps the most blessed period of our lives. Immediately after purchase I was called to take charge of Mountain View School, seven miles away. The little red mule and I went after that job. Little Mama, with a black girl, "went after" the "shack"-houses on the farm, which had not been occupied for several months and were in bad condition, with buckets and brooms, spade, hoe, white-wash and paint! Meanwhile, we were living at my parent's home, which was near our new farm.

It fills my eyes with tears, and my heart with sorrow and pride, as I look back and see that little

darling heroine "going at" that house and place with such royal courage, working resolutely from morning till late at night for weeks, until, the transformation being complete, we moved into our own home, on our own farm, bought without money! I had borrowed two hundred and fifty dollars, at two per cent, with which we bought a stove and an ample outfit of household furniture. My mother gave us a fine cow, which I milked night and morning. "Mama" made butter, cooked, took care of the house and the baby, and made her own and the baby's clothes. Every morning at eight o'clock the little red mule was off on the run of seven miles, with me on his back; at five in the afternoon we came galloping back to wife, baby and the farm. So passed the happy, prosperous days, weeks and months.

THE GREAT DROUGHT

That period was the summer and fall of 1864, the greatest drought year ever known in California. Four-fifths of the cattle, sheep and horses of the state perished for the want of food and water! Thousands were shot, and other thousands were rushed off the bluffs into the sea, that a few might have grass and water and so be saved.

Hay sold at sixty dollars, and straw for forty dollars a ton; wheat and barley for five and six cents per pound. These were the prices we paid for stock feed and for grain to seed our farm.

The rains came early in the winter, however, and in December the ground was ready for ploughing.

School had been dismissed for the season, so I was free for starting the planting. I had one plow and two pair of horses—Kit and Gray, Jack and Billy.

And just here, forgive me if I write something which may sound like boasting. God forbid! for it is not so.

I write it for the purpose of letting you know what *can* be done by what *has* been done — for there is no task so heavy that it cannot be accomplished by a pair whose hearts and minds are inspired with love and abounding gratitude, with faith in themselves and God.

I arose at four o'clock in the mornings; made a fire in the stove; milked and fed the cow; dressed off the horses, placing the harness on one pair, and then returned to the house to find a smoking breakfast of fragrant coffee, rich cream, hot biscuit and delicious broiled steak awaiting me — all prepared and presided over by the darling, smiling little wife!

As soon as it was light enough I was out in the field turning over the fragrant earth preparatory to seeding it. "She" "doing the dishes" and taking up the daily routine of her household work, all the while making the air vocal with her singing, never forgetting for a single moment Baby Josee! By noon I had a full day's work out of one pair of horses and was ready for the other pair in the afternoon.

We had no money with which to hire help, and everything was at famine prices, yet the winter of

'64-'65 was by no means "the winter of our discontent." With all our work we managed to go to the Old Mountain View Church for Sunday School and preaching service.

TWO YEARS AT ST. HELLENA

Life was full of variety for us both; and in August, 1865, we rented our farm and took charge of the schools at St. Hellena. St. Hellena, nestling in the midst of pine, cedar and oak forests, at the head of Napa Valley, was a very "apple of gold in a picture of silver."

We were both engaged as teachers, at good salaries for those days—I receiving one hundred and fifty dollars a month and "She" seventy five, making one hundred and twelve dollars and fifty cents each! We also had charge of the town Sunday School—I as Superintendent and "She" as singer and teacher. We organized monthly evening social events for the young people, and all the good homes of the country were at our service. We had much fun and great enjoyment out of these social meetings — happy little gatherings which brightened the lives of all and gave an added interest to things.

At one time it became necessary that little Mamma should have a new certificate for teaching; so, after school one Friday evening, we started in our buggy and drove fifty miles before sunrise Saturday morning to Santa Rosa, where the teachers' examinations were to be held.

After resting two hours she began the examination and finished it before nine o'clock that night.

On Sunday we drove back to St. Hellena and were ready for school on Monday morning.

Between our boarding-house and the school ran a small stream which we had to cross on an improvised bridge of boards about a foot wide. One morning we found the stream swollen to the width of fifty feet and running very swiftly.

Mamma started on ahead of me, but the running water made her dizzy and she lost her footing—or perhaps it would be better to say lost her head—and fell in. I pulled her out, and, stepping ahead of her, led her as far as the middle of the stream, where the current was swiftest. Again she lost her equilibrium, and again fell in, pulling me in after her. We were as wet as water could make us, but we were soon back in our rooms with dry clothes on, and later were driven across the rushing water in a wagon to our school.

Two happy, prosperous years passed, by which time all the young people of our school had become a part of our lives; and, when the time of parting came, it nearly broke our hearts to leave them.

BACK TO THE FARM

We closed our school work at St. Hellena and went back to our farm in time for the Christmas festivities among our relatives.

Our gratitude for our many blessings was boundless; our crops were good and our health excellent. We were conducting two Sunday Schools—one at Mountain View, seven miles away, in the morning, and one in our neighborhood during the afternoon. "She" and I were always interested in the same

good works, and everything that interested one interested the other. I used to tell her, and I know it was true, that she was and is to our home what the ark of God was to the house of Obed Edom, causing everything to prosper while it remained.

THE STORK CAME AGAIN

During the flowering springtime, on the twenty-first day of May, 1867, the stork visited our home and left with us a bouncing nine-pound boy, whom we named "Arthur Hughes Braly." He brought great joy to the household and soon became King of it.

To make sure of his growth and development I bought a fresh, healthy young cow and tied her at night in the yard, close to our bed room door, so that I could quickly run out whenever the baby cried and get fresh warm milk for him.

During the summer and fall of 1867 I taught the neighboring school and ran the farm, "She" remaining at home, caring for her babies and keeping a general oversight of the farming and gardening operations during my absence — just enough to keep her out of mischief, now that she was not teaching. We were so prosperous that we also kept a servant, and I was proud and happy to know that her life was easier.

COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT AND NORMAL TRUSTEE

In the fall of 1867 I was elected Superintendent of Schools of Santa Clara County, which office I administered for two years. In 1868 I was ap-

pointed a trustee of the State Normal School, which was then located in rented rooms in San Francisco.

Shortly following this there grew a strong sentiment in favor of getting the School permanently located in San Jose; and, with other interested men of that city and Santa Clara County in general, I was instrumental in securing it. I was a member of the Building Committee that erected the first Normal School building in San Jose—this edifice, however, being destroyed by fire in the late seventies. It was rebuilt, only to be again destroyed by the great earthquake of 1906. The present State Normal School building is the third one.

1868-'69 were full, active and earnest years, blessing both of us greatly. I taught the neighboring school during the school week, and went every Saturday morning to my office of the County Superintendent at the Court House in San Jose — all this in addition to my general supervision of the farm, "She" meanwhile busy to the full with her domestic duties and her sacred office of Motherhood.

We truly ate no idle or unearned bread. We were off for the Mountain View Sunday School, seven miles away, by half past eight every Sunday morning, and again at our neighborhood Sunday School at half past three in the afternoon. We managed to get in a full seven days' work, allowing no moss to gather on us nor any grass to grow under our feet.

We often took Sunday dinner with my father and mother, whose farm lay just east of ours; or

with my sister and her husband—Lizzie and Manning Cory—whose farm joined ours on the south. Our dear old shack-houses had by this time been replaced by substantial modern, comfortable houses, and our lives were full of sunshine.

A VISION

At this juncture let me tread reverently upon holy ground, for it has to do with something which proves to my mind how closely related is this wonderful human life of ours to the divine Will — if only we have faith and discernment to view the vision and give ear to its message.

“The manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal severally as he will,” says Paul. And this that I am about to relate will bear witness to the imminence of God’s purpose in one’s daily life and its necessities, if he will but take heed and have faith in what is given him.

In all that I write for my precious descendants, and before all who may read this book, I must ever be allowed to express myself in my own way — according to my perception of what is just and spiritually loyal to this precious companion of my mortal, as well as my eternal and spiritual, life!

In speaking of anything which relates to my existence I must say “ours,” “we,” and “us;” never “mine,” nor “I,” for Heaven made “Her” and “Me” “ONE” — the preacher merely sanctioning the union on the mortal side of the Immortal Life!

The incident which I am about to relate I have never before attempted to put into writing, and it

has been mentioned to only a few and very intimate friends. It occurred in December, 1868, at the time when our field of one hundred and twenty acres was plowed and ready for seeding. We, father, Cory and the Sutherlands were all waiting for the proper time and conditions for sowing.

One morning about dawn I had a vision; whether I was in or out of the body I do not know. I saw "our" field filled with teams and men, sowing wheat and harrowing it in. Then I saw the grain springing forth from the ground! I saw it grow and ripen into a great golden field, ready for harvesting! I saw it harvested and the grain hauled to Alviso and stored in Carter's Warehouse! I saw Carter buy it of me at two and one-half cents a pound!

The vision passed, and was forgotten. It was Saturday morning, and, having breakfasted before sunrise, I was on my swiftest horse, Billy, speeding to my office at San Jose.

I had ridden like the wind for a distance of three miles and was turning Milliken's Corner, when suddenly my vision was flashed before my face, perfect in every detail, as before.

In a moment, and without a conscious knowledge of reasoning, I found myself riding back home again, faster than I had come. On my way I had passed through Cory's farm; returning I dashed up to where he stood in his barn-yard and asked him if I could have his four-horse wagon, seeding machine and his two four-horse harrows.

He was much astonished and tried to dissuade me

from seeding then, but at last kindly consented and ordered his men to get the entire outfit over to our house at once. I rushed on homeward. "She" saw me coming and ran out alarmed. A few words passed. "She" smiled and said, "Well!"

Orders were given our men to quickly get out our harrowing teams, to set the sacks of seeding wheat where they would be handiest to load in the big seeding wagon, and where to begin when the seeder arrived.

I then galloped over to my father — who, more surprised even than Cory, tried harder to dissuade me from my purpose, but, yielding, sent over his two big harrowing teams.

Then on I rushed to Sutherland's, secured his teams and flew back home! It was only half past eight o'clock in the morning, but "things were doing." Two men were in Cory's seeding wagon, one driving his best team of four horses, the other emptying the wheat sacks into the seeding hopper. Following were the eight harrows, drawn by thirty horses, covering in the grain. Thirty-four horses at work, besides Billy, who was charging with me all over the field!

And what about dinner for all those unexpected guests? Well, now, that might trouble some women today, but not "Her," then! You may be sure she was equal to her part of the activities! When noon came every man was satisfied with good things to eat, and the animals were fed, with only an hour's loss from the work in the field!

Everybody was enthusiastic—entering with great zest into a work which seemed to them, no doubt, an eccentric impulse on my part. It was truly an animated scene, with all of those dear friends and neighbors entering so zealously into the novelty and excitement of the occasion — rushing the work until the field was seeded and the seed covered in.

Everything was finished by dark. I had responded fervently to the impulse of the spirit within me, and felt satisfied with my obedience. And, in the days that followed, I paid back all my obligations to my good neighbors in work as called for.

Then a soft south wind began coming in, and a gentle warm rain soon fell, continuing through the night and for several days; the weather turned warm; our grain sprouted quickly and came forth gloriously!

But — and even now I feel sorry to write it — the favorable conditions for seeding had passed. That Saturday was the last day! And our neighbors had finally to sow their grain under wretchedly unfavorable conditions — for the winter proved to be a very wet one, and consequently their crops were exceedingly poor.

By the middle of February, '69, our grain was well up and grew finely to a height of five or six inches. Then came rains and still more rains! Our beautiful wheat field was covered with water which slowly moved toward the Bay! Floods of water over our little farm from two sides and from above! It seemed as if it were all to be washed away or drowned out!

After some effort at ditching, and trying various experiments, I made a little V-shaped boat, to the sharp end of which I hitched a strong, steady horse. Seating myself, I drove the horse along the dead furrows so as to drain off the water. I held the lines in one hand and the tail of the horse in the other. He would pull and wade until he was out of breath, then stop suddenly to rest, and I would plunge head first into the slush. "She," standing in the doorway, watched the fight and said later that often, when she saw me go down and under, forever as she thought, her heart would stop and all her "bones seemed to break."

But my plan worked, and by keeping up that slushy work for two weeks I saved our wheatfield from drowning or floating away.

The winter passed; the springtime came; the wheat grew and grew until it was tall and heading out. I would walk through it with my heart swelling with such overwhelming gratitude that I would drop on my knees where the tall wheat would hide me and pour out my thanksgiving!

When the harvest-time came the fine plump grains of wheat were put in sacks and stored in Carter's Warehouse at Alviso, with instructions that it was his when he could give us "two and one-half cents a pound" for it.

Only a few months later Mr. Carter drove up to our house, called for the warehouse receipts and gave me a check for the whole amount at two and one-half cents per pound, which amounted to about seventy-five hundred dollars!

That amount gave us our farm clear of debt, and five thousand dollars to loan out and work for us!

None but those who have struggled and had similar experiences can possibly appreciate our gratitude and rejoicings.

The Vision with its realization, through our obedience to its suggestions, was fulfilled, literally, in every detail. I have no philosophy, no explanations, no comments to make. Each reader can draw his own conclusions!

On the first day of March, 1869, another fine baby boy came to our home, and he we named "John Rudolph." A few weeks after his birth he contracted whooping-cough, battled with it for weeks, having every care and all medical aid, but it was a losing fight. His little life went out August twenty-third, 1869. We tenderly laid him to rest in Lone Oak Cemetery, near San Jose.

Since the organization of the Mountain View Church my dear father had been its chief mainstay, but he was by this time very infirm and could no longer attend to the general church interests. So "we" were sought to take charge of the work until a minister could be found and installed as pastor. We consented, and for two years were acting preacher and pastor of the old church and also of a new one organized in our neighborhood — called "Bethel" church.

We put the same zeal and energy into this work that we always put into whatever we undertook. The spiritual life of the people was revived and we held

two camp-meetings at Mountain View; the membership was quadrupled and a pastor was found and installed.

This brings our story to the end of '73, when we gave up our church work, sold our dear little farm for sixteen thousand dollars and accepted the vice-presidency of the San Jose State Normal School. Thenceforth San Jose continued to be our home for eleven happy years.

Just before leaving our country home there occurred a very happy incident that I still remember with much pleasure. Mamma's mother, who was living with us, managed to have us go to San Jose for the day on some pretext. Arriving home late in the evening we saw wagons and horses hitched all about our place.

A SURPRISE PARTY

A surprise party in very surety. All our good neighbors from Mountain View and Bethel were there, greatly enjoying our surprise. A big fire roared in the fireplace, and the long dining table was loaded with everything good to eat.

Dinner over, all gathered in the sitting room, where, to our further surprise, we were presented with a beautiful silver ice-service by the Mountain View people, tendered with a touching address by Miss Belle Ware. Then another table laden with an exquisite gift tea-service from the Bay View friends, presented by Miss Sarah Boon, was carried into the room.

We were almost speechless, but I managed to say: "Mamma, I will have to kiss *you* for all this expression of love!"

Our hearts are still enriched with the memory of those beloved friends, and their beautiful offerings are still enjoyed and sacredly preserved.

After settling in our San Jose home, I entered at once upon my duties at the State Normal, and during the absence of Charles H. Allen, the president, who spent most of his time holding County Institutes throughout the State, I had much of the management of the School.

As it was the only Normal School in the State, and indeed one of the first in the western country, many students eagerly availed themselves of the opportunity. Half of them were young men and women teachers who desired to improve their methods as well as to gain a higher education.

The school was large and flourishing; the Faculty comprised strong, able men and women of experience in eastern normal work. President Allen, Professors Morton and Moore (all three long since gone to their reward) had been called from the presidencies of eastern institutions. Childs was a normal graduate, having had much valuable experience as county superintendent and principal of various schools. Cleberger was also a mature and experienced teacher.

Among the women teachers, the mental equals of the men, were Miss Eliza Hughton, Miss Lucy Washburn, Miss Mary Jane Titus, Miss Helen Wright, Miss Cornelia Walker and Miss Frances

Webster, composing a harmonious faculty and family. As I look back upon those eleven years of activity with these teachers and thousands of young student lives I esteem it a high privilege to have been associated with so superb a representation of progressive America.

I loved them all, and believe they loved me.

During those years three more lovely children were added to our household and hearts: Susan Amelia, born July 3, 1873; Emma Louise, December 25, 1874; and Harold Hyde, June 3, 1879.

In addition to our week-day duties I was superintendent of a Sunday School, and both of us were zealous in this phase of religious endeavor, as, indeed, in all church work.

BEN FRANKLIN

While we lived in San Jose Mamma had a horse named Ben Franklin. He was the best and most notable horse in the city. Ben was coal black, with a very long mane and tail, and weighed thirteen hundred pounds. He could trot with the family carriage at a three minute gait, and was altogether the best trained, most intelligent and safest animal I have ever seen. Arthur was his keeper; and, at a call from the little lad, Ben would come from his stall, put his head down for the bridle, and open his mouth to receive the bit. When he was harnessed he would go to the carriage, turn around and back himself into the shafts. We never hitched him, for he would not move until he was told to go. Everybody in town knew "Mrs. Braly's" church

and missionary horse-and-carriage, and when dear old Ben died there was a pathetic family funeral and burial.

Our summer vacations were always spent in camping, either by the sea or in the mountains. We kept two spring wagons fitted up expressly for this purpose, and when vacation time drew near these wagons were overhauled and put in perfect order so that there might be no delay in getting off for the free woods and God's open world.

A SAD HOME COMING

In one of our home comings from the summer's outing instead of returning as usual with banners flying we came home in distress with banners lowered, for our dear Arthur, then in his fourteenth year, was down with typhoid fever, having contracted it from an infected spring. He lay for six weeks hovering between life and death, but slowly came back to life and strength. But, on the day that he was able to leave his bed, our darling Josie was taken ill with the dread disease, and for another six or eight weeks fear tracked the footsteps of hope, but God gave the victory to us — their only nurses — and saved them both.

Our last camping expedition with all of our five children was among the Sierras, with two wonderful weeks in the Yosemite Valley.

THE ALMADEN BREAKFAST PARTY

It was one of California's most charming May mornings, and with our guests, the Normal Faculty,

Trustees and graduating class, we were rolling out of San Jose soon after sunrise, headed for the Almaden quicksilver mines, twelve miles away. We were in four-horse omnibuses, going out to partake of a camp-fire breakfast of broiled steak in particular, and other good things in general.

Mamma and I were giving the breakfast, and we arranged all details days before. Everything was in readiness when the party arrived, and the fun began.

Each person was to broil his or her own steak; so, plenty of fires and sticks were provided. The aroma of coffee was arising from the steaming coffee pots, and gallons of rich cream stood ready to enrich it. At a signal, a morning matin swelled from the happy throats, mingling with the songs of the birds, all under and amidst the branches of the great oak trees, and tunefully ringing out over the hills up into the morning skies. We spent the day feasting, frolicking, visiting the mines and drinking soda water from the springs. It was a day long to be remembered. That was the most ambitious, successful and joyous social affair that "She" and I functioned in the happy pioneer days.

DEATH OF MY FATHER

On the 10th day of June, 1880, at the home of his daughter, Sarah A. Cory, in San Jose, my beloved father passed into life eternal.

At his bedside were gathered nearly all of his children; and after his voice had entirely failed I was standing by him weeping. He motioned for my

handkerchief, and, thinking he wished me to wipe his eyes, I attempted to obey; but he took the handkerchief from my hand, wiped my eyes and pointed steadily upwards until I smiled in recognition of his meaning.

So peacefully ended the life of one of the early pioneers and one of Nature's noblemen.

CHANGE OF OCCUPATION

The life of every man and woman is marked with crises and turning-points; and especially is this true of those whose ambitions push toward the development of higher things and broader outlooks.

Such a time came to us in the Fall of 1883.

My life had been strongly marked by a variety of experiences — my childhood by the primitive happenings of early Missouri; by the toughening process of a boy's trip across the plains; by the sharing in the pioneer development of the "gold fever days" of California; by the six years of student life and a quarter of a century of activity as an educator in a new country. I was nearing the half-century milestone, and "She" was a bit past forty; five children were growing up about us and our lives were peaceful and prosperous. Yet, there came another turning-point—a square turn this time—one that involved much consideration and the exercise of good judgment. It was a question that must be settled, and settled wisely if possible—should we leave our profession and undertake the hazardous chances of a business career?

Though confronted by the proverb "A good teacher is good for nothing else" I brushed that

possible objection aside by remembering that few, according to my ideals of "good teaching" measure up to the vital importance of the work; and, besides this, I felt that not only was I capable of doing something else and doing it better, but that all my experiences must surely have developed my power to share in the scheme of material development—even, possibly, have schooled me into taking a sturdy grip on the larger things of life.

I had also a belief that no one should teach after his enthusiasm suffers decline, and I have since learned in many and various ways that ardor should never be permitted to wane for a moment.

Long we debated the momentous question—"Shall we, or shall we not?" Finally the decision was made, and my resignation was submitted — to take effect at the close of the term, December 20th, 1883.

Before the decision, however, plans were made concerning our future work:—to wit, we would undertake two things about which we knew nothing — banking and raisin growing, and to Fresno we would go to try out our new ventures!

The now splendid city of Fresno, in the central part of the vast San Joaquin Valley, was at that early day a very small village. The country surrounding it was desert, with here and there small colonies of pioneers living on irrigated tracts of raisin-growing land. The industry was yet in its earliest infancy, and, "Yes, to Fresno we would go!" The die was cast!

The closing scenes of my school life deeply stirred

the tender emotions of my nature. Assembly Hall was packed on the closing day with students and friends, while on the platform were seated the members of the graduating class to whom I had the honor and pleasure of delivering the address and presenting their diplomas. The subject of my discourse was: "Nos Palma Manet" — "The Palm Awaits You."

I was not only bidding farewell to the dear old Normal, to its splendid faculty of choice spirits with which I had been closely associated for so many happy years, and to the student body in which I had a fatherly interest and love, but I was abandoning my profession for something new and untried!

The teachers and students seemed to vie with each other in deeds of kindness and loving remembrance. The many gifts presented that day are sacredly kept and lovingly regarded. Chief among these mementoes is a gift from the five hundred students symbolic of their steadfastness—the French torsion four-hundred-day clock — which always stands on our mantel and is religiously wound on the twentieth day of every December, the anniversary of its presentation.

In connection with this final farewell to my school life I want to add that such success as may have been attributed to me in that sphere of work was due to one fundamental law of mind and heart which I seemed intuitively to understand, one which I never failed to make practical in guiding the young lives

— that neither the mind nor the heart, particularly of the young, can do its best work under the influence of fear.

Fear destroys faith, depresses heart, brain and lung action, and wounds the spirit. Hope begets faith, courage, life and health of both mind and body.

Being myself imbued with faith and hope I constantly and religiously imparted them to my students by both word and example. Under this inspiring stimulus my pupils, as a rule, did splendid work; while I myself received credit for being a good teacher when I was in reality merely an inspirer — a sort of moral Tom Sawyer, just watching them work and play.

In one of the many responses I was obliged to make I said: “Nearly a quarter of a century has been spent in getting me *ready* to do something; nearly another quarter of a century I have been trying my best *to do* something, and now for the next quarter of a century I am going to try my very best to do something else. After that I intend to shed the harness, blow the bridle bit out of my mouth, go to grass and play to my heart’s content for another quarter of a century; and then, at the last, fully satisfied with the rich experiences of a short century of earthly existence, I shall be ready to fall into the lap of God as mellow fruit.”

“So Vale! Ye dear old Normal, teachers and students. Exit the old, enter the new life! Fresno, banking and vineyards!”

THIRD EPOCH

FRESNO

FRESNO

I went immediately to Fresno — “She,” with the children, remaining in San Jose. We had bought 160 acres of desert land close to town, and, securing a partner, we started a little country bank with a capital of twenty-five thousand dollars — each to put in half of the capital. I put in my half, but much to my astonishment, I found my partner had borrowed his half on my paid-up-half as security!

That was a short lived partnership. As soon as I found him out he found himself down and out, and I became President of the Fresno County Bank.

In the meantime things were booming on the ranch in preparation for planting the vineyard and orchard.

PLANTING

After deep and thorough plowing and cross-plowing, ditching and checking up the land for quick and easy irrigation, we had by the last of February, 1884, one hundred acres planted, well planted, with selected rooted vines.

At this time, the large canal that passed our vineyard on the upper side was running full of muddy water, very rich in fertilizing matter. I seized the opportunity and had our land thoroughly soaked with that rich flood water.

I irrigated no more that year, but cultivated, cultivated, cultivated! To give an idea of the richness and forcing quality of that soil, measured by

dollars and cents, seven months after the vines were planted we received from Miss Austin, a pioneer raisin grower, ten dollars an acre for that crop of grapes, with the picking, drying and hauling done at her expense!

“SHE” ARRIVES WITH HER CHILDREN

After barns, corrals and a temporary house had been built it was June, and hot enough to singe the hair on your head. I wrote “Her” not to come, but she answered that she with the four children would leave San Jose at a certain date in her carriage, with Arthur driving a pair of good horses, that she expected to arrive in Fresno at a certain time, and if I was not now ready to receive her I had better get a move on and *be* ready, for she was coming!

It had been a year of tremendous floods, and the San Joaquin River was over the banks its entire length from Fresno County to Suisun Bay. So I wrote her immediately, telling her of the risk and giving full instructions regarding the avoidance of dangerous places; but before she received my letter she was on her way.

At the end of the second day she arrived at Fierbaugh’s, one of Miller and Loux’s great stock ranches, and from there her way lay beyond the river, across which was a high bridge. But the river had overflowed its banks and the water was covering the marshy and boggy land for a distance of two miles.

I had written to the manager at Fierbaugh's asking him to look out for the pilgrims and give them every needed assistance. They tried to dissuade her from crossing the river, but it was of no use. So early in the morning of the third day they started, preceded by one of the best ranchmen — who rode bearing a long pole with which to feel the way and locate the road. When off the road the horses would bog.

Arthur, now a boy of 16, and brave as Caesar, held the horses true—as fine a pair as ever looked through collars — and carefully watched the road-finder; stopping and starting, floundering and bogging, and righting up again! Now and again the water flowed into the carriage where Mamma, scared into cramps, was trying to comfort the frightened children. Poor chicks! crying themselves sick they at last shut their eyes and cuddled down on the seat beside their mother. After two hours of this horror they safely reached dry firm land — and breathed and lived again.

To my utter surprise they drove up to the ranch-house in the evening of that same day, having made a drive of eighty miles.

Presto!, — change! The Bralys at Fresno, two hundred miles from San Jose, engaged in Banking and Raisin Growing; all accomplished in the short space of six months.

AT MARTHA'S VINEYARD

It was summer time and very hot, but we were as happy as it was hot in our dear new home at

“Martha’s Vineyard,”—as we named the farm. We were so content with our venture in life that we scarcely missed the old associations, and had no cause for homesickness, for my sister Lizzie and her husband, Manning Cory, my sister Sue and her husband, J. M. Braly, and Mamma’s brother, Wesley Hughes and his wife, were at Fresno at that time.

We were again pioneers of a new country, new conditions and enterprises. It was all very interesting. Our little bank was moving quietly and prosperously. Every morning by nine I was in it, and by four in the afternoon back on the vineyard—wherein lay my greatest delight.

RABBIT CHASING

Our chief diversion, an exciting and exhilarating one, was the jack-rabbit chase. These rascally rodents were very destructive to our young vineyards, one “Jack” destroying many vines in a night by eating the tender buds and leaves. To prevent this, the growers who were able and enterprising would throw wire fences around their vineyards.

The country surrounding our place was desertland, so our vineyards were fine feeding grounds for the “jacks.” We conceived the scheme of protecting our property with dogs, and secured four very fast greyhounds. These with several saddle horses and a light buggy made a good equipment for the chase. Early in the morning and again in the afternoon, on horses and with two of the dogs, we started through and around the vineyard. Sud-

denly up jumped a "jack," and the dogs, freed from their leashes, made for him, and then the chase, the race and the fun began!

One who has never run with greyhounds in a jack-rabbit chase has little idea of the excitement. The "jack" can give the trickiest politician points in circling, looking and dodging. But the greyhound is on to his tricks. So, when two hounds that have worked together start for a jack he is a true knave if he foils them. One pushes him with all speed while the other lags a little behind, watching the jack's movement. He soon sees which way the rabbit is circling, dashes forward in a straight line to cut the circle, coming in ahead of the first dog, rushes furiously forward, and apparently is about to overtake the jack. But, with a quick swerve, the rabbit doubles in his tracks, while the dog is carried forward by his own momentum. When there are two dogs the danger is greater to the rabbit, as the last dog in line is more than likely to catch him on his "doubling" — as this skilfully performed manœuvre is called. If the jack is a good runner both dogs will now be pushing him — one a little behind the other, or both side by side, but a little apart, watching for the quick dodges, which are by this time the jack's only hope. Generally, these dodges serve to prolong his life for only a short time if there are two or more dogs in pursuit, but they are life-preservers if but one dog follows.

In this way our vineyard was cleared from the invasions of "jacks" — as they soon learned where

the dogs hunted, and so gave "Martha's Vineyard" a wide berth. And it was not long before we had to go far-a-field for our sport.

Our vines had made an enormous growth, were loaded with fine clusters of grapes, and the vineyard, though only in the second year after planting, was profitable beyond our expectation. And be you sure there was every good wish for the like success of our neighbors.

ARMY WORMS

From my infancy I had heard and later read about the grass-hopper and army-worm invasions — from old Bible times to the pioneer days of bleeding Kansas, where the army-worm destroyed every green thing that met its onward march; where the "grasshoppers became a burden," obscuring the sun like a cloud as they flew through the air; where, alighting, they devoured everything green or dry; were so thick at times on the railroad tracks as to stop the trains; where they ate the paint off the cabin doors; where they even gobbled the iron shoes off the mules as the latter tried to kick away the hoppers — for which final whopper, by the way, I do not vouch.

The Fresno grasshopper and worm invasion of which I am about to tell was not as bad as that, but it was bad enough.

The worms that came upon us were produced from the eggs of very large moths, each moth laying thousands. They chose as the repository for their millions of eggs the underside of the

leaves of wild sunflower, hogweed and grape. The eggs being smaller than the smallest mustard seed one moth could and did stick dozens of those mites on the underside of one leaf. These hatched out in a few weeks into tiny worms which began at once to eat the leaf and, growing very rapidly into maturity, they would be as long and thick as a man's finger. They then turned into the chrysalis stage, from which would again come forth other moths to repeat the process.

We had heard that worms were appearing in places in the colonies, and had seen the big moths flying about, but we had not yet awakened to the slightest apprehension.

Just west of our place, and adjoining it, lay a tract of land that had been flooded and was grown over with a thicket of hog and sunflower weeds. In these weeds millions of worms had been bred. No notice had been taken of their existence until they had devoured their home weeds and had started for new pastures — which happened to be “Martha's Vineyard.”

One day at noon Cochran, our foreman, came to the bank and reported an invasion of army-worms. He told me it was serious. He said they were entering our vineyard on a line nearly a half mile long, devouring every vine in their march.

I was, of course, much excited. I told Cochran to go over to the hardware store and buy two dozen spades and shovels, hurry home with them, take a plowing team, and with all the men he had, white

and Chinamen, immediately plow and cut a ditch on the west side where the worms were entering — and then get water running through it as soon as possible.

Meanwhile, I went over to Chinatown and hired a dozen or more Chinamen and scurried them off to the fight. I next went to the stores and bought all the little scissors they had, at twenty-five cents apiece.

I hurried to the schools and offered ten cents an hour to children over twelve years old to snip worms, and then I rushed off to “Martha’s Vineyard.”

When I saw that army of worms, with its frontage of nearly half a mile, slowly but determinedly moving into the vineyard; and when, on careful inspection, I found our entire vineyard infested with a myriad of eggs and worms just hatching, my excitement knew no bounds.

By dark the ditch was finished and water was flowing through it. That slightly checked the invasion from without, but all night I kept men with lanterns and shovels, instead of “billies,” working against the invading worms — for, instead of turning back from the running water, they tumbled into the ditch in such numbers as to stop it up with drowned worms, making a bridge over which other worms would crawl. The men’s duty was to keep the ditch clear and the water running, which, accomplished, completely checked the invasion.

But the millions of worms already hatched in the vineyard could in four weeks’ time destroy it completely.

Mamma was waiting outside the house for me and for the whole story. As we talked the intensity of our feelings increased and our courage rose. Suddenly I jumped up, cracked my heels together twice, and said: "Mamma, by the Eternal, the worms shall *not* eat up our vineyard."

We had discussed every possible plan and had hit upon the Turkey — good old Thanksgiving Gobbler! — as our only hope. Yes, we would get turkeys — buy every turkey in the country.

Cochran was called and told to have Daisy and Nellie — the horses that had brought the family through the flood — in the best possible trim and harnessed to the buggy at sunrise the next morning. He was also told to prepare turkey-yards, perches and feeding troughs for the coming swarms of turkeys.

Mamma and I were off the next morning just as the sun, red-eyed, was peeping over the distant peaks of the Sierras, with only two thoughts in our minds — millions of worms, and turkeys to eat them!

We first invaded Fresno colony; drove, early as it was, to the peaceful homes and at once asked if there were any turkeys for sale, and at what price. We found that all would sell, some at one price and some at another. We took all we could get at any price — the bargains always closed with the fewest possible words and in the quickest time — and sped on to the next place.

We soon finished Fresno colony and drove on to Central, the oldest of the colonies, six miles away.

Here we found swarms of turkeys, big, little, young and old ones. We took everything, and then inquired of everybody as to those who had or might have turkeys — never revealing, however, what they were wanted for.

On we swept from Central to Washington, twelve miles away. Having finished Washington, we drove into Selma, twenty miles farther, picking up some fine bunches.

We stopped a very short time by the wayside to rest and feed the horses and have our luncheon. We then swung around and returned through the old Temperance colony, finding bebies of turkeys there.

A minute was made of every bunch of birds, their numbers, the price, the owner's name and the agreement that they should be gathered that night and delivered at our vineyard the next day.

We reached home at dark, having driven about ninety miles and bought nearly a thousand turkeys. Feeling sure we had saved "Martha's Vineyard," we laid us down and slept.

The next morning wagon-load after wagon-load of turkeys began to arrive, Cochran having everything ready for their reception.

It was truly a sight worth seeing. By night we had nearly a thousand turkeys on the place, making things pretty lively with their clacking noises.

Early the next morning the man in charge of them turned them loose in the vineyard, and the

war on the worms began. It was most interesting to hear and see the mother turkeys leading their little "turks" to the charge.

In a few hours their crops were filled with worms, and they were then driven into the shade of the orchard trees, where they would spread themselves out, wings and legs, for all the world as though they were dead, remaining that way until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when their keeper would arouse them and again turn them into the vineyard.

In three hours they would again fill up on worms and be brought home, where long troughs of hot bran-mash and red-pepper would be awaiting them. They were crazy for that red-pepper mash.

Often wondering how many worms the flock would consume in a day, something happened which set us computing them. One evening a turkey the size of a chicken broiler met its death by accident, just as it was coming in with its afternoon catch. Our son Arthur opened its crop and counted out fifty-three worms, (many of them yet alive), three grasshoppers, and two little grapes swallowed by accident. Seeing that this was not an average-sized turkey we calculated that the birds would each eat not less than one hundred and fifty worms a day — thus making one hundred and fifty thousand worms destroyed per day, or four millions in thirty days.

So the days passed on for a week, and the birds had been once over the vines, and this before the worms were large enough to do much harm. The next week they swept the vineyard again. In two

more weeks the vines were clean and every bush was trying to outdo its neighbor in growing and maturing fine clusters of grapes.

Our flock of turkeys was now greatly in demand, so we hired them out for twenty dollars a day until our second crop of worms was ready for picking, when we brought them home for the purpose.

From that time until Thanksgiving Day, with the worms all gone, we fed the turkeys on Egyptian corn, until they were large fat birds, and, I think, the finest bunch of turkeys ever massed together in California. We sold them to a firm in San Francisco at twenty cents a pound net. And so, besides saving our vineyard, they netted us about fifteen hundred dollars clear profit.

Our family and friends who ate turkeys from that flock say, even yet, that there never were such fat, juicy turkeys as those raised on Fresno worms — which, *ab initio*, were raised on grape juice.

GRASSHOPPERS NEXT

While we had been fighting the worms our vineyard was producing a great wealth of raisin grapes. These in September we carefully gathered, delivered in bulk to a near-by packing house and sold for five cents a pound, which yielded us at the rate of more than one hundred dollars per acre. That was the second output of the vineyard, and only twenty months after planting — this making and holding the record for raisin growing.

The winter of 85-86 passed, followed by a scorching summer which brought a few more

worms, but nothing to compare with those of the previous year and certainly nothing to compare with the myriad of grasshoppers which appeared at this time. So now came another battle royal! But with the old Christian battle-song constantly in our hearts, and often on our lips, "Sure I must fight if I would reign; increase my courage Lord," we went into the combat.

We first experimented with turkeys, but the lively "hoppers" would fly from the pursuing birds and then rise up and fly back over them, which was exhausting to the poor turkeys — netting nothing but failure.

We next tried ducks, but found them no better, as they preferred swimming to chasing fleeing grasshoppers.

We then took a half-mile length of rope and stitched on to it an equal length of burlap two feet wide — thus making an enormous "sweeper," the rope of which was held taut by twenty or more men and waved before them. Beginning at one end of the field, the men yelling, flapping and shoing, the general sweeping began. The hoppers would rise up and fly on and on before the advancing horror until the dry desert was reached — where they would swoop upward in great clouds and fly back into the vineyard, and the sweeping had to be done all over again.

It was a most discouraging fight; but, as Jackson said when the British gunboats were advancing up the Mississippi in their attack on New Orleans, "By

the Eternal, the British shall not sleep on American soil," so I said, "By the Eternal, these grasshoppers shall not sleep in Martha's Vineyard."

When driven off at nightfall the grasshopper would not fly back until their wings were warmed up by the sun's rays the next morning. For this reason I had the men sweep them off the vineyard at nightfall, and thus made them sleep on the desert, whence many of them never returned.

During all this fighting we were putting out a poison wash under each vine, for the hoppers were multiplying in the vineyard. The poison did the business, as many as fifty dead hoppers being found under one vine.

Yet, it was a hard fight, and at times it seemed hopeless. But grit and grip won out, and we saved another very large and very fine crop of raisins, which this time yielded over two tons — netting two hundred dollars to the acre.

That year we changed the little Fresno County Bank into the First National and increased the capital from twenty-five thousand to one hundred thousand dollars.

Our son Arthur having finished his schooling, he in 1885 became my right hand man, both in the bank and in the vineyard — continuing in that capacity until we went out of business in 1906.

1886 was a very busy, prosperous and happy year for the Braly family. Our venture in leaving school life and entering upon a business career had proved to be a success from every point of view.

During that year I organized a bank at Selma, a little town twenty miles south of Fresno, and another in Tulare, Tulare County, holding the management of all three banks until we moved to San Diego.

In the fall of '86 we took our first trip back East, going with the Knights Templar, who held their Triennial Conclave that year in Pittsburg.

We visited the principal eastern cities and the homes of our childhood in Missouri, returning in time to celebrate our Silver wedding — which event our children, especially our precious daughter Josie, had well under way by the time of our arrival.

The festivities were held under a large grape arbor, from which hung fine clusters of fruit from seventy-two varieties of vines, the shade covering nearly a half acre. It seemed that every invitation was accepted, that everybody came, and the fun and feasting lasted from two in the afternoon until midnight.

SHADOWS

I fain would gently draw the veil over the next three years of our lives, for they were years of sorrow. Mamma and I had often said to one another, "How long can this beautiful family life-picture remain unmarred or unbroken?" We knew then, as now, that Nature's laws are inexorable, and we also knew then, as now, where to find strength in weakness, help in times of need, and balm for broken hearts. God knows when and how to touch the keys of the human heart and soul in order to

draw forth their sweetest and most perfect harmonies. He knows where the melodies of our natures lie, and how to call them thence.

Immediately after our anniversary festivities we found that our daughter Josephine, our first born, our song bird, was ill. Every loving care was bestowed; every attention given; every possible thing was done to save her precious life. All winter long, and through the spring following, the fight went on, until one May morning, just as the sun in his glory was rising over the distant Sierras, she arose from her precious clay tenement and entered her new life in the Father's house of many mansions.

She was the sweet singer of our home and community, and I fancy often that I hear her caroling the two songs that I loved most to hear her sing:—"One sweetly solemn thought comes to me o'er and o'er," and, "When I awake in His likeness, I shall be satisfied." Her dear body was laid to rest in Oak Hill Cemetery at San Jose, in the midst of a bower of roses and mourned by her Normal School classmates and teachers and many of her cherished friends.

Shortly after our return to our Fresno home we discovered to our dismay that Millie, our next oldest daughter, was ill!

Millie, the healthy and strong, ill? Millie, the beautiful, the modest, the perfect, beloved at home and at school, Millie the unselfish, ill?

She was the nearest perfect human being I have ever known, and so was regarded by all.

Together, and with physicians and many consultations, another battle was to be fought to save another precious life!

Mamma gave up every other care and devoted herself to Millie. She took her to first one health-resort, then another, from the mountains to the sea. I remained at home attending to our business as best I could, and in the still hours on my bended knees besought the Almighty to save our child. For eleven months the struggle went on, a sickening and a losing fight. The great white plague had her in its death grip — the malady contracted while lavishing loving care upon her sister Josie.

While so greatly troubled about our daughter's health we became alarmed about the malarious condition of Fresno. Fearing the climate was not agreeing with the other members of our family we decided to make a change of locality for the health and lives of our children. So, Christmas of 1887 found us living in San Diego.

Another winter of anxiety and helplessness, and another springtime came with its singing birds, its verdure and wealth of flowers covering all the plateau round about San Diego.

On one of those sweet mornings — it was March, 1888 — lovingly and tenderly, Arthur, as was his custom, carried his sister Millie down stairs and placed her gently in the arm chair at the breakfast table.

There was a new light upon her sweet face; she said that she could not see the rosebush just outside the window. Arthur arose quickly and wiped

off the window pane — but Mamma and I knew that the mortal veil was being lowered, shutting the world out from her pure and spiritual vision!

The unfinished breakfast was left, and we gathered in the parlor for our usual morning devotions.

We clustered around our precious one, who reclined in her chair, and sang one or two of her favorite songs, as we saw her end had come.

Her last words were: "Are they all here! I cannot see them."

We drew near — very near to her and I answered: "Yes dear, we are all close around you." Her eyes closed and her pure spirit took its flight into the land whose inhabitants are never heard to say — "I am weary; I am sick."

Another family pilgrimage to San Jose and Oak Hill Cemetery, where we put her earthly temple beside those of her sister Josie and Baby John, returning with only three of our six children.

But I want to testify here that the three in Heaven are as real to us and as constantly with us as the three who remain.

SAN DIEGO

Upon leaving Fresno we sold all our properties, real and personal, and went to San Diego with one hundred thousand dollars cash — four times the amount we had taken to the northern city.

With my brother, J. C. Braly, we organized a new bank, calling it the Bank of San Diego.

We struck San Diego at the worst possible time — just in the height of the boom. All values were

enormously inflated. A species of insanity seemed prevalent amongst the people, old and young, male and female. We caught the infection, and unwisely invested in San Diego and Coronado properties at boom prices.

In 1889 the boom-bubble burst, and values vanished like mist before the rising sun.

Then we made another unfortunate mistake in consolidating our new and splendid bank with the First National Bank, which institution after a few months I found to be in a most deplorable condition — the cashier having embezzled from one hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand dollars of its funds.

Instead of our lines having fallen in pleasant places with a goodly heritage, as had always been our good fortune hitherto, they were cast among Phillistines, and with a heritage of daily fightings.

The manner in which the defalcation was discovered and subsequently handled was so dramatic that I really must attempt to relate it briefly.

After the consolidation of the Bank I was made its manager, and, as such, my suspicions were soon aroused that all was not right. The cashier had been in the bank a long time, was its best-liked officer, and he and all the clerks were friends and confidants. He was young, and popular both inside and outside the bank. I was new, and had no claim to popularity. I believed, however, that he was robbing the bank and must be doing it through our bank correspondents. I did not dare accuse him or even tell anyone, and I seemed to be headed off in every effort to get at the bottom facts.

On the thirty-first of December, the day before New Year, I wired a personal New Year's Greeting to every one of the Bank's correspondents, requesting a personal answer by night wire. I also told the manager of the Western Union to hold the answers until I called for them in person.

Early New Year's morning I called at the office for the answers, took them to the Bank, and with the balance book proceeded to check up, only to find to my dismay that the bank had been robbed of about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

I put the telegrams in my pocket and went home, a wiser and a much sadder man. I dressed myself for a day of New Year's calling, and with three friends, directors of the bank, W. D. Woolwine, Lewis S. McClure and Hebe Ingalls, spent the entire day in the merriest fashion possible, making calls and winding up with a gay and fashionable party given by Mrs. H. L. Story.

Not a word escaped my lips about the contents of my pocket; but, before parting from Mr. McClure that night, I whispered to him to meet me in the bank at 8:30 the next morning, alone — which he did. I produced the balance book, and drew from my pocket the telegrams. He was quick in thought and action, and very clever in bookkeeping. He saw at a glance that, without a doubt, the bank had been robbed and by someone inside. He was ready for action, and I had had a day and a night to steady my nerves, so we two formed our purposes and plans.

We had evidence enough that the bank was robbed, but not evidence enough to convict any one of doing it. Yet we planned to make the culprit confess — through these means:—I was to work with the cashier on the books during the day, and McClure was to stay in near attendance — later taking him in friendly fashion to lunch.

It was the beginning of the fiscal year, and this gave me excuse for asking him many questions, especially about the corresponding banks — how we stood with them, and if we could depend on them to help in a pinch for ready money. I was persistent in my questioning, and he began to show irritation.

He and McClure went together to lunch, as planned. When they returned McClure privately whispered to me that he had said, "I believe Braly thinks me a thief."

My investigations were kept up until nearly three o'clock, when he arose from his desk, staggered over to McClure, and with him went out. In two hours McClure came back, looking weary and troubled. I questioned him, and he replied. "I have his full confession in my pocket. It is between one hundred and seventy-five and two hundred thousand dollars. He is at his fine home with his wife, and will remain there till we see him tonight."

At half past eight we arrived at his mansion accompanied by a lawyer and a notary public. We conferred behind closed doors with the cashier, his wife, father and brother, and lost no time in coming

to terms. He and his wife deeded their home to the bank, and he signed over his bank stock. His father also deeded his property, and thus everything possible was done to secure the bank — after which we all went home to troubled sleep.

The anguish of his wife and his grey-haired father I will never forget; and, because of their misery, he was continued in his place in the Bank and helped to straighten things out.

We were particular that the facts should not get to the public. Owing to the collapse of the boom, and the consequent shrinkage of all kinds of values, the affairs of the whole community were in such a condition that a panic might easily have been created at any moment. Hence, we did not dare to put the deeds and other securities on record. But the directors were then called together, and behind closed doors the whole story was told them.

The next day, with a note for two hundred thousand dollars signed by directors and secured by a few hundred thousand dollars worth of the bank's paper, I went to San Francisco, borrowed two hundred thousand dollars of the Bank of California, had it expressed to San Diego to our bank and wired directors to record the deed. This step created a great sensation, as the cashier was considered to be quite wealthy.

Business went on as usual until the annual election, at which time the cashier was dismissed and his friends knew the truth. His explanation was of course casuistic — but the best possible one for the bank. It was simply—"Braly does not like me,

has a longer purse, and froze me out." General knowledge, however, of the defalcation oozed out so gradually that the bank was saved from utter wreck and ruin.

During the year of the bank trouble, although there were seven other banks, I organized the San Diego Savings Bank. This bank, the First National and one other small bank were the only ones that lived through the following years of financial distress and panic — the stockholders of the unfortunate institutions losing everything, and the depositors faring only a little better.

The first National of Fresno, the Selma Bank and the Bank of Tulare have weathered all storms and panics, and are still solid institutions — two of them being under the same presidents in whose charge I left them.

I have reason to be very proud, and am very proud, of the banks which I organized and of the men who have taken such good care of them.

LEAVING SAN DIEGO

The sorrows of bereavement and illness, and the strain of business in San Diego, were undermining the health of both of us and even weakening our courage. Moreover, I saw, or thought I saw, small future for San Diego. The boom "was gone glimmering" and would not return; the town would settle down to a hum-drum business which would for a number of years possibly grow less and less.

There are very few of us whose lives are passed entirely free from trouble, and it is only just and

reasonable to expect that all should have their share of it. And yet, after a sunny and successful life our tests of faith and courage came upon us heavily. In addition to the loss of our daughters, supplemented by our experiences in finances, we suffered the tortures of fear through the serious illness of our son Arthur during a long fight with typhoid-malaria. God, however, spared him to us. But again the Reaper entered the family circle, and Fisk Hughes, Mamma's brother, died November twentieth, 1889. Then two of my own brothers were taken from us — Addison dying as the result of the awful scourge of Grippe during its first outbreak in this country and my brother, E. A. Braly, being killed in a railroad accident.

Those were sombre, anxious years to the little Braly family; but, by the help and inspiration that come to His trusting ones, Mamma and I kept our courage and our heads in the sunlight of His love.

Later, for the benefit of the health of our son Arthur, I was induced to buy a cattle ranch near Prescott, Arizona, of which he took charge. And, acting upon my disbelief in the future of San Diego, we determined to close out all our holdings in that city at the earliest possible day.

By watching vigilantly for opportunities, and with quick action, I was able to sell everything for just half the purchasing price, and so closed out with a trifle more than fifty thousand dollars—a result which I regarded as extremely favorable in view of the greater opportunities of the more northern regions.

Ameude Honorable
to
San Diego

It were a manifest injustice to the now assured high destiny of the beauteous city and surrounding of San Diego if, in the year of Our Lord nineteen hundred and twelve, the author of this spontaneous epitome of a long and eventful life could not frankly and gladly recant on his mistaken pessimism of the saddest period of his life—the year eighteen hundred and ninety.

To the splendid patriotism of those who, under the inspiration of their optimistic conviction, held on bravely and fought unflinchingly for the future of their magnificent environment the author rejoicingly bears the tribute of heartfelt admiration.

That San Diego, with its glorious bay, its superb climate, its contiguity to the Panama canal, its promised transcontinental railroad, its resolute people, lies in the mighty sweep of an illimitable future is the gladsome recognition of the writer — as, indeed, it is of all California.

To San Diego, then, and its high destiny!

JOHN HYDE BRALY

August, 1912.

BACK TO SAN JOSE

In December we went back to San Jose, our dear old home where we had seen so many happy days, intending to spend the winter among our kindred and friends of former years.

But my nerves were shattered; I was sleepless and anxious day and night. My health seemed all gone, and my physicians were utterly unable to alleviate any of my troubles.

At times the earth seemed to have dropped away from under my feet and the heavens seemed brass over my head. Had it not been for "Her" and our children I would gladly have given up the fight; but, while strength and breath lasted, for them I would live and do.

I was without business and the family without a home — the first time that either of those things had ever happened to us.

I was as restless as a caged eagle, and felt as helpless. Like the dove from the ark I went forth time after time to find a place whereon I could alight and begin a new life, but every time returned weary and hopeless.

Finally, "She," my good angel, said, "John, go back to the sunny South, to Los Angeles, Riverside or Redlands, and try to find there what you are seeking. The northern climate does not agree with the health or spirit of either of us." And my psychic sister wrote and advised me about the same time that Los Angeles was the place for me.

LOS ANGELES

Following the intuition of those two dear women March of 1891 found me in business in that city. Yet I was still nervous, sleepless, sick and restless. So, under recommendation, I went to see one of the most learned and skilful physicians in the city. After an examination he pronounced me a worn out business man, adding the comfortable assurance that my hold on life would be one of not more than six months' duration.

Mamma and dear little Hal still in San Jose; Emma at Mills College; Arthur on the Prescott Cattle Ranch, and I — with only six more months of this life!

Well, the night after that interview with the celebrated doctor, I went to my lonely room, and, on my knees, laid my troubles at His feet, saying: "Thou, Lord, hast been my Guide, my Help, my Strength, my Inspiration from my youth up, making the days of the years of my life bright and blessed, and surely Thou wilt not utterly forsake me now — in this the darkest hour of my life and the direst need."

I arose with purpose fixed, saying: "Six months more of day, and then the night! Very well! Then aching head and heart and sleepless nights, farewell; there is work to be done!"

The cattle ranch must be sold; Arthur brought home to head the family; Mamma must come down from the north, and Emma from school. A home must be provided, and a business started for Arthur — all to be done within my last six months.

Early in May we moved into our new home in the midst of an orange grove, with the sweet perfume of orange-blossoms and the songs of mocking-birds floating into our bedroom windows, and — for the first night for more than a year — I slept an undisturbed sleep. “She” the dear mother, remained awake that she might enjoy seeing me sleep.

Soon the fated six months had passed; the home was established; the cattle ranch was sold; Arthur was home and occupying a good position in the Southern California Savings Bank; Emma was home from college; Mamma had fully recovered her health, and I, instead of sleeping in Oak Hill Cemetery, was wide awake and rapidly gaining in health, strength and hope. Like Job of old, I was coming into a new, a larger and a better life.

Our old times and prosperity were returning to us. The bitterness of the past three years only served to sweeten the joys of the present. The dear family circle was happy as it was of old. The family orchestra was re-established — “She” at the piano, Arthur with his cornet, Emma with her violin; Harold with his cello, and “Father” the appreciative audience.

With our health entirely restored and with re-establishment in the business and social world a new life began for all of us. Our three years of trials and tribulations had opened into a glorious new summertime of life. I entered into business with the zeal and energy of former years, beginning as an officer of the Security Trust Company,

and Arthur was already bookkeeper in the Southern California Savings Bank. We soon acquired holdings there — at which time I became cashier and manager and a little later its president.

The bank had inherited many bad assets from the collapse of the boom, the capital stock being more than wiped out by losses — but duly restored by assessments on the stockholders.

By the constant and careful work of Arthur and myself through many long days the bank was righted and put on a paying basis.

Then came the panic of 1893. Banks were failing all over the country; and in Los Angeles even the First National Bank had to close its doors. Men, women and children all wanted their money, but the savings banks did not have to pay unless there was money on hand, which saved them from closing.

It was a dreadful time, and it really seemed as if the bottom had dropped out of the financial world. The panic struck Los Angeles in full force on the seventeenth of May, 1893, and lasted for many days.

Owning as we did the majority of the stock, it looked as if everything the Braly family possessed would be swept away. Everybody was panic stricken, and the bravest hearts were failing for fear of they knew not what—just “scared to death.”

However, our little bank weathered the storm, as did all the other savings banks, but it was just about a year before we were able to make even a small loan.

The bank was then located on the corner of Spring and Court Streets, and it so progressed with the

returning prosperity and growth of the City that it became necessary to have larger and better quarters farther down town.

The center of the business of the city was then at Spring and First streets — with a persistent southward trend. This meant moving our bank nearly a half mile beyond the existing center; and, reflecting the dubious opinion of the day regarding the future of the city, our board of directors (among the best and shrewdest business men of the city) stoutly opposed the idea — only to be later won over after much persuasion.

Some of us, particularly Mr. H. Jevne, Arthur and I were so confident of the wisdom of the enterprise that our faith and judgment finally prevailed, and the southeast corner of Spring and Fourth Streets was purchased. A syndicate of which I was made president was formed, and the twelve-story building erected. Arthur and I had been the most active parties in the whole movement, and in consequence of this, and out of compliment to us, it was called The Braly Building.

I knew that it was being whispered even among my best friends that “Braly’s ambition had turned his head;” but, instead of its being a merely personal ambition, it was really the outcome of my unbounded faith in the future of our city. In this case, “Fortune favored the brave” to a certainty — for the results of the change were simply wonderful.

After the removal of the bank to its new quarters the business went forward with leaps and bounds, and the rents of the building gave satisfactory dividends. The new banking rooms were the finest on the Coast; the twelve-story fire-proof steel building set the pace for that class of structure in Los Angeles, and the old Braly Building stands as a monument of courage, faith and daring.

In 1907 the block was sold, the name being changed to the Union Trust, and the Southern California Savings Bank was sold to the Security Savings Bank for seven hundred and fifty dollars per share. Forty dollars per share was all that had ever been paid by the stockholders, and they had always received good dividends. Seven hundred and ten dollars per share were, therefore, the net profits per share on the stock — a very satisfactory showing for fifteen years' work.

MANY PLEASANT JAUNTS

During those years we had built and occupied successively two homes in St. James Park. Harold had spent two years at Princeton University and three at the University of California, graduating from the latter with the degrees in Civil and Mining Engineering.

In the course of years our three dear children were happily married, and we are blessed with six of the finest and loveliest grandchildren.

After getting our business established Mamma and I took many honeymoon trips. We crossed the

continent many times over all the different railway lines, attending the Knights Templar Conclave, World's Fairs, touring Yellowstone Park, and once we hurried through Europe — always having, and feeling very sure we were having, good times.

Twice we visited the scenes and old homes of our childhood. And upon one of these visits, "She" played doll for a few minutes in the same old garret where she used to play as a child.

We went down into her Mother's spring-house, where the cold, clear water gushes out from under the big flat limestone rock and flows over the stone floor among the milk pans, keeping the milk and butter cool and sweet.

Yes, we strolled out among the old apple trees that her father planted with his own hands when she was a child. There was the calamus patch, and the great spreading elm tree near by that threw its cool shade over the spring-house on hot summer days! And there were the same old worm rail fences with the tangled blackberry and dewberry vines running over them.

Children again for a little time; memory alert, as we went from place to place. We laughed, we joked, we cried as we lived "Her" childhood over again. And, "how dear to our hearts are the scenes of our childhood!"

For a year after going out of business I tried to divest myself of the business harness, but could not. I was restless and unsatisfied — feeling that I should be doing something, or that I was neglecting something.

“She” was conscious of my state of mind, and one day said, “Let us travel wide — go around the world and see and think new things.” So, on the thirtieth day of August, 1908, we sailed on the fine steamer “Minnesota,” from Seattle, for Japan.

The resignation of Hon. J. H. Braly as president of the Southern California Savings Bank having been tendered and duly accepted in accordance with his expressed desire it becomes the privilege of the board at this time to voice its grateful appreciation of the eminent service rendered the institution during a period of fifteen years.

Taking charge of the affairs of the bank during an early season of distress he applied his rich experience of previous years in banking life to its thorough rehabilitation. By his tireless energy and unremitting solicitude for the advancement of its interests, ever actuated by a conscientious desire to build well, he laid with sincerity and singleness of purpose a foundation for the great financial superstructure which his courageous optimism fostered and evolved during the intervening years.

Under his able administration this community has witnessed the almost magical development of deposits from a few thousands to millions and the association of depositors from a few hundreds to over thirty thousand.

Abundantly rich in human kindness, solicitous for the welfare and advancement of his fellowmen, earnest in his efforts to inculcate the habit of saving among the young as well as among the adult, buoyant and gentle in mien, noble in purpose, deeply devoted in his domestic relations, loyal in friendship, God-fearing and ever appreciative of merit and ability in others, he has stood in the leadership of this bank as a most helpful influence and an inspira-

tion to those who were fortunate enough to serve with him, commanding the while the respect and confidence of the bank's widely diversified patrons and the general public.

To his unswerving faith in the future greatness of this city, upon which he shaped an aggressive and advanced business policy, much of the success achieved by this institution is attributable.

Having now determined to seek immunity from the rapidly increasing responsibilities of a multiplying business, while in the full vigor of active life, we, his associates upon this board, speaking for ourselves and for the able and efficient corps of employees who have faithfully served with him, offer this tribute of our keen appreciation of the character and life work of Mr. Braly. May his enjoyment of freedom from business activity come as a rich dividend upon the vast investment of honest, conscientious toil expended during a life of usefulness, helpfulness, profit and love.

Be It Resolved that this resolution be spread upon the minutes of this corporation.

"I, J. H. Griffin, Secretary of the Board of Directors of the Southern California Savings Bank, hereby certify that the foregoing is a full, true and correct copy of a Resolution passed by the Board of Directors of said bank on the 28th day of July, 1906.

J. H. GRIFFIN, Secretary.

AROUND THE WORLD

AROUND THE WORLD

With the breath and breadth of the ocean came a sense of freedom to us both, and we were soon improving in every way.

Fortunately, there was a fine company of passengers aboard, one of the sort we like — thirty-five missionaries; one Yale professor, a very interesting man; two college presidents, one the head of the great college in Peking, China, the other for forty years president of the great missionary college at Canton; Dr. Bashford, Bishop of China and India — as well as other delightful and most interesting people.

The business harness soon slipped off and we were as jolly as the jolliest — romping and playing on the great wide decks.

As our good ship sailed under the long string of the Aleutian Islands the weather was really bitterly cold, but the bracing air was just the very tonic we needed, and it put us in prime condition for the full enjoyment of our delightful trip.

About half way over a most strange thing occurred. Retiring on Saturday night as usual, thinking of a pleasant Sunday, we arose the next morning to find it Monday. Sunday had been cut out and lost at sea. We had crossed the one hundred and eightieth meridian and lost one day. It gave us a peculiarly mystic feeling.

The sea had been very placid the entire distance,

and, as we neared the Old World and were within twelve hours of Yokohama, the passengers joked with the captain, suggesting he should give them a little excitement — a ship fight with the sea — before landing. Strange to say, the passengers got what they asked for, “and some more,” for a well-grown typhoon struck the ship and made her creak and quiver from stem to stern, and a real fight was on.

Instead of keeping on her course to Yokohama the captain set the ship square in the teeth of the typhoon, then turned and ran with it, fighting in this manner for fourteen hours until the storm had spent its fury. The passengers were entirely satisfied, having then had all that sort of life at sea they wanted. We arrived at Yokohama fourteen hours late.

We had procured a guide by letter before starting and were met by him on shipboard. Ito was his name, and he took full possession of us and our effects.

It is wonderful how efficient one of those good Japanese guides can be, and how valuable he can make himself.

Ito soon had us in our hotel, the Grand, with all of our belongings. After luncheon he prepared for our first sight-seeing trip through the city, with a couple of jinrikishas — those two-wheeled, man-propelled baby-carriages peculiar to Japan. The little Jap between the shafts usually travels on a gentle trot, but if so desired can and will run very fast.

We found this mode of conveyance most delightful, and we spent hours that Sunday afternoon in the streets, which were alive with its citizens, mostly women and children, with younger children on the backs of those only a little older. By the time we returned to our hotel I could see nothing but throngs of babies and children. I asked our guide if it was Children's Day and whether the children had been brought in from the country. He said, "No, every day is just like this."

While writing home that evening I asked the Hotel Clerk to please give me figures as to the population. "About four hundred thousand," he opined. I said, "You are away off, for I have seen five hundred thousand babies on the streets this afternoon."

On Thursday of that week we boarded the cars for a jaunt to Nikko, a distance of one hundred miles, and situated at an elevation of two thousand feet above sea level. It was truly a delightful ride, with little villages lining the way and small farms of one to five acres, every inch highly cultivated, principally in rice, with a little buckwheat and some vegetables.

After a good night's rest in our lovely suite of rooms in the Kanaya Hotel we set out at an early hour for Lake Chuzenju, twenty-four hundred feet above Nikko.

Skirting the Diaya River, which has its source in the lake above, the whole trip proved a perfect delight. The lovely stream seemed to be in a frenzy

of passion — all the way leaping over precipices, dashing itself into foam and fury over boulders and giving life and animation to the beautiful mountain scenery on either side.

Our jinrikishas were each manned by three little brown men, one in the shafts and two pushing, while our courier rode ahead on a pony. The path, winding and twisting along the river-bank on the left, and on our right the beautiful mountains, was just wide enough for two 'rikishas to pass; and, to add still more to the life of the journey, it was well travelled by quaint looking men, women and children, coming and going, nearly all with packs on their backs.

Just off to one side ran a tiny tramway, three feet wide, with little trains of cars pulled by very large bulls, some of which also had packs as large as small hay stacks on their backs. This 'tram is the only bull-power railway in the world.

The scene was not only picturesque and unique, but intensely interesting to our new-world eyes.

The lake itself with its surroundings is the famous summer resort for all the well-to-do Japanese. The run down to Nikko on our return was done in double-quick time — to our great pleasure and satisfaction.

We spent the following Sunday visiting and worshipping in our own way in the Buddhist and Shinto temples, which are more beautiful than I can describe, surrounded as they are by cedar trees four hundred years old — tall, and straight as arrows.

From Nikko we paid a visit to that charming city Tokio, the Capital. There the Mikado's imperial palace is one of the chief points of interest. In the middle of a magnificent park or island, it is surrounded by a wide artificial canal of fully a mile in circumference.

The city is also the home of one of the largest universities in the world, for men students only, of course — the education of women having as yet made scarcely an appreciable beginning. As a natural consequence the general morality is quite a negligible quantity.

There are two segregated cities in the midst of Tokio, each of them harboring some twenty-five hundred women and young girls of the underworld. Fathers may and do lease out their daughters to the managers of those places for a fixed consideration and for a period of years.

But a higher moral and social tone is gradually asserting itself, and this, together with the remarkable industry and scrupulous cleanliness of the people, is bound to evolve into the nobler ethics.

For three weeks we traveled constantly and were delighted continually with the cities and country, with the mountains and valleys, with the tombs and temples, and, especially, with the lovely shops. Of all the cities we liked Kyoto the best, but all Japan is still a delightful memory.

We sailed from Kobe through Japan's "Thousand Islands" to Nagasaki — the queerest old town, known the world over as the scene of "Madam But-

terfly," and situate on the most beautiful bay we have ever seen. It was there we saw a sight that can be witnessed nowhere else.

WOMEN COALING SHIPS

Great coal boats were brought up to the side of our ship with hundreds of women on barges. Steps were fastened to the sides of our big ship, and the work of loading it with coal began, the labor being performed by the women.

A basket was filled with coal by one woman, seized by a second, passed to a third, thence to another and another on down the long line — then up, as the women hung on the steps hanging to the side of the ship, on to the deck, whence it was dumped into the hold. That one basket probably passed through the hands of twenty of those little brown women and was followed by nineteen more of its kind, which, when emptied, were thrown back on the barges.

There were six or eight of those strings of women, working as I have never seen men work, and some of them had babies lashed to their backs. It was to me a sorrowful as well as an astonishing sight — for, in very truth, the Japanese women do all their own and half of the men's work.

The second night after leaving Nagasaki for Shanghai, China, and while still fifty miles at sea, we called for our usual hot salt-water bath, but found the water so thick with mud from the Yangtse Kiang river that we could not bathe in it.

The next morning we dropped anchor off Shanghai, were lowered into a launch and steamed twenty-five miles up to the city — a most interesting and cosmopolitan place, picturesquely vivified by the large foreign population of English, American, German and French, and situated in juxtaposition to the ancient and walled Chinese city.

In this Shanghai of to-day are many fine residences and business blocks, and immense business is carried on. We took a carriage drive through the chief sections and, later, with a guide visited the ancient city — the most wondrously odorous spot on earth, without a shadow of a doubt.

It is three thousand years old and smells like it. We would hasten from one intolerable odor into three more worse ones, and I know we did not half “do” that very ancient, historic and interesting place.

I suggested to Mamma that we take our cologne bottles and try it again, but she said “not on your life,” and we did not. We stayed long enough, however, to learn that this wretched filthy city is unlike other places — where the slums are usually confined to certain districts — for we saw the well-to-do, the wealthy shop-keepers and even the Chinese ladies of the little feet streaming through narrow dirty streets thronged with the hoi-polloi of both sexes — many of them almost destitute of clothing.

NANKING

Our trip from Shanghai to Nanking proved to be most attractive. We journeyed on the very excellent railroad, built by the English, two hundred miles up the Yang-tse river to the ancient capital, passing through a rich valley under high cultivation and laid off into small farms of from one to twenty acres, growing principally cotton and rice.

We were intensely interested and actively alert to all the strange things we saw. One peculiar feature of the scenery, however, greatly puzzled us. Innumerable hillocks, grass and weed-covered, were everywhere — in the cotton and rice fields, large and small, and even in the truck gardens.

By good fortune, an American missionary entered our car apartment, and we asked him what those everlasting mounds were for. With a surprised smile he answered: "They are family graveyards, and thousands of years old. A Chinaman will always hold sacred the ground in which any of his ancestors are buried." We exclaimed, "Then China is one vast graveyard." And so it is.

Arriving at the depot, we were met by our host-to-be, the president of the great theological college of Nanking, and a most genial man. He and his excellent wife entertained us royally for three days, showing us the wonders of that ancient city, the walls of which, twenty-two miles in circumference, fifty feet thick and forty feet high, and today in a perfect state of preservation, withstood perfectly the bombardment of the heavy guns in the recent attack by the rebel army.

BACK IN SHANGHAI

The holidays were approaching and the old Christmas spirit came upon us in those new and strange surroundings. Neither of us had ever before been away from our children at this joyous season; and so, in order to get all the enjoyment possible out of this the unusual one, we returned to Shanghai and at once plunged into Christmas shopping for the loved ones at home. We crammed a box full, and, by the time it was in the hands of the customs officer for shipping, we were on the lighter steaming down the Yang-tse, to board the "Princess Alice," for India.

While in Shanghai doing our Christmas shopping the weather had been cold, windy and rainy, and Mamma had taken a chill and was quite miserable during our sail down the Chinese coast to Hong-Kong, the English-controlled pretty and interesting city. The ship stopped there for one day, and, while it was cold, we managed to put in a very busy and enjoyable sight-seeing time.

The next day we were again steaming southward with everybody on board seemingly happy, and, as the trip progressed, new acquaintances were made, all sorts of games were played and some tricks on one another, the day generally ending with dancing. And, believe me, our Captain was one of the finest and jolliest old sea-dogs that ever sailed a ship.

After days of plowing the placid blue sea we waked up one morning to find our good ship lying peacefully at the wharf at Singapore, the most

southerly city of Asia. Everyone went ashore, and we took a carriage and drove for hours, enchanted with the tropical trees, plants, flowers and the picturesque people. It is a lovely place, but exceedingly hot.

We were much interested in watching strings of carts loaded with sacks of coffee and drawn by small slim oxen. The coffee was carted to the wharf and loaded into our ship, to be unloaded at Aden, the southern port of Arabia, where all the Mocha coffee is supposed to be grown. And from Aden that same coffee was to be shipped all over the world as genuine Mocha! This the officers of the "Princess" told us, adding "You Yankees are not the only smart business fellows."

After a consultation with the ship's most excellent doctor, of whom we formed a very high opinion during his charge of Mamma all the way from Shanghai, we decided to change our itinerary and remain on the "Princess Alice" instead of re-shiping on the British steamer for Calcutta. So, for seven or eight days longer we continued our journey with Mamma under the care of the Doctor — then arriving at Colombo, Ceylon. By that time she had quite recovered from her Shanghai grippe.

Landing, we went to the world-renowned Gall-face Hotel. We soon had our tickets bought and our man, guide and servant in one, engaged for our travels through India. But, the very night before starting Mamma was taken very ill with ptomaine poisoning. I thought that night would

never end —feared, indeed, that she would not live. It was a most dreadful time; but, fortunately, there was a good physician in the hotel who remained with her all night, and her life was saved.

The trip through India was cancelled. In ten days the patient had sufficiently recovered to be taken to the mountain retreat — Candy, the ancient capital of Ceylon, twenty-five hundred feet above sea level, now the national park and the prettiest place in the world.

I wish I could enable you to see Candy, its tropical trees, tropical shrubs and wild vines, tropical flowers, tropical clouds and rains, tropical everything — even the lakes and mountains seemed tropical; and the whole face of the earth is as green and fresh as the original Eden must have been.

Candy proved to be the most enchanting spot we had yet seen, and especially rife of sentimental influence on those of us who were on our honeymoon. For two weeks we stayed there, our dear obliging 'rikisha men awaiting our appearance every morning for the day's outing. Sometimes it was for a morning ride, sometimes evening and sometimes all day, with a luncheon thrown in.

How we did enjoy our stay in that fairyland, with its simple perfect climate, and with a people at once so peaceful and so serene!

We ought really to have remained at Candy a month longer, but unwisely returned to Colombo in order to catch the German steamer "Zeitung" for Egypt — having abandoned the trip through India

on the advice of our doctor. We set sail across the Indian Ocean, passing up the Red Sea and on through the Suez Canal to Port Said.

Here, again, was another pleasant journey, with the passengers congenial, the Captain jolly and obliging, the officers attentive and the seas like large mill-ponds in August. Every possible kind of sea-going game was played and all sorts of mischievous jokes were perpetrated by the passengers during those fifteen days.

We stopped one day at Aden, the Mocha coffee port of Arabia, but, for some reason, were not allowed to go ashore. It greatly interested us to see the place where the Children of Israel crossed the Red Sea. The Suez Canal now runs through it, but the exact location is in question. However, we certainly did see the place where they actually crossed, for we saw all the possible places.

When we entered the mouth of the Canal we were facing a north wind from the Syrian and Arabian deserts that was almost strong enough to blow the Red Sea back into the Indian Ocean. It was then easy for us to see how the north wind at an ebbing tide could blow out a dry passage-way for the Israelites to pass over. And, again, if the pursuing hosts of Pharaoh did not try to cross until the next morning, and the wind suddenly lulled, the rush of the returning waters might easily catch and overthrow them.

Arriving at Port Said, with the weather cold and clear, we were soon on the railway and flying over

the land of Goshen to Cairo, the greatest city of Egypt, on the banks of the Nile, the most wonderful river in the world.

We were fortunate in getting rooms in the Shepherd, the hotel famous to all travelers the world over — a great hostelry, situated in the heart-center of Cairo, the ancient and modern city of Egypt. Cairo has a great population, composed of representatives from all nations, ninety per cent of them, however, being Egyptians and Turks. The latter wear the red fez, the Mohammedans the turban, while the women have to veil their heads and faces whenever they appear outside their homes.

After we were located in our hotel, and after some sightseeing in Cairo, we visited the Great Pyramids of Gizah. Cheops, the greatest of them all, is four hundred and fifty feet high, its base covers twelve acres, the whole vast mass being built of solid blocks of stone. History says it took 100,000 slave-workmen twenty-five years to pile up this wondrous monument. Thirty thousand men were engaged in quarrying the blocks, thirty thousand in transporting them the ten miles overland and across the Nile, and forty thousand in putting them in place.

There are eight other pyramids of great size, but none equal to Choeps. The enormous lion-headed Sphinx with a man's face and its Temple, partly excavated, are to be seen there also. And all these ancient witnesses of the world's history are within a comparatively short "trolley ride" of Cairo.

It was on December fifteenth that we boarded one of Cook's boats, "Rameses the Great," steamed up the Nile for some four or five hours, disembarking to visit the ruins of old Memphis, the ancient capital of the Pharaohs, yet hardly boasting a vestige wherewith to interest tourists. Mounted upon the wonderfully easy-riding donkeys for which Egypt is so famous we nevertheless ambled over the ruins and on a few miles farther to the tombs of the high priests, to the tombs of the sacred bulls, and to more old pyramids. By the time we returned to our boat we had had a ten-mile donkey-back ride, and even delicate little Mamma felt naught worse than slight fatigue.

On the 17th we stopped at Assiut, mounted donkeys again and rode through the filthy narrow streets, passing the black, ragged and dirty looking people to the Temple of Queen Hathor, the goddess of many supposed virtues. The temples are many and distinctly impressive, but after five hours of them we were glad to be back on our pleasant ship.

Next day we continued our journey up the Nile and were much interested in watching the streams of people lining the river banks — some walking, some running, some riding on donkeys and camels — the river itself, with its numberless sail-boats, simultaneously affording an unending succession of varied and picturesque incidents.

We stopped at Beni Hassen and visited more tombs of kings and priests and more temples of goddesses, but the only really interesting feature of

this horrible old place lies in the tombs of many millions of mummified cats — now, by the way, being unceremoniously ravaged for transmigration into a fine brand of English fertilizer. And herein we see how the original cat comes back!

After one more stop to visit another temple dedicated to Hathor we arrived at Luxor, Karnak and Thebes — three names for one place—Thebes, Egyptian; Luxor, Greek; and Karnak, French. This, the very center of ancient Egypt, is rich in history and by far the most enthralling of all places to the tourist — although its temples and tombs are all that are left of this once great and populous city of Thebes.

The ruined Temple of Luxor, which is close to the river's bank, is wonderful and impressive, but not nearly as much so as that of Karnak, which covers twelve acres of ground, with rows upon rows of great columns of solid granite rock, some thirty-six feet in circumference and seventy-five feet high. One obelisk, another Cleopatra's needle, is one hundred and six feet high, cut from one piece of granite quarried one hundred and thirty miles up the river, covered with hieroglyphic writings and polished and erected here. How did they do it?

Early next morning we crossed the river in a little boat oared by six blacks, who sang and acted for "bakhshish" and got it. We mounted more of our long-eared steeds and set off for more tombs of kings. Mamma's blooded animal was named "Shoo-Fly," and mine, somewhat more appropriate

to the sex of its rider, "Whisky-and-Soda." The eight-mile ride was a hot and dirty one, with our little donkey-boys a nuisance to us, but we finally arrived at the tombs — far up among sand mountains and in a desert cañon.

We had to descend into a hole in the mountain-side step after step, jog upon jog, down and down, turn to the right, turn to the left and on until we faced a room cut out of the solid rock, ten feet by fifteen, and ten feet high. The walls from top to bottom are covered with highly colored hieroglyphics, and the length of these tunnels is from two hundred to four hundred feet. At the bottom of the third tomb down which we descended we found the lonesome place where Rameses the Great once lay. And where is he now? In the great Museum of Cairo! And here we were looking into emptiness for the third time within two hours.

Returning, we climbed the spooky tunnels, up and up, seventeen tourists of us, into the daylight and fresh air, and only one woman fainted. Mamma came out game and smiling, but said quite emphatically, "No, thank you, no more tombs for me today, or any other day" — and that, too, when our guide insisted there were thirty-nine yet to explore. What waste of opportunity!

After a refreshing and delicious lunch among the tombs we mounted "Shoo-Fly" and "Whisky-and-Soda" and within a two hours' canter reached "Rameses the Great" — tired, but glad to have had the privilege of viewing the tombs of the greater Pharoahs.

Christmas Day found us on our way from Luxor to Assuan and, in the midst of Oriental surroundings, both the passengers and the crew did everything possible to make the day a pleasant one. In the evening we had a fine (but turkeyless) dinner, followed in turn by a highly entertaining performance by the sailors — as the result of a generous purse from the passengers.

When we reached Assuan, the end of our up-trip journey, seven hundred and fifty miles from the river's delta, we spent two days more visiting temples, but omitting tombs.

One morning we took donkeys and rode eight miles to see the great Assuan dam, which cost thirty million dollars to build. It is a wonderful structure, seventy-five hundred feet long, with one hundred and eighty gates to let the water through. It was on this ship that Mamma rode one of the finest donkeys we had seen; its movement was like machinery and as comfortable as that of a rocking chair. She returned after a sixteen mile ride minus the slightest fatigue.

Our return trip to Cairo was a most enjoyable one. The weather was beautiful, the company was charming and the twenty days were ones long to be remembered. We had seen the ruins of the only Egyptian palace now in existence, and tombs and temples, temples and tombs, in great abundance.

Upon our return from our Nile trip we located in the new and beautiful Hotel Semiramis, on the east bank of the river, in rooms opening onto a

wide piazza which overlooked the Nile with its hundreds of different kinds of floating things—steamers, barges and smaller crafts in a constant stream of life. The great iron bridge spanning the river was also a moving current of life — foot passengers, carriages, camels loaded down and covered up with great stacks of sugar cane, donkeys loaded down with cane, chickens, eggs, pigs, lambs and every other imaginable farm product.

But what was far more interesting to us was the view we had from our windows of the great pyramids across the river and seven miles distant. Day after day we looked out upon that wonderful picture. Extending up and down the river, as far as the eye could reach, was the inspiring view, especially so when the sun was throwing his evening rays from beyond the western desert mountains over all the wondrous scene of ancient city, river, tombs, temples and pyramids.

I really must say a word about our visit to the University of Cairo — the divinity school for all Mohammedanism. It is situated some miles to the east of the city, and is surrounded by a wall inclosing about five acres of ground.

Our guide gained us admission, and, upon entering, we beheld a most peculiar sight. There, covering two or three acres of open-court ground, sat squads of men, young and old — about twenty thousand in all — each squad with a teacher or leader, all talking or reading aloud, waving their heads from side to side, back and forth, studying

and memorizing the Koran, which is their bible and only text book. They studied nothing but the Koran, as they were all preparing to become priests.

Everything connected with the place was most primitive. The inner court was studded with hundreds of stone columns. Our guide called our attention to one iron pillar with the remark that it was very sacred — being a gift from Mohammed, who made it fly from Mecca to Cairo. He related the story graphically, and its dramatic quality greatly impressed us. Mohammed, it seems, selected the pillar in the Temple of Mecca, and suggested that it remove itself to Cairo, and erect itself in the place awaiting its arrival. The next day he went to see if his mildly-expressed wish had been carried out, but was sorry to find that it had not, whereupon he commanded the pillar to “get a move on” and be at Cairo the next day by noon. On the following day, the holy prophet went forth again to see that his command had been obeyed; but, to his vexation, the iron pillar was still standing in its place in the Temple.

Then the righteous indignation of the holy prophet rose to so great a passion that he smote it several times with his scourge and commanded it to fly instantly to Cairo — and it flew! To prove it all true our guide pointed to the whip-marks, and there they were, sure enough. He said that he and all good Mohammedans believed the story to be true, but, if we had any doubt, there was no obligation to accept the legend — which was consoling.

We spent many days wandering through the

mazes of the wonderful Cairo Museum, which contains the most wonderful relics of antiquity in the world.

I have spoken before of our visiting and descending into the Tombs of the Kings, or Pharaohs, near old Thebes, and also of the removal of the mummified bodies from that place to the museum at Cairo. The three Pharaohs that we and all Christendom are interested in seeing are Seti the Great; his son, Rameses the Great, and his son the Pharaoh of the Exodus. We saw all their mummies — Seti, large and tall; Rameses, his son, nearly as large, while Pharaoh of the Exodus is quite small. There they lie in one group in the museum of Cairo, and there lie, also, all the rest of the innumerable kings of Egypt. Beside their mummies are placed the four or five mummy cases — or coffins, we would call them — which fit one into the other. Only the outside one is of stone, and all the inside cases are written over in Egyptian characters. A war chariot, taken from Rameses' tomb, is a near-by exhibit.

The story of the Pharaoh of the Exodus is that he was drowned with the overthrow of his army in the Red Sea, but his body was rescued and buried in his tomb in the burying ground of the Kings.

Whenever a new king ascended the throne he immediately began to prepare his tomb. These tombs were guarded with great care, because the Egyptians believed that their very existence and happiness in the other world depended upon the preservation of their bodies, and that at the end of

three thousand years the soul would re-enter the body (if well preserved) and live again. Hence the wonderful art of embalming among the Egyptians.

The story of the finding of the bodies and treasures of the ancient kings, as told to us upon the sacred ground, is so interesting and dramatic, and its truthfulness so certain, that I must give it as we heard it.

Not a great while after the exodus of the Israelites a very crafty and far-seeing priest seated himself on the throne of Egypt. He reasoned that the time would come when Egypt would share the fate of all other nations — have wars, be conquered and ruled by a people who would not reverence either the gods of Egypt or the tombs of their kings. He resolved to protect them beyond all possibility of a doubt. He sought out and prepared a hiding place where the foot of man would never tread, where the eye of the invader could never behold. Entrusting his secret to a few trusty men he selected the loneliest spot on the top of a barren mountain, four or five miles distant from the tombs of the kings.

The spot was pointed out to us, but it was inaccessible. Whether or not there was a natural cavity deep down in the mountain, or whether it had been excavated, we could not learn. After the place was fully prepared, the tombs of the kings were opened and their sacred contents were carried in the dead of many dark nights by the chosen few and deposited in the deep hole on the top of the mountain. Then the opening was closed and covered so as to obliterate every evidence that man had

ever trod thereon, and the mouths of the tombs of the kings were closed up as usual.

Finally, the deed accomplished, lest some one of the chosen few who performed the sacred work might divulge the secret, all were taken off and executed.

The Egyptians from that remote day until a few years ago supposed that their kings were resting securely somewhere in the deep dark tombs which they themselves had built. But no man after the Priest-King knew that they had been removed or where the tombs were.

Some thirty years ago a scientific explorer set to work to find the Tombs of the Kings, the entrances of which had long been covered with the sand and debris of desert and mountain, and after great research and much digging he discovered the mouth of one of the tombs. Carefully he descended to the bottom in the expectation of finding a treasure — but, to his astonishment, he found only a large vacant room. It is said that he wept with disappointment when he saw that all the tombs were empty.

A few years later a parchment which fell into the hands of an archæologist was found to have belonged to the tomb of Rameses the Great. That, of course, created the greatest excitement. Search was immediately begun to find the man who had first discovered the parchment. The quest finally led to an Egyptian who was known to make his living by robbing tombs and temples. Through bribes and threats he was finally induced to give up his secret of the location of his find. He con-

ducted the party to the top of that high desolate mountain in whose enchanted bosom lay Egypt's sleeping Pharaohs. The mountain top was so covered with shelving rocks that it seems a miracle the place had ever been discovered.

And now, with many emblems of their ancient splendor, these great kings are exposed to public view in the Museum of Cairo, thereby furnishing the greatest attraction of the institution.

ROME AND PARIS

After the dreadful earthquake in Sicily and Southern Italy we became restless and homesick, gave up the intended trip to Jerusalem and other Mediterranean places, and at once took passage for Rome — so as to be in quicker communication by mail and cable with our country and family.

We had been in Rome for two weeks, comfortably settled in the Palace Hotel, and were ready to begin a month of study and sight-seeing of the thousands of things of interest in the Eternal City, when a strange and shocking thing occurred.

On one of our daily walks through the streets Mamma was knocked down and nearly killed by a runaway horse and carriage. I was also thrown, but not hurt, while she, the dear little Mother, was terribly injured. It seemed the irony of fate. Small wonder that we lost most of our enthusiasm for seeing the famous catacombs, the ruins of the Forum, the Vatican and its paintings, St. Peter's — yes, and even the Pope! Instead, we were only interested in getting her well and strong enough to return home to our children.

We did the very best possible for a month and then left for Paris, where we settled ourselves in lovely quarters in the Majestic Hotel — one of the pleasantest hostelries in which we have ever lived — remaining there for another month enjoying the fascinating city as best we could considering Mamma's feeble condition.

Upon our arrival in Paris I had immediately applied for passage home by the earliest large steamship for New York on which we could have good rooms. Thus, at the close of our stay, and with Mama's handsomely replenished wardrobe all finished in time for sailing, we were at Cherbourg ready and eager to board the great German Lloyd steamer for America, and home. After a few days of pleasant sailing and perfect weather we reached New York on a beautiful spring morning. And how impossible it is to describe the intense satisfaction and delight in treading our native soil after an absence of eight months!

HOME AGAIN

On the first day of May we reached our Los Angeles home and were smothered in the embraces of our children and grandchildren.

After returning from our tour around the world we passed one year resting and enjoying home, children and friends. The next two years were devoted to The Woman's Suffrage Cause, the triumph of which brings our history to the most interesting period in the life of this pair of earthly pilgrims.



MRS. JOHN HYDE BRALY
1861



JOHN HYDE BRALY
1861



MRS. JOHN HYDE BRALY
1911



JOHN HYDE BRALY
1911



MINA JEVNE-BRALY



ARTHUR HUGHES BRALY

OUR GOLDEN WEDDING

When we set out on the journey of life together our golden wedding day seemed such an eternity in the future that we could scarcely dream of ever reaching it. But now, looking back from its celebration to our wedding morning, it seems but a few fleeting months, a mere span of time. We have endeavored always to go forth to our day's work with a song in our hearts and a smile upon our lips, and to close the day at eventide in the yielding of ourselves to repose in love, hope and faith.

Of a surety, we started life together on the blessed morning that made us one with song and laughter in our hearts, and we came to our golden wedding day with a *Te Deum* and shout of triumph on our lips. And why should we not?

Though we are "in the sere and yellow leaf," our hearts are young, our minds are quick and active and our memories seemingly unimpaired — our last days being in truth our best. Every morning is golden, and all our days are gemmed with jewels. For do we not dwell in the midst of our children, grandchildren and a multitude of friends?

I thank God daily for "Her" children. I had the honor of being their father and of providing for them and "Her." Yet these privileges, great be-

yond measure, are as naught in comparison with her part in bringing them into the world, endowing them with their moral qualities, caring for them during their infancy and loving them in all and through all as only a mother can. Still further, her three children at maturity went forth and brought into our family circle three other children with like high ideals and traits — thus completing our original number of six, Arthur and Mina, Harold and Etta, Emma and Herman.

We know that we are a fortunate pair, for surely the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, and we have a goodly heritage.

Do you ask “why do not more couples reach their golden anniversary?” Oftentimes the reason is that they are married and not mated — for many more pairs are married than are mated. Believe me, the blessings of united lives come through mating only. Unmated pairs rarely, if ever, celebrate golden weddings.

Indeed, only one pair out of thousands who are married *and* mated ever reach a fiftieth anniversary; and, of the few who do attain that golden day, very few are blessed with the conditions that render it proper or possible to have such a celebration as we have had.

At least four things are essential: First, the celebrating pair must arrive at that semi-centennial milestone in fairly good health of mind and body; second, there must be children, good and true; third, there must be friends, and, last, there must have



EMMA BRALY-JANSS



DR. HERMAN JANSS

been saved up the means with which to celebrate. These four conditions can or do occur in only one of many thousands of even happily married and mated couples.

As it is therefore so rare an occurrence, and as they all did conspire in our case, we thought it our privilege at least, if not our duty, to commemorate the event in a somewhat public way.

So we decided, or our children decided for us, to make it the occasion of meeting as many as possible of our friends, and of having them meet and enjoy one another.

We greatly desired to have the celebration in our Pasadena home, so that we could invite thousands instead of hundreds, but, after a family council, it was decided to hold it in the Alexandria Hotel in Los Angeles.

Activities then began. Invitations had to be decided upon and a guest list selected — the most difficult of tasks, seeing that only about four hundred of our innumerable friends could be accommodated at the hotel.

But, finally, the bride-elect-for-the-fiftieth-time, and her efficient daughters, Emma, Mina and Etta succeeded in getting everything in readiness for the great event. In the meantime the boys, Arthur, Harold and Herman had attended to the outside business and arranged the program for the evening.

The following is an exact copy of the invitation:

At last the twenty-fourth of November, 1911, arrived. The Bride, with her three daughters as bridesmaids, all beautifully attired, and the Groom by her side, with his three splendid boys as groomsmen, were all standing in the center of the large reception room, which was gorgeously embowered in flowers, ferns and potted palms.

At seven o'clock the guests came pouring in, and oh! the hand-shakings, the congratulations and the greetings, not only with the bridal couple and their children, but with everybody greeting everybody else, all talking and laughing at once, and all having the best kind of time — for it was a gathering of old-time acquaintances.

“She” and I have often said to one another since: “The thrill and ecstasy of it all was worth fifty years of living the brave and true life.”

The sweetest event of the evening was the entrance of our six beautiful grandchildren, coming in the order of their ages, to lisp their darling congratulations to Grandmother and Grandfather: John, Doris, Jane, Mina, Hyde and Louise.

A joyous hour passed, one never to be forgotten, when the sweet and “to memory dear” strains of the “Lohengrin Wedding March” called us to the banqueting hall, to which the Bride and Groom and their children led the way.

The family took their places behind a crescent-shaped table, standing while the guests were gathering at their smaller tables, each group preceded



ETTA JANSS-BRALY



HAROLD HYDE BRALY



HYDE, JANE AND DORRIS BRALY



LOUISE JANSS

MINA BRALY

JOHN BRALY

by its hostess. In a very short time and without the slightest confusion all were in their places and, after the formalities of seating themselves was over, the feast began.

I must not discuss the dinner farther than to say that it was one of the most recherche and the best-served of any banquet I have ever attended.

Designedly, no toast responses were provided; but, at the close of the feast, Senator Gates arose and in a very happy and most eulogistic speech, toasted the bridal couple — a compliment to which the Groom of course had to respond.

These were my words, in part: "Our Dear Friends and Guests: I would love to respond to the toast so beautifully and eloquently given by our good friend Senator Gates, and so heartily endorsed by your uplifted glasses, but my lips are sealed. The children of the Bride and Groom, to whom is due all the credit for this delightful occasion, knowing the propensity and weakness of the Groom for talking too much, have placed him under bonds to keep the peace tonight. (Here our son Arthur interrupted with, 'Go on, Father, go on.')

I hope not to be called down, however, for simply saying how very much Mother and I — I beg your pardon — I mean, how much the blushing Bride of fifty blooming summers and the Groom of the evening appreciate this joyous affair which our children have planned, arranged and executed for us and our friends and guests, and have achieved in such royal fashion.

“Speaking for the Bride, and myself, we hope you are all pleased with your table mates, and that they are the very ones you would have selected had you had the opportunity of so doing. [*Much applause.*] If permitted, I would like to tell you how I won my Bride and when and where I claimed and received my first kiss, and how I was caught at it. Yes, and how, too, fifty years ago, I had the pleasure and honor of leading this same Bride down stairs before breakfast, and over to the corner of the parlor, where the miracle of converting two into one was performed.

“If allowed, I would also like to confess to you how like a sneakthief I felt when I found myself taking the darling of a fond mother and father and six fond brothers from a beautiful home of which she was the light and the joy.

“Being upon my feet, I feel sure my indulgent children will allow me to say a few more words without forfeiting my parole. Of five brothers and of nearly all my contemporaries I alone am left; and of the Bride’s family of seventeen, including father and mother, she only is left.

“Why do I refer to these facts in the midst of these festivities? Surely not to cast a gloom upon any heart, but the rather to inspire courage and hope for the coming years. Our guests might naturally look upon us as ‘The last roses of summer left blooming alone,’ but please don’t do so. We are blooming all right, but not alone.

“We dwell, thank God, in the midst of our child and grand children and hosts of newer made friends.

We are far from being lonely. Our hearts and minds to ourselves seem young. Many years are behind us, but not on us. Every morning is golden, and every waking hour is gemmed with a jewel.

“But the Bride. What has the Groom to say of his Bride? He has this to say!

“The Bride of this evening is one of the Queen-Mothers of American Homes! In the home of the Braly family she has always been the central figure. What ‘She’ did, and what ‘She’ said, was always right, because ‘She’ did it and ‘She’ said it.

“Here she sits tonight as Queen of the Braly family; and her husband is delighted to say of her, as every husband here tonight should be and no doubt is delighted to say of the Queen of *his* household, ‘She is the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley; the chiefest among ten thousand and the one altogether lovely.’

“Of this Bride it can truly be said that her husband and children are always delighted to ‘rise up and call her blessed.’

“A few weeks ago, as she sat dreaming over the events of the past fifty years, an inspiration came upon her, and she indited a few lines — lines which I think would make a very appropriate response to Senator Gates’ toast. Her enterprising son Arthur pilfered it and, without her knowledge or consent, secreted it in his pocket, intending to have it read if opportunity offered. And I shall now take the liberty of asking our good friend, Charles Toll, to receive it from Arthur and read it.”

“And now, with the utmost sincerity, and with hearts overflowing with joy, we thank our guests, one and all, for the honor they have conferred upon us and the pleasure they have given us by their presence here this evening and by their congratulations.


“We extend to you all our benedictions and best wishes. May you all live long, be happy, healthy and prosperous; be loving and helpful to one another and a blessing to all whose lives your lives may touch.

“And so may you and we and all of us live until we have rounded out the full measure of our days, and then pass out of this life without pain or regret — to find ourselves sweeping through the Celestial Gates into the ‘Land that is fair and not far away.’”

After the banquet, an hour was spent in a general warm-hearted, congratulatory social — and the Golden Wedding was over.

Notwithstanding our use of every available means to let it be known that presents were neither expected nor desired, yet seventy-two were received at the home of the Bride. All were of marked elegance, many exquisite in an unusually high degree.

One of the most beautiful and appreciated gifts was a golden vase sixteen inches high, of rare artistic design, presented by the Executive Council of the Political Equality League and accompanied by the following letter from its President.



MOTHER'S POEM

IN THE sweet green days of long ago a
maiden
With love and faith trusted her fate
In fondest avowal with him—
And since, with ever-linked hands,
They have trod the bowered paths of
love—
O'er hill and vale, through varied phase,
Until now, at their meridian they stand.

They turn and look in Retrospect,
Now in joy, now in tears,
Thanking the dear God that,
As they traveled onward, there
Came to them pearl on pearl—
A blessed six—happy, gladsome,
Till, bid by the All Knowing,
There passed to Him three treasured jewels.

Three remain, all dearer than life,
But Six are in our hearts enshrined—
And all in all to us, until
With natures purified and bodies spiritual
We all, as one, shall in His presence rest.

President Emeritus, J. H. Braly
President, Mrs. Seward A. Simons
Secretary, Miss Annie Bock

Executive Committee
Mrs. S. A. Simons
Mrs. C. F. Edson
Mrs. S. H. Tolhurst
Mrs. Berthold Baruch
Mrs. Geo. L. Cole
Mrs. John R. Haynes
Mrs. D. C. McCann
Mrs. Louise Carr
Miss Annie Bock

The Political Equality League

My Dear Mr. Braly:

I deeply regret that illness confines me to my room, rendering it impossible for me to be at your anniversary banquet tonight to tender my hearty personal congratulations; beyond this, as the representative of my associates and your co-workers of the Executive Committee of the Political Equality League, I should have had the added pleasure of extending our warmest felicitations to Mrs. Braly and yourself on this event which is the golden crown of your life together.

I had hoped to say to you and your gathered friends something of what this half century has meant to the nation, and also something in especial regarding the invaluable service you have rendered our own state. But I must content myself with recalling that, as your married life began in the battle time of the Republic, when men and women strove to hold it undivided, so your golden anniversary is coincident with a great bloodless victory for the cause of justice, and that soon a reunited people, inspired by California's action, for which you unceasingly labored, will be rightly named "The Land of the Free."

One woman fifty years ago gave you the rarest gift that humanity offers. You have fittingly honored her, as you have honored all women, by a devotion to the highest interests, and this will not be forgotten.

May this vase, as it shall from time to time be filled with the bloom and fragrance of California's flowers, continue to express to your beloved wife and to you for many years to come the sincerest good wishes and grateful remembrances of the Executive Committee of the Political Equality League.

Cordially,
(MRS.) SEWARD A. SIMONS.

THE MUSICAL PROGRAM

- It was a Lover and His Lass *Walthew*
 Mrs. Dreyfus and Mr. Girard
- a. Going to Kildare *Newton*
 b. Irish Love Song *Lang*
 c. To My First Love *Lohr*
 d. A Proposal *Lohr*
- Mr. Girard
- Nocturne *Chaminade*
 Mrs. Dreyfus and Mr. Girard
- a. Sweetheart *Lynes*
 b. A Barque at Midnight *Lambert*
 c. The White Rose Lover *Chadwick*
 d. Si Mes Vers avaient des ailes *Hahn*
 e. Spanish Love Song *Chaminade*
- Mrs. Dreyfus
- Chums—Paraphrased from the Jose Song *Girard*
 Mr. Girard
- 'Neath the Stars *Thomas*
 Mrs. Dreyfus and Mr. Girard
- Mrs. M. Hennion-Robinson at the Piano

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH
 NINETEEN ELEVEN

CHUMS

Arranged and sung by Mr. Girard

In a quaint old little cottage
By the fireside's gentle glow,
A couple old and grey sat hand in hand.
Many years they've grown together,
And they've climbed the steps of life,
Deserving all the bounties of God's land.
As they sit there in the gloaming
Their thoughts turn far away —
They are dreaming of their happy wedding day,
And with pride for all the years that
They've been comrades, lovers, pals,
He whispered just a word, dear, I would say.

"We've been chums for fifty years, dear,
And I've loved you all the while,
For there's music in your laughing,
And there's sunshine in your smile.
You're the light of all my life, dear,
Though joy fills my eyes with tears,
For there's something we both know, love,
We've been chums for fifty years."

"Do you still recall the meadow
Where we wandered side by side,
And gathered posies in its winding stream?
There were roses in your cheeks, dear,
And a sunbeam in your hair,
That held me sweetly in its heavenly gleam.
Though we tread life's road together,
And sweet memories still recall
The time when love first came without a fear;
Yet the love-light in your eyes is
Growing brighter day by day;—
That's why, dear, we've been chums for fifty years."

FROM MR. AND MRS. FOSHAY

One of the greatly appreciated letters from many dear friends.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Braly,

Our dear Friends:

There are others who will bring their golden gifts, but we would offer that which gold cannot buy—friendship, high regard and sincere good wishes; and we trust that you may for many years continue to enjoy the happy companionship with which you have been favored for a half century.

The active and prominent part in civic, political and religious activities of the cities and state in which you have lived has rewarded you by having the people recognize those principles of truth and right you have so studiously endeavored to proclaim.

As time has passed your moral muscles have developed; and, as the noble men and women in the earlier days of our country lived, fought, bled and died for that which they believed to be right, so you have stood as an adamant rock for those principles of justice and uprightness which the people have recognized and made their own. The cardinal virtues which were so much to you, Mr. Braly, as a teacher, have a larger realm to you in the business world and helped to make home-life the sweeter.

We would wish for you only a very few clouds—just enough to make the golden sunset of your lives happy, pleasant and most charming for you to the last.

Neither of you is old, so the following does not apply. But we send it for its beauty.

YOUTH AND LOVE

“The song, — the rose, — the star,
With youth and love rejoice.
'Tis for the young that the song is sung,
That the rose is red, and the starlight flung;
They are naught, they are naught to the old, they say —
The old have had their day.

“But above the rose, I see, is a face,
And behind the song, a voice,
And beyond the star is a soul afar
Where the shimmering leaves of the Life-tree are —
Where youth and love immortal stay
For the old who have had their day.”

Your friends,

JAMES A. FOSHAY.

PHOEBE M. FOSHAY

PRESS NOTICES

From the many newspaper reports the following are selected. They will give, and help to preserve, a still more adequate idea of our Golden Anniversary.

Los Angeles Examiner:

MR. AND MRS. J. H. BRALY MARK GOLDEN WEDDING

Surrounded by their children, grandchildren and friends Mr. and Mrs. John H. Braly of Pasadena last evening celebrated their golden wedding, the event being one of the most brilliant that ever took place in Hotel Alexandria.

Half a century has gone by since Miss Martha Jane Hughes was married to John Hyde Braly, the wedding being solemnized in Haywards, California. Although they have traveled a large part of life's journey together, the bride and groom of fifty years ago have known nothing of domestic discord, and, if time has furrowed their faces, the lines which appear are such as follow smiles rather than care.

Both of their sons and their only daughter reside in Southern California, and all were at the anniversary dinner, while two daughters-in-law and a son-in-law, with six beautiful grandchildren, smiled upon the celebrating couple, all happy in their happiness.

Gather Amid Flowers

It was an occasion that brought together a representative company of men and women prominent in the City's social life, and the banquet hall at Hotel Alexandria presented an animated scene in which flowers, handsome gowns and smiling faces were notable features.

In the reception room great golden chrysanthemums and potted palms were arranged, but white roses with ferns formed center pieces for the small tables at which guests were seated in the banquet room, where, under direction of Herr Reichl, a most charming decorative effect had been developed. A musical program of merit was furnished, orchestral numbers adding much to the pleasure of the guests.

Suffragists Present Vase

These things had been planned by the Bralys; but there were features of the evening not arranged by them, and one about which they had not been previously consulted was the presentation by Mrs. Seward Simons, President of the Political Equality League, of a handsome vase, given to Mr. Braly in the name of executive board which she represents.

This token of appreciation for Mr. Braly's efforts in the interest of the recent suffrage campaign was only one of the day's many pleasant remembrances, for telegrams and messages of congratulation came by scores.

Mrs. Braly Received.

Handsomely gowned in white velvet and satin brocade, with a touch of gold, Mrs. Braly was a stately yet genial and happy grand dame as she stood with Mr. Braly to welcome their guests.

Receiving with them were their sons and daughters-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Braly, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Braly, as well as their son-in-law and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. Herman Janss.

Los Angeles Tribune:

PASADENA COUPLE CELEBRATE
GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY

*Several Hundred Relatives and Friends of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Braly
Felicitate Them Amid Gay Scene in Banquet Room
of Hotel Alexandria*

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Braly of Pasadena celebrated their golden wedding last night at Hotel Alexandria.

Fifty years ago, November 24, 1861, they were married in Alameda County at the home of the bride, near what is now known as Haywards. Mrs. Braly was before her marriage Miss Martha Jane Hughes, and her family, as that of her husband, was among the first locating in the State.

For twenty years after their marriage both engaged in school work in the northern part of the State, and the great normal school system of California, instituted in San Jose, owes much to the educational methods of this progressive husband and wife, educators in the truest sense of the word.

Later, Mr. Braly became interested in fruit growing and banking, and for twenty-five years has been a successful business man. The last five years have been passed in travel and recreation.

Friends Felicitate Couple

A charming couple, with golden memories of the golden state in which they have grown up and helped to upbuild, it was most delightful last night to see them, surrounded by their children and intimate friends, receiving their several hundred guests who had assembled to felicitate them on this unusual anniversary.

The banquet room of Hotel Alexandria was radiant in golden chrysanthemums, and the tables were dainty with white roses and ferns and lilies of the valley

Receiving with Mr. and Mrs. Braly were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Braly, Mr. and Mrs. Harold H. Braly, and Mr. and Mrs. Herman Janss.

Assisting and presiding as hostesses at tables were Mrs. Roland Bishop, Mrs. Allan C. Balch, Mrs. Albert L. Cheney, Mrs. Willard J. Doran, Mrs. Charles Dick, Mrs. Burton Green, Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell, Mrs. Walter O. Hill, Mrs. William H. Holliday, Mrs. Sumner P. Hunt, Mrs. Fred Hines, Mrs. West Hughes, Mrs. Herman Henneberger, Mrs. Henderson Hayward, Mrs. William Innes, Mrs. H. Jevne, Mrs. Jack Jevne, Mrs. Peter Janss, Miss Sada Johnson, Mrs. E. F. C. Klokke, Mrs. Frank Ledyard, Mrs. Z. D. Mathuss, Mrs. David Murray, Mrs. John H. F. Peck, Mrs. William C. Read, Mrs. Ezra Stimson, Mrs. Hampton L. Story, Mrs. Loren M. D. Sale, Mrs. S. S. Salisbury, Mrs. Charles H. Toll, Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst, Mrs. T. L. Woolwine and Mrs. James Woolwine.

GUESTS AT THE CELEBRATION

The guests numbered the following:

Allen, Miss Frances Lee	Bridge, Dr. and Mrs. Norman
Anthony, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Edward	Blue, Rev. and Mrs. John Gilbert
Adams, Mr. and Mrs. James H.	Burdette, Dr. and Mrs. Robt. J.
Auten, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lasher	Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Will T. Bonnell, Mrs. Nora A.
Aiken, Mr. and Mrs. John Jay Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. G. W.	Brougher, Rev. and Mrs. J. Whitcomb
Balch, Mr. and Mrs. Allen C.	Bock, Miss Annie
Baruch, Mr. and Mrs. Berthold Bayly, Mr. and Mrs. William Bell, Senator and Mrs. Charles Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Roland Black, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Blackstone, Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Bohon, Joseph H.	Braly, Mrs. Susan I.
Braly, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Braly, Mr. and Mrs. Harold H.	Braly, Miss Elizabeth
	Braly, Miss Bertha
	Blaney, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. D. Beattie, Mr. and Mrs. William Bumiller, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F.
	Burnett, Mr. and Mrs. Frank W.

Babcock, Mrs. S.
 Barker, Mr. and Mrs. William A.
 Busch, Mr. and Mrs. Albert H.
 Butter, Mrs. Josephine
 Bryan, Mr. and Mrs. Elden P.
 Bradford, L. T.
 Baer, Dr. and Mrs. John Willis
 Barry, Mr. and Mrs. George A.
 Bonsall, Mrs. W. H.
 Bushnell, Rev. and Mrs. D. E.
 Braly, Mrs. Mellie
 Carr, Miss Louise
 Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey
 Caswell, Mrs. George A.
 Clark, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross
 Chandler, Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson P.
 Clark, Mr. and Mrs. E. P.
 Chanslor, Mrs. John
 Chanslor, Miss Bird
 Cochran, Dr. and Mrs. W. G.
 Cochran, Dr. and Mrs. Guy
 Crutcher, Mr. and Mrs. Albert
 Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. Chas C.
 Cadwalader, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. D.
 Callander, Mrs. and Mrs. Harry Rea
 Chapman, Mrs. John S.
 Chichester, Mrs. W. J.
 Churchill, Mr. and Mrs. O. H.
 Cole, Dr. and Mrs. George L.
 Coulter, Mrs. F. B.
 Coulter, Mr. and Mrs. Frank M.
 Cowles, Dr. and Mrs. Josiah Evans
 Craig, Mrs. R. L.
 Cockins, Mr. and Mrs.
 Cattern, Mr. and Mrs. Frank A.
 Chapman, Dr. and Mrs. E. S.
 Cheney, Mr. and Mrs. A. L.
 Colson, Mr. and Mrs. H. D.
 Cory, Mrs. Sarah A.
 Cory, Miss Sarah
 Cory, Mrs. L. B.
 Cory, Miss Mabel
 Cory, Mr. and Mrs. L. L.
 Conklin, Mrs. R. L.
 Collier, Mr. and Mrs. William
 Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. Walter
 Connell, Mr. and Mrs. M. J.
 Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Robert
 Clapp, Mr. and Mrs. E. P.
 Chanslor, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph
 Dupuy, Mrs.
 Drake, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rivers
 Doran, Mr. and Mrs. William J.
 Danskin, Mrs. A. L.
 Duncan, Miss Bell
 Day, Rev. and Mrs. William Horace
 Day, Rev. and Mrs. Warren F.
 Dick, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H.
 Duncan, Mr. Jack
 Earl, Mr. and Mrs. E. T.
 Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. D. K.
 Ellis, Mrs. John F.
 Easton, Mrs. Sarah D.
 Edson, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Farwell
 Elliott, Mr. J. M.
 Elliott, Miss
 Ericson, Mr. and Mrs. Otto
 Essick, Mr. and Mrs. Newman
 Foshay, Mr. and Mrs. James A.
 Flint, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick, Jr.
 Flint, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. N.
 Follansbee, Dr. Elizabeth
 Freisnee, Mrs. Addie T.
 Fishburn, Mr. and Mrs. J. E.
 Fairchild, Mr. and Mrs. John Anthony
 Foy, Miss Mary
 Fish, Mrs. Frances
 Flournoy, Hon. and Mrs. John
 Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bond

Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas
 J.
 Gates, Senator and Mrs. Lee C.
 Gates, Mr. Carroll W.
 Gates, Mrs. A. M.
 Garland, Mr. and Mrs. William
 May
 Gibson, Mrs. Frank A.
 Gibbon, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas
 Edward
 Gooding, Mr. and Mrs. H. C.
 Gooding, Miss Gertrude
 Goodrich, Mr. and Mrs. Ben-
 jamin
 Goodrich, Miss Sara
 Graves, Mr. and Mrs. Wm.
 Lomax
 Green, Mr. and Mrs. Burton
 Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. John T.
 Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Harry
 Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. Fred T.
 Grandin, Mrs.
 Hughes, Miss Mary P.
 Hughes, Mrs. Margaret
 Hughes, Dr. and Mrs. West
 Hayward, Mr. and Mrs. Hen-
 derson
 Hook, Mrs. W. S.
 Harding, Mr. and Mrs. Ben-
 jamin L.
 Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. John N.
 Haynes, Dr. and Mrs. John R.
 Hendricks, Mr. and Mrs. J. W.
 Henneberger, Mr. and Mrs.
 Herman
 Henneberger, Mr. and Mrs.
 Herman, Jr.
 Hines, Mr. and Mrs. Fred T.
 Hance, Mr. and Mrs. C. H.
 Harbert, Judge and Mrs. W. S.
 Harmon, Mr. and Mrs. Charles
 Hook, Mr. Barbee
 Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Walter O.
 Holliday, Mr. and Mrs. W. H.
 Hollingsworth, Mr. and Mrs.
 W. I.
 Holterhoff, Mr. and Mrs.
 Godfrey
 Hooker, Mrs. H. C.
 Housh, Mr. and Mrs. Wm.
 Harvey
 Howell, Mr. and Mrs. R. H.
 Howes, Mrs. Felix
 Hubbard, Mr. and Mrs. Albert
 A.
 Hubbell, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen
 C.
 Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Sumner P.
 Hazelton, Mrs. Mary
 Hughes, Rev. and Mrs. Matt S.
 Houghton, Judge and Mrs. S. O.
 Hunsaker, Mr. and Mrs. Wil-
 liam
 Hakes, Mr. and Mrs. C. C.
 Hablutzel, Dr. and Mrs. Charles
 Henderson, Mr. Charles
 Henderson, Miss
 Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred L.
 Hughes, Mrs. M. C.
 Hughes, Miss Mary P.
 Innes, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel
 Innes, Mr. and Mrs. Will A.
 Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. F. O.
 Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. O. T.
 Janss, Dr. and Mrs. Peter
 Janss, Dr. and Mrs. Herman
 Janss, Dr. Edwin
 Janss, Mr. Harold
 Jevne, Mr. and Mrs. H.
 Jevne, Mr. and Mrs. Jack
 Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Albert
 Carlos
 Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Cummings
 B.
 Jones, Mr. and Mrs. John
 Taylor
 Jamison, Mrs. Alice
 Jamison, Mrs. Ann
 Johnson, Miss Sadie

Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. E. Pern
 Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Ben
 Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. E. P., Sr.
 Jeffries, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. P.
 Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Parley
 M.
 Johnstone, Mr. and Mrs. W. W.
 Johnstone, Mr. and Mrs. W. T.
 Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. G. G.
 Kempton, Mrs. Jennie
 Kelsey, Mr. and Mrs. Frank M.
 Klokke, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. C.
 Knight, Mrs. Enoch
 Lee, Rev. and Mrs. Baker P.
 Ledyard, Dr. and Mrs. Frank K.
 Ledyard, Mr. and Mrs. Ben-
 jamin
 Ledyard, Mrs. Lizzie
 Ledyard, Dr. and Mrs. Cory
 Ledyard, Mr. and Mrs. Harry
 Lobingier, Dr. and Mrs. Andrew
 S.
 Loomis, Mr. and Mrs. Charles
 Loomis, Mr. Harry
 Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. C.
 Lutz, Mr. and Mrs. H. M.
 Lutz, Miss
 Letts, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur
 Ledyard, Miss Mary
 Levitt, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur
 Fayette
 Marble, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. C.
 Mathuss, Mr. and Mrs. Z. D.
 McCan, Mr. and Mrs. D. C.
 McKinley, Judge and Mrs. J. W.
 McVey, Mr. and Mrs. W. E.
 Miner, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph
 H.
 Monroe, Mr. and Mrs. Charles
 Matt, Mr. and Mrs. John G.
 Myrick, Mr. and Mrs. N. W.
 McLean, Rev. and Mrs. E. G.
 McLure, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis
 McCollough, Mr. and Mrs.
 Frank

McReynolds, Mr. and Mrs.
 Robert P.
 Medley, Mr. John
 Medley, Mrs. Mary
 Moultrie, Mr. Lloyd
 McGowan, Dr. and Mrs. Gran-
 ville
 Murray, Mrs. Olga
 Marsh, Mr. and Mrs. Robert
 Millspaugh, Prof. and Mrs.
 Jesse
 Moore, Dr. and Mrs. M. L.
 Munn, Miss Bess
 Madden, Miss Agnes G.
 Newlin, Mr. and Mrs. T. E.
 Norton, Miss Mary
 Norton, Mrs. John Hubert
 Norton, Mrs.
 Neeley, Mr. and Mrs. C. G.
 Off, Mr. and Mrs. John W. A.
 Page, Mrs. Clifford
 Parker, Mr. and Mrs. C. C.
 Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. W. C.
 Perry, Mrs. W. E.
 Pomeroy, Mr. and Mrs. A. E.
 Prager, Mrs. Charles
 Patton, Mrs. Joseph
 Pearsall, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence
 E.
 Peck, Mr. and Mrs. John H. F.
 Parcells, Mr. and Mrs. Charles
 Peck, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur
 Rodman, Mr. and Mrs. Will-
 oughby
 Rideout, Mrs. Phoebe
 Russell, Mr. and Mrs. H. M.
 Radford, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph
 D.
 Rowell, Dr. Chester
 Rice, Mrs. Harvey
 Read, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Chase.
 Sale, Mr. and Mrs. H. M.
 Sale, Mr. and Mrs. L. D.
 Stearns, Mr. and Mrs. John E.

Shoemaker, Mrs. Fannie H.
 Salisbury, Dr. and Mrs. S. S.
 Staub, Mr. and Mrs. C. M.
 Stephens, Judge and Mrs. A. M.
 Sterry, Mrs. Clinton, N.
 Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman
 Stimson, Mr. and Mrs. Ezra T.
 Stimson, Mr. and Mrs. Willard
 H.
 Stimson, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall
 Stimson, Mr. and Mrs. George
 W.
 Severance, Mme. Caroline
 Simons, Mr. and Mrs. Seward
 A.
 Smith, Dr. and Mrs. E. R.
 Slauson, Mrs. J. S.
 Sartori, Mr. Joseph F.
 Story, Mr. Hampton L.
 Spence, Mrs. E. F.
 Spence, Miss Kate
 Sinsabaugh, Mr. Simpson
 Sefton, Mrs. J. W.
 Slauson, Mr. James
 Stuart, Mrs. Madison
 Stough, Mr. and Mrs. O. J.
 Severance, Mr. and Mrs. Mark
 Sibley
 Spalding, Mr. and Mrs. William
 A.
 Smith, Mrs. Ira O.
 Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Rae
 Silent, Mr. and Mrs. Charles
 Silent, Mr. and Mrs. Edward D.
 Spence, Mr. and Mrs. Wm.
 Glenn
 Stoughton, Mrs. J. E.
 Stimson, Mr. Chas. M.
 Snodgrass, Mr. and Mrs. David
 Trueworthy, Dr. and Mrs. John
 Wesley
 Toll, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H.
 Tolhurst, Dr. and Mrs. Shelley
 Tufts, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. B.
 Trask, Mrs. Walter
 Trout, Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur
 Urmston, Mr. and Mrs. John K.
 Van Nuys, Mr. and Mrs. I. N.
 Vosburg, Mrs. Kate S.
 Valentine, Mr. and Mrs. Wm.
 Lucas
 Vermillion, Mrs. Artemesia S.
 Vickers, Mr. and Mrs. J. V.
 Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Chas.
 Modini
 Wales, Mrs. Bell
 Willebrands, Mr. and Mrs. Will
 H.
 Woodhead, Mr. and Mrs. C. B.
 Winecup, Mr. and Mrs. William
 Wilshire, Mr. and Mrs. N. F.
 Wankowski, Mr. and Mrs.
 Robert
 Walker, Miss Cornelia
 Walker, Dr. and Mrs. Hugh K.
 Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Shirley C.
 Ward, Miss Annie E.
 Wellborn, Mr. and Mrs. Charles
 Wellborn, Judge and Mrs. Olin
 Widney, Judge and Mrs. Robert
 Wills, Miss Frances
 Woolwine, Mr. and Mrs. W. D.
 Woolwine, Miss Martha Braly
 Woolwine, Mr. and Mrs.
 Thomas Lee
 Woolwine, Mr. and Mrs. Woods
 R.
 Woolwine, Mr. and Mrs. James
 E.
 Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Erasmus
 Workman, Mr. and Mrs. A. B.
 Wells, Mrs. Wiley G.
 Woodward, Mr. and Mrs. O. J.
 Walrond, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest
 Willard, Mr. and Mrs. C. D.
 Works, Senator and Mrs. J. D.
 Washburn, Miss Lucy
 Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis
 York, Judge and Mrs. Waldo M.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE

MY PART IN THE BATTLE FOR WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE

Now, in the following history I propose telling something of my personal activity in a work of which I am prouder than of aught else I have ever done, gladder for the interest I took in it, happier for the result of my expenditure of strength of mind and body, of time and money, than for any one thing I ever did outside of my intimate sacred duties to home and loved ones.

I do not intend lauding my acts or taking unto myself anything that belongs to another, but I do intend to tell, as fully and truly as I can, my part and share in the work for Woman's Enfranchisement in the state of California; for I consider it the crowning work of my long life, yielding as it does great satisfaction and the full fruition of my hopes.

I consider this sincere avowal sufficient excuse (if, indeed, any excuse be necessary) for whatever I may say in the exuberance of my joy over the results that have already followed, and will still more sweepingly follow, the Great Victory of Equal Rights. For I believe that the power-waves let loose here in California are as a mighty tide that will sweep on and on until in due time it caps the shores of every continent and island of the globe — thus

awakening the civilized and the uncivilized to the full understanding of what is meant by "Justice to Woman."

I believe that this triumph in California will prove to be the greatest blessing for humanity ever achieved at any one time, by any one people, and that an hour will come when this truth will be so recognized. For I am very sure that California means far more to the world at large than is yet dreamed of by its people.

It must be understood, of course, that this is not a general resume of the Suffrage Movement, but simply a terse history of its local evolving.

So complete was the campaign in California that, whenever an authoritative history is written of the entire work of the state, there will be written in glowing words the story of those preponderating influences which carried the great struggle to a successful culmination. And it is of the part taken by "Her," and me and our family in this struggle that I herewith speak to my children and my children's children as well as to any persons who may chance to read these lines.

I know a good deal about California — possibly more than do most of its native sons and daughters, for I was here before they were born. I was, indeed, here when the State was born. My father voted for its first constitution in 1850. I am a California pioneer of pioneers. I was here when it took fifty cents and six months to send a letter

back to the "States," and get its answer. I spent thirty years around the Bay and city of San Francisco.

I helped to introduce the Public School System in the State, and I was for eleven years vice-president of the San Jose State Normal School. In the northern part of the State, I am called Professor Braly — in the southern part, "Mr. Braly".

I spoke the following words in San Francisco before a State Suffrage Convention on September thirty-first, 1910. I repeat them here because they lead up to some things I wish to relate for my children. I was born to all broad and liberal opinions concerning women and humanity; for, with such a mother as gave me birth it could not be otherwise. Still, so busy had been my life, and so full of domestic interests, that I had thus far given small consideration to the greater questions of sex import — save, perhaps, in the issues which touched my personal life.

But, as no fruit is ripe until its season for use, so it is with man's life. When it is God's season the call is sure to come in some form or other. The Hour and the Call came. A Voice spoke in my soul one winter day amid the sunshine and flowers of Pasadena.

It said "This is the crucial year for a bold, courageous effort for the freedom of California women!"

I said within myself: "I know the cause of woman is of God and worthy the efforts of an archangel, but I cannot take it up. My work in life

is done. I am full of years and slow of speech; I cannot do this thing." The Voice within me said: "I have called many, but they will not hear. The work and the cross is for you, and I will raise up orators for you."

I laid the matter before "Her" and our children, and all were filled with fear because of my years. Moreover, they deemed the cause unpopular and the time unpropitious. But "She" said: "It is a glorious work, and, if you feel that you can and should undertake it, I am with you."

Day after day I dismissed the subject from my mind, and night after night I would awake and find the call was still working in my subconscious mind. It seemed that I could not throw off and keep off the thought of the necessity for action.

"What shall I do? The Cause is unpopular — nay, even dead." My son Arthur argued: "People are not ready for it. Wait." But we had already waited sixteen long years for the people to get ready, and they were getting less and less ready every year.

A few days after this I attended the final meeting of the last suffrage society in Los Angeles County, of which Mrs. Cora Lewis was the acting president during the absence of Mrs. Ruddy, the president. The dear, good women were dispirited and depressed.

Riding alone in my car to our Pasadena home my heart wept, and I prayed a prayer ten miles long — that being the distance home.

The answer came in unmistakable fashion. I must answer the "Call," I must start a movement! Then came the question: "How shall I begin? What is the first thing to do? How shall I awaken enthusiasm?" Women! Influential Women — there the magic touch! In very truth. But how to vitally interest them? Like a flash I saw it — by arousing the attention of strong men whose opinions would attract and influence women of intellect!

There the magic! I saw that the men must be awakened — prominent men must be fully aroused to this vital question, men whose names would carry weight with not only the influential women, but with all high-minded thinking people.

That night found me writing down many names of representative men, and among them those of eight of the great preachers of the various churches.

I counseled with Judge and Mrs. Harbert, veteran suffragists and my good friends. They encouraged me to go forward, and by their aid suitable papers were prepared.

Then one fine morning, drawing my bow at a venture, I went forth to the work with the spirit upon me to do to the fullest that whereunto I seemed to have been called — even while I knew the views on woman's suffrage of only five of the men whose names were on my list.

I worked diligently from early in January to the fifth day of April, 1910, to secure the enrollment of one hundred names of the best citizens of Los Angeles and Pasadena.

It was a trying experience, for the Cause was terribly unpopular at the time; but I remembered the vision of our wheat-field and kept on. Five interviews were necessary with one man before he would sign his name.

First O. T. Johnson. He O. K.'d and headed the list. Finally I secured over seventy of the men I wanted, but I must have more! I must have a hundred!

I remembered a thing or two—being a man myself! Men fraternize and co-operate under the healthy stimulus of good food! They think well and talk readily when eating together. A good dinner induces good-fellowship, genial and hearty unanimity and ready receptivity! “Out of a full belly the heart speaketh.”

At my own expense I arranged a mid-day banquet in the little parlor of the Angelus Hotel, Los Angeles, on the fifth of April 1910, and invited all. About fifty responded. The following are some of the names of those who thus early connected themselves with the important movement, under the name of

“The Political Equality League of California.”

“We, the undersigned hereby associate ourselves together for the purpose of securing political equality and suffrage without distinction on account of sex.”

O. T. Johnson
J. H. Braly
Waldo M. York
E. T. Earl

Albert M. Stephens
Parley M. Johnson
Rev. Wm. Horace Day
J. H. Strine

A. P. Johnson
Joseph Radford
Rev. J. Whitcomb Brougner
John D. Works
Dr. George Cole
E. L. Doheny
Dr. Charles H. Toll
T. E. Gibbon
F. M. Coulter
T. W. Brotherton
Stephen C. Hubbell
Rev. Charles Edw. Locke
Harry Loomis
R. W. Poindexter
Hulett C. Merritt
Rev. Robert J. Burdette
Lee C. Gates
N. Blackstone
A. H. Braly
Rev. Matt Hughes
Dr. John R. Haynes
Dr. John Willis Baer
W. H. Housh
R. J. Waters
George M. Stimson
Charles D. Blaney
William H. Allen, Jr.
Willoughby Rodman
Charles W. Bell

B. H. Cass
Rev. A. C. Smither
H. W. Pettebone
Herman Janss
Rev. Hugh K. Walker
Rev. Will Knighten
Ernest H. May
W. S. Harbert
William H. Vedder
William R. Staats
Rev. Malcolm McLeod
Dr. E. L. Clapp
Lloyd W. Moultrie
F. K. Ledyard
H. H. Braly
C. C. Loomis
Dean Mason
W. E. McVay
Dr. S. H. Tolhurst
Rev. Baker P. Lee
W. A. Barker
J. B. Monlux
Sam Allerton
A. E. Pomeroy
W. D. Woolwine
Mark Keppel
T. J. Phillips
E. C. Moore

The luncheon was enjoyed by most of the above mentioned gentlemen, all being congenial and responsive, and the organization was perfected with a charter membership of one hundred men.

I was elected president; Judge York, first vice-president; Hulett Merritt, second vice-president; J. D. Radford, secretary and treasurer. Then followed good strong after dinner speeches — the most vital kind that such men make. Again obeying the Voice within me, I declared the organization to be

for the sole purpose of procuring the full and complete emancipation of the women of California, and that at the earliest day possible!

Thereupon came warm, enthusiastic speeches from Judge York, Judge Harbert, Senator Gates, Senator Bell, Rev. Baker P. Lee, Rev. Dr. Brougher, Dr. John R. Haynes and others.

Let me here give selected bits of my little speech, adding parts of the addresses of those who followed me.

I said: "We have met to start a great campaign for a great Cause, and I will not apologize for the pride I feel in being instrumental in bringing this splendid group of men together. * * * We are initiating this grand movement at the psychological time, for the progressive fever is in the Californian blood and is gaining heat every day. Therefore, now is the time to push this greatest of all idealistic reforms. * * *

"Gentlemen, there are many serious issues before the people of our country * * * but not one so momentous as the enfranchisement of woman. * * * As for me, I know of no principle in justice or equity that bestows upon me the right to make laws to govern my mother, sisters and wife *without their consent!* Who made men to be judges and rulers over women? God did not! He created man in his own image, male and female created He them, blessed them and gave them dominion. He made them co-equal. * * * Where is the boasted chivalry and gallantry of men? * * * I think it

is time for men to take a hand in this matter. It is a man's job; for it is the men who must declare by their votes whether women shall be enfranchised or not. And this leads directly to the reason for this meeting. * * *

"I, for one, pledge to you gentlemen, and to myself, to work for and use every honorable means to induce the next legislature to submit to the voters of this state an amendment to the constitution which, if carried in the affirmative, will give to women their political freedom and rights. * * * This reform accomplished, other great reforms will easily and quickly follow."

"Gentlemen, we have the largest and best Chamber of Commerce in the world, the best equipped and largest Y. M. C. A. (with one exception) on the globe, as well as the very largest Y. W. C. A. Now let us go in for the biggest and very best Political Equality League in the world!" (Loud applause).

Mr. Lee C. Gates, now Senator Gates, spoke as follows: "Mr. President and Gentlemen * * * You are all business men and have not time to listen to long speeches. It is with considerable pleasure that I join you in forming the Political Equality League. Originally I was opposed to woman's suffrage. But I changed my mind upon some other things, and I had, also, to reverse my position upon that question. The problem of woman's suffrage is one which is not a question of sentiment, of convenience or privilege, but one of absolute right. * * *

It was Bob Ingersoll who once said that woman is entitled to every right that man is entitled to, *and more* — the right to protection.” His gallantry and chivalry enabled him to make that statement. * * * The women of America ought not to be compelled to do what we had to do to obtain our power ; rather the gallantry and chivalry of American male citizenship should give them that power without any effort on their part.”

JUDGE WALDO M. YORK

“* * * It was at the residence of Madam Severance, (one of the grandest citizens of the United States, *but she can't vote*) after listening to those remarkable women, that I said I was ashamed to know and realize that such women had to contest for what was absolutely their right, while we men stood limply by. Nay, we even opposed them in their endeavor to have recognized that which was already the spirit of the American Declaration of Independence and the National Constitution. And, when this movement was started by Mr. Braly, it occurred to me that at last the men had awakened to the fact that to be unjust to the women was to be unjust to themselves; and, moreover, that it was their duty to see to it that every citizen of the United States had his just right, irrespective of sex. * * * Therefore, I have been very much in favor of this movement that Mr. Braly has started * * * I have believed for many years that we were doing a grave injustice in keeping women from the equal

protection of the law and the exercise of suffrage. Hence, I say the time is auspicious for us to commence this movement by men to secure justice for women."

REV. BAKER P. LEE,
RECTOR OF CHRIST CHURCH

"I think this is an historic meeting. When I looked around this table I thought of another table, not referred to in the newspapers as a pink tea, or a five o'clock tea, but the famous one of Boston Harbor — caused by "taxation without representation." * * * Down here in the City of the Angels we are going to help these women get something that belongs to them already. * * * In speaking for Woman's Suffrage, I am speaking for the honor of American women. I believe that the ballot box is as holy as the altar, that the political meeting is as sacred as the prayer meeting. * * * Let us ask the churches of California to hold special services on a special Sunday devoted to the cause."

REV. J. WHITCOMB BROUGHER
PASTOR OF TEMPLE BAPTIST CHURCH

"* * * To me there is no negative side to this question. * * * The small boy was pretty nearly right when he answered that "God made Adam go to sleep, and then took out his backbone and made a woman." When it comes to some lines of courage I think our women are better prepared to meet things than men. Personally, I am heartily in favor of woman's suffrage and expect to live to see the

day when this country will recognize women as the equal of men. There is no argument on the other side of the question."

DR. MOORE, CITY SUPT. OF SCHOOLS

"* * * I have read a statement of John Stuart Mill's that there is no logical reason that can be assigned for men's voting that cannot be assigned for women's voting. * * * I have been closely associated for a number of years with the public work of more than a thousand women and I want to say, as will every superintendent of schools in the United States, that there is no more capable person alive, no one more devoted, pains-taking and upright, giving value for her services than the public school teacher. * * * These arguments that we have against women's suffrage are largely historical superstitions. * * * Whenever the responsibility of being a voter is accorded to woman she will show she is just as practical in all lines of that responsibility as is required."

JUDGE HARBERT

"* * * I favor equal suffrage because: First, woman is entitled to it by the same warrant under which men claim the inalienable rights of life, liberty and pursuit of happiness, by the same rule that taxation without representation is tyranny. Second, because I believe in the principles of democracy, in a true republic wherein all its qualified men and women citizens have a right to have their opinions counted. * * * Third, because, as shown by the

results in the cities of the United States and of foreign countries where equal suffrage of men and women prevails, she brings on behalf of the state, and of state institutions having charge of the wards of the state, precisely those qualities of mind and heart that make for the betterment and refinement of the home, the State being, in effect, but a larger family. Fourth, because participation in public affairs will improve woman herself by making her more conversant with human interests, more in touch with vital activities, more alive to the call of noble aspiration. Fifth, because, as Wendell Phillips wisely said, "The movement to secure the enfranchisement of women has been well described as the most magnificent reform that has yet been launched upon the world. It is the first organized protest against the injustice which has brooded over the character and destiny of one half of the human race.'"

DR. JOHN R. HAYNES

"There is no logical reason why women should not vote. Absolutely, there is no more reason why men should deny to women the right to vote than that women should deny that right to men. Every sane, sensible man should do his utmost for justice and right."

As Chairman, I said: "Gentlemen, — I am very grateful to you. * * * I have not been able to throw this thing from me. And so, responding to the "call" I undertook the work. I am satisfied this is a historic event, that it will develop, and

move on and out, until it becomes a great power. I thank you for your courtesies to me personally and for your adhesion to the cause. * * *”

On motion of Judge Harbert, Mrs. Braly and I were appointed Fraternal Delegates to the Suffrage Convention in Washington, D. C. The meeting then adjourned.

But the atmosphere was so surcharged with enthusiasm for the enfranchisement of women that every man of us felt the time for action had come, and we went forth with a faith that fairly pulsed for the political freedom of California. It was the psychological moment. The mental and spiritual vibrations worked as did the leaven that was hidden in the three measures of meal.

Added to this enthusiasm was the force and influence of the Press of Los Angeles and all Southern California. So inspiring were the accounts given, so rich in detail and fullness regarding the new movement, that the state papers, including the San Francisco press, took up the Cause so enthusiastically that the dormant pulses of all suffrage workers and friends were instantly quickened and revitalized. The whole state at once knew itself, knew its manifest mission! Many of the newspapers declared it to be the beginning of a new era — a renaissance of the suffrage cause.

On the following day the nine men who had been chosen as governors of the league met in the parlor at a smaller banquet and organized a Board of Governors.

The next morning, the seventh of April, Mrs. Braly and I started for Washington, D. C. as delegates to the National Suffrage Convention, chiefly for the purpose of acquainting ourselves with the Suffrage movement and the best methods of work. We attended the sessions of the great convention and took part in the presentation of the petition of nearly five hundred thousand names to Congress, asking it to take the action necessary to give women the ballot.

On visits to New York and Boston we became acquainted with the greater spirits and workers at the different headquarters, Dr. Anna Shaw, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Mrs. Mackay, Mrs. Harper, and others — returning after two months sojourn in the east with renewed enthusiasm and full of new ideas for work, still more impressed with the justice of the enfranchisement of women, fully persuaded that it was the paramount issue of the world.

A meeting of the Board of Governors was called, and it was decided first of all to have the women become associate members of the organization — they then to select in their own way nine women to be co-governors with the men, thus making a full board of eighteen. The wives of the charter members were also elected and invited to become members of the League, and all but four of them accepted the honor. The movement was thus popularized, and good men and women of all classes rapidly joined the League.

Without delay the women selected the following ladies for members of the Board: Mesdames

Charles Farwell Edson, Berthold Baruch, Shelley Tolhurst, H. W. R. Strong, W. H. Housh, Seward Simons, R. L. Craig, C. S. Burcham, George L. Cole; and later, D. C. McCan, John R. Haynes, and Miss Louise Carr — the Misses Bess Munn and Annie Bock becoming official secretaries.

A better group of women was never assembled for any cause, great or small. Headquarters were soon established in the Story Building and earnest systematic work was begun. The headquarters were nicely fitted up, Mrs. J. H. and Arthur Braly furnishing plenty of oriental rugs. The organization was for the express purpose of using every legitimate means in influencing the next California legislature to take such action as would put the question squarely before the voters of the state, and thus let them decide whether women should or should not have the right to vote.

Legislative candidates all over the state were announcing themselves and the main thing was first to ascertain their sentiments on the Woman's Suffrage question. This quest was vigorously pursued everywhere by our organization, more especially in the nine southern counties. The result of this work was that every legislator who was elected in the nine southern counties was a suffragist — that is, he would vote for submission to the people.

The campaign was vigorously carried on during the summer and fall, chiefly through the indefatigable efforts of Mrs. Edson, chairman of the organization committee.

The political work that resulted so successfully was mainly done through the prompt and wise direction of Judge York, chairman of the legislative and political department.

The Northern Suffragists now began to re-organize and push the work valorously. Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson, president of the State Suffrage Association, and Mrs. Lillian Harris Coffin, organizer, political manager and first-lieutenant of the organization, started with renewed vigor to stir things strenuously and effectively in San Francisco and the Bay Counties. They were not so successful in electing suffrage legislators as we in the South, although they succeeded in securing several good workers.

Then came the meeting of the Los Angeles County Convention in Simpson Auditorium in August, with eight hundred and fifty delegates. No one knew how thoroughly all Southern California was inoculated with the Woman's Suffrage germ until that Convention met in Los Angeles.

The galleries were filled with spectators, mostly suffrage sympathizers. When the Chairman read the different articles of the splendid platform each was received with greater or less applause; but, when the suffrage plank was read, the whole house, the delegates on the main floor and the audience in the galleries, broke forth in the wildest applause — enthusiasm prevailing so unanimously that the whole house was afire. The suffrage germ had multiplied exceedingly.

Eighty-three delegates, I being one, went from that convention to the State Republican Convention at San Francisco, that being made up of four hundred and thirty delegates.

Hearing bad reports from the North about the suffrage cause, I prevailed on Mrs. Edson to accompany me to San Francisco to help in winning our cause up there. It was fortunate. She and Mrs. Coffin did great service. I was a member of the platform committee. The suffrage plank went into the State platform, which, when read, was received with the same tumultuous enthusiasm as at the County Convention — the Los Angeles delegation of eighty-three and the San Francisco delegation of sixty-five vying with each other in sturdy approval. We Suffragists enthused with the certainty of victory — the while we knew that many of the applauders were thinking it all a huge joke!

The next important event in Southern California was the banquet given by the Political Equality League at the Alexandria Hotel in Los Angeles in honor of the southern legislators, the state officers-elect and their wives. Seventy-five complimentary invitations were issued and three hundred guests were present. It was a memorable occasion. We all felt we were making history, and casting bread upon the waters that would surely return to us in a day of need, which, thank God, it did; for, without it, I think the suffrage bill would never have passed. As the Times of Los Angeles expressed it the morn-

ing after the "remarkable and original banquet set before the legislators," "brains and brilliancy characterized the scintillating function."

After a few words of welcome and cordial greeting, as president of the League, I intimated that the purpose of the banquet was not to convert any of our guests, but rather, to see and personally know our friends and be known by them. I said; "I think I have been in California longer than any of you, for I was here before most of you were born. I was here at the birth of the state; I am also the son of a prophet, and for those two reasons I claim the right to do a little prophesying on my own account.

"Prophecy the first: California, now the most interesting state in the Union, is destined some day to be the most important, and here civilization is to reach its highest development, here humanity is to be glorified. I will tell you why I thus prophesy:

"The white man's face has always been turned toward the setting sun in his migrations from the valley of the Euphrates. * * * Here by the silver waters of the great Pacific he must halt; here his pioneering must stop. This is the Occident! Here the sun sets! * * *

"But what has all this to do with women's suffrage? It has much to do with it and in many ways. The future development of civilization; that high destiny, that glorification of humanity, can only be attained by women and men co-operating in perfect equality in all the departments of life and government. * * *

“Prophecy Second: Our coming legislators will pass a suffrage amendment, and our southland legislators, our Governor and our Lieutenant Governor are going to be the chief agencies in its passage.

“Prophecy Third: Our California men are going to enfranchise the women of California on the first election opportunity by something less than sixteen to one, thus making California the sixth free state of the Union.”

Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst was then introduced as “Toast-mistress” and presiding genius of the evening. She eloquently enunciated the spirit of the meeting by congratulating California men upon their self-respect in taking up the cause of woman. She said: “Like the white horses of the sea where the waves have broken, so, over the rolling ocean of politics in the United States there are flashes of a splendid idealism in those sections where men love justice supremely and women truly. * * *”

Hon. Thomas E. Gibbon spoke on “Women as Citizens,” Mrs. D. C. McCan on “The Undesirable Voter,” J. S. Slauson on “A Little Common Sense,” Mrs. Oliver P. Clark on “Standing Together,” Mrs. Simons on “The Earnestness of Women in Asking for the Franchise,” and Walter Trask followed with a “Few Remarks on Woman’s Suffrage” which left no doubt of his power to help the good cause forward to a victorious ending.

Mrs. Lobingier on “A Voter’s Point of View” vivaciously declared that, after voting for eight

years in Colorado, it was rather humiliating to find that California debarred her women the rights that she accorded to their colored coachman.

Dr. Burdette said so many good and pertinent things that it would be unjust to give only a portion of the wisdom sent home with unerring accuracy by the sharp-shooting wit that never misses fire when the Reverend Robert aims his gun. Two of the gems of the evening were lost through a lamentable inadvertence — the certain-to-be brilliant addresses of Mrs. Edson and Mrs. Coffin. The lateness of the hour was mainly responsible for our not hearing these two distinguished women, whose indefatigable work played so large a part in the winning of the great victory for women in California.

Now we were ready to do battle for our cause. All suffragists knew there was to be a battle. Every suffrage headquarters from one end of the state to the other was a center of intense earnestness. There was nothing talked about but the methods for work — the means with which to win favorable legislative action in Sacramento.

Committees were appointed from each important organization in the state to go to Sacramento and look after the interests of the Suffrage Amendment. Mrs. Coffin came south to consult with the representatives of the Political Equality League upon the subject, and, being our guest, the conference was held at our house.

Senator Charles Bell, of Pasadena, was present and was selected to introduce the Suffrage Amend-

ment in the Senate and see that it went through. He is on record as having discharged that important duty faithfully, wisely and successfully.

Assemblyman H. G. Cattell, of Pasadena, was later selected to take care of the important bill in the Assembly. He was also able and careful, and he carried the precious amendment through to its complete success.

Mrs. Edson was present from the convening of the Legislature to the passage of the bill, working daily with intense earnestness and with a rare tact and modesty which made her work most effective in many ways. Mrs. Tolhurst and other women from the South were present when necessary. As in all such vital movements there were the helpful efforts of hundreds whose names were not thrown upon the public canvas — efforts which nevertheless made for victory and therein found their only reward. I would that I had the space to give all these helpers their full meed of praise for faithful work done in those trying weeks and months!

Mrs. Coffin, as chairman of the Legislative Committee of the state organization, headed the representatives from San Francisco and the North, her natural aptitude for delicate operations of this character proving of inestimable value.

Mrs. Watson, the president of the State Association, came and went as emergencies demanded, and Miss Young, president of the San Francisco Woman Wage Earners Suffrage Organizations, and a few others were present continually. Mamma, too, was

there until illness caused her return home, and I myself was in attendance from the beginning until the passage of the bill — thoroughly enjoying the work and greatly admiring the skilful way in which the ladies manipulated its infinity of detail.

The real fight was in the Senate — a body, be it noted of twenty hold-over Senators and twenty recently elected Senators, most of the hold-overs and some of the newly elected being unfavorable.

The first canvas gave the suffragists the promise of only eighteen votes. Finally, twenty-eight were assured for the bill after three weeks of earnest, constant and adroit persuading — twenty-eight being the necessary two-thirds of the forty votes required to pass the bill.

One evening saw a hearing in the Senate Chamber at which both sides of the question were presented. Floor and gallery of the Chamber were packed with Senators, Assemblymen, their wives and other visitors. Mrs. Edson led on the Suffrage question, Miss Young for the “Wage Earning Women.” Two college women made five minute addresses from the College Woman’s point of view. Mrs. Coffin spoke from the political standpoint, insisting that the members abide by the platform instructions of the political conventions which had indorsed Woman’s Suffrage.

Mrs. Caswell, of Los Angeles, consumed the forty-five minutes allotted to her side in order to present what she believed to be good and sufficient reasons for the non-enfranchisement of women.

Mrs. Tolhurst made the speech of the evening, presenting eloquently and unanswerably the chief reasons why women should have the ballot; and, when the bill was finally forced to a vote, there were found only five of the forty Senators who were willing to be counted against the measure. The news was flashed to every part of the state and there was great rejoicing.

The fight in the Assembly was much easier; and, on the final vote, only twelve out of the eighty voted against the measure. The Governor promptly signed the bill, and it so became the province of the electors of the State at a later date to say whether or not women should be enfranchised. Whereupon, all the wearied workers returned to their homes to prepare for the long campaign.

Soon after that the League held its annual election. Mrs. Tolhurst, Chairman of the Nominating Committee, reported as follows:

“Realizing the important, sustained and generous labors which Mr. Braly has expended upon the Political Equality League, from its inception by him a year ago and during its successful promotion and organization; deeply grateful to him for this remarkable expenditure of time, strength and means in thus forwarding a movement from which he will derive no pecuniary gain, in thus forwarding a movement from which he will derive no personal advantage whatever, and believing that it were manifestly unjust to ask of him a continued application to the details of the strenuous campaign before

it, your Committee recommends the following nominations, hoping that by the proposed change the Board of Directors may retain the advantage of Mr. Braly's advice and support without continual demand upon his strength:"

"For President Emeritus, Mr. John H. Braly; President, Mrs. Seward Simons; the other members of the old Board as heretofore. Report approved.

"The victory in Sacramento has been won; the first act has been played. Now the real battle for a final glorious triumph must begin."

It was a tense time. There was a readjustment of armor and a stepping into place all along the fighting front. We all knew what a success in California would mean — not only to California, but to the whole world!

The nine charter-member pastors of nine churches issued at my earnest solicitation an appeal to all the pastors of the state to open their churches and preach and work for this great cause, recommending that Sunday, June the third, be set apart as "Woman's Suffrage Day," and that each pastor preach a suffrage sermon on that day and have suffrage literature distributed.

The appeal was approved by the Ministers' Union of Los Angeles. It was mailed to every pastor in the State, and much good resulted.

The battle royal was now on; every sort of ordinance was in the field, and every reinforcement was brought up to strengthen the firing line.

In June I made an auto campaign North, and later, as the contest warmed up, I arranged for an automobile expedition through Southern California, with Mrs. Catherine Waugh McCullough, of Chicago, as the principal speaker.

After her arrival and introduction to the Los Angeles and Pasadena organizations, and following upon several receptions extended by friends, we left Pasadena on Monday morning, the eighteenth of September, for a tour through the southern counties.

The party consisted of Mrs. McCullough, Mamma and "me", assisted by the following splendid orators: Judge Neely, Judge Harbert and Senator Gates. This was all at my own expense, as was all of my work in the campaign. Speeches were made in the evenings, always in the open air, in every small, middle-sized and big town along a previously arranged route. Mrs. McCullough's previous experience as a campaigner made her wise and witty speeches very effective; her and Mamma's street work was also very valuable. We made a successful tour of two weeks, and had then planned to go North, but my voice failed, so Mrs. McCullough had to continue the northern tour with other parties.

So the work went on, growing more and more intense, until the climax came. I hoped for a larger majority; for I was led to believe that the Socialist and Labor Union combination would vote almost solidly for the Amendment, and so carry San Francisco. For some reason or other they failed us.

Will anyone of those who worked for that victory

ever forget those hours of waiting upon the “will of the people” for the final verdict? We had surely won in the South! But, the North?

After all the toil of months (yes, more — the travail of years) the midnight of election day settled down over the state like a pall, with the assurance of defeat. But what the meaning of vision, if failure was to be?

As the sun rose the second morning hope revived — “returns from the country” were coming in. From a hamlet here, “a majority for Woman’s Suffrage.” A town there, “a majority for Woman’s Suffrage!” San Francisco’s dreaded power against us had vanished, and we had a majority that continued to grow until it reached nearly four thousand.

Then the full free jubilant shout of victory swept over the state, across the desert, over the mountains and on, on out into the whole world!

The Women of my beloved California were free! God’s men in God’s country had saved the honor of the Golden State!

I think I was the happiest man in the country over that splendid victory — a victory for humanity, won on the tenth day of October, 1911. Each man, each woman, had worked according to his or her place or power; none may have precedence or pre-eminence over the other. Each man, each woman, had been valuable beyond estimate — co-operative factors in as great a cause as the world has ever known.

Nothing since the coming of Christ promises so

much good to future humanity as the intellectual, moral and political emancipation of women. There is no sex inequality in the kingdom of God, and there must be none in the kingdoms of men. And whoever was in any degree instrumental in bringing about this condition need have no other earthly crown or monument.

I must say a few more things! The chivalrous men of California had much to do in forcing the suffrage fight by getting the question submitted to the voters — for which much praise is due. But the *women* won the battle! For which more praise is due. The women of the north and the women of the south — God's blessed heroines all!

Too much praise, gratitude and love can never be bestowed upon the nine women of the Political Equality League for their nine months' wise, self-sacrificing and heroic campaign work. I extend to them my congratulations, thanks and love. Their names should be enshrined in every heart that loves humanity. I am proud to again inscribe their names in this little book of mine at the close of this article.

Mesdames Seward Simons, Chas. Farwell Edson, Berthold Baruch, Shelley Tolhurst, D. C. McCan, John R. Haynes; Misses Louise B. Carr, Annie Bock, Bess Munn.

During those nine months I was a free lance, working day and night where there was a chance to win a vote. I made, or tried to make, more than fifty speeches. And now, looking back over my two

years of effort for the cause which I still consider the cause of paramount importance to the world, I sometimes wonder whether my share in the work might not have been better administered.

This, however, is sure — I gave the best that was in me. And, in any event, for whatever of good-doing there was, “She” and I know how glad we are for even the small part we played in giving political freedom to the women of California.

And the aftermath! Have not the women already done enough in our recent city elections to justify all the work and money spent in the entire campaign?

When we consider that it was only just one year seven months and five days from the organization of the Political Equality League to the glorious victory of October 10, 1911, we are filled with wonder and amazement! The movement was started at the auspicious time, pushed in the right way and by the right people, and eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the glories that shall follow.

I thank the members of the Board of Governors for their kind and loyal support during my year’s administration; and especially do I thank and congratulate the women of the executive committee under both administrations for their splendid work and for their kindly consideration of me personally. I shall always hold in memory my acquaintance and comradeship with them all as one of the precious experiences of my life.

A FEW GEMS FROM A FEW
FRIENDLY LETTERS

I cannot refrain from giving a few brief extracts from the many letters received from friends of the Suffrage Cause. I am taking the liberty of printing these cullings, because of their reference to me in our mutual, great campaign — a campaign which resulted in the glorious victory for the political freedom of our California women in the blessed year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and eleven.

“My dear Mr. Braly:

* * * When I think of the close association we had the first seven months of our campaign I begin to realize that those months were really of the most vital importance to the success of our movement. * * * The foundation was laid surely and firmly. * * * Without the platform pledges of the Republican County and State Conventions we could never have held the Legislators; and to you the women of California are indebted for making this possible. You always seemed to see the magnitude of our work, and our relation to the National Movement, more clearly than the rest of us; so, in reality, the Women of America are also deeply indebted to you for all you have done to help bring about woman's enfranchisement in California. * * * I hope you may be spared to enjoy the fruits of your labor and help the women of other States. * * *”

Yours Cordially.”

Katherine Philips Edson.

"My dear Mr. Braly:

Ever since the victorious campaign for equal suffrage in California I have wanted to express to you my appreciation of the valiant services rendered by you so unselfishly, and particularly do I wish to acknowledge how greatly your interest and leadership influenced me. * *

I do not like to admit it; but, when you enlisted my co-operation, I was a weak sister and became a zealot only through the example of your enthusiasm.

Now I realize that it was a privilege to have been one of the chosen precious few who inaugurated a patriotic and progressive step in the march of evolution. * *

On the memorable evening of December 5th, at the Auditorium, when you acknowledged defeat, but were even then formulating plans to continue the battle, you taught me a lesson of sublime courage which will be an inspiration to me in any future endeavor, and I treasure the remembrance.

Gratefully and Sincerely,"

Rose W. Baruch,

“Let me extend once more my deep appreciation of your disinterested devotion to an abstract idealism which is as rare as it is exalted. * * *

The struggle which resulted in the enfranchisement of California women places the high water-mark of civilization * * *

Here was a conflict not of cannon and muscle and powder — the issue to be settled by the crude and simple process of blood-letting — but a thing rather of convictions, beliefs, ideals * * *”

Sincerely yours,
L. J. Tolhurst.

"I want to thank you, dear Mr. Braly, for the souvenir of the delightful entertainment given by you and Mrs. Braly. I shall treasure it as a reminder of one of the most interesting and developing years of my life, one which I can truthfully say would never have been brought about if it had not been for you. It has been a revelation to me in this work-a-day world to see a man stand for a principle alone in such an earnest, steadfast, generous way. For, when you really think of it, there is nothing it can do for you except to make you feel that you have worked for something you thought was right and believed in."

Martha Nelson McCann

"My dear Mr. Braly:

After nearly a year's work with you in the great Cause that has given political freedom to the Women of California — a Cause that but for you and your earnest work would still be in the indefinite future, I want to express to you my thanks that you were brave enough and far-seeing enough to make it possible for the Women of the State to carry the Suffrage Bill which gave them an equal share with the men in the management of the conditions and laws under which they and their children must live. * * *"

*Very Sincerely
Louise B. Carr*

"My dear Mr. Braly:

Now that the women of California have acquired the ballot, and the women of Los Angeles have used their first vote so ably, I feel impelled to write some word of appreciation to you who, as the foremost advocate and worker in the cause of Suffrage in the State, made these things possible.

I feel certain that but for your loyalty and untiring efforts we would still be struggling for emancipation. It is to you especially that we are indebted for the glorious victory * * *

I became Secretary of the California Political Equality League when you were its President, and I always watched with interest and amazement the zeal and enthusiasm which you threw into the Cause to which you were giving your entire time and thought."

*Cardially yours,
Annie Bock*

“Dear Mr. Braly:

The two years' battle was fought out and won by a “scratch.” I am happy to have had the chance of working for the Cause and with the man who, after a life of achievement and activity, put his whole soul into an effort to free the politically submerged half of humanity. A rare thing that — especially so as the Cause was then so unpopular. * * * Always ready to make sacrifices, to endure unpleasant things with a smiling willingness, you seemed to be imbued with that rarest of qualities — a devotion to a great issue in the interest of humanity. I hear you are going to Honolulu, and write this note to thank you for your work in our (woman's) cause, and to say good-bye to you and Mrs. Braly.”

Bess M. Murray

Extracts from Judge York's letter to a friend:—

“I think if any one who is familiar with the contest for Equal Suffrage in California were asked what man has done most to advance that cause he would unhesitatingly name J. H. Braly. I have known him for many years as an enthusiastic supporter of political equality.

Two years ago he saw a new light. The progressive elements in politics were advancing. He arranged for a banquet at his own expense, at the Angelus Hotel, to which he invited several distinguished men known to him to be in favor of political equality. He stated his desire to organize a movement to promote the cause of suffrage to women. Among other things he said: ‘We have met to start a movement for a great cause. * * * It is the movement for the enfranchisement of the better half of the citizens of California first, and then of the United States, and then of the world.’

I doubt whether the women of California would be enfranchised today had it not been for the consecration and two years' work of that one man.”

Waldo M. York.

El Nido,
806 West Adams St.
Los Angeles, Cal.

"Mr. J. H. Braly,
Dear Mr. Braly:

We the women of California may well say of you that among the brother workers for our political emancipation, 'many have done excellently, but thou excellest them all!' For have not your efforts been given in season and out of season?—Indeed have not all seasons been thine own, so that you might win some else unsought?

* * *

Was it not your spacious automobile, with the inspiring companionship of your sympathetic wife and other friends, which sped day by day thru the thoroughfares of our city, its suburbs, and Southern California towns and by-ways, on its great mission. Your characteristic generosity kept open office for literature, its discussion and distribution, and for all comers. Your personal effort founded and rallied members to the influential "Men's League for Woman's Suffrage" and now, when victory has perched upon our State banners, you are devoting the same dauntless energy and instrumentality to the campaigns now pending in the near Middle West. * * * May I not offer thru you, dear Mr. Braly, my glad 'All Hail' to the brave brothers of the new and noble crusade who are rescuing their mothers, wives, daughters and other sweethearts from the political black list of aliens, criminals, idiots and other ineligible.

Madame M. Severance.

“My dear Mr. Braly:

The battle for the ballot is ended — the victory won. Our women are free. I thank God and I thank you. * *

I count you among the great benefactors of humanity, you, the man who dared to lead an unpopular cause. Had it not been for your leadership California women would still be without the ballot.

At the psychological time God called. You heard, saw the vision and stepped forth to champion the cause of the emancipation of the women of our great state. The W. C. T. U. is proud of you and thankful that California had the man for the hour.

Your spirit of courage, patience, kindness and generosity can never be forgotten by your comrades in the great suffrage campaign, and by all women who value their political freedom.

Yours in grateful appreciation,”

Wester G. Griffith

President W. C. T. U. of So. Cal.

“My Dear Mr. and Mrs. Braly:

I cannot allow you to go away, not even for a fiftieth honeymoon trip to Honolulu, without again thanking you for what you have done for the women of our loved California — and thus, indirectly, for the women of the entire country.

I shall always esteem it an honor to have been a member of the first Board of Governors of the Political Equality League, which you organized. Your splendid enthusiasm, indomitable courage and sublime faith inspired us all to put forth our best efforts for our enfranchisement.

Something monumental only would be a fitting testimonial from the women of California for the years of sustained effort and dignified service rendered the cause of Woman's emancipation by so chivalrous a gentleman, so distinguished a champion of equal rights for all.

With highest esteem,

Your friend,”

S. Henrietta House

“My dear Mr. Braly:

In your recent letter you say your have ‘enjoyed your two years’ work for the suffrage for women — especially the first year, when through your efforts the suffrage plank was put in the Republican platform. * * *

Your work for the enfranchisement of woman began long before that time, for to my knowledge for many years you have shown the deepest interest in the cause and an untiring devotion to it. * * *

I shall always associate you and Mrs. Braly with suffrage meetings, indeed, they would not have been complete without you! When many of us considered these meetings useless you never failed to be present to give encouragement to our faithful workers.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Braly, I am

Very sincerely yours,”

Mrs. John R. Haynes.

FINIS

Mr. John Hyde Braly.

Dear Friend:

Thinking of your staunch and faithful work in the great cause of the enfranchisement of the "mothers" of the race, I am reminded of those inspiring words of George Eliot.

"Nay, never falter, no great deed is done
By falterers who ask for certainty.
No good is certain; but the steadfast mind,
The undivided, wills to seek the good.
'Tis that compels the elements and wrings
A human music from the indifferent air.
The greatest gift the hero leaves his race
Is to have been a hero."

There are heroes of war and heroes of peace, and the greater of the two is the heroes of peace and good will. Surely your friends and co-workers may claim you as one of these. May the abundant evidences of your faithful services rest as a continuous benediction upon your life, and your faith and optimism ever to be an example and help to many in times of doubt and fear.

Appreciatively,

William S. Herbert

1671 Raymond Ave.,
Pasadena, Cal.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Braly!

Our Dear Friends!

My grateful appreciation of your generous and gloriously successful service in the now historic campaign for the enfranchisement of the women citizens of California has caused me to wait for an opportune time in which to adequately express my recognition of your sturdy and unselfish leadership.

Some attempts have been previously made in this direction; but this morning after reading of the defeat of the brave workers in Ohio, we realize more keenly than ever the heroic efforts of our sympathizing men and women, the co-operation, generosity and effectiveness of most of our Journals and the almost miraculous linking of events which won the strenuous battle in California.

Since enjoying the privilege of reading the advance copy of your inspiring "Memory Pictures", which you are so wisely preserving for the children and grandchildren, I am tempted to repeat to you what Francis Willard forgave me for saying to her on the occasion of her fiftieth birthday, "You could not easily desist from rendering such royal services to Home, State and Nation, having been blessed with such a father and mother".

That dauntless pioneer mother, singing her inspiring words of courage and hope to the well-nigh discouraged, but heroic pioneers, was worthy to be the mother of a notable son; and "Her" mother, so loving and patient during long years of widowhood after a happy wifehood, was worthy of such a daughter as Martha Hughes Braly.

In your "Memory Pictures", Mr. Braly, you have so enshrined "Her" in a love-illuminated light, as wife, mother and grandmother that we see clearly the strength

of "two heads in council, two beside the hearth". In confirmation. (egoistic, if you please); I ask permission to quote here a paragraph previously written in a little study of "How Suffrage for Women was won in California."

"Ever and always in the progress of liberty our Emerson's statement is true: 'What the tender poetic youth dreams and prays and paints today, but shuns the ridicule of saying aloud, shall presently be the resolutions of public bodies. Then shall be carried as grievance a bill of rights through conflict and war; and then shall be triumphant law and establishment for a hundred years, until they give place in turn to new prayers and pictures.'"

First the vision (the thought images) then timidity overcome, prayers for love and wisdom, moral courage developed, and then, at the appointed hour the man or the woman, the great statesman, philosopher, prophet or poet, appears as a magnetic or electric force, the new crusade is proclaimed and the apparent miracle is wrought.

When, upon a never-to-be-forgotten Sabbath afternoon about a year-and-a-half previous to the now historic "Tenth of October", during a call from Mr. and Mrs. Braly, the former (after a moments hesitation) said in tones startlingly resonant with conviction and power:

"I cannot quite comprehend why, even as I hesitate to voice the words, I yet feel that if anyone ever received a direct call to do a certain work, that call has been sent to me, yet I have decided, and here and now I dedicate my strength and influence, my thought and means to this work of securing the enfranchisement of the women of California."

We realized that a new leader had appeared. And when, later, we saw that Mrs. Braly was equally consecrated to the work we recognized a unity prophetic of victory.

And so dear friends, allow me to say with tenderest gratitude.

God bless thee and all thine, with wisdom, love, beauty and joy.

Elizabeth Brognton Harbert.

1671 Raymond Ave.,
Pasadena, Cal.

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