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All Around  
Boy

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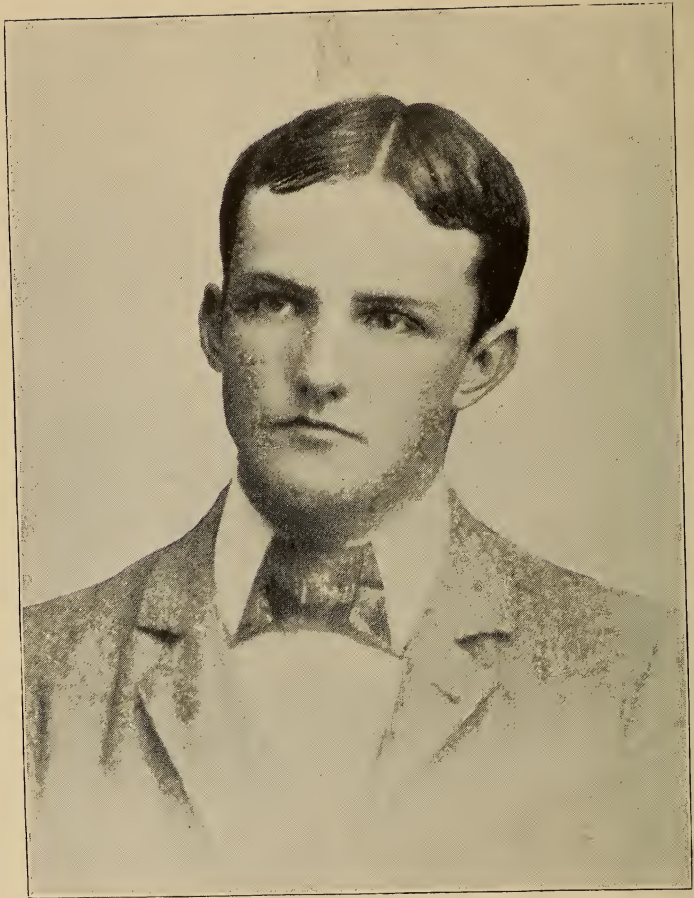




AN ALL-AROUND BOY.









# AN ALL-AROUND BOY

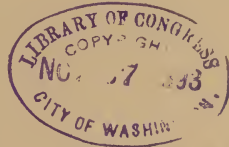
The Life and Letters

OF

RALPH ROBINSON GREEN

By HIS FATHER

*Ralph Robinson Green*



527314

NEW YORK

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH AND COMPANY

(INCORPORATED)

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M. J. W.

TO

THE J. P. C.'S AND "THE CROWD" IN BUFFALO, NEW YORK,  
THE BOYS AND GIRLS IN "THE ORANGES;"  
THE CLASS OF 1892 OF NEWARK ACADEMY;  
THE CLASS OF 1896 OF PRINCETON COLLEGE;  
AND TO  
THE YOUNG PEOPLE WHO MAY READ THESE PAGES,

This book is affectionately dedicated,

*With the prayer that they may be long spared for  
happy, useful, and noble lives.*



## P R E F A C E.

---

THIS book is the story of the life of one of the happiest boys we ever knew. He fairly bubbled over with fun; but it was the right kind of fun, for it was joined with purity of heart, earnestness of purpose, willingness to do hard work, and Christian faith. What "good times" he had the following pages will show. May they also show their young readers that nobility of character and faithfulness in the discharge of duty may go hand in hand with a happy life.

RUFUS S. GREEN.

ORANGE, N. J.,  
*July, 1833.*



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CHAPTER I.

AN INTERESTING CORNER.

*So many worlds, so much to do,  
So little done, such things to be,  
How know I what had need of thee,  
For thou wert strong as thou wert true.*

TENNYSON.

# AN ALL-AROUND BOY.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### AN INTERESTING CORNER.

WHAT do I mean by an "all-around boy"? I am glad you ask, for I should dislike to write even a page without your understanding clearly just what is intended by the title of this book.

Suppose you go with me to the grounds of the Manhattan Athletic Club on one of its field-days, or, better still, when an intercollegiate contest like the one which will be described further on in this book<sup>1</sup> is taking place. I am sure you will enjoy it. Otherwise I should think that you were old before your time. After getting comfortably seated, we shall of course look over the programme. The first "event" is the one-hundred-yards dash. Then comes the one-hundred-and-twenty-yards hurdle-race. The two-miles bicycle-race, the four-hundred-and-forty-yards dash, the one-mile run, the one-mile walk, throwing the hammer, running high and broad jumps, putting the shot, pole-vaulting, and other contests follow in their order.

<sup>1</sup> Page 200.

We look over the names of the contestants. Here, for instance, is a name found only under the one-hundred-yards dash; and here is another entered only for the bicycle race; while a third is content with contesting for the prize to be awarded for the highest jump. But here is one who will compete in several different "events." Evidently he is a good runner, a good rider, a good jumper, a good vaulter, and a good thrower of the hammer. He excels in many directions; in other words, he is an *all-around* athlete.

Some boys excel in their studies, are regular book-worms, but they could no more play a good game of tennis or get a place on a strong base-ball nine than they could live without eating. There are other boys who do well in these and similar games who have no fondness for school or books; and there are boys who are leaders both in sport and in study, who have bad hearts, who lack conscience, and are not governed by principle.

An all-around boy must be good in each of these particulars. He must have a strong mind as well as a strong body, and with these he must have a good heart. True culture recognizes the proper importance of each of these natures, — the physical, the intellectual, and the moral or spiritual, — and the relation of each to the others. The ideal man or boy is he who is not only strong physically, but whose mind is well trained, and whose heart is responsive to whatever is true and right.

It is of such a boy that I am going to tell you, — a boy who was as fond of sports and games as any of you are; a boy who studied as enthusiastically as he played; a boy who loved the truth and followed the right. Of course he was not perfect. He did some things probably which you ought not to do; nevertheless he was a true boy, whom you would have liked had you known him, just as every one did who knew him. He would have made you like him, for he would have entered into your plans, and taken part in your play and work, and have done it so modestly and helpfully that he would have quickly gained your respect and affection.

But you will discover for yourself his various traits of character in the pages which follow, and especially in his own letters which I shall let you read. I need not say that I feel confident that long before the last page shall have been reached you will look upon him as a friend whom you will feel glad to know.

In the "Study" where I am writing there is a corner which is very precious to me because it contains the things which belonged to this many-sided boy. I am going to enumerate some of them to show you that I made no mistake when I chose for the title of this book "An All-Around Boy."

Here they are: —

1. A series of school-books, beginning with the work he did in the Kindergarten and ending with the Latin, Greek, and mathematics needed for entering college.

2. A little library of general literature, and the bound volumes of several juvenile periodicals.

3. School reports, compositions, translations of Virgil, Cicero, Homer, etc., diplomas, and a certificate of admission to Princeton College.

4. Certain base-ball belongings, including posters, dodgers, and tickets of admission to the games of his club.

5. A Sears tennis-racquet, and several books on tennis.

6. A pair of skates.

7. Fishing-tackle, — hooks, spoons, flies, rod, etc.

8. A Scott international postage-stamp album, fairly well filled. Envelopes and boxes containing stamps for sale and exchange.

9. Specimens of job-printing, and files of amateur newspapers, three of which he edited.

10. A guitar, and numerous pieces of music for the same.

11. A Columbia bicycle.

12. An Alpenstock, on which are burned his name and the names of the places he visited on a tramp through Switzerland when he was thirteen years old. An album, filled with Alpine flowers which he collected.

13. Photographs of many friends, both boys and girls, and trinkets which they had given him.

14. Several hundred letters, including about sixty descriptive of his two trips to Europe, — the second when he was fourteen.

15. Topic-cards of young people's prayer-meetings, which he attended and often led.

16. An Oxford Bible and a pocket New Testament, in which are many "studies" for use chiefly in the meetings just mentioned.

*Grow, my little child, and bloom ;  
And may this be ever true,  
That all hearts shall long for you  
As for flowers in winter's gloom.*

Laura A. Skinner.



## CHAPTER II.

### EARLY DAYS.

THE name of this all-around boy is Ralph Robinson Green. He was so called after his great-grandfather, Rev. Ralph Robinson, who preached the gospel for many years in northern New York, and was greatly loved and honored throughout his long life. This Rev. Mr. Robinson was a direct descendant of the famous John Robinson, the pastor of our Pilgrim Fathers, who in 1620 landed upon Plymouth Rock. Ralph Robinson married Anna Weeks, who descended from John Alden and Priscilla Mullins. Doubtless you remember the story of the courtship of Miles Standish, so interestingly told by Longfellow. If so, you know how it was that Priscilla came to marry the "fair-haired, azure-eyed" Alden, "youngest of all the men who came in the Mayflower," rather than doughty Captain Standish.

On his father's side Ralph could trace his ancestors back beyond the War of the Revolution, in which some of them bore a brave and noble part. Surely he could claim, if any one could, to be an American.

It was in the cosey little parsonage in Westfield, N. Y., on Oct. 7, 1874, that Ralph was born. His father, upon graduating from the Theological Seminary a

little more than a year before, had been called to this pleasant rural parish, where he had found a cordial and cultured people, whose uniform kindness made his home and work a constant delight.

The advent of a son into the parsonage was an event full of interest and joy. The thankful parents received the gift as from God, and with grateful hearts dedicated the little one to God. Congratulations poured in from parishioners and distant friends; and life seemed to have a new dignity and worth.

Two of these congratulatory letters are unique in their way. The first purports to have been written by a cousin, then five months old.

MY DEAR WEE Coz, — What do you think of this e'er mundane sphere? We — mamma, papa, and I — have been delighted to hear of your safe arrival. I hope you stood the journey well. We send our love and congratulations to yourself, your dear mamma and papa. My mamma says she is going right up to see you, — she cannot wait. What is the color of the capillary substance on the top of your caput?

Your loving Coz.

The second letter runs as follows: —

MY DEAR SAM!<sup>1</sup> — I hasten on the wings of love to congratulate you that you — Ahem! — give it up.

Let me remark that it's real mean for your folks to open this letter, but as I don't suppose you would open it, it will be all right.

<sup>1</sup> The writer supposed the baby would be named for his grandfather, Rev. Samuel N. Robinson.

How do they take care of you? Do they keep you warm? If they don't, just telegraph me, prepaid, and I'll make 'em behave. But I've not the slightest doubt but that you are fully able to command the exclusive attention and respect of the entire crowd.

Assert your rights, my boy, and don't be trampled upon. You have rights which they are bound to respect.

Let them understand that you are there at all times, and don't be afraid to use your lungs on all occasions. There is nothing that will arrest their attention so well as a good hard yell — just when everything is quiet.

When you want some *palegolic*, — why, just make it understood, and keep on till you get it. And you must pull hair whenever you get a chance. No matter if it does hurt, — it will do them good.

I suppose they are rather proud of you. Have you seen anything which would lead you to think so?

Of course there never was such a baby as you are. Well, Samuel, be a good boy, and God bless you.

Write soon.

Lovingly yours.

The few years that followed can scarcely be expected to contain many matters of interest. Of course there were wise and wonderful sayings, sweet and winning ways, worthy of a place in "Baby's First Book," but hardly of sufficient importance to be recorded here.

Perhaps, however, it ought to be said that Ralph began his school life in Morristown, N. J., whither his father had been called to take charge of the historic First Church of that city. It was a great blessing to him that he came at the outset of his studies under the loving care and training of two most estimable

Christian teachers,—the Misses Emma and Lottie Campbell. When you sing “Jesus of Nazareth passeth by,” you will be glad to remember that it was written by the former of these two sisters. Your Sunday-school library may contain some of her excellent books. These ladies were also his Sunday-school teachers. In each position they sought with consummate tact to impress upon him, as they did upon each of their pupils, the essentials of a pure and noble Christian life. Only Heaven will reveal the splendid harvest of their faithful sowing.

In the autumn of 1881 the family removed to Buffalo, N. Y., and Ralph was placed in Grammar School No. 14, from which he graduated in 1888. His work during these years was unmarked by any special excellence. He found it easy to maintain a good standing in his classes, but gave little promise of the exceptional scholarship to which he afterward attained. Like most healthy boys, he was content to live and have a good time. He was fond of reading, and would go through a book so quickly that it was quite a problem with his parents how to furnish him with literature which would be profitable as well as interesting, — a problem whose importance no parent can overestimate.<sup>1</sup>

Of course he was greatly interested in the sports of the boys, especially in base-ball. His chief objection

<sup>1</sup> The Christmas present most prized by Ralph was a yearly ticket of admission to the Buffalo Library, which permitted him to draw books from its well-filled shelves.

to spending a summer in Europe was that his absence would weaken his nine, and might injure his own future prospects on the team.

He was never idle. If not at school or at play or reading, he was busy with one or another scheme which he always had on hand. Two of these schemes, I am quite sure, will interest my young readers, and accordingly are described in the following chapters.

*The post is the grand connecting link of all transactions, of all negotiations. Those who are absent, by its means become present ; it is the consolation of life.*

VOLTAIRE.

## CHAPTER III.

### PHILATELIC FEVER.

THE collecting of postage-stamps is one of the most fascinating of pursuits. It is deservedly popular among boys, for it combines to an unusual degree amusement with instruction. Incidentally it teaches a good deal of geography and history. One wants naturally to know where the country is whose stamps he collects. He inquires whose are the faces printed upon them. He notes the changes in government or reigning power, by the variations of successive issues. He quickly learns which countries are republics, which monarchies, which empires. He becomes familiar with the differing currencies of nations, and able to reckon correctly in them. His artistic taste is cultivated by constantly comparing different grades of work from the plainest wood-cuts to the finest steel-engravings. His skill is brought into continual play in discriminating between "genuines" and their imitations or counterfeits.

How his interest grows as his collection increases! What plans and devices he originates to secure some rare stamp, or complete some favorite set! This he must do unless he has plenty of money, for many stamps because of their rarity are exceedingly valuable. There are single stamps, originally of little worth, that cost now a thousand dollars or more.

Ralph caught the fever quite early. He made an excellent start through the gift of a lady whose son had gathered before his death several hundred different varieties. To these he added continually until his album, without counting duplicates, contained about three thousand specimens, and represented every country where stamps are issued.

His methods of collecting may be of service to those who are engaged, or who would like to engage, in this interesting pursuit. He bought comparatively few stamps for the double reason that he had little money to expend for them, and that their purchase would awaken less interest than their collection by his own efforts. Elderly people who might have preserved their letters of earlier years, received his first attention. The waste-paper baskets of several large stores were the objects of frequent search. People who had foreign correspondents he interviewed, as he learned their names. Older boys and young men who had recovered from the fever<sup>1</sup> were sought out, and famous bargains often made with them. About this time it was suggested to him that our Board of Foreign Missions, and the missionaries themselves, would probably prove a fruitful field to cultivate. Acting on this suggestion, he wrote to the secretaries in New York, and received not only cordial replies but many stamps

<sup>1</sup> It is a mistake to suppose that Philately is only a boyish passion. The American Philatelic Association is composed of more than five hundred *men* from all parts of the world. In England, on the Continent, and in this country the most enthusiastic collectors are those who were boys many years ago. Our own government expects to realize at least \$2,000,000 from the sale of its Columbian stamps to collectors.



from the far-away countries in which the Presbyterian Church is engaged in missionary labor. Then letters began to go directly to the missionaries themselves, and in due course of time packets of cancelled stamps (which are just as good for a collection as unused stamps) came back to him. Naturally many of them were duplicates; and these he would keep for "trading," exchanging them with other collectors for stamps which were not in his album.

Those not familiar with this subject would be surprised to know how many are engaged in the stamp-business. For some of these dealers Ralph acted for a time as agent. They would send him a sheet of stamps, and allow him a generous commission on all the sales he made. The amount of his commission he would usually expend in stamps for himself, sending back those unsold with the money he had received, and asking for a new sheet. After a time it occurred to him that he might do this kind of business for himself; and many were the sheets which he made up out of his duplicates, and which were sold upon commission by his agents in and out of Buffalo. His letter-heads (printed by himself) at that time are herewith reproduced exactly: —

Office of  
**Ralph R. Green,**  
DEALER IN  
Postage Stamps for Collections.  
56 Allen St.,

*Buffalo, N. Y.*.....188

The following letter written to him by a minister in the Hawaiian Islands is a good illustration of the educational value of stamp-collecting :—

May 23, 1884.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND, — Your interesting letter came last night. You have done well in the way of earning the stamps. But you are not entirely correct in your replies to my questions. Therefore I must give you some information which will make you wiser than your teacher on these points. In addition to the fact that Honolulu is twenty-one hundred miles from San Francisco, there is no inhabited place in the whole world from which one must go so far to find another inhabited spot as from the Hawaiian Islands.

As to the most noted thing that can be said of these islands, there are various reasons why your statement, that it was their turning from cannibalism to Christianity, is incorrect.

History will not bear it out. The fact is, the inhabitants were never in the habit of practising cannibalism.

I must tell you how it is that many people, who are wiser than you, ever supposed the Hawaiians were man-eaters. They are very fond of pork and fish and squid, — a species of devil-fish. All these they dry on the roofs of houses, or by hanging them up on a tree. Especially do they hang up the heart and liver of the hog to dry as they do fish.

Now, when Captain Cook, who had made the natives think he was a god, was once surrounded by them, he was so scared as to groan, whereupon they immediately killed him. For the purpose of some ceremony connected therewith, they took out his heart and hung it up on a tree. After the ceremony of burial was over, his heart was allowed still to hang on the tree where it

was first put. Finally, after a long time, a boy came along, and seeing a dried heart hanging to a tree, thought it a hog's heart and ate it. It afterwards transpired that the boy had eaten it, and it was ever after a great joke on him that he had eaten a man's heart. He is now an old man, and the natives never forget to remind him of the wonderful event of his boyhood, — because the idea of man-eating is abhorrent to them.

That God may bless you abundantly is the earnest prayer of

Yours sincerely,

\_\_\_\_\_

*But mightiest of the mighty means  
On which the arm of progress leans,  
Man's noblest mission to advance,  
His woes assuage, his weal enhance,  
His rights enforce, his wrongs redress,  
Mightiest of the mighty is the Press.*

JOHN BOWRING.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A PRINTING-PRESS.

POSSIBLY it was with some such thought as that contained in the lines on the opposite page that Ralph asked his father if he might receive a printing-press as a present on his eleventh birthday. The request was cheerfully granted, for his father appreciated the many benefits to be derived from work of this sort. The only question was what kind of a press should be purchased. If it was to be only a plaything of which he would soon tire, then the cheaper it was, the better; but if he meant to stick to it and do good creditable work, he would need of course something more than a toy. All these matters were fully discussed, with the result that one of Golding & Co.'s Official No. 3 self-inking presses, costing twenty-five dollars, was purchased. Then, after due deliberation as to what would be most serviceable, several fonts of type were bought, and duly distributed in cases exactly like those used in printing-offices, except that they were a third smaller. A cabinet, to hold these and additional cases that might be required later, was procured; and then the happy boy was ready for business.

The first order came from the family's milkman, and was for one thousand milk-tickets, — five hundred on

green cards, and an equal number on red cards. They read as follows:—

<p>ONE QUART.</p>
-----------------------

<p>ONE PINT.</p>
----------------------

No boy was ever happier than Ralph when he received payment for this his first job.

Business increased; and when it slackened his father usually had some work for the young printer.

The following circular was sent out after the purchase of several new fonts of type:—

Office of  
RALPH R. GREEN,  
JOB AND FANCY PRINTER,  
56 Allen St.

*Buffalo, N. Y.*.....188

*Dear Sir,*

*Having added considerably to my stock of Printing Material during the last few months, I beg leave to call your attention to my fine work in the Printing line. As I have no rent to pay, and do my own work, I am able to make my prices lower than any Printing House in the city.*

*Give me a trial order, and you will find it to your interest to place future orders with me. Business Cards a Specialty. Satisfaction is always Guaranteed, or Money Refunded.*

*Yours Respectfully,*

Ralph R. Green.

Here is an exact reproduction, in so far as the size of this page will permit, of one of his jobs, which shows that it was the good work he did more than interest in a promising boy or his cheap prices, that secured abundant orders. It is the bill-head of one of the prominent grocers in Buffalo.

IF ERRORS OR CLAIMS FOR DAMAGES, PLEASE REPORT PROMPTLY.

Fine Teas	Olive Oil
Fine Coffees.	Sardines
Fine Syrups	English Pickles
Canned Goods	English Sauces
Hominy	Cranberries
Grits	Oranges
Barley	Lemons
Dried Fruits	Pine Apples
Butter	Bananas
Lard	Figs
Cheese	Raisins
Tapioca	Prunelles
Sago	Currants
Vermicelli	Prunes
Maccaroni	Dates
Imported Nuts	Citron
Orange Peel	Lemon Peel
&c.	&c.

Buffalo, N. Y., ..... 188

*M* .....

Bought of **JAMES S. LADD,**

DEALER IN

**FINE FAMILY GROCERIES.**

**TERMS—CASH.**

544 MAIN STREET, COR. HURON.

In March, 1886, he issued the first number of a little monthly paper, which he called "The Mission-Querist." It consisted of two pages, sometimes three, and contained questions on the various mission-fields of the Presbyterian Church for the use of mission-bands. The questions, it is fair to say, were not prepared by him, but for everything else he assumed the entire responsibility. The circulation reached about fifteen hundred.

This is the way the paper looked, the pages being three inches wide and four long, with a generous margin : —

(First Page.)

## The Mission-Querist.


---

VOL. I.

BUFFALO, N. Y., NOVEMBER, 1886.

NO. 9.

---

 *Younger children need answer only the questions in the coarser type.*

### SOUTH AMERICA.

- 1 Name the capital of the United States of Colombia.
- 2 State the number of square miles and of people in the country.
- 3 What is the prevailing religion ?
- 4 What has interfered with the success of our mission-work during the past year ?
- 5 Bound Brazil.
- 6 Mention some of its chief cities.
- 7 What is its form of government ?
- 8 Number of square miles ?
- 9 Population ?
- 10 Prevailing religion ?
- 11 Name some of the principal points in Brazil where the Presbyterian Church has missions.
- 12 Who is now emperor of Brazil ?
- 13 When did he visit this country ?





“THE EDITOR OF THE ‘MISSION QUERIST.’”



(Second Page.)

THE MISSION-QUERIST.

---

*THE MISSION-QUERIST.*

Published monthly, as a help to Mission-bands, Sunday-schools, &c., by a boy interested in missions.

Single Subscriptions per year	15 cents
25 copies to one address " "	\$2.50
50 " " " " " "	\$4.00
100 " " " " " "	\$5.00

Copies above 100 to one address, per year, each, 3 cents.

Please remit by money order or draft. Postage-stamps taken for single subscriptions.

Address all communications to

ROBIN GREEN, — Publisher,  
56 Allen Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

ENTERED as second-class mail matter at the Postoffice at Buffalo, N. Y.

---

- 14 The principal cities in Chili ?
- 15 In which are our mission-stations located ?
- 16 Area and population of Chili ?
- 17 How long has our Church been working there ?
- 18 With what success ?
- 19 Draw an outline map of Chili, and locate our stations.
- 20 Same for Brazil.
- 21 Same for United States of Colombia.
- 22 Why do we send missionaries to these countries ?

In connection with the management of the business of his stamp-sales and press-work, it seemed a fitting opportunity to impress upon Robin, as he was then called, certain fundamental business principles, and the importance of correct methods. First of all, he was made to understand the absolute necessity of perfect honesty. He was taught never to break a promise. Taking a subscription for his paper for a year meant supplying it for a year; otherwise the money must be refunded. When he promised a job for a certain day, it must be ready on that day.

An exact account was kept of all receipts and expenditures. Receipts were given for all moneys received, and required for all bills paid. For himself he printed this bill-head:—

*Buffalo, N. Y.,.....188*

*Mr.....*

TO Ralph R. Green, DR.,

**Book, Job, and Fancy Printer.**

*56 Allen Street.*

*Lowest Prices. Best Work. Satisfaction Guaranteed.*

**Business Cards a Specialty.**

**Orders Solicited.**

A bank-account was opened in his name, and he early learned how to make deposits and draw checks. It may be added that when he sold his printing outfit,

upon removing from Buffalo in 1890, he had a bank-balance of about two hundred dollars to his credit.

As he began to make money for himself, it seemed a fit time to impress upon him that what he called his own was really the Lord's, and was to be used as trust funds; that money was not to be squandered, or spent for merely selfish ends; and that, in acknowledgment of God's just claim upon the whole, a definite and generous percentage of income should be given to His Church and work. Thus early in life he adopted the principle and formed the habit of giving from his own income systematically and proportionately to benevolent objects. His name stands third upon the list of "The Presbyterian Union of Proportionate Givers," an organization proposed and commended by the General Assembly of that Church.

He was taught never to slight his work, to be thorough and accurate in everything he did, and to aim always at the highest excellence. Every word must be spelled correctly, every period and comma be in its proper place, and the completed work present a neat and tasteful appearance. How well he learned these lessons may be judged from the samples of his work already given. He never forgot what he thus learned. In none of his writings, even his most hurried letters, did he ever to the last neglect to capitalize, to punctuate, and to paragraph correctly. There is nothing like a printing-press to make one careful and exact in these respects.

*O God! Thou wert my childhood's love,  
My boyhood's pure delight,  
A presence felt the livelong day,  
A welcome fear at night.*

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

## CHAPTER V.

### WANTED — A BOY.

- A jolly boy.  
A boy full of vim.  
A boy who is square.  
A boy who scorns a lie.  
A boy who hates deceit.  
A boy who despises slang.  
A boy who can say No.  
A boy who is above-board.  
A boy who saves his pennies.  
A boy who will never smoke.  
A boy with shoes always blacked.  
A boy with some "stick-to-it."  
A boy who takes to the bathtub and tooth-brush.  
A boy who is proud of his big sister.  
A boy who has forgotten how to whine.  
A boy who thinks hard work no disgrace.  
A boy who does chores without grumbling.  
A boy who stands at the head of his class.  
A boy who believes that an education is worth while.  
A boy who is a stranger to the street corners at night.  
A boy who plays with all his might — during playing hours.  
A boy who thinks his mother, above all mothers, is the model.  
A boy who takes his father into his confidence.  
A boy who does not know more than all the rest of the house.

A boy who does not think it inconsistent to mix playing and praying.

A boy who does not wait to be called a second time in the morning.

A boy whose absence from church and Sunday-school sets everybody wondering what has happened.

The above, clipped from the columns of an excellent journal, could be profitably learned by heart by every one of my youthful readers. I once showed it, or a similar clipping, to Ralph, and spent two or three evenings in talking it over, item by item, with him. He was a little fellow, not more than nine years old, but he saw the meaning and appreciated the worth of each point. His conclusion, to use his own words, was, "I'll try to be such a boy." Of course I told him that he would probably fail many times and in many particulars, but that he must never be discouraged or give up trying. I told him, too, that he needed Jesus' help every day, and that he ought to ask for it every day, and that whenever he failed he should seek divine forgiveness. I think he understood that a jolly boy could be a Christian boy, and that one could have lots of fun without being low or mean or disobedient, or overbearing to younger children, or disrespectful to older people. And then we kneeled down and prayed that God would make him such a boy.

I remember well another conversation we had when he was ten and a half years old, — introduced this time by himself. It was about coming to the Lord's Table at the approaching communion in the Lafayette Street



Church. I was surprised at the request, for I had not thought of him as old enough to take such an important step. Gently I sought to discourage him, or rather to show him that it would be better to wait until he was older. But out of my own mouth, quoting from a sermon I had recently preached, he condemned me. "Did n't you say," he asked, "that as soon as children are able to discern the Lord's body they are to be told it is their duty and privilege to come to His table? I know what the bread and wine symbolize, — the broken body and the shed blood of Jesus. You said that children ought not to wait to sow wild oats, before giving their hearts to the Lord, but should be glad to serve Him all their lives. That is what I want to do. Am I too young to love Him and serve Him? Why, then, if I know what the Lord's Supper means, should I be kept from His table?" I could offer no further objection, but only thank the dear Lord that He had given to my boy so clear an understanding of the truth, and so earnest a desire to accept it. Accordingly I said, "You have convinced me, my precious boy, that I should waive all objections; and I will leave the matter wholly with the Session of the Church. If they think it best, after talking with you, you will be admitted." At the appointed time he was examined by the elders, who without a dissenting voice welcomed him to a place at the table of our blessed Saviour. This was on the evening of April 2, 1885; and the following Sunday, April 5, the dear boy, with thankful heart,

ate the bread and drank the wine in remembrance of his crucified Lord.

Neither Ralph nor his parents ever regretted the step, or felt that it was a mistake.

His religious life developed steadily and beautifully. Its chief manifestation was in the growth of a symmetrical and well-rounded character. He set before him too high a standard ever to feel vain or puffed up. He saw his defects, and sought to remedy them. He admired the excellence of "the perfect man," and patterned after it. He did not neglect to pray, or to read the Word of God. And thus he grew into a sweet and winsome boy, with graces of character that charmed all who knew him, combined with a sturdy and manly strength that commanded their respect. He was loved alike by boys and girls, by old and young. A lady once told his father that her servant-girl said of him, "I like Ralph Green better than any young fellow that comes here, because he always has a pleasant word and a smile for me." He was kind and polite to every one.

He talked little, perhaps too little, on the subject of religion, — never except to his father and mother about his religious experiences. Not until he was fifteen was he willing to take part in any public meeting, even of young people. But by his winning ways and sturdy honesty, he impressed many with the beauty and power of a Christian life. No foul word ever passed his lips. No one ever thought of telling an indecent story or doing a mean thing in his presence. And

yet he was the life and soul of any young company into which he went. If the letters which follow contain no direct exhortations to be a Christian or nothing concerning his religious experiences, they will at least show the joyful, healthful, and vigorous life of a boy who loved his Saviour, and whose religion did not interfere with his happiness, while it kept him far above anything that was low or mean.

This chapter may fitly close with one or two of Ralph's talks in the young people's meetings, written out by him with that thoroughness which characterized all his work, and found in his Bible a few months after their public use.

#### SAVING FAITH.

A few years ago, two men in a small row-boat attempted to cross Niagara River a short distance above the cataract. They reached the middle of the river without much difficulty, but then the strong current seized their frail boat and bore it along with irresistible force. Realizing their imminent danger, the men worked for their lives. But it was to no avail. They were soon in the rapids, and in a few moments would go over the falls, never to be seen again. At last, however, one man was saved by floating a rope to him. At the same instant that the rope came into his hand, a log floated by the other man. Thoughtless and confused, he seized this instead of the rope. It was a fatal mistake. The one man was drawn to shore because he had connection with the people on the land; while the other, clinging to the loose floating log, was carried over and never heard of afterwards.

*Faith* has a saving connection with Christ. He made atonement for us, but only by faith is this atonement available to us. We may represent Christ as on the shore, holding the rope; and when we grasp it with the hand of confidence, he pulls us to the firm land. But our good works, when not connected to Christ by the line of faith, are as the floating log, which bears us along to destruction because it has no hold-fast on the heavenly shore.

#### DELAY AND ITS DANGER.

There is a story told in ancient history of a certain king who lighted a lamp and had it hung in his palace. He then sent forth heralds to bring every criminal and rebel to his presence, that they might obtain pardon. Those who came while the lamp was burning were set free, while those who delayed until the lamp had gone out, or who disregarded the invitation, met with a terrible death.

In the passage of Scripture that has just been read, we see that Christ condemns delay. No man can serve two masters. If we intend to serve and follow Christ, let us place our trust in him at once, and thus avoid the great danger of delay.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE HIGH SCHOOL.

*There is an unspeakable pleasure attending the life of  
a voluntary student.*

GOLDSMITH.

## CHAPTER VI.

### IN THE HIGH SCHOOL.

A LITTLE before Christmas, 1887, Ralph was taken out of school because of ill-health. The physician directed that he should be kept as much as possible in the open air. Books were taken from him, and he was allowed to run wild for the rest of the school year. The only studying he did was in June, 1888, for two weeks preceding the regents' examination necessary for admission into the High School, which he was anxious to enter in the coming autumn. The previous year he had passed the "regents'" in spelling and geography, leaving grammar and arithmetic, according to the custom of the grammar-school, for its final year. It seemed rather presumptuous to make the attempt, inasmuch as he had lost most of the year. But as in everything he undertook, he was also successful at this time. His papers came back from Albany, where they were examined, one marked twelve and the other fifteen points above the minimum required for passing the examination. Of course he was greatly pleased, as his success assured his entrance into the High School in the approaching autumn.

The summer was passed in Europe, and chiefly in

a tramp with some congenial companions through Switzerland.

Returning from Europe in September, 1888, he entered the Buffalo High School. He was then nearly fourteen years of age. Owing to his break-down the previous winter, he was not permitted to take the number of studies he desired. His parents wished him to do all his studying in school-hours, and to have it easy enough to give him no worry. As the weeks and months passed with no indication of trouble, he increased his work until with his outside employments his time was once more fully occupied.

He was reckoned among the best scholars in his class. Probably he would then have taken, as he afterward did in Newark, the first place, had he not been gently restrained by his parents from any approach to over-study.

He thus describes his

#### *First Day at the High School.*

When I entered the High School, it was my misfortune to return from my vacation two weeks after the term had commenced.<sup>1</sup> Consequently my experiences were less varied than would have been the case had I entered at the beginning of the term.

I well remember the eventful day. It was a fine, bright morning in September, at about nine o'clock. I approached the building on the Franklin Street side. I had never regarded it before from the view-point of a

<sup>1</sup> This was due to not getting home from Europe as soon as was expected.



prospective inmate, but had simply looked at it as one of our public edifices which had no special significance for me. On that morning it impressed me as being a fine, large, and imposing structure, — one worthy of the great city of Buffalo.

As I came up to the building I began to consider how I should enter it. I did not wish to be conspicuous, so I went to the basement door that faces Genesee Street, and turned the handle. The door was locked! Not to be daunted, I tried another door on the same side, approached by a short flight of steps, but was again disappointed. I hesitated a little before making a third attempt lest I should be arrested as a sneak-thief, but, allowing my zeal for an education to overcome my fears, I courageously approached another door, only to find it in the same condition as the above mentioned two. I was a little bit discouraged! Yet I walked around to Franklin Street again, and, boldly mounting the front steps, was about to attempt to gain admittance, when a small card, bearing these words, caught my eye: "Entrance on Court Street."

I then began to think that if I was to receive any education during my youthful days, it was about time for me to get at least inside the building. Accordingly, I gathered up my scattered spirits, and started for Court Street. I marched up the steps with the air of a conqueror, yet half expecting to find this entrance also closed against me. But it was not, and so after trials and hardships which would have discouraged many an aspiring youth, I found myself at last in the High School!

Inquiring for the Principal, I was informed by the polite monitor that he was engaged in Chapel exercises; and I was invited to take a seat in the office. There I found several others, who I presumed were upon the

same errand as myself, but who, judging from their fresh and pleasant appearance, had not gone through with such trying experiences as had fallen to my lot.

In about five minutes Professor Emerson<sup>1</sup> came in, and began to assign places and studies to the waiting scholars. My turn came last; and as the boys' room on the second floor was full, I was assigned to the third-floor room, with Algebra and Latin as studies.

Embarrassing as it was for me to walk in and take my seat before a room full of scholars, to be pointed out and laughed at as a "new kid," and to endure the usual programme of pin-thrusts and bombardment with paper-wads and blow-guns, I still managed to go through it all (remembering my heroism earlier in the day), and yet derive considerable pleasure and benefit from "My First Day in the High School."

Comparing the heroic efforts of Lincoln, Garfield, and other great men to gain an early education (the result of which has been that their names and family histories are now published in Barnes' American History<sup>2</sup>), with my struggles of that day, any person of sound mind can easily see that mine far eclipsed theirs, and therefore my name should be immortalized on the historic page. Undoubtedly this will be done when I write an account of the affair to Mr. Barnes, which I shall do when I get time!

Among his High School papers I find the following humorous *résumé* of the first book of Xenophon's *Anabasis*, written "just for fun." The ridiculous translations introduced were of course "grinds" on his classmates.

<sup>1</sup> The Principal of the school.

<sup>2</sup> One of the text-books in the school.

## X. A. BOOK I.

N. B. — Where translations appear, the author's name is given.<sup>1</sup>

We have completed the first book of Xenophon's *Anabasis*! We have perused its contents long and thoughtfully, from that very ancient and worn-out sentence, "Two sons are born of Darius and Parysatis," down to "Thus, then, moreover, accordingly, indeed, however, on the other hand, also, Cyrus turned his toes heavenward" (according to —). We wish we knew the syntax of old man Xenophon's irregular ravings and the principal parts of his verbs, but have a slight suspicion that we don't.

We have followed Cyrus in his idiotic wanderings over the then-civilized world until he met his death. During the long space of time in which he should have been confined in a private insane asylum, we have found him leading an emigrant caravan against his brother Artaxerxes, who held the throne of Persia. How full of inspiration (?) is the thrilling account of this expedition! With what absorbing interest (??) do we read every detail of the journey, — of how Cyrus became bankrupt on account of lunatical promises, and was about to skip to — Canada, when Epyaxa, a Cilician queen, took pity on him and set him up in business again by appeasing each of his creditors (who were also his soldiers) with a large-sized stick of chewing-gum.

Cyrus everywhere manifested his eloquence and smooth tongue. After he had secured all the cash possible from Epyaxa, he got hold of her unlucky husband Syennesis, and by deceit and artfulness, mixed in with a few "gifts" such as a tin watch with a brass chain,

<sup>1</sup> While retaining the translations, it was deemed best to omit names.

and a pair of Altman's forty-nine-cent pants, he entirely fleeced the poor fellow, leaving him penniless and a beggar. Then, further on, when the Greeks became righteously indignant and amused themselves by throwing stones, boarding-house doughnuts, and other dangerous missiles at their generals, Cyrus appeared on the scene with another of his flowery speeches, and calmed their wrath with the promise of an increase of wages. But the deluded soldiers never got it, for Cyrus conveniently died a short time before pay-day. Next we find the members of the expedition branching out into numerous wild-goose chases after "long-eared quadrupeds and large sparrows" (—). Of course they could n't catch any, and so did n't have much to eat. But on the other side of the river there was a large city, containing plenty of provisions. The soldiers wanted to cross, but had no boats and could n't swim. So they devised this startling and original way of getting over. "They filled tanned skins with *dried wind*, and then closed them and sewed them together, so that the water might not touch the wind" (—). They crossed on these, and robbed the town of its eatables.

But let us pass on, merely noticing the bloody prize-fight between Clearchus and Menon, which resulted in a draw, and dwelling for a moment upon the harrowing scene of the death of Orontes, who, after being beheaded, was chopped into nineteen pieces, and then was obliged to endure the horrible torture of being buried alive simply because he had written a friendly letter, enclosing his chromo, to King Artaxerxes, his grandmother's second cousin. Then we come to the great battle, the final event in the life of Cyrus, in which he drew up his army, if such we can call it, of a few thousand Greeks, armed with broomsticks and shingle-nails, and attempted to kill several million barbarians, whom the king had

gathered against him. We know the result of this foolhardiness, and the tragic death of Cyrus.

Finally, a glance at the character of Cyrus may be of profit to us (but probably won't be). In nobility of disposition and effervescent liberality, he stands pre-eminent. When two of his principal generals stole a ship and deserted him, he let them go (because he couldn't possibly catch them), and said that he never liked to prevent a man from leaving him.

What modern philanthropist could but stand abashed and hide his head in shame before that monument of generosity, Cyrus, who invariably, when he received any delicacy, took the best, and sent the remnants to his friends, saying, "Cyrus was pleased with these, and therefore wishes you to partake of them" (*i. e.* the bread-crusts and turkey-bones).

Yes, Cyrus was indeed "superior to all of his time in all respects," and is worthy to forever continue, with other heroes of past ages, to be held up before the admiring gaze of young America.

But we feel obliged to dispute Mr. — in his assertion (see first paragraph) that Cyrus is now in the enjoyment of heavenly bliss, and we fear that when —'s time comes he will join Cyrus in a much warmer climate.

Facsimile<sup>1</sup> of,

# THE HOLIDAY NUMBER

OF

## “THE TORPEDO.”

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VOL. I.      BUFFALO, N. Y., JANUARY, 1890.      No. 8.

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*Crack! Crack! Here they go,  
Spite of winter's frost and snow:  
Our Torpedoes gaily fly  
Just as well as in July.  
Snap! Crack! Away with sadness!  
Here's to Christmas mirth and gladness!  
Crack! Snap! So we call,  
Happy New Year to you all.*

L. A. S.

<sup>1</sup> Except that the paper was printed with red ink.

## CHAPTER VII.

### AMATEUR JOURNALISM.

THE "Mission Querist" was not altogether satisfactory to Ralph, chiefly because he was not its editor. He felt himself unequal to the task of framing the proper questions, especially the new set which the second year of its publication would require. Consequently, after the twelve numbers for which subscriptions had been taken had been printed, the little monthly was discontinued.

Its successor, "The Torpedo," made its appearance in February, 1889. This was also a monthly. Ralph was its editor, as well as compositor and publisher. For a time he associated with him in its business management (the securing of a wider circulation) one of his boy friends; but all of the typesetting, editorial and press work was done by Ralph.

The subscription price was ten cents for three months. "Advertising rates, ten cents per space of  $1\frac{1}{8}$  by 2 inches & 25 cents per column for one insertion," with a liberal discount for three insertions.

The initial editorial states: —

We have started this little sheet in the belief that it will be a benefit to its proprietor and the world at large.

It will be published monthly during the year 1889, at the low price of ten cents for three months.

The advertising rates are also very low, and will be found profitable.

Hoping YOU will favor us with a subscription and an advertisement, we are,

Yours respectfully,

THE EDITOR.

The following article, clipped from its file, has a bearing on the subject of a preceding chapter:—

Stamp collecting first became popular about 1860, and its progress since that time is truly wonderful.

The following seven countries were the first to issue stamps in the order named: Great Britain, Switzerland, Brazil, Trinidad, United States, Mauritius, and France.

It is estimated that there are over eighty thousand stamp collectors in the United States.

In New York City alone there are probably fifty or sixty dealers in stamps. One firm has a paid-up capital of \$30,000; and the National Stamp Dealers' Association, which has just been formed, represents a capital of \$500,000.



The postage-stamp was first used in Great Britain on May 6, 1840; Austria introduced the postal card in 1873; while the United States gave the newspaper band in 1857, and the East Indies introduced the telegraph stamp.

There are nearly two hundred and fifty countries now issuing stamps; and the total number of all issues, both postal, revenue, and envelope, now exceeds forty-five thousand, — for, in the superb catalogue of M. Moens, of Brussels (issued two years ago), 43,158 stamps were minutely and accurately described.

The following are among our boy friends in this city who are making fine collections of postage-stamps: —

G—— B——, A—— M——, J——  
S——, E—— B——, C—— P——,  
S—— S——, A—— B——, W——  
W——, C—— M——, and H——  
W——.

There were several other amateur journals in Buffalo; and between the "Torpedo" and these "esteemed contemporaries" an unceasing though friendly warfare was waged. The boys copied from the example of the daily press of the city, in which (particularly in two papers) bitterness and unbecoming personalities found a large place. Toward each other the youthful editors entertained only the kindest feelings.

Here are some of the compliments which the "Torpedo" pays its rivals: —

We are glad to see that the — is improving. Casual reading showed only 75 mistakes in the issue of Feb. 5th. We recommend Swinton's Grammar.

The "Journal" accuses Mr. — of being lazy in getting out his paper, having probably forgotten that it took a vacation of several weeks not long since.

The following is the unenviable record that the — has made for itself: in the issue of Feb. 5, there were 75 errors; Feb. 18, 45 errors; and Mar. 28, 85 errors. This shows a large margin for improvement.

The — of April 6 contained only 80 errors!!

---

— Died Feb. 25, 1889.

— Died Apr. 6.

The above names will be noticed by the casual reader of the Records of Amateur Journalism in looking over the long list of papers defunct since the first of the year.

Some of these, the majority perhaps, were not worth

the paper they were printed on; but a few deserved a better fate than the sad one that awaited them, and struggled bravely to convince the cold and selfish world of their superior worth. But the world would not be convinced; and so they, like so many brave martyrs before them, died

"Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

---

We should think that the editor of the — would rightly be in continual fear of a visit from the ghosts of Ananias and Sapphira, of Bible fame, because of the barbarous way in which their names are spelled in the September number. They have probably already arisen from their graves and are in search of —'s scalp. If that spelling alone could not raise them from the grave, a couple of —'s "free puns" would act as a lever.

Too bad that the — could n't find anything bet-

ter to print in November fourth-rate paper resur-  
than "The Trials of a re-acts the nuisance, and at-  
Western Editor," for that tempts to palm it off upon  
article is an exceedingly the unsuspecting public.  
mouldy chestnut. It first We add that the December  
appeared in the early part number of the — was a  
of '88, and was then exten- very creditable issue to its  
sively copied all over the printers, Messrs. Baker,  
country. Even now some Jones & Co.<sup>1</sup>

We close this account of the "Torpedo" with a re-  
production of one of its advertising pages, which will  
give a fair notion of the taste and presswork of our  
youthful journalist.

<sup>1</sup> A sly dig at the editor of the — for not doing his own press-  
work.

# THE TORPEDO.

**J. S. LADD.**

A FULL LINE OF  
**HOLIDAY  
GROCERIES.**

562 Main St.

Carl H. Schwiete,  
**Counsellor  
at Law.**

In professioneller Correspondenz  
mit Deutschland, Frankreich und  
der Schweiz.

Correspondence professionnelle  
avec l'Allemagne, la France et la  
Suisse.

LAW EXCHANGE,  
BUFFALO, N. Y.



STAR OIL CO.  
*SELL ALL KINDS OF*  
Burning and  
Lubricating Oils,

Bicycle Oils,

SEWING MACHINE OIL,

PURE SPERM OIL.

DUDLEY'S FAMILY SAFETY OIL  
is the SAFEST AND BEST for fami-  
ly use.

COR. SWAN &

WASHINGTON STS



The "Polymnian" is the organ of the graduating class of the Newark Academy. Of this twenty-four page annual Ralph was chosen editor-in-chief for the Class of 1892. He had of course nothing to do with its presswork, and as a consequence we make no attempt to reproduce its appearance. We quote however two articles in it from his pen, — the first as a specimen of chaste and elegant English, and the second in the hope that it may influence our youthful readers to make the most of their educational advantages.

"For the third time THE POLYMNIAN is presented to the scholars and friends of the Newark Academy. Begun two years ago by the Class of '90, it has been issued only at the close of the school year, its contents assuming rather the character of a review than of news. It is no easy task to prepare a paper which shall worthily represent such a large institution as the Academy, and the work that has been done during the past year. With a feeling of diffidence, therefore, we have undertaken this labor, the results of which are embodied in the following pages. We trust that at least THE POLYMNIAN of '92 will not prove inferior to the previous numbers; to the editors themselves, and to those who have had a part in its composition it will always be a pleasant reminder."

"The great orator, Wendell Phillips, has justly said, 'Education is the only interest worthy the deep, controlling anxiety of the thoughtful man.' It

behooves every student, therefore, as the time approaches when he must either lay aside his books and take up his part of the cares and responsibilities of practical life, or continue his studies at one of the higher institutions of learning, to consider most carefully the question, Does a college education pay?

“To this query we would emphatically reply, It does. We make this answer because we know that it is the aim of the college to promote, through personal effort, the systematic training of all the mental faculties, especially the habit of concentrated attention, in order that the mind may thus be prepared to do the best work of which it is capable; that the college cultivates the powers of expression, both oral and written; that it encourages friendships and competitions among fellow-students; that it develops that independence and self-reliance which is so necessary for future success; that it secures the influence of great teachers, who understand how to train other minds; that it gives a man a broad outlook in life and enlarges his ideas; that at the same time it impresses him with a sense of his own littleness, in the presence of the vast expanse of truth his researches bring to light, so that he may find out, with the scientist La Place, that ‘what we know here is very little; what we are ignorant of is immense.’

“It is argued that classical education unfits a man for business; but we fail to see how a student could be less successful in business life for having thoroughly prepared himself for it by a college course, than for

entering upon it with the meagre knowledge of a common-school education. The old rhyme, which says, —

‘How much a dunce that has been sent to roam  
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home!’

is still true; and we believe the average college man will be found to excel his self-educated rival in mental calibre and intellectuality as well as in self-reliance and bodily vigor.

“Let the boy or young man who is trying to make up his mind whether to go to college or no, remember that ‘education alone can conduct us to that enjoyment which is at once best in quality and infinite in quantity;’ let him remember that education is not a mere disciplining of the intellect, but that it embraces the developing of the whole manhood; then let him seize upon the opportunity of a college course, if such opportunity is offered to him, and if it is not, let him struggle to secure it.

“We wish that all the youth of our land would recognize the great advantages of a college course. Then, with an increasing proportion of college graduates, we should have more intelligent citizens, better laws, a better country; for

‘T is education forms the common mind;  
Just as the twig is bent the tree’s inclined.’”

*A little nonsense now and then  
Is relished by the wisest men.*

ANONYMOUS.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE following letters, written by Ralph, will explain themselves. They are mainly about the "Torpedo" and its amateur rivals. The first two were addressed to P—— H. P——, then living in London, England, though formerly of Buffalo, with whom Ralph became acquainted during his visits to Europe. The last is to his cousin, then enjoying her Christmas vacation in Pennsylvania.

Oct. 21st, '89.

DEAR P——: I intended to write to you as soon as I reached home, but have been very busy with school work, &c., and have had no time for writing.

We had rather rough weather on the ocean coming home; but the "City of New York" made a fast passage, — six days four hours and seventeen minutes.

You know the lecturer at "Niagara,"<sup>1</sup> that awfully solemn fellow! Is he still there? I enclose a picture of him which I cut out of an illustrated paper in Liverpool. There was quite a long article, with illustrations, about the Royal Aquarium and Niagara.

<sup>1</sup> The cyclorama of "Niagara," then on exhibition in London, of which P——'s father was manager.

Did I show you a copy of a small paper which I print? I don't remember whether I did or not, and I enclose the two latest numbers.

I should be *very* glad to have you write something for it. A "London Correspondent" would be a *big* boom for it. You could write a *fine* article on "London," about "totties,"<sup>1</sup> and such things. Or write about "Niagara," giving a few statistics as to the number of persons visiting it, &c. The articles should not be very long, — about 150–250 words. It would be a *big thing* for *The Torpedo* if you would write a letter every month, — a sort of correspondent, you know.

I am going to make *The Torpedo* better than it was before, so that it will "knock out" ——'s ——.<sup>2</sup>

Do you know M—— C——? He is going into partnership with me in *The Torpedo*.

There is a regular "gang" which assembles at ——'s every day, and they play a sort of a game of the "catch-me-quick" style. The principal object is for the boys to catch the girls and hug them as long and tight as possible, and *vice versa*. It is very amusing to watch them. I have the pleasure to add that I am not of that "gang."

Don't forget to send something for *The Torpedo*, and do not be afraid that it will not be good enough. I know your native Buffalo modesty. Just send it on, and I will see about the rest.

<sup>1</sup> Girls.

<sup>2</sup> An amateur contemporary.

Friday, Nov. 29, '89.

DEAR P—— (Foreign Correspondent, &c.), — Your first letter has been and is a big boom for *The Torpedo*. A great many people have said, “Who wrote that interesting letter?” “Will another be written?” “When will the next be published?” &c. It is creating a good deal of interest among the boys, and a *great* deal of envy among our amateur contemporaries.

In regard to the payment of your valuable services, I would state that we shall forward our check to you at once for \$1000.00. I enclose a couple of copies of the December number; also, a little story regarding a recent event (?). Hope you have survived since reading the September number of the ——, which I sent you. Your letter fitted into the second page of *The Torpedo* very nicely, except that I was not able to make as large a “splurge” for the heading as I wished. I intended to put, in large capitals, “Our Special European Correspondence;” but owing to the lack of space, I was obliged to be content with the plain “Our London Letter.”

For January, we intend to get out a fine number, with a cover, containing three pages of advertisements.

Remember me kindly to your parents.

This is the “event” (?) to which I referred: —

*A Noted Capture.*

One of the most sensational and tragic events which has ever occurred in the history of New York State happened not long ago in the small town of Powersville,<sup>1</sup> N. Y. The facts, as nearly as we can ascertain them, are as follows:

<sup>1</sup> A common name among Buffalonians for Rochester, N. Y.

A desperate criminal had been for some time prowling around the town, committing all sorts of robberies, thefts, assaults, and even cold-blooded murders. He was developing into a second "Jack the Ripper." Every effort to capture him was without avail. Several prominent detectives had been secured from different parts of the country to "work up" the case; but all their united efforts were unsuccessful, yet meanwhile the dreaded atrocities went on. At last, after months of work, a clue was secured, and after being diligently followed up, the criminal was captured and securely lodged in jail.

At once the news spread throughout the town and surrounding country, and people of all sizes and ages, armed with clubs, pistols, and other weapons, assembled in front of the jail where the villain was secured.

An attack was soon made upon the jail, and the jailer and guards overpowered, the keys obtained, and the prisoner led forth to his doom.

Then a division of opinion arose as to how he should be put to death, for all were determined that he should have the most terrible and painful death that was possible, in order that revenge might be thus taken for his many crimes. After considerable discussion, a committee of five of the most eminent men present was appointed to decide upon the manner of death.

This committee debated long and seriously, but could come to no decision. Every manner of horrible torture that it was possible for human ingenuity to devise was suggested, but all were discarded as being too commonplace and chestnutty. Something was wanted that would startle the whole world for its cruel and heartless barbarity.

Finally, a gray-haired man arose and spoke as follows: "Gentlemen of the Jury, I have had considerable experience in criminal trials and executions, and I think

that every method of execution which has yet been mentioned is altogether too easy and merciful." (He here went into a detailed explanation of the modes of torture already suggested, and showed why crucifixion, burning at the stake, boiling in vinegar, &c., &c., were too simple and altogether too merciful as compared with the method he was about to suggest.) He then continued: "I have deliberated long upon this subject, and do now move that the present criminal be condemned to death by reading the September number of the —." <sup>1</sup>

Happy and sublime thought! The suggestion was at once unanimously adopted upon a copy of the said September number being shown around, and the result was reported to the awaiting multitude. There was wild cheering, and satisfaction regarding the decision was everywhere expressed.

When the wretched criminal heard his impending doom, he (unhappy man!) fell upon his knees, and such a heart-rending burst of emotion has never been, or never will be, heard. He begged that his sentence might be deferred, that it might be changed to *any* other torture or death, that he might be stuck full of oil-soaked chips and these set on fire, slowly roasting him to death, and many other things, rather than be obliged to bear his present sentence. But the stern, hard faces of the vast multitude proclaimed no mercy.

Then followed the dreadful scene: the prisoner, strong man that he was, trembling in every limb, was handed the dreaded instrument of death (the above mentioned September number of the —). With blanched cheek and trembling hand, he began slowly to read the "European Letter." When, gasping and panting for breath, he reached the end of it, the pallid cheek and glassy

<sup>1</sup> One of the "Torpedo's" amateur rivals.

eye proclaimed the near approach of death. However, he was urged on by the frenzied crowd, and began to peruse the "free puns."

Ah, the "free puns"! The poor fellow never lived to finish *them*, for with terrible struggles he started to read the first of the fateful two. Even the stony hearts of some in the assembled multitude were touched when they saw the heart-rending efforts, and heard the anguishing groans of the criminal during the terrible period of reading the first "free pun;" and when the end was reached, with a terrific shriek he gave up the ghost. His body, disfigured and twisted out of recognition by torture, was buried in the "Potter's Field," and a notice was published, commending the —— of Buffalo, New York, to sheriffs, judges, and others, as the most efficient life-exterminator ever known to history.

(To P. H. P. — I have just made a copy of this; but I am rather afraid of sending it to the —— for fear its editor will make speedy arrangements for my funeral.)

Office of *The Torpedo*,  
56 Allen Street,  
BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 23d, '89.

MY DEAREST COUSIN ELLA, — As I sit here in my editorial sanctum, with my chair tilted back, a Duke's Best in my mouth (?)<sup>1</sup> and with the proud and defiant mien of a conqueror (referring to January *Torpedo*), I allow my thoughts to wander down into the Pennsylvania backwoods, the bright land of kerosene, where I hope you are now enjoying yourself.

<sup>1</sup> Ralph never smoked a cigar or cigarette in his life. He had promised his parents that he would not do so, and the testimony of his young friends proves that he was true to his promise. His parents had no fear, after his promise; for he never deceived them.

*We are out!* Amid the flourish of trumpets, the booming of cannon, and the grinding of our amateur contemporaries' teeth, "Our Holiday Number" of *The Torpedo* has been presented to the public. (For further particulars, see the copy which I send you by this mail).

The "winter's frost and snow" advertised on the first cover page<sup>1</sup> have not arrived here at the present writing, but they will come in the course of time.

Right here, before I forget it, I have a short (?) story to tell you, which I will call "A Wise Act." (Please don't expire until after you have finished reading it.) Here it is.

*A Wise Act.*

Not long ago there lived in a little country village of Western New York an old farmer. He was in very comfortable circumstances, being the owner of a large and fruitful farm, and had three sons of whom he was very proud. In fact, he loved each one so much that he could not decide to which he would give the farm at his death. But one day he summoned the young men to him and said: "My sons, I am about to launch my feeble craft upon the river of death, and I do not know how to dispose of the old farm, for I love each one of you as much as the others. So I have decided upon this plan: I will now give you each ten cents, which you will take and make the best and most profitable purchases with them that you can, returning to me to-morrow evening."

Then the old farmer took his leathern wallet, and proceeded to count out thirty cents, giving ten to each son.

<sup>1</sup> See page 54.

On the following evening, as had been appointed, the young men returned to their father, who said, speaking to the eldest: "Ebenezer, what have you purchased?" Ebenezer said: "My father, I pondered long and seriously before expending my fateful ten cents, and at length bought a 'Pigs in Clover' puzzle." And his father replied: "Ebenezer, you are a son worthy of your father. You have done well. A 'Pigs in Clover' puzzle will exercise your ingenuity, patience, and perseverance; and if your constitution and intellect survive one hour's work on that puzzle, you will have proved yourself a great and wonderful man. P. T. Barnum, upon hearing of it, will at once engage you for his 'greatest show on earth,' at a probable salary of \$10,000 a year."

A smile of intense satisfaction began to creep over the features of Ebenezer, and quickly broadened to that remarkable grin which can be observed upon any German's face when, after a long absence, he is restored to his beloved lager.

The old man then inquired of Augustus what use he had made of his cents (sense); and Augustus replied: "Father, I too did not squander my money without serious consideration, but I finally purchased a base ball and bat."

His father, in congratulating him, said: "Augustus, you did wisely. Only practise diligently with your ball and bat, and it won't be long before you will be hired by the New York Base Ball Club, at a yearly salary of \$15,000, and of course you will then become one of the most honored and famous men in our great Republic."

Augustus gazed about him with a smile broad enough to contain an entire full-sized German pretzel, while Ebenezer quaked in his boots.

The venerable father next turned to the youngest son and said: "Theophilus, tell us what you have accom-



plished." And Theophilus made this grand and noble reply: "Dear father, I didn't ponder worth a cent; I simply harnessed the old mare to the buckboard, drove into Buffalo, went directly to 56 Allen St., and subscribed three months for *THE TORPEDO*." And the old man, with the tears pouring down his furrowed cheeks, embraced Theophilus, and in a voice husky with emotion murmured: "My son, if I had a farm as large as Texas, with a windmill on it, it should be yours when I died."

— FINIS. —

Do you now, having read the above story, conscientiously declare that you can still be reckoned in the number of the living? If so, I will make you a Christmas present sometime.

You ought not to have gone away until Saturday, for you missed a good deal of fun at school on Friday. We had a regular "soft snap," and all the boys felt "gay." I guess — felt otherwise before the day was over.

We had the regular chapel exercises first. Then the five hours of study came. They were shortened to less than a half hour each. After these came an intermission of fifteen minutes, and then we all assembled again in chapel. I enclose a clipping from the —, giving an account of the exercises.

The exercises were very pleasant, marred though they were by some of —'s bad breaks. As I said before, the boys felt exceedingly "gay," and after each number of the programme there was a storm of applause, yells, stamping, and whistles that lasted

until —— got red in the face, caused by over-exertion in hammering on the bell and yelling at the top of his voice to “stop.” Then would follow a most pathetic appeal to the boys to be quiet and orderly, &c., &c., as there were many visitors present, and so on, in the midst of which appeal some boy would let off a squeaking machine which gives an unearthly screech, or a little box which, when a button upon it is pressed, says “Mamma” in a loud shrill voice. These never failed to “bring down the house,” and it must have seemed to those present as if Bedlam was let loose.

I could n't describe —— . Perhaps you have seen enough of him to know how he behaves on such occasions. I will write you again, telling about the concert. Write me a letter (if you have time) telling how you are enjoying yourself.

With best Christmas wishes,  
Your loving Cousin.

CHAPTER IX.

WRITING COMPOSITIONS.

*Style! style! why, all writers will tell you that it is the very thing which can least of all be changed. A man's style is nearly as much a part of him as his physiognomy, his figure, the throbbing of his pulse.*

FÉNELON.

## CHAPTER IX.

### WRITING COMPOSITIONS.

PROBABLY *the* thing most disliked in the school-work of boys is the writing of compositions. Ralph was no exception to this general rule, at least in his earlier years. I suppose that all of his studies put together gave him less trouble than these required essays. His father saw and appreciated his difficulty; and not having forgotten his own early experiences in the same line, gave him the needed aid, — just enough to remove the difficulty, but never enough to relieve him from the necessity of independent and honest labor. He grew thus gradually to like the work, until the word “composition” lost all dread for him. His method was, after a subject had been assigned or selected, to study it until he had mastered it; then he would make out a plan for its treatment. This done, he would begin the work of composition. Having finished the writing, he would correct, change, and polish, with a view to secure the most finished style possible.

Here, for instance, is a composition on “The City: a Menace to our Government,” bearing date of Jan.

26, 1892. In connection with it, I find the following outline, which formed his "plan":—

*Introduction.*

- I. Growth of cities.
- II. Some of the special characteristics of cities.
  1. Foreign population.
  2. Centralization of wealth.
  3. Socialism has its home in cities.
  4. Corrupt municipal government. Saloons.

I find also the first draft of this composition, with its many erasures, additions, and corrections. The finished essay is also before me, as it came back from the hand of his teacher. The professor's critical eye discovered in it but one word which needed to be changed. Ralph wrote "Here [that is, in the city] is the most extravagance;" the professor changed "most" to "greatest."

The composition is marked "I," the highest mark given in the school, with the addition "Very good."

Here are some of his earlier compositions which I am sure will not prove dull reading:—

PINS AND PEOPLE.

When we see a pin lying upon the floor in a dusty corner, or trodden under foot upon the walk by the busy passer-by, how often do we pause in our hurry to stoop and pick it up? Not very often probably. But as we have the leisure, let us do so now. Here is a pin whose head was broken off by some thoughtless man or boy, who was not aware how nearly he resem-

bled the pin after he had thus broken it. Of what use is a pin without a head? It will not hold anything, nor do the work for which it was originally intended. Many people are just like this pin. They are active and bright in appearance, but soon show by their silly words and actions that they are in the same sad plight as our unfortunate pin.

But let us walk on, and our search may be rewarded by another pin, which we shall hope will be a better specimen than our first. Yes, there is one! But it is badly bent and very crooked. We try to use it, but cannot do so. It slips and often comes out. Probably we have had experience with people of this kind. They are unsteady and not straightforward. These are the people who cannot be depended on to keep a promise, much less an appointment. How we detest such people and try to avoid all dealings with them, and how sad it is to notice with what frequency we meet them!

In passing along we must keep a keen lookout on each side of the walk; for we are now out pin-hunting, and must not let a single one escape us. If our eyes had not been sharp, we should not have seen that little old rusty pin, which has been dashed and beaten upon by storms for so long a time as almost to be driven out of our sight. However, we have captured our prize, and while we are looking it over a man passes. We glance up and see at once that this man is an exact representation of our rusty pin; for he wears a surly, cross, sour look. We instantly put him down

as a self-willed man, one who will always have the last word. Our pin is rusty and difficult to use. The man is selfish and crusty. He will never get along in life smoothly, and will be a constant source of annoyance to those about him.

We continue our walk, for we are not yet satisfied. After a long and fruitless search we are about discouraged, when we see lying in the middle of the walk and sparkling in the sunlight — what? A bright, new pin! We can but admire its smooth, bright shaft, strong head, and sharp point. It is easily used and does its work well. If a pin without a head, a crooked pin, a rusty pin, and a bright, new, perfect pin are lying side by side, which one do you choose? Given a silly boy, an unsteady boy, a selfish, self-willed boy, and a gentlemanly, willing boy, which one will make the greatest success in life? The answer is the same to both these questions, — the last. A bright, perfect pin and a pleasant, gentlemanly boy are alike in these respects.

We recommend a pin-hunt to every one who has some leisure time, and hope he will secure as much pleasure and profit from it as we did in our short hour with "Pins and People."

A pretty conceit is found in another of Ralph's compositions about this time on the assigned subject of

#### CATS.

In the sleepy, quaint old town of Leyden, Holland, overlooking the cool and peaceful waters of one of its



picturesque canals, stands a large stone building, known to tourists as the "picture gallery." One hot summer day I wearily approached this building, followed by a crowd of Dutch boys, their clumsy wooden shoes clattering on the pavement, who evidently had seen very few foreign curiosities, such as they seemed to regard me. Noting the sign above the door, I entered the gallery, my object being not so much to see the pictures as to find a place of refuge and quiet "far from the madding crowd" of inquisitive Dutch boys.

I roamed hither and thither through the various apartments, looking at the long lines of paintings, which consisted principally of portraits of old Burgomasters and lords. These soon became monotonous. But still I wandered on, until I came to a small, half-dark room in a remote part of the building. I entered it, and took possession of the most comfortable seat. I began to gaze about me. There were several portraits and landscapes on the low walls, but the picture which arrested my attention was that of a very wise-looking cat, comfortably seated in a cushioned chair. That this particular animal was far wiser than most of its kind was shown by what followed; for, as I looked steadfastly at the picture, the cat appeared to speak. What it said, translated of course into English, was as follows:—

[Here follows an interesting history of the feline tribe, the composition closing thus:]

Suddenly I became aware that the squeaky voice of

the cat had ceased. I jumped up, and, finding it to be past lunch-time, hastily departed from the building.

Probably, after hearing this story told by the wise cat, you will unhesitatingly affirm that I was dreaming. But so realistic was my dream, if dream it was, that I shall continue to believe that the tale was in fact related to me as above described. At all events, the cat spoke the truth, as I have since ascertained by studying the subject.

#### STORY OF A JAPANESE FAN.

During my vacation last summer I had the rare good-fortune to visit Europe. The trip across the ocean was made on that magnificent new floating palace, the "City of New York." Of course a single person could not become acquainted with a large number of the six hundred passengers on board during the short voyage of seven days, but he could not fail to know some. On the very first day of the trip I singled out a good-looking young Japanese, spoke to him, and we soon became good friends. I ascertained that he belonged to a family of considerable rank in his native country, and that, having just been graduated at Yale College, he was going to Europe to complete his education. He spoke the English language fluently, and was a very pleasant companion.

One moonlight evening, as we were sitting in our steamer chairs upon the deck, looking at the beautiful scene and listening to the regular throbbing of the great engines as they drove us through the water at

the rate of eighteen miles an hour, I asked the young man to tell me something about Japan, especially about its art productions. I wish I could remember one half of the interesting facts he told me that evening, but what little I do remember is somewhat as follows: "The Japanese, as a people, are not appreciated as they should be by the world, although in late years they have come into notice more than ever before. In America I think the Japanese are best known by their artistic productions. They are skilful wood-carvers, and make beautiful shell and lacquer work, but they excel in fan ornamentation.

"I well remember a visit I paid, when I returned to Japan a year ago, to the Mikado's fan-maker. This fan-maker was a very pleasant old man, and was always glad to have visitors. I was conducted to a spacious summer-house, covered with a beautiful vine called wistaria. In the interior of the building were several men, seated upon the floor of matting, engaged in making fans,—not the common wood variety, but ivory with silk coverings. The ivory is first carved, and then pictures are painted on the silk, which is afterwards pasted to the ivory sticks. I suppose you have often wondered what those queer scenes and grotesque figures pictured on Japanese fans mean. The scenes sometimes represent historical events, but generally the popular legends or stories of the people.

"After I had satisfied my curiosity by watching the fan-makers for some time, I was taken into a small inner room. There a man, said to have been the most

skilful fan-maker in the country, was just putting the finishing touches to a beautiful fan which was being made to order for the wife of the Mikado. The ivory sticks composing its frame had been carved in fantastic shapes many centuries before.

“The scenes painted on each side of the fan were very beautiful. On one side was shown a large and beautiful garden, which contained many fruit-trees, all in full bloom. The central figure in this garden was a large statue of Buddha, and on the third finger of his right hand was a splendid ring, sparkling in the sunlight. From the base of the statue many winding paths ran in different directions, and the ring on Buddha’s finger seemed to send a ray of light down one of these paths, at the end of which could be seen several ladies playing upon musical instruments and dancing. A young man, richly dressed and wearing a beautiful necklace of shining pink cat’s-eyes, stood at a little distance from the statue, and was preparing to follow the lighted path.

“On the other side of the fan was a scene of a different character. A small ship, with sails spread and flags flying, was sailing near the shore of a sheltered bay. The bay was calm and placid, while shoreward, far in the distance, a lofty range of mountains could be dimly outlined. On board the ship all was quiet. In the stern stood a young man, who was bending forward and gazing at the shore with eager eyes, as if he were about to discover something for which he had long been searching.

“The explanation of these two scenes is, in brief, as follows. Very many years ago, a son, afterwards named Matsmai, was born to the Mikado of Japan. Suddenly one day a necklace of cat’s-eyes was discovered upon his neck. It was not a common necklace, having no clasp, but composed of beads upon one whole golden string. An inscription was also found, telling that the prince must go in search of a princess, who would be the only one over whose head this necklace could be slipped. Accordingly, on his twentieth birthday, Matsmai obtained his father’s consent to go in search of the princess who was to be his wife. So Matsmai sailed everywhere and wandered about for many years, but could not find the object of his search. However, he was to be rewarded for his perseverance; for one day, as he was standing in his ship and singing, he heard a faint and far-away echo. At once the prince brought the boat to an anchor, and leaping out began to follow the echo, which led him for many days over hills and valleys. Finally he came to an immense statue of Buddha, and fell exhausted at its feet. When he awoke he again heard the echo, and at once started to pursue a winding path, lighted by a flashing ring upon the statue’s hand. Following this path, he soon came in sight of a beautiful young princess, the necklace easily slipped over her head, and Matsmai carried her home in triumph as his bride.”

I cordially thanked the young man for his interesting tale, and said that I hoped all Japanese legends were as entertaining as his “Story of a Japanese Fan.”

These compositions were written in the Buffalo High School, the one following in the Newark Academy. It is marked "Group 1," but with the addition, "Good; but it does n't show as careful work as previous compositions. You run a close shave for '1' on this." Probably, however, my readers will be more interested in it than they would be in some of those which better suited the professor's critical taste.

*Diary of a School-boy's Day.*

Ταύτην μὲν οὖν τὴν ἡμέραν ᾧδε διεγέροντο.

"To get up or not to get up" is to me a question of grave importance. It confronts me every morning at about seven o'clock, after I have been rudely awakened from a sound sleep by a loud pounding on my door. For about five minutes I lie in bed trying to decide the question, and usually come to the conclusion that I need some more sleep. So I drop off into a gentle snooze, which lasts until a second pounding occurs at seven-thirty. Then I know I *must* get up, and after a rather hasty toilet I make my appearance at the breakfast-table.

My breakfast lasts until a street-car comes in sight a little way up the street. If the car is delayed or late, then I eat more breakfast. When it does appear, I have plenty of time to collect my books, put on my overcoat and hat, and occasionally even have to wait out on the corner awhile before it comes along.

This car is a sample of those run by the Newark Street Railway Company. They all look alike; and

more shabby cars it would be impossible to find. I have seen street cars in many different cities, but I never found any which seemed to be so completely worn-out as these. Any other company would be ashamed to own them.

Then the horses ! Nine out of ten of them look as though they were too old and feeble to put one foot before another, and yet they are beaten and driven until death brings a merciful relief. This state of things does not insure great speed to the passengers, and it is a long ride to the Roseville stables, where I change to a red car. It always seems that no matter what green car I take it is sure to just miss a red car, and then I have to wait about ten minutes until another starts.

A studious fellow can employ his time on the street-car in preparing lessons, but I find other things to occupy my attention.

The red car carries me to within two blocks of the Academy, which I reach about five minutes before nine o'clock, or if earlier I busy myself in the classroom at my desk, making sure of the parts of lessons that I did not know very well before.

At exactly nine o'clock we all go up into the assembly-room for short devotional services, and after these the school-work begins.

My first recitation is Greek. The class is now laboring with Xenophon's *Anabasis*, and is endeavoring to master the irregularities of some of its idiotic constructions.

I am beginning to realize more and more, especially on days when I don't know my lessons, the utter depravity of the originators of the Greek language. It is built on a plan eminently well calculated to make a fellow forget all he knows a week after he learns it. (For particulars, see Goodwin's Greek Grammar.)

Algebra follows Greek ; and this recitation is interesting — to those who like it. As Abraham Lincoln once said, for those who like that kind of thing, it is about the kind of thing they would like. Then during the ten minutes' recess I can join the boys in the yard in making a slide, or engage in a cushion fight in the class-room.

I have the next period for study, and then comes German, — the "awful German language." Our class is a beginning one, and at present we are deep in the mysteries of German gender and declensions. One day I imagine I know a little about the language ; but the next, after I have become all tangled up in the unfathomable mazes of its gender, I begin to think that I don't know much more than when I started.

At recess most of the boys assemble in the lunch-room downstairs, and there stow away innumerable sandwiches, cakes, and bananas. The lunch counter is an admirable one, and the only fault I have to find with it is that razors are not supplied with the glasses of milk there dispensed. These instruments are much needed after the milk has been standing in uncovered glasses for fifteen minutes.



Then, with full stomachs and a cheerful frame of mind, we go up to the Cicero Class, where we exhaust our vocabularies in trying to find translations for the bad names that the great orator used to delight to call Catiline, and worry our brains in deciding whether a certain subjunctive is temporal or causal. Cicero was a linguist, — there can be no doubt about that. He could hurl a string of invectives that would make any poor wretch like Catiline shiver in his boots. I recommend the reading of his orations to every one who wishes to enlarge his vituperative vocabulary.

After another study-period I go down to the gymnasium, where the next forty minutes are employed in exercising under the instructor.

This brings me to the close of the school-day; and if it happens that none of the teachers have been kind enough to invite me to visit them after school, I go home.

The afternoon and evening are spent in home duties and in preparing lessons for the next day; and when I retire, it is, I hope, with a little more knowledge than I had twelve hours before.

*Ταύτης μὲν τῆς ἡμέρας τοῦτο τὸ τέλος ἐγένετο.*

*Up! up! my friend, and quit your books,  
Or surely you'll grow double:  
Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks;  
Why all this toil and trouble?*

WORDSWORTH.





VACATION TIME.

## CHAPTER X.

### VACATIONS.

“THE advent of vacation is hailed with delight by the average school-boy, and I am not an exception to this rule.” Thus begins one of Ralph’s compositions on what in one of his letters he calls the “chestnutty” subject of “How I spent my vacation.” He was indeed no exception to the rule. If any one ever enjoyed his vacations more than Ralph did, I have not chanced to meet him; and yet in them all there was a higher aim than that of merely having “lots of fun.” “I do not wish to convey the idea,” he says in closing his composition, “that the yearly vacations are the worthy aim and end of a school-boy’s career; but they are bright gleams of sunshine in the busy time of his youth, and should be profitably used in preparation for his future work.”

He was especially fond of fishing and of camp-life, and from the time he was eight years old (with the exception of the two summers he was in Europe) had passed several weeks each year in this way.

As a sample of the good times he thus had, we shall let him tell in his own way the story of an excursion he took in the summer of 1890 into the wilds of Canada in search of “speckled beauties,” and their larger cousins, the succulent salmon trout.

AMERICAN CAMP, LAKE KAHWEAMBEJEWAGAMOG,  
July 27.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — It seems an age since I left dear old Buffalo for these Canadian wilds, but in reality it was less than a week ago. And I have been so busy that until to-day I have n't had time to write but one or two postals. And what have I been doing? Well, the way to answer that question is to begin at the beginning.

About half-past five we arrived at Huntsville, the end of our railroad journey. Huntsville is a great city. It contains a few hundred people who live in shanties and log huts, and make a living by skinning the earth with scalping-knives. We had breakfast at six o'clock in the "hotel." I shan't attempt to describe this breakfast, but will give one incident as a sample. — asked for soft-boiled eggs; the waiter went off, but soon returned with the answer, "We have n't any eggs quite fresh enough to boil, but we can make you a very nice omelet." But — did n't care for an omelet that morning. At about seven we started out on a little steamer for Dorset. The ride of five hours was delightful and rather exciting. All the guns were brought out and loaded. — shot a loon, and has kept its skin for mounting.

— fired at a flock of ducks near the shore, and broke a window in a cabin half a mile (more or less) to the right. We arrived safely at Dorset, and after dinner started off over a six-mile portage from the Lake of Bays to Hollow Lake. It was the roughest road on earth. Our stuff was all piled into a large

wagon, and we walked. First the road would lead over a lot of six-foot boulders and big logs and roots of trees, and then take a sudden drop into a mud-pond. It went up hill and down; and if anything stood in the way, it didn't turn out and go around but climbed over by the shortest route. When Hollow Lake was reached, some of our bread was reduced to crumbs and a box of pickles was smashed up. At Hollow Lake we found the guides with two boats and three canoes, which we loaded with our stuff, and then got on top ourselves. We had a fine ride of eight miles across the lake to the American Camp, where we have been ever since. During the ride I got four salmon trout, the first I had ever caught. Since then I have caught twenty-nine salmon trout and two speckled trout. The lake is nine miles long, and contains only trout. We are in a permanent log camp, built and occupied (in the spring) by a Batavia party. There is fine fishing all around the camp, and you can catch a two-pound salmon trout at any time.

Dorset, which has one hotel and a store, is twelve miles away, and the mail goes out from there only once a week; I don't know what day.

There is a fellow here who is going to Dorset tomorrow, and I must close up this letter now, so as to send it by him. I have n't said half what I wanted to, but I'll write again soon and tell you about our camp life and experiences.

This is not my regular note-paper, but it is all they had at Dorset. I forgot to bring some.

How is tennis, and *did you win last Tuesday?*

Tell all about yourself when you write, and what you are doing. *Tell all you can and a lot more.* We get mail three times a week. I thought of you especially on Friday, and hope you had a very pleasant time.

Write soon and address the letter to Huntsville, Ontario, care of Captain Denton.

AMERICAN CAMP, LAKE KAHWEAMBEJEWAGAMOG,  
CANADIAN WILDS, Thursday, July 31.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — You have probably received my last letter, and I hope that an answer is now on its way. All news, and especially letters, is appreciated up here. We only have two or three books, and after finishing these we have begun on a lot of old newspapers which we found lying about.

I wonder if you have had such fine cool weather in Buffalo as we have enjoyed here. But yesterday was a "scorcher," and I think the following incident would have applied very well. A certain fellow in one of our large colleges was appointed by his class to write a poem for some special occasion (I don't remember what, but that will not make any difference in the story). So he went to work, and after studying a long while he finally ground out the first two lines of the first verse, —

"The sun's perpendicular rays  
Illumined the depths of the sea."

Then he stopped, and went out for a walk to rest his over-taxed intellect. While he was absent, a class-



mate dropped in to see him; and when the poet returned, he found that the first verse of his poem had been completed as follows:—

“And the fishes, beginning to sweat,  
Cried, ‘Golly, how hot we shall be!’”

We are comfortably fixed (for the backwoods) in a large log cabin (20 × 35 feet). One side is occupied by three bunks, filled with hemlock boughs, on which we spread our blankets. The guides sleep on the floor. On the other side of the cabin is a long table; and hung around the room on pegs and hooks are fish-lines, guns, rubber coats, and old clothes. The only trouble with the cabin is that the roof is full of holes, and you are apt to awake in the night to find a cold stream running down your back.

We have two flat-bottomed row-boats, or “punts,” and three bark canoes. I tell you it is exciting to sit in the bow of a bark canoe that is loaded down almost to the water’s edge, and skim along over the waves trying to calculate which of the big coming swells will wash over and give you a shower-bath. We go out fishing nearly every day, sometimes in Lake Kahweam<sup>1</sup> and sometimes in the smaller lakes that are all around us. All of them contain salmon or speckled trout or both.

We catch our fish mostly by trolling with live minnows, which have to be caught with a very small hook and worms. (The worms from your garden were the best in the lot, and I caught the first fish with them.) We catch mostly salmon, weighing on

<sup>1</sup> Abbreviated for “Kahweambejewagamog.”

an average two pounds, and there are a few speckled trout. We got one speckled trout, weighing four and a half pounds, on a "bobbin," which is a piece of wood shaped like a tenpin, with about fifty feet of line and a minnow for bait.

Then there is a night line, which we expect to catch some big salmon on. It is a heavy line, stretched over a deep place in the lake, with each end attached to a large buoy. From the large line hang fifty or more smaller baited lines, which dangle about in the deep places and tempt the big fish that lie on the bottom.

We eat fish three times a day, and it requires *only* six large fish every meal to supply the demand. Of course *we* don't eat much; but the guides, you know, have very large appetites.

When we tire of fish, we can have fresh frog's-legs and venison. There is n't much around here that we don't get. But there is a camp of Buffalo fellows about a mile away, and they have had a hard time in subsisting. When they first came up here, they knew nothing about fishing, had hired no guides beforehand, and camped on a lake for two weeks where they got *one fish*, and had all their tinware smashed and nineteen pounds of butter eaten by a "flock" of fierce cows. Then they had sense enough to move to this lake, and are having better luck. They take turns in cooking, and most of their last bread they had to use for ballast and sinkers.

Our mighty hunter — now bears the proud title of "The Loon Annihilator," because he chased around

for an hour or so a young loon less than a month old, and, after firing about fifty shots at it with his little rifle, finally killed it. We are going hunting after "mutton" to-morrow. There is a fine of at least \$25 for every deer killed, and so we speak of it as "mutton" to conceal our law-breaking intentions. But what can they expect? A fellow has got to defend himself when attacked by a deer!

— got excited the other day, when he was told that we *might* see a deer on a new lake that we were going to; so he rushed ahead to get the first shot. When we arrived he stood on the shore in some thick bushes, and raised his hand and whispered: "Sh-h-h-h! Deer! *Whew!!*" Then he began to bang away at an old stump on the other side of the lake. He did n't come within nineteen rods of the stump, but continued to shoot for several minutes after we had called to him, "Don't kill the stump!" One of the guides described his shooting thus: "If he don't get what he goes after, he fetches something else." But — does n't get discouraged, and pops away at everything from a mosquito up.

By the way, I must not forget to tell about the mosquitoes, for they form a large element in our existence. They are large, numerous, and not at all bashful either. At night we put on about a pint of "mosquito oil," "warranted" to keep them off; but it only seems to serve as a sort of sauce, and they bite all the harder. We sleep with our firearms, and kill the mosquitoes by the thousand; but the trouble is

that it takes two cartridges to "drop" a common-sized one, and uses up our ammunition very fast. Soon we shall be out of ammunition, and then we'll have to *let 'em bite*. Clubs and other weapons have no effect. Only a well-directed ball will do the work.

Our fish record is about one hundred and twenty-five or one hundred and fifty so far. I head the list with forty-three salmon and three (2-pound) speckled trout. We have n't yet caught any fish as large as a certain salmon one of the guides (said he) got, which "*lowered the lake nine inches*" when he pulled it out; but we hope to before long.

My cousin tells me that she saw you and the other J. P. C.'s down at Falconwood last week Friday (the 25th).

I send you a sprig of wintergreen, which is found in some places here; also a queerly marked clover-leaf. They are in good condition, and green now; but I don't know whether they will keep or not.

We are enjoying ourselves immensely; but I shall be very glad when I get back and begin to wield my tennis racket again.

Remember me to all.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Monday, Aug. 11.

DEAR PAPA, — I just got back from the Canadian trip on Friday. We started on Monday, July 21, and arrived in camp Friday evening. We first went to Toronto, and there took a train for Huntsville, about a hundred miles away, passing through the

Muskoka district. We rode all Tuesday morning on a steamer about thirty miles to a small place called Dorset, where we had dinner, and then walked over a six-mile portage, while our baggage and supplies were carried over in a large wagon. The portage ended at Lake Kahweambejewagamog (this is the Indian name, — get your life insured before you try to pronounce it), where we found our three guides with boats and canoes waiting for us. Then we had a fine ride of eight miles on the lake to our camp, arriving there about eight o'clock.

The party consisted of Rev. H—— W——, H—— B. W——, Rev. J. L. F——, and Rev. F. S. F—— of Buffalo, Rev. A. C. D—— of Stirling, N. J., and myself. We expected two or three others, including Prof. F——; but they could not go.

We had the best guide in the region and his two boys, with three canoes and two flat-bottomed row-boats, or "punts." Instead of tents, we occupied a lumberman's camp, which is only used in the winter and spring, except by camping-parties. Our guide, Russell, furnished the camp outfit and cooking-utensils, while the provisions we brought from Toronto with us.

And the fishing? Whew! Salmon trout and speckled trout, big fellows and lots of them (for this season of the year). The lakes of that region only contain trout, no black bass, pike, or other common fish. The trout are caught mostly by trolling with live minnows. Our camp was only a stone's-throw from the lake (Hollow

Lake is its English name), and within a radius of ten miles there were more than a dozen other smaller lakes, all containing speckled trout or salmon or both. Then there were several good streams, near by for fly-fishing. I tell you, Lake Kahweambejewagamog is *the* place to go for sport! The best fishing-time was in the evening, from half-past five to half-past seven, and we never failed to catch some every time we went out. I had my usual good luck, and caught more than any of the others. I got sixty-one salmon trout, averaging about two pounds, and four big speckled trout, two and a half pounds each. I have a life-size drawing of one of them, on birch-bark. Talk about appetites! I never ate so much in my life in the same time before. We had fish at least twice a day, and it required six large salmon every meal to satisfy us. Then we lived a great deal better all around than we did six years ago in Georgian Bay.<sup>1</sup>

When we first arrived we bought a quarter of fresh venison from a man who lived near by with his family. Then this same man owned a cow, and we took three quarts of milk from him, morning and night. Once in a while we varied our fish diet with frog's-legs. Big, whopping bull-frogs were plentiful in a swamp about half a mile from camp, and could be easily shot. — bought a little rifle and TWO THOUSAND cartridges before starting. It was a little dandy, and would carry as true as a large Winchester up to one hundred yards. It was just the thing for frogs, and H—— and I popped

<sup>1</sup> Ralph's father was a member of the camping-party that summer.

over fifty one morning with it. Then we had plenty of other provisions. Fresh bread, made by the guide's wife at his house, seven miles away on the lake; tea, coffee, and chocolate; fresh butter and new potatoes; and wild raspberries and blueberries were to be had for the picking. Was n't that "scrumptious"?

Altogether, we must have caught over two hundred trout. The largest salmon weighed twelve pounds, and the largest speckled trout *four and a half* pounds.

It was only hard luck that kept us from getting a deer or two, and breaking the law of Canada. We went out after deer three or four times, and each time the dogs started up two or three, but they did n't come within shooting distance.

I started out with the intention of having a good time, *and I did*. I went into everything *for all it was worth*, and as a result I have come back in fine condition, looking like an African mulatto and with the appetite of a starved dog.

Now I will tell you why I did not stay longer. In the first place, the trip cost more than any one expected. Guides, boats, and especially provisions were expensive, and extra expenses were large. I started away from Buffalo with fifty dollars; and the entire trip, for the two weeks and two days I was there, with railroad fare, cost forty-five dollars. I came home with Rev. Mr. F——, who had to be here for Sunday. If I had stayed until this week Tuesday, when the others start for home, it would have cost me five dollars more, and that would n't have left me

anything when I got back to Buffalo. (My next check is n't due until the 22d.) Uncle Mac sails for home the 27th of this month.

The latest from your party is from Lucerne. I know that they are all having a splendid time with you at the helm. Remember me to all of them. I shall stay here until you get back from Europe. Having a fine time. All send love, and hope to hear from you soon.

Your loving son,

RALPH.



CHAPTER XI.

IN NEWARK ACADEMY.

*He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;  
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading.*

LONGFELLOW.

## CHAPTER XI.

### IN NEWARK ACADEMY.

IN the autumn of 1890 Ralph was sent to the Newark (N. J.) Academy, his father having removed to Orange, four miles distant, to take charge of the Central Presbyterian Church in that thriving suburban city.

His printing-press, the "Torpedo," and all its belongings were sold, its editor wishing to settle down to hard work in the new school, whose hundred years of life had given it a wide reputation for thorough and scholarly instruction. The only outside work he did during the two years that followed was to take lessons on the piano and guitar, becoming in that time a proficient player on the latter instrument.

From the first he was in love with the school. His teachers commanded his respect, both from their high character and from their unvarying thoroughness. No teacher ever gained in his esteem either by being easy in discipline or by permitting scholars to be superficial. He caught at once a new inspiration, and determined to do, as he expressed it, his "level best."

His reports tell very clearly the story of his success. That you may understand their system of marking, it is necessary to quote their —

*Explanation of Groups.*

"*Group 1* includes those whose work is of the highest excellence, — a distinction usually reached by not more than one or two in a class, and frequently by none.

"*Group 2* is made up of pupils whose work, while not perfect, is still so excellent that it is decidedly above the average of good work.

"*Group 3* indicates the average of good work. A student classed in it deserves commendation.

"*Group 4* comprises those whose work is unsatisfactory.

"*Group 5* includes those whose work is bad.

"Pupils conditioned are not classed in any group."

In his monthly reports Ralph had all together eighty-four of these group-marks. Of these sixty-six were in Group 1, nine were in Group 2 + (that is, better than 2 but not quite up to 1), seven were in Group 2, and two were in Group 3. These latter were each in elocution; but in this, his weakest point, he was rapidly improving, his last elocution mark being 2 +.

His examination reports tell the same story of excellence. In each of them he is ranked in the first group.

In answer to an inquiry whether this record had ever been surpassed in the Academy, Dr. Farrand, the head-master, wrote: "Ralph's record is, with one exception (and that only a narrow margin), the highest that has been made in the Academy. This, however,

brings out another of his strong traits. In study Ralph worked for the higher object of thoroughly mastering the subject, leaving his marks, as a secondary matter, to take care of themselves. Had he 'worked for grade,' he would have raised his record."

His marks for "deportment" were uniformly *one*, with a single exception, when he fell to *two*. His vivacity and love of fun evidently for once got the better of his respect for the order of the schoolroom.

He bore his honors with remarkable modesty. He never put on airs. He never showed that he felt himself better or brighter than any of his classmates. In fact, he seemed wholly unconscious of the fact that he was the best scholar in his class. He treated every one with respect and kindness. As a consequence he was the most popular boy in his class. Every one liked him. He had been in the school but a short time when he was urged to take the presidency of his class; but he declined, on the ground that as a new-comer among them the honor should go to another. The second year his class insisted on making him its president. He consented only after talking the matter over at home.

All the honors of the class were at his disposal, — the willing tribute of his classmates. The only other positions he could be prevailed upon to accept were those of manager of the Academy's base-ball nine, and editor of the "Polymnian," the organ of the graduating class.

In June, 1891, he passed his "preliminaries" for entrance into Princeton College, and then hurried off to Buffalo to spend a well-earned vacation. His final examinations were taken a year later.

The Princeton alumni residing in New York City offer a prize of one hundred dollars for the best entrance examination passed in that city. Two years before a Newark Academy boy had taken it, and its professors naturally wanted the pleasant experience repeated; accordingly they urged Ralph and L—G—, his nearest rival in the class, to compete for the prize. In this examination preliminaries of the previous year did not count, the competition covering all the requirements for entrance. Ralph had been working very hard in his studies, as editor of the "Polymnian" and manager of the base-ball team and president of his class, and as a consequence did not feel equal to this extra strain. To please his teachers, however, he undertook it. The examination lasted two days. Ralph held out, although he was nearly sick, until the last day, when, having finished the geometry paper, he was obliged to give up and go home, leaving algebra and arithmetic untouched. The failure in these did not affect his entrance, for they were among the "preliminaries" of the previous year, but it ruined his chance for the prize. This he cared little about, for he was one of the few boys who studied for an education rather than for prizes and honors.

Three months later his father felt a special interest in ascertaining what he could about this examination,

and in answer to his inquiries learned that L—— G—— had divided the prize with another competitor.

A most kind and courteous letter from Professor Winans, of Princeton, contained the following:—

“I send you herewith the entrance papers themselves which your son wrote in Latin and Greek. (The English paper has been destroyed.) These are among the few very best of all who have entered, where many were good. We do not grade minutely entrance papers, except where they are in competition for prizes, and his sickness in New York put him out of the contest. The ‘A-B’ in blue on back of the Greek paper is a private mark of my own, indicating a paper of the *first* class. Re-reading the paper now carefully, I find it nearly perfect, — only a few trifling errors, some of these evidently slips of the pen. The same, I understand, is true of the Latin paper, — the instructor remarking on the special excellence of the translations: ‘Papers fair and unblotted like his own young life.’”

Professor Winans calls attention to the excellence of Ralph’s translations. And well he might; for while preserving the exact meaning of the original, and holding true to its grammar, they were in their way models of pure and idiomatic English. These translations, though the work was not required in school, he carefully wrote out; and they are now among the precious treasures in the “corner” described in the first chapter of this book. Among them is here and there an attempt at blank verse, as, for instance, —

*The Iliad*, Book III. Lines 82-94.

“Refrain, O Greeks! Hurl not the spear, my chiefs!  
For Hector of the glancing helm will speak,”  
He said but this; nor was the fight renewed,  
But quickly they were silent and gave heed;  
And Hector spoke between both parties thus:  
“Hear now from me, ye Trojans and ye Greeks,  
What Alexander, for whose sake was roused  
Fierce strife, proposes here to undertake.  
He orders, first, the Trojans and the Greeks  
To lay aside their shining armor fair  
Upon the bounteous soil of Mother Earth;  
Then he, with Menelaus, dear to Mars,  
Alone, between both hosts, will combat wage  
For Helen and the wealth that with her came.  
He who may conquer and the stronger prove,  
Let him take wife and all and homeward go;  
But let the rest of us make friendship firm  
With those sure oaths which sacrifice cements.”

*The Iliad*, Book III. Lines 191-202.

But when a second time, the aged man  
Espied Odysseus standing there, he asked:  
“Who is this hero? can you tell, my child?  
In stature he is less than Atreus’ son,  
But broader shoulders, and with mighty chest.  
His armor lies upon the bounteous earth,  
While he, ram-like, strides through the ranks of men;  
As to my mind a thick-fleeced ram would go  
When he moves through a herd of snow-white sheep.”  
Then Helen, sprung from Zeus, made answer thus:  
“That is Laertes’ son, Odysseus wise,  
Born in the rocky land of Ithaca,  
In wiles and prudent counsels very skilled.”



Commencement Day for the Class of 1892 in the Newark Academy was on the 14th of June. As president of the class, it was Ralph's duty to preside, after the delivery of his salutatory, and to introduce each of the speakers who followed. This he did with a dignity and grace which at once commanded the respect and gained the affection of all present. To his mother Dr. Farrand said at the close of the exercises, "You ought to be proud to be the mother of such a boy." Many strangers sought opportunity to express the same thought.

A few weeks later, under date of Aug. 27, 1892, the Rev. George S. Bishop, D.D., of East Orange, N. J., in writing from London to Ralph's father, said: "I remember on the occasion of the Commencement of the Newark Academy with what a beautiful blending of modesty and dignity Ralph bore himself. All present were charmed with him, and I am now glad that I took him by the hand and congratulated him on his success. It was with a peculiar pleasure that we thought of our own dear boy [Dr. Bishop's son was in the Class of 1892] with a class of young men so promising in every way as were those who looked forward to going to Princeton. Among them your Ralph was *facile princeps*."

*First on thy friend deliberate with thyself.  
Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in the choice,  
Nor jealous of the chosen; fixing, fix;  
Judge before friendship, then confide till death.*

YOUNG.

## CHAPTER XII.

### BOY FRIENDS.

THE lines from the poet Young which face this chapter were the closing words of Ralph's salutatory upon graduating from Newark Academy. As the class was about to separate, his last thought was concerning "Friendship, and the Value of Good Friends." "A true friend," he says, "is one forever. Great care, then, is necessary in choosing our friends."

This was the principle upon which from earliest childhood he had acted. I have never known a person so careful regarding his friendships. A boy of low tastes and vulgar habits, a boy who was profane or obscene in his talk, a boy who did not keep himself clean in person and in morals, could find no place in Ralph's heart or confidence. Indeed he carried his dislike of such boys so far that in his earlier years many of them also disliked him. I remember talking with him once on this subject, and showing him that the Christian spirit was one of love even toward those for whom we could have no respect; that by politeness and kindness we might win them to better ways, though we might never care to make them our intimate friends. The talk was not wasted on him. The boys who before thought him "stuck up" began to

say that he was "a pretty good fellow, after all." But he was as careful as before concerning those whom he took into the inner circle of his friendship.

The list of those whom he regarded as his friends was never a long one; but they are a choice set of young fellows, whose superiors it would be difficult to find.

Ralph possessed, partly by nature and largely by cultivation, the qualities which make a boy popular among boys. He loved sports. He was open, true, manly. Little boys liked him, for he never bullied them. Boys of his own age liked him, because while they respected him for his character and ability they saw that he was as truly a boy as they were. Older boys liked him, because the maturity of his judgment and his manly ways placed him on their level; in fact, most of his intimate friends were considerably his seniors.

On August 7, 1892, the mother of one of Ralph's classmates wrote: "How *many* times I have heard L—— say with school-boy ardor, 'Ralph Green has not a fault that I can discover'!" Such seemed to be the opinion of both his classmates and his teachers.

The following letters may throw some light, so far as letters can, upon certain phases of character which made him so popular among the boys who knew him:

MY DEAR WILL, — Now that the great game<sup>1</sup> is over and we have had time to review all the points, we can see how Princeton failed, and how much

<sup>1</sup> The foot-ball game between Yale and Princeton, Thanksgiving Day.

superior Yale's training had been. But Princeton played a fine game, and with the same men back again next year she will be heard from. It was a shame that you would n't come out to Orange Thursday evening, and I still think that your personal appearance was the principal reason for your refusal.

How ridiculous we must have looked, standing there on that corner in the rain, and wildly waving our arms above our heads, and gesticulating in our vain efforts to persuade each other to go to Brooklyn or Orange!

Well, I *am* a chump! I forgot to pay you for my ticket. I thought of it once or twice during the game, but I didn't want to pull out my purse there in the rain, and postponed it until we should get on the elevated going home. During the ride down town my attention was so taken up by that gang of toughs and the heated discussion with you that the matter entirely escaped my mind.

Shall I send the money to you or to George? By the way, what is George's address in New Haven?

Leap Year Day.

MY DEAR WILL, — Your two letters came last week. Glad to hear that those pictures were not a dead failure. Hope they will turn out to be some good, if only to pay you for the trouble of taking them. I shall be interested in seeing the results. George and I should have restrained our mirth until after the cap was replaced.

Our idiotic letter to Milo has been "going the rounds," I guess. Wid, at least, has seen it. Have

you received an answer yet? What in the dickens does "sockdolager" mean? I can't make it out. Please enlighten me.

Some school-books are waiting for my inspection, so I must close. Remember me to George when you write.

Yours as ever.

March 3.

MY DEAR WILL, — The pictures came on Tuesday, and your letter yesterday afternoon.

Thanks awfully for the pictures. I think you did very well indeed to get as good pictures as those are, considering the difficulty of sitting motionless for three fourths of a minute and how much we did move. George managed to keep his head quite still, and it is a good picture of him, I think, although his hands are rather "hazy." As for the single picture, I don't see where I ever got that expression, and I evidently winked too much.

After all, our great letter did not have a fatal effect upon Milo. But every one has not Milo's strong constitution, and the result when he showed it to his Prof. was serious indeed. I am very sorry to have been in part the cause of such a tragedy, and I am sure that nothing was further from my innocent thoughts while I was composing those mysterious sentences. Thus do our good intentions often miscarry, and our best-intentioned words are the cause of misery and woe to others! (N. B. This is copyrighted. All infringements punished to the full extent of the law.)

By the way, I just got a letter from George this A. M. His part in our composite letter was discovered, for he said he had just heard from Milo in answer to the letter he "wrote from Brooklyn" (as Milo said). Milo asked George for my address. He did n't say that he thought I helped compose that letter, but he might have showed it to Wid or some one else who could recognize my handwriting.

I am going to write to George this afternoon, and I'll send him Milo's letter, as I suppose you would do so.

The idea of your *boring* me by writing so soon! I might say the same thing at the end of this letter, but I won't.

January 14.

MY DEAR WID,—The week that has passed since I came home from Buffalo seems about like a month. The time just drags, and school requires a greater amount of work than it ever did before.

Will D. is coming out here to-morrow. We are going to take in the amateur circus given by the Orange Athletic Club in the evening, and he is going to stay over night with me. We three fellows had a jolly time in our stateroom on the trip from Buffalo to New York. B—— and R——, two Yale fresh, were on the train. We retired at the early hour of one A. M. We went into the smoking-room for the porters to make up our berths, and when we suddenly returned we found them frisking around in our hats and ulsters. So when we went to bed we carefully placed our

watches, money, and other valuables under the mattresses!

— also folded up his trousers and put them under. (This explains the beautiful crease he always has.) But we were not robbed, and arrived safely at our destination.

Our school banjo club — three banjos and two guitars — appeared on Monday at the anniversary of the school literary society. We played the “Invincible” and the “Quickstep.” If you would like a new banjo piece, try the “White Star Line March.” I will send it to you if you say so. You can easily learn it, for it is written both in the usual music form and in a “simplified” method, which any one can read. There is a rather dreary prospect ahead in school. Not a bit more vacation, except Washington’s Birthday, for three whole months.

How are you yourself, old fellow, in these days when so many people are sick?

I have been feeling rather “rocky” lately, and have not been at school for two days.

Write me as soon as you can find a little time.

Yours,                      RALPH R. G.    “TAGS.”

January 27.

MY DEAR WID, — Your letter arrived yesterday. Glad that you have recovered from the grip. I can sympathize with any one who has it. I hope that “the fashionable disease” has wholly left “the crowd” by this time.



About two or three weeks ago my father and two other gentlemen went to Princeton, to see about securing rooms for their sons next year. It is rather early to do this, I know, but they were rewarded by being able to make a choice from a large number of desirable rooms. There are several reasons why it is n't advantageous for freshmen to room in the college buildings, so our "paters" got rooms for us on the third floor of one of the buildings (private) out in town. There are three of us, and we have a big study-room, and two bedrooms adjoining it, — one a double and one single.

I wish it was decided that you are to go to Princeton. I should like to room with you immensely. Even if we could n't room together (and I think that could be arranged) you could be in the same house with me. Papa says that on the second floor of our house there is a *fine* single room for five dollars a week, — a very reasonable charge. (Our three rooms cost fourteen dollars.) You can get rooms at almost any price, high or low. Can't you decide to go? Even if your family does move out West (as I hear they expect to do), why, Orange is not far from Princeton, and I should want you to come home with me for all the short vacations, and for over Sunday now and then.

Is there any influence that can be brought to bear upon your mother (and family) that may lead her to decide in favor of Princeton? I will send her a trunkful of documents to show that Princeton is the best college. But she can easily find that out with a

little inquiry. I'd give anything to get you down there next fall, and I know that you would be charmed with it before you were there two days. We freshmen must expect to *work* when we get there, for they say that the first year is the hardest of all.

I have just received a copy of "Bric-à-Brac" for this year, — a fine book. It is published yearly by the Junior class.

To-morrow our school, the old Newark Academy, celebrates its centennial. The banjo club is to play both in the morning and afternoon.

Where did you send to get the "White Star Line March"? Let me know if you don't get it, for I can easily send you a copy from here. As soon as you get that "Quickstep" "down fine," I wish you would send back the music to me. I borrowed it, you know, of a fellow in Orange.

There is n't anything I'd like better, Wid, than to make you a visit at Easter. I think it's a big "skin;" but the only vacation we have begins on Friday, April 15th, and lasts until the next *Tuesday*.

I wish we had only two general exam's a year, as you do, — one in January and the other in June. But we have *three*, hang it! — one at Christmas, and another at Easter, besides the one in June. Now those Easter exam's come April 12-14, so I could n't possibly get to Buffalo before the 15th. Perhaps I might be able to skip some school the next week. I have n't dared to mention the subject yet to my father and mother, for fear that they would have a fit. I'll have to "spring it on 'em" when the time comes.

CHAPTER XIII.

GIRL FRIENDS.

*Not for a crown would I alarm  
Your virgin pride by word or sign,  
Nor need a painful blush disarm  
My friend of thoughts as pure as mine.*

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### GIRL FRIENDS.

LIKE most boys, Ralph began when he was about fourteen to think girls, at least some of them, very nice; but he was as careful in his selection of friends among them as among boys.

Well do I remember a conversation I had once with him. I need not repeat the whole of it further than to say that I sought to impress upon him the importance of never doing a dishonorable thing with any girl, of never saying a word or performing an act which he would not be willing to have both his and her parents hear or see.

From my knowledge of him, I am sure that no word or act of his ever brought a blush to any girl's cheek, or suggested a thought which she might not fearlessly tell her mother. It could not be otherwise, for he was as pure-minded as any girl.

He *did* have such good times with the girls; but we shall let his letters to some of them speak for themselves.

September 12.

DEAR J. P. C.'s, — If you had been standing on Main Street, Buffalo, at the Terrace, last Tuesday, about 6.30 P. M., you might have seen a sad-faced, hayseed-looking fellow wending his weary way down

Main Street toward the Lackawanna Depot, pushing before him a rather battered Columbia Safety, and carrying a jointed fish-pole, that was continually making its appearance through the many holes that adorned its well-worn cloth case, and a very ancient umbrella (*once* silk, but long, long years ago the silk disappeared, leaving it a beautiful ashy-gray tint), which looked as if it had gone through the French and Indian War (to say nothing of the Revolutionary and others), and had descended to him from his great-great-grandfather. Well, this youth walked slowly down the street, ever and anon producing a large bandanna to wipe away the briny tears that trickled down his cheeks, until he reached the depot, where he checked his trunk (also a family heirloom), and proceeded to get his wheel on board the train. He wanted to give the baggage-man half a dollar, so that he would take good care of the wheel on the journey to New York; but when he came to look over the contents of his pocket-book, he found he had just forty-six cents and a lead nickle. "Alas! Is all lost? What shall I do?" he thinks. Ah! an inspiration! He buys a copy of that literary fraud, "The Buffalo ——," from a newsboy, gives him the lead nickle, and receives back four U. S. copper-heads. Saved! The bargain with the baggage-master is concluded, and the youth seeks his bunk in the emigrant car.

Perhaps you can guess who this youth is, or rather *was*.

About ten seconds and a half before the train left, Mr. Ed. E——, dressed in his best suit of clothes and

a new silk hat, rushed in, and we jumped on the train and found our section in the sleeper.

At exactly seven o'clock to the second, the engine whistled, and we started on our way.

There were no friends to see me off, so I did not feel called upon to weep; but I do say that I felt *mighty badly* at leaving old Buffalo.

In the car we met a Mr. R——, from Toronto, I think, an oil man, and a friend of Mr. D——, who was going to New York to meet him. Mr. R—— had a long gray beard, wore a gray "stove-pipe" hat, two feet high by actual measurement, and looked every inch an American nabob. He had a couple of valises, and several tin cans, of various sizes and shapes, full of oil; and some of the people in the car who glanced curiously at them seemed to think they might contain nitro-glycerine and dynamite also. Everything went smoothly for a little while, and I was busily engaged in reading a paper, sitting just across the aisle from Mr. R——, when suddenly there was a terrific concussion; and I was thrown violently against the side of the car, and if the car had not been a new and strong one, it would certainly have been blown to pieces. As it was, everything was shaken up, and all in the car expected to be immediately expressed into eternity by the shortest route, thinking that part of Mr. R——'s oil and dynamite had gone off, and the rest was going soon. Then amid the general confusion (several women fainted), Ed. E—— mounted a seat, and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, calm yourselves! there is absolutely no danger!

If you feel another shock such as the one we have just passed through, do not be alarmed, for it is simply my friend Mr. R—— *sneezing* one of his *gentle sneezes!*”

After some time quiet was restored, and Mr. R—— promised to give at least five minutes' notice before he sneezed again. He did so several times, but by bracing ourselves and holding fast to something, we managed to avoid any serious injury.

This was the only dangerous incident of the journey; but then there was “Cyclone.”

“Cyclone” was a *dandy*. He was also the colored porter of the Pullman sleeper. He was a big fellow, over six feet high, who looked as if he could eat a common-sized man without any Worcestershire sauce and call for more; and we called him “Cyclone” because he seemed to be everywhere at once, and, when he began to make up a berth, you could n't see anything but a flying mass of blankets, sheets, and pillow-cases for about ten seconds, and then “Cyc” would step forth and say, “*Dat* bed's all ready, sah! Turn in!”

Arrived at Hoboken, I chained my wheel up in the depot, and we took the ferry over to New York, and waited around there until noon, when the “City of New York” arrived.<sup>1</sup> There was an exciting time on the dock when she came, and many amusing experiences with custom-house inspectors; but I will tell about them s'm'other time.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Dudley, with Ralph's father and other friends, were on this steamer.



September 22.

MY DEAR GRACE, — Being anxious as to your present (and future) welfare, I will inquire if you have eaten any more pears of late. The following poem is dedicated to you by the author: —

There was a young lady named Grace,  
 Who became deathly pale in the face,  
     After eating six pears  
 She stumbled upstairs,  
 Saying, "I guess I am out of the race."

MORAL. — The pear is a very nice fruit, but should not be eaten in bulk.

I was very much surprised and delighted Thursday morning to find that the everlasting rain had stopped and fine weather had taken its place. To commemorate this great occasion, the editor of the New York "Mail and Express" composed<sup>1</sup> the following mighty poem, —

"Well we 'll remember,  
 'T was in September,  
 Date of the eighteenth, ninety the year,  
 The rain was restricted,  
 As Dunn predicted,  
 Startling and strange though it may appear."

Friday I went with Papa to Newark, four miles on the street cars, and arranged to enter the Newark Academy this week. It begins to-morrow, and I shall be rather glad to go back; but I am of the same opinion that you were, that "I *could* stand a month more of vacation."

<sup>1</sup> We presume the lines were composed by Ralph himself.

What kind of a tennis racquet does the J. P. C. favor? I wish you would hold an election and vote on it. My dear old "Casino" is becoming rather aged, and I am going to get a new one very soon, and I want to get one that meets with popular approval. Personally, I like the "Sears" best, don't you?

A New York paper recently contained an article on "Why mosquitoes are thin." For my own part, I think that they are *thick* enough around our house.

Here is a "pointer" on the peach crop: Customer, (to Broadway merchant): "Give me fifty cents worth of real Delaware peaches." Merchant: "We're not slicing peaches this season, ma'am. I'll sell you a whole one for \$1.25."

I am glad to hear of the turtle's prosperity. Have you found a name for him yet? I don't think that there is any danger of his expiring from lack of proper nourishment as long as his present appetite and the supply of flies lasts, and I think that you could profitably spend all your spare time in catching flies and pickling them for winter use. But, in my opinion, just the thing for the turtle to thrive and get fat on is a Jersey mosquito, and I will preserve some in olive oil or vinegar, if you say so (and I can find a cask large enough to hold them).

Failures of boatbuilding firms are very frequent here now, and notices like this are often seen:—

#### *Auction Sale*

Of bankrupt stock of Dryup & Co. To close out our immense stock of boats, rafts, and floating houses, built

specially for the recent deluge (which so suddenly and unexpectedly stopped), we shall offer them for a few days at 7½ cents on the dollar, and thereafter to the highest bidder.

You are bearing out my good opinion of you, when, like a good girl, you go home early to study your Latin lesson.

The next time I write I shall have something to say about my new school.

Your sincere friend.

September 23.

DEAR ADA, — I have been waiting until you got to your new school before writing to you, and I suppose that now you, as well as I, have completed the first week of school work. I don't know what *you* thought about it, but *I*, when I got home Friday afternoon, felt as though I had done a month's hard work on a farm. I am doing so much hard studying nowadays that I shall undoubtedly wear myself out very soon. Then I shall get a leave of absence and go on a vacation to Buffalo. See?

Last Monday (the day before school opened) I went to New York, and among other things I got a new "Sears" tennis racquet and a lot of school books. The fact that that was the last day of vacation weighed heavily on my mind, and made me very sad and pensive; but you can ascertain *how* I looked in the following sketch, which was (not) published in a New York daily paper recently: —

*An Incident on a Ferry-boat*

(as related to the reporter by Mr. Hezekiah Turnip).

Me an' mi sun Jonathun wuz settin' in wun uv these here ferry-botes whot scoots betwixt York an' Jarsey so litenin' farst thot it only takz harf an our tu git acrost. Wal, we uns wuz a settin' thar, gazin' round at the sumshus kaliderscop winders an' whoppin' mirrers, when all tu onct we seed wun uv them dressed-up sitty fellers with a biled shirt an' a pare uv them check-her-bored pants onto him an' a thunderin' lowd kravat whot u kood here to milz off. Wal, this feller hed ni onto 'steen bundles, an' the biggest on um wuz six feat hi an' wuz marked SKEWL BOOKS, an' he looked ez tho he hed jest effisheated at the fun'ral uv the larst frend he hed on urth. Purhaps he hed bin tryin' tu eet sum uv thot bored-in-house skeeter hash whot I heerd tell on. Onnyways he 'peerd tew be powerful sad, an' the ducks into the bote wuz pityin' him an' wipin' ther i's. Sum sed he wuz a base bawler wot hed got hiz walkin' papers, an' sum sed he wuz en escaped loonytick an' the blew-coted duck sittin' nex' him hed collared him an' wuz totin' him back tu hiz cage. i watched him fer an offul while, an' jest ez we got tew the dok, an' ev'rybody wuz a risin' up tu go, my feelins got the better uv me an' with teres in mi i's i sed tew him, iz ther ennything i ken dew fer yew, yung feller, an' he ansurd in a spechural voiz: "No, oh, no, my caz iz parst releaf. Skewl, the Newerk Acaddemmy, begins termorrer." Then he left, but hiz mownfull vizzage will harnt me fur mennya a nite.

I will tell you about my new school, the Newark Academy, in another letter, after I have had time to know more about it than I do now from only four days' experience.

Have you seen any of the letters I have written to the J. P. C. in Buffalo? If you have, then you have heard about the Jersey mosquitoes, for they play such an important part in our existence here that I can't help talking about them whenever I write a letter. Well, in the first place, all the individual mosquitoes that one would naturally suppose could be found in the whole State of New Jersey seem to be congregated in the immediate neighborhood of our house. The mosquitoes we had up in Canada this summer could only be killed by two well-directed rifle-balls; but fortunately these Jersey skeeters are a little smaller than that, and can be slaughtered without much difficulty with a good-sized charge of buckshot. We have screens on all the windows and doors, but that does n't do a bit of good. A lot of hungry mosquitoes will come up to a screen on an open window and demolish it (or if the window is closed, they will break *that*) with files, saws, and hatchets, and then they will sail in. I tell you it is a hard fight to *exist* here. Each member of the family goes around heavily armed with shot-guns, &c., and the ammunition bill is a heavy item of expense.

If I had time, I would describe one of the numerous exciting hunts we have here, but I will do that in another letter.

Mosquitoes are booming now, as usual, and mosquito-stock commands a high premium. The company that sends around wagons three times daily to collect mosquito-carcasses and supplies them to New York boarding-houses for hash and other delicious dishes is making itself independently rich.

November 18.

DEAR ADA, — We have a new servant. She's a dandy, — recently imported from Sweden, and can't talk a word of English, or could n't when she first came. So when you ask for some coal for the fire, she'll bring you a bowl of bread and milk; and if you want the potatoes at the table, you'll get the pickles or the olives every time. Once we had some trouble with the cat, and, after chastising it, banished it to the kitchen downstairs. This was at dinner. Presently the supply of bread ran out, and Mamma gave her a knife, and, pointing downstairs, said "Bread," and made a motion as if to cut something, meaning the bread. But she evidently thought it referred to the cat; for soon after she had descended into the lower regions, the most hideous yells were wafted up to us, and we rushed down just in time to rescue the poor animal from an untimely end. It is surprising, for a common servant, how high-toned and aristocratic her tastes are, for she never breaks anything but the "best dishes" and the most costly china. (N. B. This joke is not original.)

Please don't say anything more about your being "ashamed to send such a looking letter," for it makes *me* more ashamed of my own.

All the family wish to be remembered to you. I don't know of any one for you to remember me to except —, and that would n't be proper (?).

Please write again soon to

Your sincere friend.

The following is from a letter congratulating a young friend upon her birthday:—

*Septendecem.*

And it came to pass that in a large and populous city there dwelt a maiden with her mother and brother. And it came to pass that as the maiden increased in years, she waxed exceeding great in wisdom, so that the fame of her knowledge was spread throughout the great city. And in the halls of learning in the mighty Seminary she surpassed all the other youth of the city, oftentimes confounding the instructors with answers the like of which had never been heard before.

Likewise her face was of wondrous beauty, the freckles whereof were as the sands of the sea. And in the playing of the game of lawn tennis her skill was fearful and wonderful to behold; and many a youth, "who came to call, remained to play tennis."<sup>1</sup>

And it came to pass that as the days rolled by, the maiden reached the exalted age of ten and seven years. And then it was that her friends gathered themselves together and made merry with feasting and dancing. And great was the joy thereof.

January 4.

DEAR CARRIE, —I received your letter on Wednesday afternoon, and was glad to hear that you were pleased with the pin that I sent you as a small remembrance.

I was very sorry that the J. P. C. could n't be here at my little party Thursday evening, but of course it could not be so.

Was n't it awfully hard luck to get hurt just before

<sup>1</sup> Adapted from Goldsmith.

Christmas? If it had been at any other time, I should n't have cared a bit.

You must have had a gay time last week, but to-morrow we shall all have to go to work again at school. Don't you dread it? I do. Be sure to send me one of your photographs just as soon as they are finished, won't you? I think Gertrude's new ones are fine.

Well, G. B.,<sup>1</sup> and believe me

Your sincere friend.

458 BAID STREET, ORADGE, DEW JERSEY,  
Bodday, Decebber sevedth.

DEAR GERTRUDE,—I have just fished out of by "letter drawer" ode frob you beaidg the date of October twedty-first, add dot beidg able to fidd ady of a later date I ab obliged to codclude that this ode is the last I have received frob you, although it does d't seeb possible that it is as lodg ago as that.

The tibe is flyidg very fast, add I hope it will cod-tidue to fly udtill Christbas. Thed, if I ab id Buffalo, I wish I could bridg it to a sudded stadstil for ad iddefidite ledgth of tibe.

Although by father has dot said positively that I could go to Buffalo, yet I ab allost sure about it, add always speak of by "goidg to Buffalo" as if it were decided.

Will D. has beed couttidg od goidg to Buffalo the week before Christbas, add he was very buch disap-poidted the other bordidg whed the pridcipal of his

<sup>1</sup> Good-by.



school addouced that school would dot close utedil the day before Christbas, idstead of the eighteeth, as stated id the catalogue. But Will is goidg to try to get ad excuse add cub the eighteeth with George.

He wadts be to go thed, too, but it will be ibossible, for I have "exabs" at school the first three days of Christbas week.

A persod passidg by 74 Subber Street od the after-dood of the day before Thadksgividg was surprised, I suppose, to see a large sigd, hudg od the frodt piazza, beairidg these words:—

"Odly Day of Exhibitiod!!

Hours 3-5 P. B.

The Great Wodder,

G—— L. F——!

Just returded alive frob the Bassachusetts

Idstitute of Techdology, Bostod, Bass.!!

Cub in dow add

avoid the rush.

Adbissiod odly by special ticket sigded by a bebbber of the J. P. C. crowd."

I guess Gub had a pretty slick tibe id Buffalo. Has ady ode heard frob hib sidce he returded?

H—— H——'s weddidg occurs this week, does d't it? I suppose you girls are goidg to it, are d't you?

As you have probably doticed, I have a very hard cold id the head, add I cad hardly bake byself udderstood. It bust be albost paidful for you to listed to be, so I will close.

Now dod't say that, because Christbas is odly two

weeks off add I ab cubbidg thed, you wod't write; for, followidg last year's exabple, I bay kill byself or sobethidg, add thed I should like to hear frob you.

Please tell Wid that I have d't beed able to get that piece of badjo busic for hib yet, but I'll try agaid, add if I cad get it at all he'll receive it this week.

Sidcerely your friedd.

P. S. I have asked Papa to direct this letter, for I was afraid that if I tried to do it, the post-office authorities would d't be able to bake adythidg out of it, add it would thed go to the Dead Letter Office.

March 20.

DEAR GRACE, — Yesterday, when the postman brought your letter, the family were at dinner. It is impolite, I suppose, to read a letter at the table, but I could n't wait, so began. In about a minute one of my smart little sisters sang out, "Ralph's got a letter from a girl." I asked her how she knew that, and she said, "'Cause you've got a smile on your face, and you would n't smile if the letter was from a boy." Pretty soon another little sister, who knows altogether too much for so small a child, said, "I think it's from a girl in Buffalo, who lives next to ——'s house." Like G. W. in not being able to tell a lie, I was unable to deny this statement, and the whole family thereupon began to tease me. You see how I have to catch it.

That athletic exhibition on Friday night was fine. I was "not in it" in a gymnastic way, but was kept

busy nevertheless. I had charge of most of the arrangements, was an usher, and played on the banjo club, which played four pieces, although it is only down on the programme once. Our first piece was encored, and we also played for the marching and club drills.

The big "gym" was crowded. We put in as many seats as possible, but still lots of people had to stand, and the running track overhead was full of fellows from the lower classes. My two chums, A—— and K——, had parties from Orange, as well as I, each chaperoned by our respective mothers.

Have you ever seen an exhibition of this kind? There was some fine work done, especially in the tumbling and pyramids. I send you a programme, but you can't get much idea of it from that. The names of the fellows I have marked are those that live in "the Oranges."

April 26.

DEAR ALLIE,— As you can easily imagine, I had a perfectly slick time in Buffalo, and enjoyed every minute I was there.

Can you imagine how I feel to-day, studying hard with school work? I said "studying hard," for so it seems to me, although I really have n't done much. It is impossible. I keep thinking about the last ten days,— wishing that I could have them over again. But I shall get settled down to work again soon.

How many of "the crowd" are going to A—— F——'s party to-night? Or was it last night? Did n't you

tell me that "James Russell Lowell" is your subject for your graduation essay? Well, there is a fine picture of him and also one of his poems (new, I think) in the May number of the "Cosmopolitan." Also, in an article "Concerning Certain American Essayists" in the same number, there is something about Lowell that you will want to read.

When you see that magazine, read carefully a certain poem in it (page 26), and see whom it makes you think of. Tell me who it is, and I'll tell you if I agree.

Oh, say, Allie, I meant to ask you if you would let Grace give me that Kodak of you? I should like very much to have it, as I have n't any Kodak of you. Grace has two, but would n't give me one, partly because I did n't have your permission, and partly because she did n't want to part with a picture of you. Will *you* let me have it?

Sincerely your friend.

May 17.

DEAR ALLIE,— Thank you for your fine letter, which came a week ago last Saturday.

So you did n't expect me to write to you so soon after leaving Buffalo. Well, I knew that the sooner I wrote, the sooner I should hear from you. See?

What a snap you girls do have,— getting out of school at eleven o'clock! I wish I could do that. But it's just the other way with me. As the end of school draws near, work increases, until now out of seven periods of forty minutes each I have only one

to myself. The school is way off in Newark, and I don't get home until half-past three. Then there are usually about six lessons to study. Consequence is, my time for anything else is mighty small.

There are only three more weeks of actual school after this one, and I guess I can stand it as long as that.

You can just faintly imagine how much I should like to be in Buffalo on the 16th. of June.

I suppose you know now just about when you are to start for the West this summer. When is it? Would I see you if I came to Buffalo early in July? There is just a chance that I may do that,— the P——'s and Dr. S—— want me to go again with that party to the old stone house near Crystal Beach. A little later I want to go to Canada with Ed.

Tud's party must have been slick.

Yes, of course I really want one of those Kodak pictures of you. Grace said she would give me one of the two she has, but I did n't get it.

The reason why I don't "go for" Grace for that Kodak of herself is because I have one of them already. Do you know where I got it?

You are going to give me one of your graduating pictures, are n't you? I should like one very much indeed. How soon will they be done?

Your friend.

*Te totum in literis vidi* (I have seen thee through and through in thy letters).

CICERO.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### SELECTED LETTERS : FIRST YEAR.

GOOD correspondents are rapidly disappearing. The telegraph, the telephone, cheap postage, the rapid deliveries of the postal service, and more than all, the hurry and rush of modern life are driving out of existence the old-fashioned letters, filled with gossip, news, and sentiment. There seems to be little time and less disposition to do more than to state in the briefest possible way the business in hand, and to send it on its journey with a formal "yours truly."

Ralph was not this kind of correspondent. To him a letter to an absent friend was like a talk with him, — not to be hurried to a speedy end, not a disagreeable duty which must be performed, but the best possible substitute for a face-to-face chat. As he loved his friends, and enjoyed being with them, so in their absence he delighted in writing to them. His letters were never careless productions, — impromptu affairs, flowing at their own sweet will. He took great pains both in their composition and in their subject-matter.

Before me is a little blank-book, in which are the names of his correspondents, with a page assigned to each for jotting down interesting items for his next letter to them. He was constantly on the alert for subjects,

which as found or suggested would be entered under the name of the correspondent likely to be most interested in them. These would be checked off when used. In this way he accomplished two ends: he never lacked for material, and he never repeated himself. The latter was quite necessary in his case, for his letters proved so interesting that they were usually passed around among his circle of acquaintances, and repetitions would have been quickly discovered. Their interesting character accounts also for the fact that they were so generally preserved, and that his father now has (through the kindness of these young friends in loaning them to him) so large a number from which to make a selection for this volume.

A few pages from the little blank-book above mentioned are herewith given:—

GRACE.	GERTRUDE.	WILL.	WID.
Easter Vacation.	Cold in the 'ed.	Football game.	Vacation at B. H. S.
Stamp-holder.	A big hunt.	Photos.	No. on Linwood Ave.
'92 Pin, Newark Acad.	Will and Bill.	I'm a chump.	Banjo Club.
Our clock on a "tare."	Necktie rush.	Milo's letter.	Princeton.
Will's spoon.	Street-cars.	Poetry.	Bric-à-brac.
The Nightingale.	Electric Road.	Breakfast.	Music.
Mamma in N. Y.	Mosquito hash.	Going to Buffalo?	High School paper.

Cicero was right when he said that one could be fully known through his letters. Far better than we could do it, Ralph's letters will show his true character. We are quite sure you will not find their reading dull or monotonous.



It ought to be added that in reproducing them here, they have been left exactly as he wrote them, with the simple exceptions that here and there an evident slip of the pen (an extremely rare occurrence<sup>1</sup>) has been corrected, and that omissions are frequent. It was not thought wise to burden the reader with matter that would not interest him.

September 12.

DEAR E——: We are once more a united family, living in perfect bliss in the (rainy) city of Orange, with various occupations, the principal of which at present is killing "Jarsey skeeters." Well, I arrived in New York with Ed. E——, on Wednesday morning, and we went rushing around the city trying to find out about the steamer, which had not been heard from. We got left in the matter of going out to meet the steamer, because the health launch, which we expected to go out in, left early in the morning to meet the "Teutonic," and *did not come back*, but waited out in the bay for the "City of New York." There was an immense crowd on the dock at half-past twelve when our boat came in. About sixteen of the D——'s relations were there to meet them, and we organized a "gang" and elbowed our way to the best place where we could

<sup>1</sup> The original letters are remarkable specimens of painstaking care. There is scarcely an erasure (I cannot recall even one) in them. If he made a mistake, he would use his eraser, and re-write. If this could not well be done, he would destroy the sheet and begin anew. I knew him once to destroy a whole edition of the "Torpedo," and reprint it, because in proof-reading a comma had been left in place of a period.

get a fine view of the steamer and its passengers, who crowded the decks. As soon as it was within hailing distance we raised a tremendous yell, stood on each other's shoulders, waved umbrellas and table-cloths. Of course that attracted everybody's attention, and our party on board soon saw us, and then we carried on a long-distance conversation until the steamer landed.

Papa and I got his baggage through the custom-house before anybody else had begun to, and then we helped the rest to find their baggage.

September 15.

DEAR G——: I arrived safely at home in Orange just twelve hours from the time I stood waving my good-by to you from the platform yesterday morning.

The journey was very commonplace and unexciting. I read that yellow-covered book of Stockton's, and found some of the stories very good, — especially "The Water-Devil." I spent considerable time in looking out of the window and in observing my fellow-passengers. Every little while after I had finished a story, I would take a little "snooze."

There was some difficulty in doing that, because the car was crowded, and I had to share my seat with some one else. I had six or seven different people to sit with me, — changing at almost every stop (thank goodness, there were n't very many of these), — and the one that stayed the longest was a disagreeable old fellow

that was continually jabbing his very sharp elbow into my side and back whenever I tried to go to sleep. You see I had my guitar, overcoat, and umbrella in the seat with me, and that put me in uncomfortably close quarters with the old villain, who was on the outside; but I did n't dare to hint — he looked so fierce, — that he would put me under great obligations to himself and family if he would kindly hustle for a seat elsewhere. However, after about two hours he left, and I told him that I should have been very glad to have made his acquaintance if he had occupied some other seat, but as it was I could not kiss him good-by. He seemed deeply affected, especially by the latter part of my remark. This was through the window, as the train was moving off; so I could n't hear his reply, which would no doubt have been very refreshing. I was rather sorry I did n't buy a reserved seat in the grand-stand, — I mean the parlor-car, — but I managed to have a pretty good time in criticising some of the passengers, and in making the newsboy rush all over after a novel I knew he could n't possibly have. Finally, when he was nearly crazy, I told him not to look for it any more, as I did n't really need it; and then I went along with him into his "den," which he had established in one corner of the smoking-car. It was piled up with papers, magazines, twenty-five-cent novels, fruit, and stale candy; and its proprietor, the newsboy, gave me some "points" about the business. I was surprised to learn that a newsboy sometimes makes

a clean profit of three or four dollars a day when trade is brisk, while on other days he hardly clears a dollar.

About twelve o'clock the train stopped at Bath for grub. And how long do you think they stopped? Between *four* and *five minutes*. I rushed into the lunch-room, and you should have seen me get outside of a big tongue sandwich, two glasses of milk, a quarter of a large custard-pie, and two pears, — all in four minutes, and I have n't had an attack of dyspepsia yet.

I found my father waiting for me when the train arrived at Hoboken, and in a few minutes we were on a train bound for Orange. Now that I have got here and unpacked my trunk, I am quite homesick for Buffalo. Are there any sweet peas left in the garden? Please send one to baby.

Thursday, October 23.

Your letter came last week, and of course we were all very glad to hear from you.

How pretty that coat-of-arms on your note-paper is! But, upon my word, that South American condor, or whatever it is, sitting up on top there, appears rather dangerous, with his beak wide open, as if wishing to swallow some delicious morsel of a small boy (like myself), and with a big horse-pistol in one hand (claw, I mean) and a dagger in the other! Don't you think so? Now, after studying it a little more, I think I see what that *Vogel* is trying to do. He is making

a political speech, and intends to enforce and add emphasis to his remarks with the afore-mentioned weapons. He has just said, "Droit et Avant" (which explains the quotation marks which I did n't understand before), and has paused for a moment to note the effect of his words, meanwhile flapping his *Flügel* and flourishing the firearms around. The photographer has taken a snap-shot at him while doing this; and there he is, put before us on paper, an exact copy of life. Have I made it all clear to you?

Speaking of photographers, I have at last got my photos, after waiting about four years (I mean weeks) for them, and I will send you one to-morrow. Photographers, as a class, in my opinion are the most unprincipled men you can find anywhere outside of Sing-Sing. (All of 'em ought to be there.) But this particular photographer was a villain of villains. However, I will not call him bad names now, for it would n't do any good, — he has received his just reward and is dead, and — well, I should n't dare to say *where* he has gone, because I don't know. I could *guess*, though. Since the memory of man I had been plodding, plodding, plodding, thrice each day, over to that old fraud's, to ask about my photos, and every time from his false heart he spoke words such as these: "They will *positively* be done to-morrow." But when "to-morrow" came, they never were.

Finally, one Saturday I told him that there was no man's funeral that I would be happier to attend than his, and that if the photos were n't done by six P. M.

the next Wednesday, I would no longer deny myself that pleasure! I gave him all that time, so that he could not fail to have them done; and when the fated hour came, I marched over there, armed to the teeth, and in a stern voice called for him. In a short time I pulled forth the doomed man from under the counter, whither he had fled, and demanded the photos. With shaking limbs and ghastly face he faltered: "I have n't had any time to do them yet, but you can really have them to-mor—" But he never lived to finish that sentence. I — But let us draw a curtain before this awful scene.

Suffice it to say that I arose in my righteous wrath and smote that photographer and slew him, and the coroner's jury brought in a unanimous verdict of justifiable manslaughter.

The next day I paid the burial expenses, and rode with the clergyman in the first carriage of the funeral procession, a large bandanna protruding from the upper pocket of my coat. So much for the poor photographer. Peace to his ashes!

Last week Thursday evening Papa was installed as pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church. Dr. Patton, President of Princeton, preached the sermon. Lafayette Street Church sent a beautiful floral harp for the occasion. Will you wait a minute while I get my shotgun and kill three or four mosquitoes that are buzzing around the room? All right, here goes! Zip! Bang! Boom!!! They are no more. Perchance, like others these —

“Immense mosquitoes, dead, and turned to hash,  
May fill the mouth of some poor boarder rash.”

P. S. This is Shakespeare.

I am working at a 2.40 gait just now. The Newark Academy is a school noted for getting lots of studying out of a fellow. Yesterday we had to hand in compositions on that worn-out subject, “How I spent my Vacation,” and next week I shall have to get up and make a fool of myself trying to “speek a peece.”

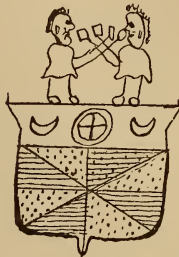
November 9.

I had been wondering for some time what had become of you, when your letter came last Monday and informed me that at least you were still alive, even though you had been sick with colds. Well, I can sympathize with you, for I've had 'em too, but I generally make them useful. Why, the last one was so serious that I got an excuse from speaking in school on the regular day, and did n't have to until last Wednesday. Was n't that *too bad*? Of course I was very sorry to be deprived of the privilege (?) of speaking. But I had my revenge. When I *did* speak, on Wednesday, I nearly drove everybody crazy.

Please don't tell such an f-i-b as this again: “This letter is not very interesting.” I'd like to know how *you* are competent to judge! Just *you* write the letter, and I'll guarantee that it will be anything but uninteresting.

I'm sorry that the account of the photographer's tragical death has been published, because I wanted it

kept quiet and out of print; but as it *has* been published, you may send me a copy of the "Courier" which contains the account.



"SUMUS POPULUS."

November 30.

Hip! Hip! Hurrah!! Zip! Boom!! Rah! Rah! Rah!!! Ella is here at last. Her mother and she came last Wednesday. I went in to New York after school Wednesday afternoon, and brought them out here.

Following your stylish example, she and I think of adopting a coat-of-arms, and I have put a rough sketch of it at the head of this letter, as you see. The scene represents a Thanksgiving day, and the two gentlemen are battling for the pumpkin-pie below. I don't know whether you will be able to read the *Greek* inscription or not.

December 12.

I received your letter last Monday in rather unusual circumstances, — lying flat on my back on an improvised couch in my father's study, — and it is from the same place and on the same couch, covered with shawls



and blankets and propped up with pillows, that I am answering your letter to-day.

Well, I must explain, and tell you about the many vicissitudes that I have been undergoing.

Monday at school, in the gymnasium, I sprained my right knee so badly that I had to be taken home in a carriage. I was laid out in the study, and here I have been ever since. Fortunately the sprain is not *very* serious, and I have been able all the while to be up and around, but the doctor said to keep absolutely quiet was the best way to cure it.

Meanwhile I have been trying to study my lessons and keep up with my classes, but I find it awfully hard work. I don't feel one bit like studying.

For the last week we have been "*in* the world, but not *of* it," for hardly any one has come within half a mile of our house, on account of the diphtheria scare. And it was all a "fake." My little sister has n't had diphtheria at all. But I shan't say anything more, for another one of my sisters is sick to-day, and *she* may have it.

My plans have been sadly deranged lately, but at the present moment, just as much as I ever did, I expect to visit Buffalo week after next. I shall feel like breaking old "Doc.'s" head if he does n't give us those three days before Christmas. I started a petition (to get them) Monday, and since I have been laid up, my chum has been engineering it for me. He informed me (by letter) Wednesday that he had nearly a hundred names, and was going to hand it in to-day.

Of course if we get them, I can go to Buffalo next week.

Whew! how poetical and full of quotations you are! I wish that when you quote something, you would add the author's name (in parenthesis), so that I could know whether it came from Shakespeare or G. C.<sup>1</sup>

Well, I expect to see you all before long, and then you and I can play that game of Halma which you remember is necessary to decide the championship between you and me. Shall I hear from you again before then?

I would write more, but I want to send this off now, so you will get it to-morrow.

Your sincere friend.

December 14.

MY DEAR COZ, — I am sorry that you could not stay longer and come out to Orange again, for I am sadly in need of your consolation in my present condition.

I suppose you arrived home safely last night. Did A—— meet you at Binghamton?

I received your pleasant little letter yesterday afternoon, just as Aunt C—— arrived, and I wish that I could tell you the joyful news — to me — that I was coming to Buffalo on Monday, — but — the doctor examined my knee last night, and made the alarming discovery that I have water on it, which he said was very serious. I at once suspected the sad news, and asked him if I should be able to go to Buffalo. He saw what a disappointment it was, and tried to avoid

<sup>1</sup> Grover Cleveland.

answering me ; but I wanted to know the worst right away, and made him tell me. He said I could n't go to-morrow nor on Monday, but I *might* be able to go in a week. I knew what he meant by his tone of voice when he said it. He meant that I have got to stay in the house all this vacation, if not longer, and not use my leg any more than is possible. That is the same as saying that I must sit or lie around and do nothing.

Oh, it's a terrible disappointment, and so *cruel* after looking forward to this time for three months !

I know you will forgive this mournful letter, and I hope I shall be in a more cheerful mood by the time your answer gets here. *Please* write soon.

Your loving Cousin.

MY DEAR E——: Papa has just said that if I study up this week, and get all my lessons, besides those for next week, I can go to Buffalo *next Friday*. I think I can get those lessons with that reward in view.

*One takes so much pains with a letter, one does not like to feel that it has all gone for nothing.*

MADAMÉ DE SÉVIGNÉ.





THE OLD STONE HOUSE.

## CHAPTER XV.

### SELECTED LETTERS: SECOND YEAR.

January 4, 1891.

I WAS just about to write "1890" up there, when I happened to think that that is a thing of the past, and if I want to be "up to date" I can't write that number any more. I received a letter from you the day before Christmas, and yesterday I got your "note," — the one that was not a letter.

Why did n't you go ahead and make it a *letter*, when you got so near to it? And can you explain why I did n't get it until Saturday when it was written Monday? But wait a minute, — I'll look at the envelope. Oh, I see *now!* It was not *mailed* until Friday! I wonder if you were absent-minded and carried it around in your pocket all the week, forgetting to mail it. Or perhaps you wrote half of it on Monday, and the other half Thursday or Friday. I can't think that of you, though. At any rate, I feel highly honored that the first letter (I forgot, — I mean "note") you wrote on your new paper should be to *me*.

I think your new pictures are just *fine*, and I thank you very much for the one you sent me. Do you really want one of my pictures? Of course, if you insist, I shall send you one, according to the agreement we

made. But I consider them pretty "rank" pictures, and advise you to wait until I have some more taken.

I wish, indeed, that I had taken your advice, and had been "boxed up in a closet" the three weeks before Christmas, and then I could have gone to Buffalo. But I look at it in this way, — if I had not been hurt and had gone to Buffalo, of course I should have had an elegant time, but all the fun would have been over now, and I should be back here with the expectation of not going again for a long time, while, as it is, I have the prospect of a fine visit there next summer.

How I hate to go back to school to-morrow! It's awfully demoralizing to be out a month.

Speaking about school, I must tell you about the way "Doc." annihilated our "petish" at school, two weeks ago. I was n't there, of course, but I heard about it. All the fellows had signed it, and they were just about to hand it in one day, when "Doc." marched into the room in his solemn, pompous way, and struck terror to the boys' hearts with words such as these: "Young gentlemen of the renowned Newark Academy! I have this moment been informed that certain ones in this school, — I will mention no names, — imbued with that demoralizing spirit which has so often been the ruin of individual and government alike, since the memory of man, namely, that of endeavoring to shirk work and duty at every opportunity, and seeking to create an opportunity for so doing when none is offered — have started, and are even now engaged in the work of carrying through a



petition, — a petition having for its ignoble object the securing of three days of additional vacation, — *of additional vacation!!*” Here “Doc.” brought his fist down on a desk with a *whack*. Then he became quite eloquent, and enumerated all the holidays, extra-holidays, and half-holidays that the Academy has had during the past ten years, after which he continued as follows: “The utter audacity, the consummate effrontery, the unmitigated depravity of such a request in the face of this long array of holidays, which upon any just grounds we have been only too glad to grant! But can we heed *this* petition, or even countenance for a moment the unheard-of boldness of its demands? Could we listen to hungry-eyed children crying for bread, and families famine-stricken because our teachers have no employment? Shall we tolerate shiftlessness, shirking, and depravity among our pupils, — in the very midst of those whom we are endeavoring to direct to a noble manhood? Can we endure this, I say? Never!!” At this point “Doc.” stopped to get breath, and finding he had but a very little left, he “wound up”: “Young gentlemen, I trust that this report is entirely unfounded, and that no such idea has, or ever will, enter your minds.”

That was the end of the poor “petish.” After that speech it was torn up and thrown in the waste-paper basket. I heard of its sad end on the same day that the doctor told me I could n’t go to Buffalo, and I felt pretty “rank,” — as though I should like to follow the petition.

February 2.

MY DEAR COZ, — Well, Mamma is off for California on Tuesday. The train leaves Jersey City at noon. We can't realize that she is going, nor can she herself. But the big basket trunk is being packed, and she has sent out P. P. C. cards. A large box of books and other things that belonged to Grandpa and Grandma Robinson, some of them for Uncle Frank, arrived from Gowanda yesterday.

April 12.

I've come to the conclusion that I'm a fellow of pretty hard luck. I have some more news for you of a kind you've heard before. Last week Wednesday afternoon, while I was playing base ball on the Academy team at Elizabeth, I gave my knee (the same old one) an awful wrench, and pulled it out of joint. I suppose it must have been weak from the former sprain, but I had never supposed it was as bad as that.

Well, as a consequence, I am laid up again in bed, — indefinitely. I don't think, though, it's as bad as the first time. I'll be out again before long, but I shan't engage in any more base ball, — I'll save myself for tennis in Buffalo next summer.

As long as the cold weather lasted, there was fine sliding at the Essex County Toboggan Club. They have a double slide built on a natural hill, — the best I ever saw. There is a fine club-house, and the slides go right under part of it. It is great sport, but mostly, as the Chinaman described it, "Whiz-z!

Walkee back four mile." The distance is so long that you can only get about ten slides during the whole evening.

I have played tennis several times on those covered courts, and I really think they ought to have some like them in Buffalo.

The out-door tennis season has n't opened yet, and I have been devoting myself to base ball.

March was an awfully busy month. There were lots and lots of parties, concerts, lectures, and entertainments,—something nearly every night.

I have had good success at most of the parties I have been to, where there were prizes. At a progressive Tiddledy-winks about a month ago, I captured the booby prize (I had never tried to play it before); but at the last Tiddledy—it was on the evening Belle arrived here—my skill had improved, and I got the second prize, a sterling silver case for court-plaster. Then there was a jolly cobweb party, where somebody defrauded me out of the booby prize. (You see my string got into a triple hard knot.)

On March 25th the Yale Glee and Banjo Clubs gave a concert here. It was the best concert I ever heard.

You had a whole week's Easter vacation, did n't you? Well, you were lucky. According to the Academy's usual custom of giving as little vacation as possible, we had just two days. In the school catalogue it said, "Spring Vacation (in large capital letters), March 27-30." That sounded quite nice; but when you came to learn the facts of the case, you

found that the 27th was Friday, and the 30th Monday. But we had those two days anyway.

I guess the parties are all over now. There have n't been any this week. If there had been any the last four days, I should n't have gone to them.

Oh, it's lots of fun lying in bed all the while! I find it awfully hard work to study my lessons. The rest of the time I read novels, sleep, and play on my guitar in all the awkward positions imaginable.

I have just been looking over this letter, and it looks pretty "rank." But it's no place to write a letter in bed, and appearances will be excusable under the present circumstances.

You are going to write very soon, are n't you? Please do. I'm a man of leisure now, and I'll answer your letter as soon as I get it. Please remember me to the "crowd," and write as soon as you can.

Your sincere friend.

P. S. I was going to sign myself "Your (sprained) kneedy friend;" but that is *too much*. I was afraid you would expire.

June 14.

I suppose you think that I have disappeared from the face of the earth. But it is n't so; I'm still here, — the same lazy good-for-nothing I always was.

So I have n't written to you! I simply have n't done it, — have n't written a single letter, — and that's all there is to be said. Newark Academy is built on a different plan from any school I ever went to before, because you really have to *work* there.

The deadly mosquitoes have already begun to appear, although not yet in very large numbers. They are still quite young and small, and can be quite easily killed with the hands alone. Now is the time to catch and tame them. Some people prefer them to canaries, and keep them in cages. As for myself, I can't bear them, not even in hash, not being a true "Jerseyite."

Last Thursday and Friday I took the Princeton exam's in New York, — fifteen or sixteen exam's. I never did so much real work before in two days. Yesterday afternoon in New York I saw Princeton beat Yale for the base-ball championship. It was the finest game of ball I ever saw. Perhaps that's because I'm *Princeton*. I don't think a Yale fellow would say that. I did my share of yelling, and when I got home I was so hoarse I could only *whisper*. I tell you what, Princeton is on the *top shelf* now.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

I was very glad to get your note last evening, and wished that you could have come yourself.

Well, this is awfully hard luck; but I'm used to that, so I'll grin and bear it. And perhaps I'll learn to keep out of tennis. My injured member is a little better to-day, but I shall probably find it (k)needful (don't faint!) to keep quiet a few days.

No, indeed, there's nothing *comic* about a sprained knee. I know that, because I've "been there before, many's the time."

While I was trying to get my fountain pen into

working order before writing this note, I made a blot on the old newspaper that is under this writing-paper. The blot looked like something, so I labelled it<sup>1</sup> and here it is.

Expecting to see you to-morrow, I am, as always,  
Your friend.

July 6.

MY DEAR PAPA, — I received your last letter on Wednesday. Thank you for the check.

I may go to Westfield at the last of the month, but can't go now, because I am going to Oakfield on Thursday for one or two weeks. I am going with T—— G——, on the same plan as last summer.

I think the best way to fix money matters will be to send me a check for —— dollars each week. That will cover board, washing, laundry, and other expenses; and I will keep a strict account of it, and not spend any for things that ought to come out of my own pocket.

I have just been asked to join that party of fellows I told you about, that are going up to the Muskoka region and camp out. The party will consist of the E—— boys, the F—— boys, G—— O——, and W—— D—— of Brooklyn. They are going up for the whole month of August, and expect that it will cost thirty dollars each; at the outside, thirty-five dollars. As soon as I learn the particulars, I'll let you know.

Meanwhile what do you and Mamma think about my going?

<sup>1</sup> The label was "A Spring Chicken."

I have my hands full, and am having a fine time, even though I have stopped playing tennis. I have been down the river twice, — once to Falconwood with Mrs. F—— and G——, and once with part of “the crowd” to the new Island Club, at the invitation of A—— H——.

Saturday evening “the crowd” was at C—— B——’s, and had a jolly time, — fire-crackers, fireworks of all kinds, banjo and guitar playing, and refreshments.

In the morning “the crowd” all sat in a row on top of a high board fence at the corner of Main and North Streets, and saw the parade. I never saw old Buffalo so gayly decorated and such crowds on the streets as during the last four days. They have got the new electric trolley cars on Niagara Street, and it seems as though people would never tire of staring at them.

I received a letter from Warren on Saturday, and will answer it when I can.

We all hope that Mamma is strong again. So many people have asked to be remembered to you and Mamma that *I* can’t remember them.

Love to all.

“WYNETKA-ON-THE-LAKE,” August 21.

I am writing this on a window-sill up in our room, with a stub-pen that I borrowed from Miss H——. The ink is in a very small pill-bottle, which nearly tips over every time I put the pen into it. If it does spill, I’ll have to finish with a broken-pointed pencil.

Riding down in an open car, I thought I should

have the whole front seat to myself; but soon an immense fat woman climbed in. Instead of sitting at the other end of the seat, she squeezed up close to me, and nearly crushed me. She had a large basket that seemed to contain every kind of eatable, from an animal cracker up to a watermelon, and all the way up she was eating out of it. Her capacity seemed to be unlimited, and every time she ate a pie or a doughnut she took a side-glance at me, as if to say, "Um! Don't you wish you had some?" I think she ate three bananas and five peaches, besides some assorted crackers, cheese, sandwiches, cake, pie, watermelon, and apples. Well, I escaped at last, and went on my way rejoicing.

At the dock we met Dr. S——, and Mary P—— on the boat, so we were not "all by our lonesomes." Harry W—— was at the dock when we arrived; and Mary, Gertrude, Harry, and I rowed over in our boat. The lake was like glass when we started; but suddenly a storm came up, and in less than five minutes raised quite large waves. Then it began to pour, and we were *soaked*. At last we arrived safely, and changed our wet clothes. When I got through this operation, I looked like a tramp. I put on those awfully old check trousers, and as I didn't have another coat, I used my overcoat instead. Harry W—— looked like a cheap swell in Bert P——'s tennis suit, with the trousers turned up nine inches at the bottom. I went over with a couple of pails after some water, and was greeted with some rude remarks like these: "Whar



air them pants *checked* fur?" and "Is those checks certfyied?" Old —— *had* been a little deaf, but since she saw those trousers last night, she has n't been able to hear a word, they were so loud.

Yesterday afternoon K——'s brother-in-law, or uncle, or something, took me out fishing. The wind was so strong we could n't feel a bite, and, although the anchor was heavy, it kept drifting us along towards shore. After about an hour of pitching and tossing, we gave it up. We each landed a small perch, and lost two black bass.

He sat in the bow and got soaked, while I in the stern escaped; that's the difference between sitting in the bow and in the stern.

We had a grand dinner of seven courses last night. You ought to have been here. It was Mr. H——'s birthday.

BUFFALO, N. Y., August 23.

Well, we started on the hay-ride about eight, — right after dinner. We had a wagon just large enough to hold the fifteen of our crowd. I sat on the front seat with the driver, and blew a large tin horn. Whew! we *did* make an awful noise! It must have wakened everybody up within a radius of five miles.

We serenaded Ridgeway and Mr. R——, and then drove over to Crystal Beach to take Dr. S—— to the 9.30 boat. We all got out there, and marched down the plank walk to the dock in a body. When the boat went off, we sang: —

"Good-night, Doctor,  
 Good-night, Doctor,  
 Good-night, Doctor,  
 You're going to leave us now.  
 Merrily you'll roll along,  
 Roll along, roll along,  
 Merrily you'll roll along,  
 O'er the dark blue sea.  
  
 "Farewell, Aconite," &c.

Then we drove home, — rather quietly, because we were all hoarse from singing and yelling so much, and my chest was sore from blasting away at that horn for an hour and a half. Harry W—— sang some funny songs, — "There goes Mr. M—— in his misfit suit of 'clothes,'" and "Will yez all be wid me when I tackle Daddy Flynn?"

About ten o'clock we got back, and took chairs down cellar, where the great old-fashioned fireplace had been heaped high with driftwood and logs. It made a grand fire, and by the light of it Mr. H—— and Harry W—— gave a sort of negro performance, and danced while I played the banjo. Mr. H—— was *rich*. Miss H—— danced, too, and Mr. L—— turned hand-springs. It was a circus, and I wish you could have been there. Afterwards we toasted marshmallows by the coals, and then went down on the beach. Saturday morning most of the people went off on the early boat, while the rest began to pack up, for we had decided not to stay over Sunday.

Harry and I, with a lot of baggage, started to row A—— and E—— over for the early boat; but the lake

was so rough that we missed it by fifteen minutes, and all got soaked besides, especially E——, who sat in the bow. We left the boat (its time was up), and stacked the baggage under a counter in the refreshment-room, and walked back. Then it was all packing until ten o'clock, when the wagon came. Before we left, B—— took a lot of pictures of Harry W—— and me, singly and together, and some groups of the crowd, and some time exposures of the house.

I guess Mr C—— did n't know how much stuff we had, or he never would have brought around the small wagon — pulled by a lean, lank horse that looked as though he was in the last stages of consumption — that appeared at ten o'clock.

We never knew, till then, how much truck we really did have. First, there were the twenty cots and twenty chairs; then a lot of tubs, tin-pails, and baskets, all full of dishes, crockery, and tinware, went on board; mixed in with these were half-a-dozen hammocks, some overcoats, mackintoshes, and loose umbrellas; the last, but by no means least, thirty-seven bundles of assorted sizes, containing the bedding and various possessions of each one. That poor horse never worked so hard before in his life. In the dirt-road it was comparatively easy, but through the long stretch of sand to reach the dock it was awfully tough pulling, and we had to put our shoulders to the wheels. In the middle of the road a tin-pail half full of cookies, which had been on the top of the heap, fell off, and the cookies went rolling around in the dust.

We picked them up and traded them — at a farmhouse near by — with some kids for a lot of dandy apples. Poor kids! But I suppose the cookies tasted good.

Jove! It was *work* loading all that stuff on the boat and unloading it again at Buffalo! But we did it; and when we arrived one of J. P. P—— & Co.'s big wagons met us, and took everything up to Niagara Square. We met there in the evening and "settled up."

September 20.

This may be rather late in the day to congratulate you upon your birthday; but if it is not *too* late, I want to do so most heartily. I have n't heard, but suppose, of course, that your party came off on Friday evening. How I longed to be there! Did G—— O—— and Will D—— take in your party, or the other one first? Was my cousin E—— there?

I spent last week trying to find something to do, and did n't succeed very well.

I send you in this letter a fancy sketch of a New Jersey adventure. Let "the crowd" read it, especially Wid, because he is fond of hunting. As soon as you decide which one of my pictures you want, I will send one to you.

I have just written a letter to Wid, and this is written in a great hurry to catch the six-o'clock mail.

Remember me to "the crowd."

Write soon to your sincere friend.

*A New Jersey Adventure.*

About four in the afternoon one hot September day, a Lackawanna train pulled into the depot at Orange, New Jersey. Among those who alighted from the train was a young fellow carrying a Winchester rifle in a neat water-proof case. He was dressed in a leather hunting-jacket, corduroy trousers, and heavy boots, with a white helmet on his head.

He was apparently expecting some one to meet him; and espying a roughly dressed, grizzly-bearded man, stepped up to him and said, "Why, how are you, Mr. Johnson, don't you know me?"

The other replied: "Oh, ya-as, sure 'nuff, it's yew. How dy dew? Cum right along, we hain't no time to lose."

While saying this, he led the way to an old buggy drawn by an old farm-horse. Seating themselves, they started on a seven-mile drive to Mountain Station, the small village which was their destination. The horse showed good speed, and in a little over an hour they drew up in front of Johnson's house, from which a rifle was produced. Having no spare time, they immediately started off on foot, leaving the buggy behind.

"Well, Johnson, are you going to show me some good shooting this evening?" asked the young hunter. Johnson said: "Oh, ya-as. Most people think Jarsey hain't got nothin' in it bigger 'n a woodchuck. Ef they 'd cum here, I 'd soon take them idees outen their heads. I 'm a-goin' tew show yew something tew-nite what 'll make yure hair stand rite up on end."

He then went on to tell about a certain animal of immense size that had been terrorizing the inhabitants of his village for several weeks, killing sheep, horses,

cows, and attacking every one that came within reach. Its last act was to carry off a small child; and this had thoroughly aroused the people, who had been hunting it without success. "We'll git a shot at it tew-nite, sure's pop, fur I jist cum acrost its den yisterday," added Johnson.

Meanwhile the two men were walking across open fields, and soon came to a belt of thick woods, into which they plunged.

In the last field, tied to the fence, was a young calf, which the guide loosened and led hurriedly after him. For a long time, it seemed to the impatient young man, they pushed forward through the forest, their passage almost blocked at times by the thick underbrush. But perseverance overcame all obstacles, and at length they came into a small open place, seeming to be entirely natural, as no trees had been cut down. On every side the underbrush was very thick; but in one spot it had been broken and crushed, as if by a heavy body. At one end of this open space the calf was fastened to a small tree; and about one hundred feet farther on, under an overhanging bush, the guide brushed away some sticks and leaves, disclosing a large circular hole a trifle over five feet in depth. Near by lay a piece of heavy iron grating, with a door in the centre, intended to be placed over the top of the hole as a protection.

The guide motioned his companion to enter the hole, and then gave him some instructions: "Jist git rite in thar, and be all reddy tew shute. There ain't no time for tew fix this here gratin'; but don't yew be afrade. Yew'll know the old feller when yew see him; an' let him have it rite in the I! Good-by; I'm going up this tree."

So saying, he partially covered the top of the hole with brush and leaves, and proceeded to "shin up" to

a comfortable perch in a tree near by. Then there was silence. It was already dusk, and black darkness would soon cover all things with its ever-increasing gloom. The air was damp and mouldy, suggesting the proximity of a large swamp. Nothing relieved the oppressive silence, save the hum of insects and the distant croak of a bull-frog. Now and then, however, the unfortunate calf voiced its loneliness in a plaintive call.

It seemed as if hours passed, and nothing happened. Then the moon rose behind a thin veil of cloud, and its pale light, just rendering objects discernible, only added to the weirdness of the scene.

Hark! What is that? A slight crackle causes the drowsy hunter in the hole to start up instantly.

The sounds grow louder and louder; and then there comes into view the largest animal that ever roamed the wilds of New Jersey since the days of G. Washington.

It stands there gazing around, its eyes gleaming in the shadow like two balls of fire. Then it rushes upon the trembling calf, whose cries have perhaps attracted it; and in a moment calfy is a fit subject for the undertaker.

At that instant it is startled by a sound made by the over-zealous hunter in his excitement. Turning, it glares in the direction of the hole, and then, seeming to scent danger, slowly creeps towards its foe. On and on, nearer and nearer, it comes, and still the hunter does not fire. Can his rifle be out of order, or is he paralyzed with fear?

Scarcely a dozen feet distant, it crouches a moment for its spring. Crack! There is the sharp report of a rifle; the great mosquito leaps six feet into the air, and falls, shot through the heart.

The next day, upon being carted over to the village, it tipped the scale at nine hundred and sixty-seven pounds, and measured five and a half feet in length. It stood over four feet high, and had lost its wings, its only means of locomotion being its legs, of which it had seven.

It was indeed a formidable animal, having a double saw-edged bill over five feet in length, which was capable of being folded up. This was aided in operation by two large buzz-saws and several smaller circular saws. In addition to these it was supplied with a steam-drill and pumping-machine, connected by a line of pipes for carrying off the victim's blood. It was eventually stuffed, and sent to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, as a specimen.

“Which only shows,” as old Johnson remarked, “thet it ain't good fer the complex-yun tew go walkin' round in Jarsey after dark without havin' a good shootin'-iron in yure pistil-pocket.”

November 4.

You 'll probably be surprised again at my answering your letter so soon. The reason for it and also for the “scrawly” appearance this letter will present when finished, is that I am — and have been for the last four days — reclining upon my downy bed. I don't believe you could guess why, if you tried a week. It's an awfully funny thing, — I mean a *queer* thing, it has n't been very amusing to me, — and it is something that I never should have supposed could lay a fellow up. I may as well tell you what it is, and let you laugh, — it's a *wisdom tooth*. I've had three wisdom teeth, and they never troubled me; but this



fourth one made himself known in a very disagreeable manner. I first felt him (*der Zahn*, you know) last Friday, caught cold in him on Saturday, and since then my movements have been confined to a very limited space. My face was all swollen up on one side like a big cabbage, and if you had seen me two days ago you would n't have known me at all. I've had a high old time with roaring-hot plasters, poultices, and about seventeen different kinds of medicine, and at last it had to be lanced. It's getting well now, and I wish it (*das Maul*) would hurry up, for I can't *chew* anything, and I'm everlastingly tired of soups and all that sort of thing. I'll never again feel like saying something bad when I hear an unfortunate baby howling because its teeth are coming. I'll simply walk up to it and say, "Shake! Been there myself."

November 29.

Well, the great foot-ball game has been played and lost. That is the way *I* say it. A Yale fellow would put "won" for "lost." I suppose you have read an account of it, but I'll tell you how I saw it.

I took a train from Orange, and arrived at New York about noon. I expected George and Will to meet me there, but found Will waiting for me alone. He had received a telegram from George the day before, saying that he was not well and the doctor would n't let him come. Poor George! It must have been a great disappointment to him, especially since Yale won.

Will and I boarded an elevated train and were lucky

enough to get seats; but some young ladies came in at the next stop, and we stood up the rest of the way. Before the train had made half-a-dozen stops, it was full of people, and at every station a lot more tried to crowd in, so that by the time we got up to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street, we were packed in that car just like sardines. The grounds had been opened at 10.30, and when we arrived at 1.15 they were almost full, and the stand we had reserved tickets for was packed; but we secured fairly good seats, and waited for the great game to begin.

On every side of the field great stands arose in tiers of seats, and all were crowded with people. There were thought to be about forty thousand there, and every one wore or carried blue or orange and black in some shape.

It was a great sight, that surging mass of color, and reminded you of the pictures of the old Roman Coliseum. Every time a gayly decorated coach rolled on the field a great cheer from one side or the other went up, and at two o'clock, when the two teams lined up for battle, the excitement was intense. Rain soon began to fall; but no one noticed it, and nearly all sat, as Will and I did, for two hours with no protection at all except our overcoats.

For forty-five minutes of solid playing, the teams surged up and down the field; and when time was called, neither side had scored. Yale men were filled with dismay, as they expected to have a walk over with the orange and black. But in the second half

Yale's superior training showed itself, and, aided by some very hard luck for Princeton, she scored her nineteen points.

After the game was over there was a grand rush for the elevated trains, and it was the worst "jam" I ever was in. I thought I should be squeezed into a jelly, but managed to come out of it all right. But how we looked! Water dripping off from us everywhere, and our shoes and trousers covered with mud. Will and I pushed our way among the first into a train, and had seats all the way down.

Will tried to persuade me to come to Brooklyn with him, while I wanted him to go to Orange, and we had a very exciting argument. I *could n't* go to Brooklyn, because at home they were going to have the Thanksgiving dinner at seven in the evening, especially on my account, and Will said he could n't go to Orange because his family would worry about him and be very angry. (I think the real reason was that he thought he *looked* too badly.)

Well, we talked and we argued, and after leaving the train we stood on a street corner in the rain and argued for ten or fifteen minutes. We must have presented a very queer appearance standing there, under the dim light of a lamp-post, wildly gesticulating and waving our arms over our heads.

Neither would give in, and finally we shook hands and said good-by.

I wish you could have seen that game, — that is, if you could have had a seat in the covered grand stand out of the rain.

The next time you see Mr. D——, ask him what he thought of the game. He was there on invitation of "Billy" W——, of Buffalo, who is president of the Yale Football Association. Papa spent last evening with Mr. D—— in New York.

December 16.

I can't realize that it is only about a week before Christmas. I never knew of such queer winter weather as we have had this month. Until yesterday, every day for nearly two weeks was bright, without a cloud in the sky, and just cold enough to make an overcoat comfortable. Yesterday it rained some, and to-day we had the first snow of the season, — a short hard storm which lasted only fifteen minutes.

I hope that after this there will be lots of snow and cold weather, for Christmas and holidays never seem quite so real without them. Here it is the week before Christmas, and I have n't got a single present. I am going to New York on Saturday, and I'll have to "make a day of it." But I'm afraid I'll make a pretty sorry kind of a "shopper," and so I think I'll get my mother to go with me.

Friday evening was the Princeton concert, and it was just splendid. Nearly every piece, whether by the glee, banjo, or mandolin club, was encored, and some of them were encored three or four times. I'll show you the programme. The songs were mostly new ones, and some were very funny. One of them had the chorus, —

“Oh, you have to be a lover of the landlady’s daughter  
If you want to get a second piece of pie.”

All my spare time on Saturday I had to put on the preparation of a debate, which has been hanging over my head for two weeks. It took place on Monday before the literary society of the school. The subject was, “Resolved that the influence of fiction is injurious.” My chun had the affirmative side, and I was on the negative, and we each had a lower-form fellow to help us. Of course the affirmative side told many heartrending stories of small boys who had run away to sea, or had gone out West to scalp Indians, through the influence of dime novels like “The Adventures of Deadwood Dick” and “Left-handed Luke, the Lion-hearted Lad Left on Labrador.” But the arguments of the other side seemed to have more weight with the judges, and the debate was decided in the negative.

Next week come the “exams” at school. I shudder to think of them.

*I am no believer in the doctrine that the best letters are those which are written with careless ease. I prefer them written with a skilful ease, thoughtfully, though generally in the language of life, no doubt, and not in the language of literature; but in such a language of life as a man uses when he speaks his best, in his wisest or brightest or gayest or most passionate moments.*

HENRY TAYLOR.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### SELECTED LETTERS: THIRD YEAR.

January 6.

HOME again in Orange! George and Will were at the [Buffalo] station, anxiously awaiting my appearance. We checked our baggage, secured our tickets, and went on board. In a few minutes the train started, and again I left dear old Buffalo.

We had a pretty good time in our cosey little state-room. Frank U—— was on the train, and came in and talked for a while. He was going to Binghamton, and had to turn out at the unearthly hour of three A. M. Then Willoughby B—— and George R——, two Yale “fresh” from Buffalo, came in. We sang college songs with guitar accompaniment, and I played “Sebastopol.” Finally, about midnight, we tossed up for berths. Will got first choice, and took the large lower berth. I was above him, and George was on the lounge opposite. We piled out into the smoking-room while the porters made the beds. We sat and roared over a ridiculous account in the “News” about a “red-handed assassin,” who had “killed more people than any other living man.” He began by shooting all the people by the name of Jones in a whole county in Kentucky. Then he killed his step-father, two half-brothers, his wife’s first husband, and nine other

men. After shooting his three cousins, who were "laying" for him in an ambuscade, he wound up by slaughtering a sheriff and his whole posse, who had come to arrest him. It was a queer thing to laugh about, I know; but it struck us as being so ridiculous that all these people should stand meekly around and let the fellow shoot 'em, — that we had to roar.

It took the porter an awful while to fix up, so we got tired of waiting and started back. We had to walk the whole length of the car, and the train was rushing around curves at a great rate of speed. The lights were turned low, as everybody else had "turned in."

We started out bravely enough, but suddenly the train went "swish" around a sharp curve. Oh! you should have seen us. My elbow crashed into a man's head behind a curtain, and Will sat down on another fellow's toes. All George struck was the floor, and he said it was "quite hard." We made our escape, and when we arrived at our stateroom found that the porters had only two berths made up. At one A. M. we were in bed. I slept pretty well until half-past seven, when I woke up almost frozen, and shut a window above me. Then I fired a pillow at George, and went to sleep for another hour.

We arrived in Hoboken on time, and after getting some grub in the waiting-room restaurant, George and Will took the ferry to New York, while I got on a train for Orange.

And here I am! It will be such hard work to study



this afternoon. But with three days' lessons to make up, I'll have to go to work. When I got home, Papa said: "You played a trick on us, didn't you, and stayed a day longer than you ought?" But he was n't *very* angry, and it will be all right.

January 10.

DEAR GRACE,—Your letter was the first I had heard of the death of little Gracie. It is very, very sad. I wish I could *see* you to tell you how sorry I am, for words look so unmeaning when they are written on paper. If I could see you now, I could make you understand my feelings, but I can't seem to express what I want to on paper. I can simply say that I am *ever* so sorry, and you'll believe me, won't you?

What a sweet little girl she was! Her father and mother must be almost heart-broken. It seems as if the doctor might have saved her; yet we know that her life was directed by a power higher than any earthly one, and that her being so soon taken away from those who loved her was for the best.

January 16.

Will D—— has been here and gone. I "saw him off" just a few minutes ago. He came yesterday afternoon. I took him with me in the evening; we went to that circus. It was given entirely (with one exception) by amateurs, — members of the Orange Athletic Club.

In the big tennis building of the club a large ring

had been made, and this was surrounded by tiers of board seats, just like a real circus. Then there were boys to sell peanuts, candy, and lemonade, — all as natural as possible.

There were tumbling, horizontal bar, and flying trapeze work, a funny act by three clowns, and bare-back riding by a professional. In fact, there was about everything that you see in a regular circus. There were two very funny parts. In one of them four trained elephants came out with their keeper. Each elephant was composed of two men covered with cloth, and they were pretty good imitations too. They did all kinds of tricks that elephants can do, and some that real ones can't. They danced the waltz and skirt dance, and stepped over their keeper as he lay on the ground, and when they did this they hesitated and made a loud trumpeting-noise, just as real elephants do.

Then a gentleman gave an exhibition with a trick horse; and after he had gone there galloped into the ring what looked like a small horse with a short, fat man seated on it. This went tearing round the ring, and people began to roar when they discovered what it was. It consisted of *one man*. Fastened in some way to his waist was the frame of a horse, with cloth hanging down on all sides almost to the ground, to conceal the fact that the supposed quadruped had only two legs, while the two stuffed legs of the rider were dangling on each side. It was too amusing for anything to see that man act. He walked to music, danced, and once he ran entirely away with himself, to the amusement of the audience.

After the circus performance there was a concert. A burnt-cork fellow played on the banjo and told funny stories, and a man played beautifully on a lot of tumblers, to the accompaniment of a piano. He did it by wetting his hand and rubbing the top of the tumblers, and it was really wonderful.

Will and I talked for about two hours last night in bed, before we went to sleep. We talked over every one in "the crowd," all the parties New Year's week, and the fine times we expect to have in Buffalo in the future.

January 31.

Last Thursday was a great day at our school, for on that day it celebrated its centennial. Pretty old school, is n't it?

We had school on Thursday until eleven o'clock, and then there were exercises in the chapel. We have a banjo club at school, as I have told you, of six members, and we played two pieces. In the afternoon there was a public meeting, with historical addresses, &c. in the "gym." The banjo club played there, too, and just as we were getting ready to go home, a gentleman came up and asked us if we would be so kind as to play at the annual alumni banquet that evening! We tried hard not to seem to jump at the chance, and told him we thought we could manage it, while we all felt like giving a wild whoop, and saying, "You bet we will!" Of course we did, and we were "right in it." We played about half-a-dozen pieces, which "took" very well. There was a regular orchestra there, but

they were n't "in it" with us. Oh, that banquet was "out of sight," — the best I ever got outside of. The toasts were fine. "Prexy" Patton of Princeton made an elegant speech. We caught the last train for Orange, and I arrived home about one o'clock. At school the next day, we of course regaled the other fellows, who were not "in it," with a full account of the banquet, — how fine the grub was, &c., &c.

February 7.

We have a very queer clock that I want to tell you about. You have heard of men "going on a tare," but did you ever hear of a *clock* that did? Well, this clock of ours used to have a "spree" every week, just as regularly as any man. For two or three days of the week it would strike the hours wrong, but would soon come 'round again all right. This habit kept increasing, as all bad habits do, until now we can't tell when one spree ends and the next one begins. They are all merged into one continual "toot," which shows itself in such ways as this, at one o'clock it will strike anywhere from seven to eleven times, while at half-past one it has been known to go as high as twenty-four. At noon five is its favorite number, and at four o'clock it often strikes thirteen.

This clock used to be especially *useful* in the night. You would wake up, not knowing *die Zeit*, and hear a clock strike eight. With a wild shout you would leap out of bed and begin to pull your clothes on. Happening to look at your watch a few minutes later,

you would discover it to be a little past five. Then you would say something real naughty, and go back to bed again. Now, there is surely something the matter with a clock like that, is n't there; and as this is a strictly temperance house (except Manitou ginger ale), we can't see where the material comes from. I am studying the subject of "Insanity in Clocks," and am collecting material for a book on the subject. If you know anything about it, please inform me.

February 22.

Will had just received a letter from Milo; so we three fellows began to write an answer to Milo, intended to be a "take off" on his. You ought to see it. It is really the most ridiculous and idiotic epistle ever penned by sane persons. It is written as though it was all from Will, only there are about seven different handwritings, and five colors of ink. The spelling is barbarous; and the whole thing is sprinkled with unintelligible Greek, Latin, German, French, &c. The only fear is that poor Milo will expire before he succeeds in deciphering it. It took all our spare time Saturday to compose it, and we had "more fun than a goat" (George says) out of it. One of the craziest things we did was to get Will's two small brothers each to write a page or two, just as if they were writing to kids of their own age. We have been having great times. There are "scraps" every night and morning, and we fire each other around the beds. Will is "Grandpa," I am "Papa," and George is "The Kid."

It's a circus to hear him talk. He has told us lots of stories about Yale, — how T—— L—— stole a gravestone and put it upon the mantelpiece in his room, &c.

We were good yesterday, and went to church twice. In the evening we went to hear Talmage in his new Tabernacle. We were left, for he was out of the city. That church is the biggest one I ever was in. It is like an immense theatre, with a double gallery, and seats about six thousand people. A man with a large French-horn leads the singing, and they pass the collection plates around on the end of long broom-handles. Then the preacher had a queer squeaky voice, that seemed to come from somewhere underneath in the cellar, and the whole business appeared so ridiculous to us that we were kept on a continual grin. I'm afraid we were not much benefited by the service.

March 28.

This morning at school I received a telegram from Papa, saying, "Meet me at the Plaza Hotel, dinner six o'clock." So I have rushed home from school, made some necessary alterations in my toilet, and have got to take a train in about fifteen minutes.

That "dinner at the Plaza Hotel" means that Mr. D—— and S—— are there with the B——s, who have just returned from Bermuda; also Mr. and Mrs. E——, Alice E——, and Mr. J. M. R——.

April 3.

We have been having considerable fun at school lately over a mock trial. The Class of '92 charged a

fellow named —— with writing poetry that was injurious to the class. The case was tried before a jury, &c., just like a real one; and the judge was "Billy" F——, the assistant principal. Two of the fellows were the prosecuting attorneys, and another fellow and I were the lawyers to defend ——.

Well, the first part of the trial was held a week ago Friday afternoon. The judge called the court to order, the prisoner was brought in by the sheriff, and the jury was impanelled. Then the lawyers for the prosecution brought up a lot of witnesses, who testified that the prisoner was a nuisance, his poetry bad, &c. In the cross-examination we managed to get some of their witnesses mixed up and rattled, while others would n't be bluffed out of their story.

Then the prisoner was admitted to bail, and the trial adjourned until last Friday. The judge fixed the bail at the immense sum of fifty cents, and we secured "Doc," the principal, to be the prisoner's bondsman. When "Doc" came forward to pay the fifty cents, the judge asked sternly, "Dr. F——, are you a property owner in this city to the extent of four times the amount of the required bail?" This "brought down the house."

Well, last Friday we presented our side of the case, and had several witnesses on hand to tell lies of various magnitudes. After the "summing up" on both sides, which contained heart-breaking appeals to the jury, the judge delivered his charge, and the jury retired. After about fifteen minutes' deliberation, they

found the prisoner guilty on one and a half of the four charges; and the judge gave the sentence that the sheriff should burn all the prisoner's poetry that he could seize, on next Tuesday afternoon in the school yard.

The trial created no end of fun, and — enjoyed it as much as any one.

May 1.

I never had such hard work to study as I did last week. I am just beginning to get settled down to it, and gradually making up those lost lessons. My Greek is all done, and so is German, while to-morrow I am going to recite all the English grammar review. My Latin will have to wait.

My teachers did n't say anything when I appeared at school on Wednesday, after my prolonged vacation. I guess that they are so accustomed to my being absent that they don't notice it. They asked me if I had a good time. Oh, yes! I have got to make up that composition. I ought to write it to-night, but don't know whether I will or not. How is your essay?

I did n't tell you, did I, what my father said when I arrived home on Monday. What do you think it was? He was out when I arrived, but about ten o'clock came in. I was sitting here at his desk, and waited with fear and trembling to hear what he would say first. It was, "Well, you've had a pretty fine time, have n't you?" He did n't mention the fact that I had stayed two days longer than I told him I would, and when I went to school he wrote me a "slick" excuse. Pretty good "pater," is n't he? So my



expected "lecture" didn't come, and I am safe now. I guess Papa couldn't find it in his heart to blame me, when he heard what a *fine* time I had.

May 10.

I had quite a jag last Wednesday. After school I met my mother on the train at Newark and went to Brooklyn with her. Arrived there, we first proceeded to the office of Mamma's pet dentist, who nearly murdered me for half an hour or so. (I don't count this a part of the jag.) Then we went to my aunt's, and were there with a few dozen other relatives who had come from various parts of the country to see my cousin graduate that evening. I started out before the others and went over after Will D——, who knows my cousin. Will and I met the others at the Adelphi Academy, where the exercises were held. You will be surprised to hear what those exercises consisted of. The girls were graduates of what is called the Brooklyn School of Physical Culture; and instead of reading essays, the class went through all kinds of marching, club-swinging, dumb-bell work, &c. It was really fine. I didn't know that girls could do so much. The work went way ahead of our "gym" exhibition at school, in the marching and club-swinging. The programme was concluded by some Delsarte (if that's the way you spell it) "poses" by girls in Greek "gowns." Early the next morning I started off without knowing a single lesson. The way I rushed through them, while riding on the elevated road, ferries, street car, and train was a caution.

(Three and a half pages of Greek Testament in fifteen minutes.) It is needless to say that my lessons for the day were literally "out of sight."

Well, on Friday afternoon I went over to the dentist's again. Will was to meet me there, and go home with me.

Saturday we had a grand jag to Princeton. Started off about eight o'clock. Took electric car to Newark, and Pennsylvania Railroad train from there. Train was packed with people going to Princeton. Lots of giddy-looking girls and college fellows, with a few mammas and papas scattered here and there as chaperons. At Princeton Junction we had to change trains, and there was a grand scrap for seats. People had to hang onto the platforms and sit on the water-cooler and up in the bundle-racks, it was so crowded.

Arrived at Princeton, we went directly to the Athletic Grounds, and saw some fine handicap "games," which lasted all the morning.

About one o'clock we began to feel the pangs of hunger very keenly. We had n't brought lunch from home with us, and that's where we were foolish. We went racing up and down, but all the restaurants were packed full. At last we went into a little place which was a bakery in the front part, and restaurant in the back. This was full too; but the woman took pity on us, and brought us out some ham sandwiches and milk. To these we added doughnuts and cakes from the bakery, and, seated on some old tea-chests that happened to be there, we consumed the grub.

Then we went back to the grounds, and at three o'clock the great base-ball game with Harvard commenced. It was the first of the great championship games, and the crowd was something terrific. The whole freshman class came in in a body, and had seats just behind us. They kept things lively. Although Princeton was badly beaten, the yelling was kept up all through the game. Certain men were appointed to lead the cheering, and they stood out in front of the stands. Every half-minute one of them would call out, "All along the line now, a short Princeton yell,—Rah, rah, rah! siss, boom, ah! Princeton!" Then another would say, "Now, fellows, let's have a triple cheer for a three-bagger,—Rah, rah, rah! siss, siss, siss! boom, boom, boom! ah, ah, ah! Princeton, Princeton, Princeton!" "Now a good old-fashioned yell," &c., &c. It was just one continual roar, and you could n't hear a word that the umpire said.

The game itself was a disappointment; and we left, just before it was finished, to catch a train. We got home about eight o'clock, and wanted to go to the Yale Glee Club concert, but were too tired.

Will stayed over Sunday, and left early Monday morning. He is a slick fellow, and I like him more than ever.

May 15.

I was on hand when the postman came around for the last delivery yesterday afternoon; and sure enough, he brought your letter, as I expected. This time you will not have to wait for my letter until Thursday.

My "littlest" sister was very naughty this morning, and "played hookey" from church. (Of course I never used to do a thing of that kind!) Well, when I sat down at this desk to write, I found it covered with clippings and paper money that she had been manufacturing. There was also a letter that she had started to write to some small boy. It is so funny that I'll copy it for you.

ORANGE, N. J., May 15, 1892.

My dear Stewart Gray are you all Well I love you very much I think you ought too come to see me why dont you. I came to see you last week.

Here this interesting epistle ends. That is beginning young for a girl of seven years, is n't it? I asked her what else she was going to write, and she said she would n't tell me. She did n't seem to be very much alarmed that I had read it.

I suppose that my Papa is spending to-day in Salt Lake City. You have been studying geography, so you know better where that is than I do. Papa is on his way to Portland, Oregon, where the Presbyterian General Assembly meets this week. After that he is going to Alaska, and won't get home until the first of July. It is a slick trip, and I wish I could have gone with him. He probably would have taken me if it had n't been for school.

CHAPTER XVII.

LAST DAYS OF SCHOOL.

*The true purpose of education is to cherish and unfold the seed of immortality already sown within us ; to develop, to their fullest extent, the capacities of every kind with which the God who made us has endowed us.*

MRS. JAMESON.





THE THREE CHUMS.



## CHAPTER XVII.

### LAST DAYS OF SCHOOL.

THE last busy days of his school life I shall let Ralph describe in his own way through letters written to his young friends, convinced that they will prove far more interesting than any account which I could give in other words.

May 22.

There has n't been anything of interest this last week. At school it has been work, work, work. We poor fellows who are unfortunate enough to be editors of the school paper, which appears each year in June, have been rushing around like madmen, trying to arouse some interest in our work. Every fellow thinks it's "very nice" and all that, but it's the hardest work in the world to get any one to write for it. Well, by dint of urging and exhorting and scratching around, we have come out all right, in spite of "Young Doc's" telling us that we could n't possibly do it. Next Friday are our annual Spring Games, and the paper appears soon after that.

My Commencement speech has n't been started yet! It first has to be written. That's the easiest part. Then it is chopped all to pieces by "Young Doc," alias

“Billy.” Then you have the privilege of writing it all over again. If “Billy” is n’t suited this time, you can do it again. Finally, when it is all fixed up and polished to “Billy’s” satisfaction, it has to be learned and spouted over and over again to various members of the faculty, the trustees, &c., &c. Such is life (at the Academy)!

At the end of our review of American History last week, we had an “exam.” It was a corker. Eleven questions and only one period of forty minutes to answer them in. The first question was, “Give all the principal dates of American history from its discovery to the adoption of its Constitution”!!

The next was, “Give all the Presidents of the United States, with the dates and principal events of their administration”!!!! I nearly expired before I finished that exam.

There is one thing I am duly thankful for, and that is I am through with the dentist, or rather that the dentist is through with me. And I still live. I went over to that man’s office about six times, and finally on last Wednesday he got through. Most of the trouble was caused by one tooth. This tooth had a small-sized cavity in it, about three inches in diameter, I should say, and in addition it contained an extremely lively nerve. Now, that poor nerve had to be “killed” before the tooth could be filled. This “killing” is a very beautiful and not altogether painless process, as executed by our dentist; and the enjoyment was prolonged by the fact that the nerve, like a cat, seemed to possess nine lives.

I had great sport going over to Brooklyn about twice a week, — that is, it was sport until I got to the dentist's; but there the fun ceased. I would skip out of school early, at two o'clock (that does n't seem very early to you), and take the train for New York. From Hoboken I would take the down-town ferry to Barclay Street, and then walk or take a car across the city to another ferry. This ferry carried me across to Brooklyn, and a ride on a street car and a short walk brought me to my destination. That was a good deal of trouble to take, even for the extreme pleasure of going to a dentist's, was n't it? An Orange or a Newark dentist will be good enough for me next time.

I had all kinds of queer experiences during my trips to and from Brooklyn. You think, I know, that I am a very meek sort of an individual, with no "cheek" at all. Well, you should have seen me the other day on a Hoboken ferry-boat. A lot of fellows from Stevens Institute were on board, and all of them were seated in a line on the railing of the upper deck. (The new ferry-boats are fine, and have two decks.) I was also seated on the railing. Pretty soon a deck hand came along, and ordered everybody off. "Against the rules!" Every one piled off but me. I continued calmly to sit there.

The man looked at me, and I looked at him. I smiled a condescending sort of a smile, as if I owned the boat, and winked at him; and he walked away without saying a word!

Evidently he thought that I was the son of the president of the company, or something of that sort.

In my travels through New York, I often passed by Castle Garden, where all the emigrants from Europe are landed. Crowds of queerly dressed foreigners would be wandering around the streets, with bundles of all sizes done up in many-colored bedquilts, and gazing in open-mouthed wonder at the sights of the great city.

Once in a car in Brooklyn a woman had a regular "scrap" with the conductor, who persisted in charging three cents for her boy. The kid had short trousers and was at least seven years old, while she asserted that he was n't four yet. With tears she begged the conductor not to rob her of three cents; but the hard-hearted man only said, "Now you hand over dem tree cents or git off de car, — see!" Of course it ended in his pocketing the three cents.

Last Friday evening my friend W—— A—— and I went to Newark, and played in a "Banjo and Guitar Orchestra," arranged by a fellow in school. It was a concert given for the benefit of some negro scholarship in Africa. Beside the banjo club, there was singing, violin, &c. After the thing was over, all the fellows in the "orchestra" went to a good place, and "filled up" with ice-cream and strawberry short-cake, with the proceeds of the concert! Poor scholarship in Africa! I was n't as bad as some of the fellows; I had only *two* dishes of ice-cream. I guess the scholarship could stand it, though, for the concert was crowded, and they must have made a lot of money.

May 29.

Only two weeks more of school! I think that for two or three days after school, college exam's, and everything is all over, I shall do nothing but sleep. After sleeping about sixteen hours a day for several days, I should feel pretty well. As it is now, I'm the most sleepy-looking individual, especially on Sunday, that you ever saw. (It's probably noticeable in my letters.)

Last week at school was the same as the week before,—hustling for the school paper. "Billy" has taken a fiendish delight in telling us (the editors) how much we were behind time, and that we could n't possibly get the paper out. In about a week, when Mr. "Billy" sees the paper all done and big as life, he will have to back down, I guess.

I'll send you a copy as soon as it appears. Yes, I believe I have *one* or *two* articles in it.

The Academy's annual Field Day was on Friday, and the grounds of the Orange Athletic Club were crowded with people who came to see the games.

Very few fellows from our class were entered; but even then we would have won more points than any other class if it had n't been for one or two "surprises."

A very long-legged '92 fellow was expected easily to take first place in the hurdle-race and the high jump; but he had a bad case of "rattles," or something, which gave these two events to '94, and put them ahead of '92.

W—— A——, one of my two particular friends,

came in second in the one-hundred-yards dash and first in the quarter-mile run.

This is the time when there are lots of base-ball, tennis, and all kinds of athletics going on. Yesterday in New York was the great contest of the Intercollegiate Association of Amateur Athletes. Nearly all the colleges of the United States were represented by their best athletes. Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, each had over one hundred men entered.

You have never seen a contest of this kind, have you? Well, you ought to have been there. There were thousands of people, and all wore the colors of their favorite college. Oh, it was great to see that running track, made of brick dust and level as a floor, and to see six or seven men toe the line, crouch for the spring at the word "Ready," and at the pistol-shot go rushing up the track as fast as a race-horse! One hundred yards was run in ten seconds by a Yale man.

Poor Princeton "was n't in it" with either Yale or Harvard.

Harvard made forty-eight points, Yale thirty-eight, Princeton fourteen, and Columbia ten. The only other colleges to make anything were Williams and New York, which got one point each. Princeton had very hard luck; and one of her best men, while running the "hundred" with a Harvard and a Yale man, was pushed by a Harvard man so that he slipped and lost the race. Princeton claimed a "foul," but the referee would n't allow it.

A graduate of the Academy won the mile walk for

Princeton, and made a wonderful record. He broke all previous records by several seconds, and Princeton "Raahs!" rose loud and long.

Just think of a man's vaulting with a pole over a bar that is ten feet six inches from the ground! That was what a Yale man did yesterday.

And think of jumping (without any pole) over a bar half an inch more than six feet high. A Harvard man did that.

One of the best races of the afternoon was the half-mile, with "Billy" Wright<sup>1</sup> (Yale) of Buffalo, one of the best men in it. The race was such a long and hard one that they could n't run it in trial "heats;" so all the contestants, about fifteen in number, lined up in a double row at the line.

When the pistol went off, Billy Wright at once rushed into the lead, closely followed by a Harvard man, with a Princeton man (a dandy) a few feet behind, and the others in a bunch. They held those positions until within about two hundred yards of the finish, when they began to "let themselves out." Gradually the Harvard and Princeton men began to lessen the distance between themselves and Billy. Poor Billy knew they were coming, and he just *worked* for all he was worth. Nearer and nearer they came, and soon Harvard was even with Billy. Both were nearly dead. Then Harvard pushed a little ahead; but almost at the very end the Princeton man, who had been saving

<sup>1</sup> Son of Rev. Wm. B. Wright, D.D., the successor of Ralph's father in the pastorate of the Lafayette Street Church, Buffalo, N. Y.

himself, spurted and broke the tape two feet in the lead. Billy was third.

There were several other Buffalo fellows in the games, but Billy Wright was the only one to make anything.

June 5.

To-morrow afternoon our school base-ball team plays the most important game ever played by an Academy team, — with the Columbia College Freshmen. I suppose our team will be badly beaten.

I am manager of the team; and nearly every afternoon this last week I might have been seen tramping around the streets, like an old bill-poster, and tacking up a big placard every chance I got.

Yesterday the school tennis tournament was played. I could n't play on account of that troublesome old knee of mine. So I went down and helped umpire and keep score. I left about noon, when the semi-finals were being played. One fellow ('92) proved to be a better player than any one else, and no doubt he won the first prize, — a "Slocum Tournament" racquet. The doubles were to be played in the afternoon, but I did n't go to see them.

I have n't so much as had a racquet in my hand this year! A cat could beat me now. I heaved a great sigh of relief yesterday, when the last and final proof of our school paper was corrected and taken to the printer's. I spent all yesterday afternoon in Newark correcting proof. Did you ever read proof? It's no snap. We expect to have the paper on Tuesday. I'll send you one, and mark what I wrote.



June 12.

Instead of going to school on Monday, I stayed at home and wrote my Salutatory. I thought I should have an awful time at it ; but as soon as I settled down to business, I wrote it right off. I wrote most of it in the morning, and finished it in the evening. In the afternoon was the base-ball game between the Academy and the Columbia Freshmen. The day was rainy, and only cleared up a little while before the game, so that our attendance was about half as large as we expected. Nevertheless we made enough for all expenses, paid the guarantee to the Columbia team, and had three dollars left over.

The Columbia team were regular men, about twice the size of our fellows ; but we held them down until the third inning, when our fellows got a little rattled, and they made three runs.

We were just beginning to bat their pitcher, when the rain came down in torrents, and for fifteen minutes it just poured. Then the sun came out again ; but the diamond resembled a small mud-pond, and the game had to be given up. Score : Columbia four, Newark Academy nothing.

Tuesday I walked into " Billy's " office with fear and trembling. I had my " Salut," with me, and sat down by " Billy's " side as he took his blue pencil from behind his ear and began to read it. He made only two or three corrections, and ordered one part re-written. Well, the next day I appeared with the ordered corrections and several additions. To my sur-

prise, "Billy" said it was "O. K." I considered myself in luck, for I expected to re-write it about three times, as some of the fellows had to do, before "Billy's" fastidious taste would be suited.

After the usual printer's delays, the school paper appeared on Wednesday, and sold like hot cakes. I sent you a copy. We editors felt like swearing at some of the mistakes our printer made, and we hope our friends will be lenient in their criticisms of the paper.

Wednesday afternoon exam's began with German, which was a "soft snap." Virgil and Homer, the next day, were something decidedly the opposite; while geometry, on Friday, was a "terror."

Imagine ten of the longest and hardest propositions contained in the five books, and add to them two rocky "originals," and you have an idea of that geometry paper. It took me nearly the whole three hours to do eleven, and I was just beginning to see through the only one which badly stuck me, when time was up.

That exam. ended school for us. The rest of the school has a week more. One of the fellows and I went to New York Friday afternoon, when all was over, and celebrated with soda-water. (I want to say here that I have n't found any New York soda-water to come up to Lockie's. Oh for a glass of Lockie's — with you!)

Yesterday morning I went to school and "spouted" my "Salut." before "Billy." At 11.45 took the

train for Princeton with my chum K——. His father is a Pennsylvania railroad official, and kindly got us passes.

Princeton is full of people, — stacks of girls, — for it is Commencement time there; and yesterday was the great base-ball game with Yale.

Poor Princeton was defeated, three to one, and it was a sorrowful surprise to everybody but the Yale men.

After being beaten twice by Harvard and twice by Yale, Princeton is “not in it.”

I wish you could accept that invitation I sent you to our Class Day on Tuesday.

You can imagine me, about 3.15 on that afternoon (if you get this letter as soon as that), being introduced as Class Prex by “Doc” Farrand, and then coming forward with my knees shaking under me, and addressing the audience with: “Ladies and Gentlemen, Friends of the Newark Academy,— One hundred years ago, in the village which has now become the great city of Newark, a small school was started. Who of its founders, think you, imagined the glorious future that was before it? Growing in the face of many obstacles, successful when failure seemed inevitable, it has continued on its steady march for full a century, and now, in this the centennial year, the Class of '92 bids you welcome to its Class Day exercises,” &c., &c.

After that I shall preside, in as dignified a manner as I can assume, over the rest of the exercises.

June 18

Commencement (or Class Day, as we call it) passed off *finely* on Tuesday afternoon, and was a great success.

I can't realize that all work is over, and that I have nothing to do for three months.

College exam's all day Thursday and yesterday in New York were a pretty hard strain. I came home last night all broken up. Am all right now, though. I had been sitting up till midnight studying, and then getting up at six in the mornings lately, and that, combined with the long work of exam's "did me up." One good night's sleep, though, fixed me all right.

June 24.

Here goes for a letter by to-morrow's Cunard steamer.

I expect that it will be about two pages long, for nothing has happened since Wednesday.

I'd like to know just what you are doing at this moment. If the weather out there on the ocean is anything like it is here, you are having a cool, pleasant day. What are the prospects for my winning that bet? I am pretty sure I shall get it, unless the "Noordland" strikes a pretty big storm somewhere. I suppose that you are now steaming along in the Gulf Stream. Did you notice the difference in the color of the ocean's water from that of the Gulf Stream? The ocean is a dark green, the Gulf Stream a deep blue. And have you seen any of those little flying fish

that the steamer sometimes starts up as it goes through the Gulf Stream ?

Have you met some nice fellows on board ? Do they give you good "grub" ? How do you like "Table d'Hôte" ?

I am very anxious to get your steamer letter telling about your experiences on board. I suppose they will have a concert or a mock trial (they always do), and give the proceeds to some "Sailors' Home." These entertainments are always a lot of fun, especially if they get some one with a voice like an antiquated tom-cat to sing, who thinks herself or himself a veritable Patti.

Yesterday morning I was in New York, and went up to the "Imperial" to see your father and mother, but they were out. I wonder if they returned to Buffalo last night or this morning.

*We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did." And so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.*

WALTON.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### PLANNING A FISHING EXCURSION.

RALPH had worked too hard during the closing weeks of school. As a consequence he was unable to endure the strain of the competitive examination for entrance into Princeton, as elsewhere related, although he was admitted without conditions to the Freshman class. He was very much run down, and seemed to have little life or ambition. A low type of fever soon made its appearance, and he was confined for a time to his bed. He evidently needed a vacation that would build him up physically, and strengthen him for solid college work in the autumn.

This was the prevailing argument with his parents in assenting to another summer's vacation in "the Canadian wilds." He had been so much benefited by former fishing-trips there, and withal was so careful and trustworthy, as was also his proposed companion, that after much hesitation consent was given him to go. The present chapter will take him on his trip as far as Buffalo.

June 28.

You have n't any idea what a lazy fellow I am, now that all work is over. I lounge around the house from morning till night, like a fellow with no ambition in life. I sleep about two thirds of the time,— to

make up for the last few months. About all I do is to read. Once in a while I get up spunk enough to make one of the numerous calls I ought to make.

I could get along very well with Ed, if I went to Canada with him. Don't you think so? There will probably be a good deal of kicking on the part of my father and mother, as well as Ed's, about our going up there alone, — only two of us, — without a guide. Ed is about as good as a guide, though, and I have been on such trips several times too.

So much for our Canadian trip. Ed has got to pass his exam's for the "Tech," and I have got to get permission, before we can go.

About the only thing that has happened lately in Orange was the summer athletic games of the Orange Athletic Club. They were held last Saturday afternoon on those grounds you saw on your way out to Orange. Several Newark Academy fellows, including my two chums, ran; but none of them won anything.

There was one man, in bright red "running-pants," who created a great deal of amusement. He pranced up and down the track in practice, before the games began, and he had a gait that reminded you of a jumping-jack. He ran in nearly every race, and invariably came in last. He did n't seem to be disheartened by defeat, but always showed up smiling for the next race.

The bicycle races were the best of all, and were very exciting. One fellow won both of them, and became the champion of the county.

Good-by.

From your friend.



July 2.

DEAR ED, — You may not discover who is writing to you without looking at the end of this letter, because Mamma is doing the writing while I am lying in bed and telling her what to say. I was taken very sick on Wednesday with a fever; and the doctor thought I would have typhoid, my temperature went buzzing up to 104, and my pulse was 130.

I have a trained nurse, and she is a dandy. Between the doctor and her the fever has been nearly knocked out. At first it looked rather blue for this summer, for typhoid lasts for about two months; but I feel a great deal better to-day, and I hope I shall be laid up only a couple of weeks. How were your exam's this week, and when will you know the result? Papa arrived home to-day, and I will write again soon and let you know the prospects. If you stay in Providence two weeks, I hope to be well by that time, and I want that visit to Orange from you.

Please write soon.

Yours.

July 4.

DEAR ED, — I received your letter this morning, and suppose you have received mine too. I am gaining rapidly, and am able to sit up and eat a square meal. I shall probably be around this week.

Papa got home Saturday, and things look pretty well for Canada.

I think it will be a "go" if you will only come out here and talk it over. Can't you get here the first part of next week? Rush around in Providence, and get through as soon as possible.

The glorious "Fourth" seems to be rather slow in Orange. There is n't much noise or celebrating.

I had a letter from Wid the other day; he told about his smashing around Chicago in a white plug hat and cane.

Hope I shall hear from you soon. Tell me as soon as you know, when you are coming to Orange. I am just as crazy for Canada as you are. I'll be O. K. in about three days.

Yours as ever.

July 8.

DEAR ED, — Your letter came yesterday morning, I found it lying on the bed when I woke up. Thanks for your sympathy. Yes, the doctor settled up my fever in great shape.

It looked rather blue the first day or two, when I had the typhoid symptoms. Typhoid would have meant all summer in bed. Lucky I escaped.

You can see, from the fact that I am able to write this letter myself, that I am a good deal better.

Yesterday, after having breakfast in bed, I dressed and came downstairs for the first time. Stayed down all day, and did n't feel any the worse for it. I am down again to-day, and shall go out for a short walk. I am fast getting my strength back again.

My going to Canada with you would be all right enough, — so says my father, — if we two were n't going to be alone. That's what my father and mother kick principally about. I think it can be fixed all right.

Well, there is n't anything to say except that I hope you will finish up in Providence as soon as possible, and then come here.

Of course, as I said before, I can't offer you any excitement here; but we can have a quiet time, *and get the Canada business settled*. That's the principal thing I am thinking about now. Papa expects you, and the business will then be settled — for me.

Let me know, as soon as you decide, when you can come and when and where I can meet you in New York or vicinity.

Joe wrote the other day that his father had cabled that they had arrived O. K. after a fine passage.

I shall be in good condition for Canada in two weeks. I think I ought to have as much exercise as that before going.

Well, G. B. Write soon.

July 12.

DEAR —: Well, I *did* have a close call from typhoid fever. It was a mighty lucky escape. You can imagine how I felt the first two or three days I was sick, when the doctor said I had typhoid symptoms; that would have meant all my vacation, at least, in bed.

But the doctor and the nurse evidently knew just exactly what to do, and the way they broke up that fever was a caution. For four days they made me take a glass of milk (boiled) every two hours; I had to drink it out of a flat dish with a nozzle. Bah! Then I was allowed to eat what civilized people eat. How good it tasted! Since then I have been gradually improving.

Came downstairs last week Thursday for the first time, and have been out for a short walk every day. Went to church once on Sunday.

Getting my strength back again seems to be rather a slow process, — slower than I wish it was. I suppose I should get strong quicker if it was n't so hot.

I had a very amusing letter from —— a couple of weeks ago. It was written just after he got back from his grand jag to Chicago. —— is a very queer fellow. He did n't say a word about college or the University of Michigan that you spoke of, but instead he told about some grand hunting-trip in Dakota that he expects to go on in November. I wrote him a regular "red-hot" letter, and told him I thought he was making a very big mistake in throwing away the opportunity of a college course. I told him that it was n't too late yet, — he could take exam's in September. I made a last touching appeal for Princeton, but I don't suppose it will do any good.

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 17.

MY DEAR MAMMA, — Ed and I arrived all right yesterday morning. Nobody knew that we were coming, and we walked in on them as a surprise. After breakfast we started out on our wheels to see "the crowd."

In the afternoon we went to Oakfield (Ed and I). Went to church and Sunday-school this morning.

We have decided to start for Canada a week from to-morrow (Monday).

Now, these are the things I did n't bring; please send them (by mail or express): those heavy socks;

black felt hat; *flannel shirts*, — perhaps Papa's shrunk ones would do, — they must be of dark color so as not to scare deer.

July 18.

Here I am in Buffalo again! and there is so much to tell you that I must begin right away. My last letter was written last week Tuesday, I think. At that time I was fast getting well from my sickness, and was expecting Ed in a few days. Well, the next morning a telegram came from Ed saying: "Everything passed. Will arrive Thursday morning." Was n't that *fine*, — that Ed passed all those hard exam's? He was just waiting in Providence for the report of his exam's, and when that came he climbed out in a hurry.

Thursday morning I rushed into New York as early as possible, meeting Ed at the Astor House.

We came right out to Orange, and the Canadian trip began to be talked up at once. After some long discussions, in which Ed and I used all the arguments we could think of, Papa was won over and consented to my going.

During the ride up the river from the Club Saturday evening we saw the most beautiful Aurora Borealis (if that's the way to spell it) that has ever been seen here. Long white flashes came out of a transparent black cloud, — that is, it looked like a cloud, but you could see the stars right through it. These flashes seemed to gather at the zenith, and converge from it. Then the whole sky would be lit up with beds of green

and pink lights. It was very wonderful. Some people were frightened, and thought something was going to happen, — the world coming to an end perhaps. It lasted until after we got to Buffalo. Yesterday morning I went to Sunday-school and church like a good boy. Went to see your father and mother in the afternoon.

July 21.

MY DEAR PAPA, — We are making our arrangements to start for Canada on Monday, but may not get off until Tuesday. So far the expenses (mine) have been: "Turkey" (bag for clothes, &c.), fifty cents; my share of lantern, one dollar twenty-five cents; fishing-tackle, one dollar ten cents. Then I have got to get a pair of knickerbockers and canvas leggings, and buy my share of the ammunition (a large item).

Please send me a check for *forty dollars*, and trust me not to spend a cent more than is necessary. With love to all.

Will write and tell you what a fine time I am having. Perfectly well now.

July 21

Well, our preparations for Canada are going on all the time. I think I am perfectly well now, and as strong as before my sickness. Oh, I'm afraid it will be awfully lonesome business, — two fellows going off up there alone. You know we expect to go without a guide, and do our own work and everything.

The latest scheme is to take Will D—— along, and get a guide too. Then we would have two tents and two canoes. Will is crazy to go, but I doubt if he

can, because of his being with George so much. Ed and I pitched the tent in the side yard the other day. It looks fine. We have been down town several times to buy stuff. This morning we got a nice lantern and what fishing-tackle we needed. The guns are all cleaned, poles and tackle put in order, and part of our duds packed away in the big "turkey." You have heard of a "turkey" before, haven't you? It is a long, round canvas bag, which holds about everything but the tents and guns. About all that remains before going is to take some cooking-lessons, especially in the manufacture of bread and johnny-cake, — the bread to be made out of flour, water, lard, and salt, and nothing else (perhaps you never heard of that kind of bread), and cooked in a frying-pan.

And now about the launch! Those naphtha launches are great! It only costs about two or three dollars to run them all day. We started down the right-hand side of the island,<sup>1</sup> with the folding canvas canoe in tow. It was the first time I had ever been around the island, and I enjoyed it immensely. It took about two hours and a half to round the lower end of the island, and come to anchor just above the end, on the Canada side. We landed in the canoe, two at a time, after anchoring the launch about forty feet from shore (shallow water). Then we tramped about half a mile over into some woods, and ate grub. There was the slickest little creek there, just crowded with fine water-lilies; but the rushes were so thick at the entrance that the

<sup>1</sup> Grand Island, above Niagara Falls.

canoe could n't get in. Evidently nobody ever goes there. Why, we saw nine mud-turtles roosting on one log, and leeches and snakes were so thick we decided not to wade in. After grub we found a very tame cow, and you ought to have seen Ed milk her. We didn't have anything to hold the milk, so Ed began by milking into his own mouth. When he was satisfied, I got down on my hands and knees, and then Gub. Oh, it was awfully funny! I would open my mouth as wide as possible, Ed take aim, and, whizz! a fine stream of milk would come into my eyes and nose, and at last reach the right spot. After getting as much as my mouth would hold in that position, I would get up, swallow it, wipe my face, and go at it again. Oh for a Kodak of it! We just roared when Gub got down there, and were laughing so hard that Gub could n't swallow his milk.

We tried it on another cow near the river; but the farmer came, and *we left*. Then we went out to the boat and went in swimming. Wow! how cold the water was at first! I tried to swim, and surprised myself by doing six or eight strokes. We got to the city about 7.30. The three clubs looked very deserted as we passed them, especially Falconwood.

This morning we played tennis on the E—— Court, and later went down town. Fixed up all our rods and fishing-tackle this afternoon, and about five o'clock rode over to see A——, who was in the city for the afternoon. The H——s are really going in two weeks, after almost deciding to stay until September. It's



too bad, I think. Went down to the P——s to dinner this evening. They had come into the city for a day or two. I imagine that the party over there this year is not quite so jolly as last year, — not so many young people. I have very pleasant memories of Wynetka last summer.

July 24.

Everything is ready for the start to Canada to-morrow morning at nine o'clock; but if a certain letter from Orange, containing a check, does not arrive in the first delivery, we may have to wait until Tuesday. See? There is n't any hurry about going, though, for the boys last year did n't start until August.

Speaking of August reminds me that one week from to-day is the last day of July! Vacation is flying away fast.

Ed and I have been busy fellows this past week. Guns had to be cleaned, tent set up, fishing-tackle looked over and mended, knives sharpened, rods repaired, and lots and lots of little things attended to. Many is the trip we have made down town; and each time after we got home, we have thought of several things we forgot to do.

T'other day we took several knives down to be sharpened. At the store where such things are done they said they could n't finish them in time, so we chased up a man we had seen wheeling his cart along Main Street. Caught him in front of "Wonderland," and Ed pulled out his bowie hunting-knife from his cartridge belt, and asked the man how much he would

charge to sharpen it. Well, you ought to have seen that man when he saw that big carving-knife. He looked at us as though he thought we were wild Indian scalpers or cow-boys. All the time he was sharpening it, his cart was the centre of attraction for a crowd of street-urchins, who would look first at the knife and then at us, wondering what we could be.

Yesterday Ed and I went into the Iroquois barber-shop, and had some of our superfluous hair taken off. I had a regular "bar-tender's cut," — clippers on the sides and back, and just enough hair left on top for a "part" of two inches in front. Ed was very "dudey," and had his cut so as to part all the way. Oh, I look real "tough." I was almost ashamed to go out to-day, and wanted to take a back seat in church.

We are going to take with us to-morrow the tent, "turkey," two rifles (both Ed's), and our poles. We shall start out in our knickerbockers, flannel shirts, rough shoes, &c., and no doubt we shall be pretty tough-looking specimens (not so much so as when we come back).

All we take with us in the way of grub is coffee and condensed milk, and three jars (small) of Liebig's beef extract. The rest of the grub we shall get when we start out from Bala, on Muskoka Lake.

The "turkey" is a big round bag, made of strong canvas. When filled, as it is now, it looks like an immense stuffed sausage. It holds everything, — from old shoes and fishing-tackle to condensed milk.

You would have roared to see us pack it this afternoon. First came a preliminary layer of mosquito-netting and underwear; then the lantern, surrounded by stockings and sweaters; then Ed called for "a layer of pants," and on top of these were the cans of condensed milk, wadded in with towels. Cartridges and fishing-tackle came next, mixed in with old clothes, hats, &c. The blankets, with coffee-bags in the middle, were on top, with rubber blankets spread over them. Ha, ha! What a mixture!

We are going to-morrow by way of Lewiston, so as not to get to the Canadian custom-house until we reach Toronto instead of at the Bridge. We have a letter from the Collector of Customs here, and he told us that the men at Toronto were less strict. What a sad business it would be if they should insist on our emptying the "turkey"! Oh, horrors!

Yours.

*It is a quiet glen, as you may see,  
Shut in from all intrusion by the trees,  
That spread their giant branches, broad and free,  
The silent growth of many centuries ;  
And make a hallowed time for hapless moods,  
A sabbath of the woods.*

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.





THE CAMP ON THE MUSKOSH.

## CHAPTER XIX.

AGAIN IN A CANADIAN CAMP.

July 24.

MY DEAR MAMMA, — Our packing is all done, tickets bought to Toronto, and everything ready to start at nine o'clock to-morrow morning. But I waited too long before telling Papa how much money I wanted, and so his letter has not come yet. If it comes we can start to-morrow, if it is in the first delivery; otherwise we shall probably wait until Tuesday, although Mr. E—— has offered to lend me the money. That package came all right, and contained just what I wanted. Thanks very much. The big slouch hat and heavy socks are “out of sight;” flannel shirts a fine fit.

All the week Ed and I have been busy getting ready. All our stuff is contained in a big bag called a “turkey” (remember that name, because I shall speak of the “turkey” in my letters). I said it held all, but I mean everything except the tent, guns, and rods.

Ed has decided to take both his rifles, instead of a rifle and a shot-gun. The duty on the shot-gun would be too much. So Ed will have his new big forty-calibre rifle, and the smaller thirty-two calibre

will be for me. We take about two hundred cartridges each.

I have had a pair of corduroy short pants made. Cost four dollars. They are just the thing for "roughing it."

The only things in the line of grub that we take from here are coffee (four pounds) and condensed milk (six cans). Everything else we get at Bala. You have our address, have n't you? — care of Tom Currie, Bala, Muskoka Lake, Ontario, Canada.

The only way we shall have of getting mail will be to come to Bala (several miles) from wherever we are camped. We shall probably have to make two or three trips to Bala for grub, and can get mail then. Whatever we don't get will be there waiting for us when we return. Now don't let this keep you from writing, because letters from home will be *mighty welcome* up there.

I have been busy all the time. Went around Grand Island on an all-day trip on Tuesday. We went with a Mr. P——, friend of Ed's, — in his naphtha launch. Fine time.

Next afternoon I went down to the Island Club to visit Allie H——. Came home in the evening.

Have played tennis several times with Will D—— at the O—— s'. My knee is all right, and I am feeling finely.

Glad to hear that E—— is doing so well. Hope Grandma is much better now.

With love to all.



TORONTO, July 25.

MY DEAR MAMMA, — Your letter, containing Papa's check, arrived by the first delivery this morning, and we started from Buffalo at nine o'clock. Went to Lewiston by N. Y. Central, and then by steamer to Toronto, — a fine sail across Lake Ontario. Arrived here about one o'clock, and have been wandering around the city. We leave on Grand Trunk train at 11.20 to-night. Go on a sleeper to Gravenhurst, where sleeper is switched off and waits till morning. Then we go by boat to Bala. Get canoe and grub there, and start down river. Write often.

Love to all.

IN CAMP ON MOON RIVER, July 29.

DEAR PAPA AND MAMMA, — This is our third day in camp. We got to Bala Tuesday afternoon, pitched our tents, had supper at Tom Currie's, and bought our supplies. Started out after breakfast Wednesday morning, and came about seven miles down the river. Were delayed by rain and didn't get here until four o'clock. Five short portages. We have a man with us to cook; but he has to return to Bala to-day. We shall stay here over Sunday, then go up to Bala for our mail, and then down the muskosh River. Our special object here is muskalonge. No luck so far. Weather very rainy. Flies and mosquitoes awful. Good time, though. Will write Sunday.

With love.

MUSKALONGE CAMP, MOON RIVER, CANADA,  
July 31.

MY DEAR PAPA AND MAMMA, — Sunday is just the same as other days here in the “wilds”; and if we had not kept track, we should not know that it was the day of rest. Our camp life “on our own hook” has fairly begun. The man who came down with us went back to Bala Friday morning, and left us to look after ourselves. This man was a “fire-ranger,” whose duty it was to look for forest fires along this river and the Muskosh.

He was at Bala when we got there, and we took him, on Tom Currie’s recommendation, to help us get settled, paying him two dollars.

He was a fair cook, but rather lazy, and we were not sorry when he had to return to Bala.

Well, I must tell you how we got here from Toronto. We had to hang around Toronto from one o’clock Monday afternoon until 11.20 that night. Spent our time in carrying our guns, “turkey,” &c., from the wharf to the Grand Trunk depot, an imposing structure containing three whole tracks. Do you remember it, Papa? It is on the English plan, — waiting-rooms, baggage-rooms, &c., on each side, — so as to confuse people probably, for one side looks just like the other. There are four baggage-rooms, one in each corner, and you usually have to go to each in succession before finding your baggage.

After lugging our baggage over, we had some grub in the lunch-room of the station, and then started out

to find a sail-maker. Our turkey had been badly torn on the way to Toronto, and we had to have another one made, of much heavier canvas. Man said he would have it done in two hours, and we went tramping around the streets to spend the time. Bought a hatchet, an axe, and some other things, and patronized a bakery for supper, which we ate on the street. Every one we passed stared at us, and turned around to look. What tramps we were! Knickerbockers, old shoes, flannel shirts, carrying axes on our shoulders and bundles under our arms, and chewing on a big roll apiece. Ha, ha! Having nothing to do, we went to the Grand Trunk Station, and had great sport watching how they do things there. It took ten minutes, by the clock, for the ticket-agent to get our tickets. On the G. T. R. every one of the employees runs things to suit himself. You ask six men what time a certain train starts, and you receive a different answer from each. Then you average up and get somewhere near the right thing. If you have any baggage, you have to follow it right up and keep hold of it all the time, and then carry it to the train on your own back. Otherwise you may not see it again for several days, in spite of checks.

The train came into the station about 10.30, and we found our berths in the sleeper at once, after making sure that our turkey and tent went aboard. At last, about midnight we started. The sleeper was a Pullman, — one of those half-sleepers, — with six berths and the rest common seats. Sometime in the

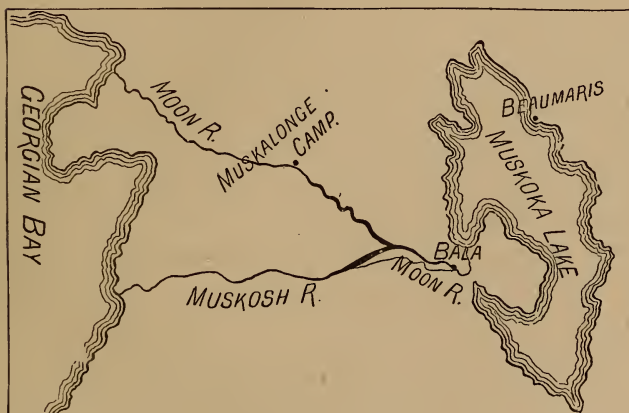
night we arrived at Gravenhurst, where our car was side-tracked. At seven the porter woke us, and soon we were hitched onto a freight train, which carried us to Muskoka Wharf.

The steamer soon started, and we found that we ought to have made connection for Bala at Bracebridge, beyond Gravenhurst. The steamer we took did not go to Bala, and so we had to pile off at Beaumaris and wait till four o'clock for a Bala boat. We fooled around and did nothing, except catch a few bass off some rocks. Had dinner at the hotel. Papa will remember Beaumaris as the place where he and I stayed when we were at Muskoka. I recognized the hotel proprietor at once, but could n't think of his name. We arrived at Bala about five o'clock. Shook hands with Tom Currie (the hotel proprietor, a big man about six feet four) and "Sam" (who runs the boat-house and ice-cream parlor, and who got our canoe for us) on the wharf. Currie's hotel, another smaller one, the boat-house, a little church, "the store," and a few shanties comprise the city of Bala. The post-office is in the store, where can be bought anything from a toothpick to a steam piano, new or second-hand.

The first thing we did was to pitch our tent and fix our camp for the night, with ferns for bedding. Had supper at Tom's. It was our last square meal; and we ate a lot, I tell you. After supper we bought our supplies at the store, of course forgetting two or three such necessary things as potatoes and oil for our lantern.

Next morning, Wednesday, we cooked our own breakfast, — ham, oatmeal, bread, coffee, and condensed milk. Packed up and started down the Moon River about nine o'clock. The fire-ranger, H——, went with us in his own canoe. Tom told us that this fellow was about the only available guide ; so we took him.

I will try to draw a rough map of Bala and the two rivers, to show you where we are.



We came down the Moon River for the especial purpose of catching muskalonge ; that is why we have named our camp “Muskalonge Camp.”

The boys last year here caught a twenty-two pounder. We have had poor luck and rainy weather, and have only caught one, about four pounds in weight.

There are five or six portages in the seven miles between here and Bala. Some are rather hard, while the canoe can be pushed through others by wading.

Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday mornings were rainy, but since then the weather has been fine, — warm days and cool nights. Our camp is very comfortable, with the blankets spread on a thick layer of hemlock boughs. Everything is kept in the tent, even fire-wood, to keep it from rain and the heavy dews.

Pickerel, pike, and a few black bass can be caught at any time; and these supply us with fish.

We ought to have had *venison* to-day. Ed had an easy shot at a deer last night, but had "buck ague" so badly that he missed it. We have seen two other deer, but no more shots. This is too near Bala for killing deer, and laws are stricter than last year. But wait until we get down on the Muskosh, where deer are four times as thick as here!

There are lots of other things to shoot here, — such as squirrels, porcupines, and birds, — but we only fire at *deer*.

Oh, it is slick, — paddling up the river (which is lined with marshy places) with the chance of seeing a deer at any time!

To-morrow morning we expect to leave here, taking our stuff up to the fork of the Moon and Muskosh Rivers. There we shall leave it and paddle on up to Bala, three miles, to get our mail, post our Sunday letters, and buy a few things. Then, after dinner at Tom's, we shall go down the river, branching off *down the Muskosh*. Oh, how good it will be to get letters to-morrow from home!

I hope all are now well at home, and that Mamma and the children are enjoying Lake Hopatcong.

I don't know when I can write or receive letters again after to-morrow. Down on the Muskosh, we shall be about twelve miles from Bala, and may not go there again until on the way home. We shall probably be up here about two weeks longer. I will write as often as possible.

Good-by, with love to all.

I have learned to paddle, and can swim several strokes.

BALA, Aug. 2, 1892.

DEAR PAPA,— We were kept here by rain yesterday afternoon, and spent the night at Tom Currie's hotel. Received your letter enclosing postal from Europe. It is raining this morning, but we must start. If you should want me for anything during next two weeks, Mr. E—— of Buffalo has full directions from Ed how to find us. Good-by.

*Thou hast honored my child by the speed of Thy choice,  
Thou hast crowned him with glory, o'erwhelmed him with  
mirth ;  
He sings up in heaven with his sweet-sounding voice,  
While I, a saint's mother, am weeping on earth.*

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.



## CHAPTER XX.

### A STUNNING BLOW.

THE morning of Wednesday, Aug. 3, 1892, I passed in my study, planning a sermon for the following Sunday. The subject had particularly interested me. The evening before the theme for the weekly prayer-meeting of the church had been "Trouble and Deliverance." There was a deep spiritual tone to the services which impressed all present, and led me at the close to say: "Let us remember, dear friends, that the blessed truths upon which we have been dwelling we shall all have occasion sooner or later to test. To some of you trouble, deep and dark, has already come; and with it has come also sure deliverance from the hand of the Lord. You know the secret meaning of a subject like this. Others of us have journeyed along life's pathway with scarcely a cloud to darken the heavens above us. But it will not always be so. Trouble is sure to overtake us. Even now some of us may be sitting under the shadow of a great grief about to fall with crushing weight upon us. God grant that when it falls we shall know where to find deliverance!"

The meeting made such an impression on me that Wednesday morning I decided to put aside the subject previously selected for a sermon, and pursue the line of thought suggested by the discussion of the previous evening. Thus the morning passed in arranging my thoughts and preparing a plan for the sermon.

In the afternoon I seated myself at my desk to begin the work of composition. I wrote the text: 2 Cor. i. 3, "The God of all comfort."

Before another word was written there came a knock at my door, and a telegram was handed me. It read as follows:—

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 3, 1892.

My son telegraphs me from Bracebridge "Ralph gone over Squaw Shute Falls," which makes me fear he is drowned. Leave for Bala this evening.

E. W. E——.

The crushing grief had fallen. While I was speaking the evening before, the lifeless body of my boy—my only son, my pride and joy—was lying beneath the cruel waters of the Muskosh River.

I shall not attempt to describe my emotions. I could not do it, if I desired. With a pain around my heart, and a stunned feeling which only those who have passed through similar experiences can understand, I made hasty arrangements to take the first train to Buffalo and thence to Canada. Leaving the poor broken-hearted mother, I hurried away. By arrangement with the operator, telegrams were repeated to me along the route; but they contained no further

news, — only a hope, to which I clung with desperation, knowing all the time that it was useless so to do.

Arriving in Buffalo early Thursday morning, friends were waiting at the station to do all in their power to comfort and aid me. There was nothing to do but wait for the train to Toronto that afternoon. Mr. E—— telegraphed from Bracebridge that he could learn nothing additional. The telegram had been sent there from Bala, twenty-five miles away across the lake, by boat, — the only means of communication.

How hard it is to do nothing when every instinct prompts to action! But at last the time came to start for the station. A friend who had taken me to his home, then said that as he had business in Toronto, he would accompany me there. He knew by my looks — I could *say* nothing — how glad I was of his company. For years we had been the warmest friends. As a trustee of Lafayette Street Church, of which for nine years I had been the pastor, I had learned to prize his wise counsels and generous friendship. Two years before we had travelled together in Europe; and only the year before I had been permitted, though not then pastor of the church, to be with him when with breaking heart he laid forever from his sight one of the sweetest and noblest women whom God ever gave to be the wife of any man.

At Toronto he bought *two* tickets for Bracebridge. Plainly enough I saw that he had no intention of leaving me to take the remainder of the sad journey alone. Such kindness seemed to me too much. I could not

feel that it was right for him to leave his business for my sake.

But protestations were in vain. "If it takes a month to find Ralph," he said in a tone which admitted no contradiction, "I shall stay with you." God be praised that there are such friends!

We reached Bracebridge at 4 A. M. on Friday. At six the boat sailed for Bala. Mr. E—— and Ed were waiting there on the dock. But the body had not been found. For two days willing hands had dragged the river in vain. Again the only thing to do was to wait—for the body to rise.

The drowning had occurred some eight or nine miles below Bala. I could not rest until I had seen the place. Accordingly, with Ed and a guide, I started down the river in a canoe. As we stood on the shore opposite the awful place, Ed told me the sad story in substance as follows:—

"After setting up our tent over there, and getting everything ready for the night, we thought we would come back on this side and do some fishing. It was then about six o'clock.<sup>1</sup> You know that last summer we boys<sup>2</sup> had our camp on this identical spot, and we crossed and recrossed the river hundreds of times,—the guide saying there was no danger.<sup>3</sup> We got into the canoe to paddle across; and suddenly, I don't know how

<sup>1</sup> Tuesday evening, Aug. 2, 1892.

<sup>2</sup> Ralph was not with them on that trip.

<sup>3</sup> The fatal mistake this time was that the water was about one and a half feet higher than the previous summer, which made the current much stronger.

or why, it capsized. We were both thrown into the water. As we came up, Ralph grabbed me. He was strangling, and evidently thought he was going to drown. He got me round the neck, and we both began to go down. Not a word was said, but he saw what the result would be, and *of his own accord* loosened his hold, leaving me free to help him, with himself aiding. We should both have been drowned but for his own voluntary relaxing his hold upon me.

“Far quicker than it takes me to tell it, we were struggling in the rapids you see there. My aim was to get out of them into the stiller water, and then we could easily reach land. But do what I could, we could n’t escape the clutch of the current. I held on to Ralph until we were within thirty or forty feet of the falls. There was no longer a hope of saving him. It was a question if I could save myself. I let him go, and got to land myself I don’t know how. I only remember that I was utterly exhausted, and lay there for some time — I don’t know how long — unconscious. Then I crossed the island on which I had landed, swam the other branch of the river, roused some Indians living near by, sent them to search the river, and started on foot for Bala, which I reached about two o’clock in the morning.”

Every word of the story went through my heart like a knife, yet I would not have missed a word for thousands of dollars. “Ed,” I said, “I want you to know, first of all, that I do not blame you in the least.” “Thank you, oh, thank you for saying that!” the

noble fellow replied; "I have been hoping, oh, so anxiously, for just those words!" and he burst into tears. "And more than that," I continued, "I want to thank you with all my heart for your noble effort to save my darling boy."

We went below the falls, and paddled up and down the river, but all in vain. The waters were as peaceful and uncommunicative as though my heart's treasure was not beneath them.

I arranged with some neighboring Indians to have two booms stretched across the river to prevent the body, when it rose, from being carried down stream. They also agreed to patrol the river day and night, and start with the body as soon as it was found for Bala.

Ed volunteered to stay down and oversee the work. This I wanted to do myself; but the fear of bad news from Ralph's poor mother led me to accept Ed's offer, and accordingly I returned to Bala, the guide paddling me up.

As I reached the hotel, Mr. E—— was about to start for the boat, having decided that it was better for him to go, that he might arrange for sending up a metallic coffin. This could not be found nearer than Toronto. From there it was sent under the care of a special messenger, to avoid the possibility of any delay through the carelessness of railroad employés.

It came none too soon. At eight o'clock Saturday morning Ed went over the patrol; and there just below the falls was the precious body floating round and

round in an eddy. The Indians were quickly notified, and the start up the river was made. It was a hard trip, with its seven portages, and it was not till half-past two in the afternoon that Bala was reached.

At half-past five the boat came in with the casket upon it. There was doubt whether it would wait for us to do the necessary work before embarking. We had therefore engaged a "tramp" boat which had come in just before the regular steamer. At seven we started, reaching Gravenhurst at 9.30 Saturday evening. There was no train for twenty-six hours.

We may omit the trying experiences which followed. It is enough to say that on two different freight-trains and by riding all night we reached Toronto about ten o'clock Sunday morning, in time for the express train for Buffalo.

It is due to the officials of the Grand Trunk Railroad at Gravenhurst, Allendale, and Toronto also, to say that they showed us every courtesy, and did everything in their power to aid us, making up a special freight-train at Allendale for our accommodation.

Just one incident on the way from Toronto to Buffalo should be recorded. On the Canadian side of Suspension Bridge the train halted for a moment. A lady sitting opposite me in the parlor car said to her husband, "Is n't it wonderful that this vast volume of water pours, year after year and generation after generation, over these falls and never stops? Still I suppose physical laws are sufficient to account for it.

There is no need of believing in a personal God. As I look at it, Ingersoll is much nearer the truth than the preachers who have so much to say about God."

From the moment that fearful telegram had reached me on the previous Wednesday, a fierce battle had been going on in my heart,—a battle to save my faith in God. Possibly, had it not been for the text, "The God of all comfort," on which I had spent the morning, the conflict would not have been so severe; but then the victory would not have been so complete. At noon, on Wednesday, I thought I had proved conclusively that God was the God of all comfort. The telegram shattered my proofs, as a stone shatters glass. I cried out for comfort, but there was none. My experience was proving the text false; and if that text was false, many other passages of Scripture were false. What dependence, then, could be placed on any part of the Bible? And if God was not the God of comfort, how could I be sure that He was a God of love and grace?

For the thousandth time I was going over this subject, as in the quiet which followed the stopping of the train at Suspension Bridge the words quoted above fell upon my ear. Their effect was something wonderful. I can never forget it. They seemed like a flash of lightning in a dark night, revealing to me the hideous precipice of unbelief near which I had been wandering, and over which I had been in danger of falling.



There was a little boy by the lady's side. Without premeditation, and scarcely knowing what I was doing, I said to her, "Will you pardon me if I ask you a question?"

"Certainly," she replied.

"I want to ask if the little boy by your side is your son," I said.

"Yes, my only child," she answered.

"I thought as much," I continued. "Would you be interested to know that my only son, or what is left of him to me, is in a coffin in the baggage-car ahead of us? He was drowned last Tuesday, and I am taking him home for burial. I cannot tell you how dear he was to me. My heart is breaking. The time may come—I trust it will not, but it may come—when you will be following your only child to the grave. If it ever does come, what comfort do you expect to find in physical laws or in the teachings of Ingersoll? You will want then a personal God who can comfort you. Out of depths which no tongue can describe, and which no one who has not experienced them can appreciate, I want to tell you that I believe in God,—a God of infinite comfort for all sorrowful souls that will look to Him."

It was a strange way, but it was God's way of revealing the truth to me. I was speaking more for myself than for the woman. Let us hope that my words were a blessing to both. With tears in her eyes, she came to me later, giving me opportunity to impress the truth still more deeply on her heart.

And as for myself, it was the breaking of the light. As I recall the incident, I doubt if I felt fully all that my words implied. But at that moment it is certain that the tide of battle turned; and when a month later I preached to my people on "the God of all comfort," though the pain around the heart had not ceased, the enemy had been routed. It was not the sermon I first planned. I had learned something about the text since that Wednesday morning.

CHAPTER XXI.

GOD'S ACRE.

*God's acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts  
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown  
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,  
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.*

LONGFELLOW.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### GOD'S ACRE.

THE funeral services were held in dear old Lafayette Street Church on Tuesday, August 9, just a week after he was drowned. The family lot was in Buffalo, and already held the precious dust of Ralph's grandfather and grandmother, the Rev. and Mrs. Samuel N. Robinson.

Rev. William B. Wright, D.D., the pastor of the church, assisted by Rev. T. Ralston Smith, D.D., officiated. By request no remarks were made. Everything was simple and unostentatious, — just what Ralph himself would have wished. The church was filled with sympathizing friends, not a few of whom had come from Orange, N. J., and Westfield, N. Y. It was impossible to restrain the loving gifts of flowers, as abundant as they were beautiful, which came from friends in Buffalo and Orange and from Newark Academy.

The boys of "the crowd" in Buffalo, with one of his intimate friends in Orange, acted as pall-bearers; while his special girl-friends lined the grave with roses, and covered the earth with evergreens and flowers.

And this was the end. No, not the end : —

*I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write : Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth ; yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.*

*I am the resurrection and the life : he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me SHALL NEVER DIE.*

CHAPTER XXII.

CONCLUSION.

(Taken from the "little book," mentioned in the following chapter.)

Friday, August 26.

*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. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.*

BAILEY.

Saturday, August 27.

*To live in hearts we leave behind,  
Is not to die.*

CAMPBELL.

*There is a world above,  
Where parting is unknown ;  
A whole eternity of love  
Formed for the good alone ;  
And faith beholds the dying here  
Translated to that happier sphere.*

MONTGOMERY.



## CHAPTER XXII.

### CONCLUSION.

FROM the multitude of letters, full of the most loving and helpful sympathy, which poured in upon us during the weeks following Ralph's death, and for which we felt profoundly grateful, we make only a few quotations:—

“On his birthday I put some roses on his grave, a beautiful large bouquet at the head and a smaller one at the foot. Mamma had brought a fine stalk of Japan lilies, and she laid that on his grave. We all miss him so much. I think of him most of the time, but try not to, but it is pretty difficult.”

“Ralph was one of those rare fellows that the more you know them the more you respect and admire them.”

“Have you seen the little book? How lovely it was of him to give so much time to it! Dear boy, how precious it is! What beautiful selections! I have often repeated the verse from Dryden for August 2d,—it seems almost prophetic.”

The “little book” referred to in this letter was one which Ralph made for a young friend who was to pass the summer in Europe. By experience he knew how welcome anything was, from home when one was in

far-off lands. So he prepared this little calendar, with some quotation from favorite authors and from the Scriptures for each day of the trip. In it is this verse, which he calls "my favorite Bible verse": "Trust in the Lord forever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

The lines from Dryden, which were placed under the date of August 2, the day he was drowned, which seemed "almost prophetic," are,—

"With equal minds what happens let us bear,  
Nor joy nor grieve too much for things beyond our care."

One of the girls of "the crowd" wrote from the far West:—

"One incident I must tell you which illustrates the way he maintained his Christian character. It was Saturday night, and he was going to a party with me. When he came for me, he said that if I did not care, he would like to leave there by 11.30 o'clock, as the next day was Sunday, and he wanted to be home by twelve."

The same letter adds:—

"When he left me that last Sunday afternoon, I stood on the veranda and watched him as he walked down the street, and thought to myself what a noble boy he was, and what a good and true man he would make.

"His influence on me was very strong. I am sure all the girls and boys felt it too. He was always the same; and although he was just as ready as any of us to have fun, there was something about him that won our trust and respect. I honestly do not think that any one ever inspired me with more trust and respect than dear Ralph.

I know that his Christian influence was always felt among us, and that it is still with us, and can never be forgotten. 'The crowd' are all better for this sweet Christian life, and for the friendship which each of us had with him. Not only were 'the crowd' so influenced by his life, but others who knew him. Will D——, for one, told me that Ralph lived the purest life of any of his associates, and had helped him many times to do right."

At a meeting of the Class of '92, held at the Newark Academy, Sept. 14, 1892, the following resolutions were adopted:—

*Whereas*, it has been God's will to remove from our number Ralph Robinson Green, the President of our Class, whose ability and attainments, giving promise of a most brilliant and successful career, had earned our highest respect and admiration, and whose personal qualities had bound him to us by the closest ties of feeling and friendship:

*Resolved*, that we put on record our deep and heartfelt sorrow at the loss of our classmate, whose pure and unassuming life during the time that we were associated with him so clearly showed his character as a sincere Christian, and an earnest conscientious student.

*Resolved*, further, that we tender our sincere sympathy to his family, assuring them that their deep sorrow is ours also, and that we shall forever fondly cherish his memory with all the tenderness of personal friendship and admiration.

Com. { LOUIS H. GRAY,  
KENNETH R. KINGSBURY,  
WILLIAM T. LYLE.

“Our Church at Work,” a paper issued in the interest of Lafayette Street Church of Buffalo, N. Y., contained the following:—

“Our hearts were saddened by the news in early August that Ralph Robinson Green, the only<sup>1</sup> son of our former pastor, had been drowned in the Muskoka Lake region. ‘Robin’ Green, as he was to most of us familiarly known, was a particularly bright and promising boy. He had always been his loving father’s constant companion. They had together made home a veritable habitation of love and purity; they had together more than once travelled abroad at the head of happy companies of tourists; their lives had seemed to us to be more completely knit together than is common even between father and son. Gradually the boy had grown and matured into manhood, and expected in the autumn to begin his college course at Princeton. With a beautifully promising life of usefulness opening before him, but a short time before his death, he had started from Buffalo to enjoy the pleasures of the wild Muskoka camping-grounds, full of hope and courage. How different, by contrast, that other journey over the same route a little later, when the stricken father and his generous and thoughtful companion from Buffalo hastened to obey the sad summons! Oh the heartache and pain of those hours of suspense, hoping against hope that ‘Robin’ might still be alive! How unspeakably sad the meeting of father and all that was mortal of his only son!

“We could wish for the sweetest of voices and most sympathetic of words to bear our sorrow to the very hearts of the bereaved family, because no power known

<sup>1</sup> Dec. 18, 1892, a little more than four months after Ralph was drowned, a little brother was born, whom the grateful parents named Rufus Dudley.

to man can sustain them or assuage their grief but the sympathy of friends and faith in God. But our words seem empty and our pen halting. We only know to a certainty that none could be more moved with sympathy and love toward the afflicted family than are the members of Lafayette Street Church and congregation. Ought we to dare to wish the lovely boy again on earth? We cannot, for we believe God has taken him to a life of higher usefulness and love; but from our hearts we pray that the God of love will send a double portion of His blessing and comfort to the suffering, sorrowing ones who linger here.

“The funeral services, attended by many friends from Buffalo and Orange, New Jersey, were held, August 9th, in our church, and the burial was at beautiful Forest Lawn.”

The following touching tribute from the pen of Dr. Farrand appeared in the “New York Evangelist”:—

#### A TEACHER'S TRIBUTE TO HIS PUPIL.

The death by drowning of Ralph Robinson Green, only son of Rev. Rufus S. Green, D.D., of Orange, N. J., suddenly ended a life of great promise.

One cannot speak truthfully of him without seeming to speak extravagantly. But as both Dr. Given and my son<sup>1</sup> confirm my statements, I am satisfied that my enthusiasm for Ralph has not led me into any extravagance of expression.

Entering Newark Academy in September, 1890, he at once took the front rank in a large and very talented class, and maintained it to the end, finishing his preparation for the classical course in Princeton Col-

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Given and Dr. Wilson Farrand, professors in the Academy.

lege, and passing his examination with credit in June last.

He was unanimously chosen President of his class, being without exception the pupil most beloved, honored, and trusted both by his fellow-pupils and by his teachers. His gentle and sympathetic nature won all hearts, while his modest manliness of character commanded respect and admiration. His delicate sense of propriety, and his conscientiousness in the performance of every duty made his teachers look upon him more as a friend than as a pupil. I have never known another who united such lovely and winning traits with so much manly strength and ability.

In his work as a student he was clear, regular, and thorough. He was never hurried, never spasmodic, and never superficial. Whatever he had to do was done at the proper time, and the result was a steady progress, and the formation of habits which gave promise of the highest success as a scholar.

His literary gift was remarkable. His style was easy, graceful, and finished to an unusual degree, but without any trace of artificiality. Especially noticeable was the absence of inaccuracies and crudities, so generally found in young writers. Indeed, it is very seldom that we find one possessing such a gift of fluent and graceful expression, and there was every reason to look for the development of most brilliant powers as a writer.

He had the strongest and clearest intellect that I have ever met in one so young.

The traits and qualities which gave him such power and influence in the school would have given him great power among men.

The world has sore need of such as he.

S. A. FARRAND,

*Head Master, Newark Academy.*

The affection which Dr. Farrand had for Ralph was thoroughly reciprocated. Indeed he loved all his teachers in the Academy. One of the last conversations I had with him was regarding them, in which he asked me to write and tell them of my satisfaction with his course under their tuition. It was only another evidence of his thoughtful and loving way of giving pleasure to others.

I cannot close the book without the prayer that many youthful readers may be helped by it to a happy life, to a life that is as true and noble as it is happy, — happy because true and noble. May their fathers and mothers rejoice in them, as Ralph's father and mother rejoiced in him!

And now we take up our work again with brave hearts, and with a desire strengthened a hundredfold to do the Lord's will. We do not murmur against God. Rather with deepest gratitude we thank Him for the seventeen years of our boy's sweet and beautiful life, the remembrance of which will be an abiding inspiration and joy.

THE END.



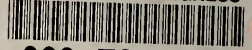








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