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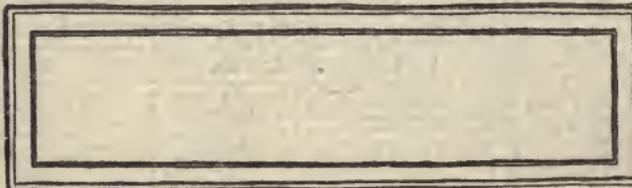
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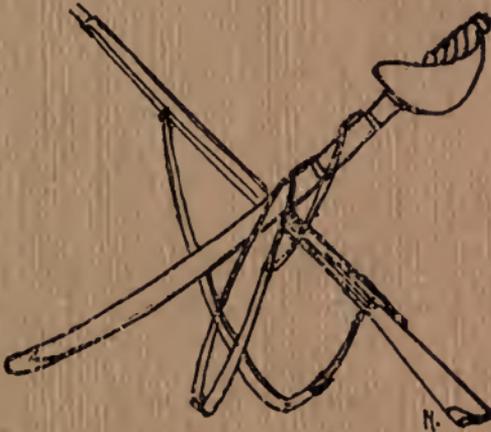
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An Average American Army Officer

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY



By **ROGER B. BRYAN**
Captain U. S. Army, Retired

AN AVERAGE
AMERICAN ARMY OFFICER



CAPT. R. B. BRYAN AT 40.

AN AVERAGE AMERICAN ARMY OFFICER

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY

ROGER B. BRYAN

CAPTAIN U. S. ARMY, RETIRED



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DEDICATION

To my only son, Roger Bates Seay Bryan, this work is affectionately dedicated; with the hope that it will help to keep his father in mind as a true friend, and teach him some few lessons drawn from a somewhat wide experience. I can hardly expect to see him reach maturity myself, and in the absence also of his mother, lost to us in his early childhood, I have taken this means to continue some influence over him, of the nature he would have received from father and mother had they both remained living.

ROGER B. BRYAN.

FOREWORD

This writing, begun with the idea of occupying usefully some of my idle time to inform my little son, has grown in my mind somewhat larger in design; and may be some help to others, in making known the influences, surroundings and the impressions—rather more than usually varied by the many diverse experiences,—that have come into my life.

Spurred by different ambitions, and aided by favorable circumstances to follow up several of them, enough variety has entered into my life to give me perhaps the privilege of rating myself as “an average American;” which I feel it an honor to approach, if not to fully represent as I could wish.

To other people than those of the United States such an account of the events in the life of an every day American citizen may prove of interest from its very commonplaceness, to his fellow citizens, so familiar with such lives. It is intended to be frank and true.

San Diego, Cal., 5-7-1914.

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CHAPTER I.

Ancestors.

Although not privileged to follow Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes's advice to choose my ancestors two hundred years before I was born, I take some satisfaction, in looking over the records of those who came before me by nature, in finding them to be rather creditable and perhaps better than I would have selected.

Both parents were of English ancestry, with several generations in the United States, following the arrival of first comers, and making me the 9th American generation on my mother's side, and the 5th (known) on my father's side.

Both lines of my ancestors came first to New England and seem to have been good "average Americans."

My mother's family has been traced back five generations in England preceding her original American ancestor, Clement Bates. He left London, England, for New England, April 6, 1635, in the ship Elizabeth and resided at Hingham, Mass., until he received a grant of land in what is now called Cohasset, Mass., the same year, 1635.

Various of my mother's forbears are credited with patriotic or distinguished service, either civil or military, as set forth in the "Bates and Fletcher Genealogical Register;" but, as we are told that the principal influences on character are mostly limited to parents and grandparents, I will not claim any prestige from those more remote shining lights.

Therefore let us keep within these limits after outlining the family trees.

My father, Alpha Washtenaw Bryan, was the 4th (known) generation of American colonists and was the first white child born in the County of Washtenaw, Mich., and was the seventh (7th) child in a family of twelve. My grandfather, John Bryan, was sixth child in a family of eight, and though born in West Stockbridge, Mass., Feb. 1, 1794, married (May 7th, 1815) Sara Babcock of Whitestown, N. Y., at Leicester, N. Y. They lived in the state of New York until 1823, when they moved to Detroit, Mich., with a family of five children. They soon left Detroit for what is now Ypsilanti, Mich., where my father was born two months later, Feb. 27, 1824. These migrations of my grandfather's family just prior to my father's birth, seem to have influenced his nature strongly in the direction of travel and change, for it was always a noticeable characteristic of him to travel in search of new experiences some times to the detriment of his finances.

My grandfather received a good academic education for those days and after an apprenticeship in building, followed the business of architect and building contractor, having to his credit many public buildings, such as court houses and churches. My father inherited his talent and was fond of and handy with tools, and handed down his fondness for tools to me, which I have enjoyed all my life.

My mother, Martha Ann Bates, was 3rd child in a family of fourteen and was born in North Brookfield, Mass., July 30, 1823. Her mother was a woman of extraordinary force and energy of character, indomitable of spirit, kind of heart and cheerful of nature.

She gave most of her children a good share of these excellent qualities and reached the ripe age of

(91) ninety-one years in full possession of her faculties. She (Sarah Fletcher Bates) had a keen sense of humor, which often saved her from serious discords. My mother inherited a sunny disposition from both her parents, as my grandfather was a very jovial, cheery man; but she also inherited thrift and good management, which influenced my nature, as I now look back on my life, in a remarkable degree. My mother had as good an education as girls often got in those days; at Mt. Holyoke, Mass. Female Seminary, which fitted her for teaching. She taught school for many years in various parts of the country, after the death of her first husband, and on marrying the second time (to my father) they united in conducting schools of their own; particularly in Kentucky and Tennessee. I think their training in teaching had a decided influence on my tastes and capacity for studying. Both parents made many friends and were held in high esteem for their knowledge and capacity as teachers as well as for their social gifts.

Altogether I feel satisfied that I had ancestors at least equal to the average American citizen, and what I have inherited from them has made life for me more successful and enjoyable than the average; and gives me hope that my son will find life more successful still than my own. All my people, father, mother and grand parents lived to a good old age mostly more than 70, and seemed to have been good average citizens, for none of them has committed any crime or brought any disgrace to their names.

My father and mother both received a good education and were ambitious to improve themselves still further through life and both were gifted in literary ability as shown in their many and charming letters.

These features in my ancestry convince me that

I owe them a debt of gratitude for whatever taste and ability I have enjoyed, and as a foundation of my ability to win my way through West Point Military Academy where so many young men fail.

To them also I owe my uniform good health till broken in middle life by tropical exposure and sun-stroke. Altogether I cannot complain of my people on either my father's or mother's side.

The following table gives the American Ancestry of my son, Roger Bates Seay Bryan, through his paternal grandmother, for nine generations:

I. Roger Bates Seay Bryan, born at Fort Grant, Arizona, 4:30 A. M., Dec. 15, 1904.

II. He was the son of Roger Bates Bryan, who was born at Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 21st, 1860, and his wife, Janie Seay, who was born at Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 3, 1877, and died at Nashville, Tenn., May 31st, 1907.

III. Roger Bates Bryan was the son of Alpha W. Bryan, born at Ypsilanti, Mich., Feb. 27th, 1824, died Mar. 20, 1901, San Marcos, Tex.; married May 17th, 1851, Detroit, Mich., to Mrs. Martha Ann (Bates) Rogers, who was born July 30th, 1823, at North Brookfield, Mass.; died Sept. 29th, 1907, at Worcester, Mass.

IV. Martha Ann Bates (Rogers) (Bryan) was the daughter of Elijah Bates, who was born at Cohasset, Mass., April 25th, 1796, and died at North Brookfield, Mass., Sept. 6th, 1863, and his wife, Sarah Fletcher, who was born in Boston, Mass., May 3rd, 1799, died at Worcester, Mass., Sept. 28th, 1890.

V. Sarah Fletcher was the daughter of Jonathan Fletcher, who was born at Acton, Mass., Jan. 21st, 1757, died at Boston, Mass., Jan. 16th, 1807, and his wife, Lucretia Emerson, who was born at Acton, Mass., Aug. 4th, 1764, died at Thomaston, Maine, July 7th, 1800. They were married May 20th, 1782. For his record see Mass. Rev. Rolls. Vol. 16, P. 76; Vol. 24, P. 73; Vol. 21, P. 79; Vol. 2, P. 83; Vol. 28, P. 66; all in Mass. Rev. Rolls.

Captain Jonathan Fletcher is the ancestor who assisted in establishing American Independence, while acting in the capacity of private, fifer, lieutenant and captain in the Massachusetts forces of the Rev. Army.

VI. Capt. Jonathan Fletcher was the sixth son of Maj. Daniel Fletcher, who was born at Concord, Mass., October 18th, 1718; died at Acton, Mass., December 15th, 1776, and his wife Sarah Hartwell, of Westfort, Mass., (dates of birth and death unknown). The intention of marriage ("Banns") having been entered Nov. 12th, 1741, (date of marriage record lost). Major Daniel Fletcher was elected Major of the Third Battalion, Massachusetts forces. (See Vol. 26, P. 277, Mass. Rev. Rolls). He was Lieutenant from March to Sep-Rev. Rolls). He was Lieutenant in Captain David Melvin's Company from March to September, 1747.

On March 13th, 1758, he enlisted, to November 28, 1758, in Colonel Ebenezer Nichol's regiment, in the Canada Expedition. (See Vol. 96, P. 416-418, Mass. State Archives); was wounded and taken prisoner. He was Major in the Northern Army, U. S. forces. (See Brook's Militia Officers, Etc., Vol. 28, P. 28 and P. 72. See also Vol. 36, P. 277, Roll and Abstract File and Staff Officers, Mass., State Archives).

VII. Daniel Fletcher was the son of Deacon Joseph Fletcher, born at Concord, Mass., March 26, 1686, died Sept. 11, 1746, and his (second) wife Hepzipah Jones. They were married July 11th 1711.

VIII. Joseph Fletcher was the son of Samuel Fletcher, born Aug. 6, 1657, married to Elizabeth Wheeler, April 15, 1682; he died Oct. 23, 1744. She died Oct. 26, 1744.

IX. Samuel Fletcher was the son of Francis Fletcher, born at Concord, Mass., 1636; married Aug. 1, 1656 to Elizabeth Wheeler. She died June 14, 1704.

X. Francis Fletcher was the fifth child of Robert Fletcher, who was born at Oxford, England, 1592. (See Town Records Concord, Mass., where he settled in 1630 with wife and two sons). He died in Concord, Mass., April 3, 1677, age 85.

Robert Fletcher was a man of wealth and prominence, and his ancestors in England have been traced back to the times of William the Conqueror, showing an unbroken line of English ancestry, of which to be proud, and which should stimulate any living descendant to strive to be worthy of his blood.

Roger Bates Seay Bryan's ancestry can be traced through his great grandfather, Elijah Bates, through an equal number of American Bates generations, as shown in "The Bates-Fletcher Genealogical Register."

On his mother's side, through four generations, his ancestry goes back to Patrick McGruder, of Virginia, a member of the Continental Congress and signer, it is said, of the Declaration of Independence.

Following tables contain records of my grandfather's brothers and sisters "A" and his children "B," of whom my father was the 7th:

Table "A." Record of brothers and sisters of John Bryan, Sr., from their family record, from an old book of John Bryan.

Nathan Bryan, born Nov. 26, 1780.

Augustus Bryan, born Jan. 19, 1783.

Henry Bryan, born Jan. 17, 1785.

Jacob Brown Bryan, born July 23, 1788.

(Was Postmaster at Pennfield, near Rochester, N. Y., and died June 21, 1843).

Barna Bryan, born March 19, 1790.

*John Bryan, born Feb. 1, 1794.

Eliza Bryan, born Dec. 12, 1796.

Elliot Bryan, born Sept. 13, 1800.

*John Bryan had twelve children, as shown in the following table "B:"

Table "B." Family of John Bryan and Sarah (Babcock) Bryan.

Names of Bryan Family	Where Born	Married At	Died
John Bryan	West Stockbridge, Mass., Feb. 1, 1794	Leicester, N. Y., May 7, 1815	Constantine, Mich., July 3, 1876
Sara Babcock	Whitestown, N. Y. June 29, 1794		Constantine, Mich.,
Children			
Caroline Marie	Moscow, N. Y., Aug. 13, 1816	Constantine, Mich. Apr. 7, 1836, to John Douglas	Nov. 15, 1881
Lois	Moscow, N. Y., Oct. 14, 1817	Constantine, Mich. Apr. 16 1841, to Jas. R. Adams	Aurora, Ill., 1870 Washington, D. C., March 2, 1819
Hesper	Moscow, N. Y., January 29, 1819		Moscow, N. Y.
Francis Eliza	Moscow, N. Y., Feb. 16, 1820	Constantine, Mich. Oct. 7, to Samuel Teesdale	Grand Rapids, Mich., Feb. 1897
John	Moscow, N. Y., April 4, 1821	Motville, Mich., April 4, 1844, to Rachael Markham	Feb. 20, 1908 Oakland, Cal., 1911
Sarah	Geneseo, N. Y., January 30, 1823	Constantine, Mich. Oct. 24 1850, to Geo. Francisco	Constantine, Mich.,
*Alpha Washtenaw	Ypsilanti, Mich., Feb. 27, 1824	Detroit, Mich. May 17, 1851 to Martha A. Rogers	March 20, 1901 San Marcos, Tex. Chicago, Ill., 1913.
Franklin Clark	Ypsilanti, Mich., Nov. 19, 1826	Cincinnati, O., Jan. 13, 1853, to Mary Donaldson	
Miles	Ypsilanti, Mich., Sept. 19, 1828	White Pigeon, Mich., Oct. 21, 1852, to Sarah Martin	Ogdensburg, N. Y., 1912
Ellen	Ypsilanti, Mich., Oct. 10, 1831	Constantine, Mich. Dec 24 1857 to Dr. A. L. Darnberg	
Mary Jane	Ypsilanti, Mich., March 19, 1834	Constantine, Mich. Aug 16 1865, to Charles Hibbard	
George	Constantine, Mich., Nov. 13, 1836		Constantine, Mich. Sept. 8, 1840

*Father of Roger B. Bryan.

CHAPTER II.

Pre-natal Influences

However much influence heredity has in forming character and constitution, we are more and more coming to realize the importance of pre-natal influences, especially if of unusual character; and in this respect I feel more certain every day that they had a very marked effect on myself as shown by the differences I find between myself and my brothers and sister.

I was born Dec. 21st, 1860, at Nashville, Tenn., in our family home, which was the first settled abode of the family and where ownership gave it a sweetness and joy to which previous residences had been strangers. While my father was fond of travel and change, from causes shown in the chapter on "ancestors," my mother was quite the contrary and made a home a large part of her comfort and joy in life, and was especially devoted to this Nashville home; as she had selected and designed it, and contributed largely toward paying for it.

The year preceding my birth found her with the home not yet fully paid for; with my father and older brother during the latter half of the year 1860, absent from home on a long trip through the South; with war clouds gathering and ominous political conditions dividing the people of the State and threatening every form of business, including teaching, her main recourse in emergency.

Thus she was doubly taxed in strength and spirit to keep our home and a fragment of our family with

her, but she rose equal to the occasion, met and mastered each difficulty as it arose, and though suffering much from anxiety and worry, brought us through triumphantly, saved the home and was able to welcome to it, absent son and father after the war was over and they could get back from the far South.

It is easy now for me to see how this strenuous life of my mother, with its many problems, met and solved, as well as the anxiety she felt for her absent loved ones, and the overshadowing danger of losing her home, stimulated to greater activity, traits in her nature hitherto more or less dormant; and I am able to see these traits deeply marked in my character, due to their powerful influence on the plastic nature of her, as yet, unborn child.

Persistence, - patience, self-reliance and resourcefulness, with a tendency to look on the serious side of things, are some of the points of difference from my brothers, which I attribute almost entirely to the conditions surrounding my mother during the period prior to my birth. She was a rare and devoted mother and her loss was the deepest blow of my life; for the longer I lived the more I loved and honored her, and grew to understand her many-sided nature, and what I owed her. She had to make success in a community where, owing to the war sentiment, she was almost an alien; she had to meet financial obligations on the home when all money matters were in a chaotic state, and real money was disappearing and difficult to get; she had to organize a school when nobody wanted to let their children go far from home; she had to see the Confederate forces depart without showing the elation she felt at the incoming of the Federal troops; she had to convince the Union officers of her loyalty and right to protection for her family and property, and through all there was a

daily need of providing food for hungry young mouths, as well as decent clothing for growing bodies. While in nowise neglecting the nurture of their souls and training of their minds and habits in the traits of courtesy and good breeding; yet she had resources in her nature to meet all these demands and more. The main drawback among pre-natal influences was the overshadowing seriousness and anxiety over business and family matters. The absence of relaxation and relief from worry seems to have deprived my mother of a good deal of her natural spontaneity and bouyancy, during those trying times, and this deprived me of part of these normal family traits.

I remember as a small boy, wondering how all the people made a living and feeling depressed at the idea that some form of payment had to be made for everything enjoyed or needed, and this death-head at the feast of my childhood continued to mar its happiness until I was about 16, when a new light, through the philosophy of phrenology, dissipated the gloom, freed my spirits from the long suffered incubus, and restored a normal balance to the feelings and character.

So much do I feel indebted to this clear exposition of man's nature and his relation to his fellowmen and nature, the great Mother of us all, that I sometimes doubt whether I would have found life endurable had I been compelled to continue without its cheering help. For thirty years the philosophy of phrenology has been a faithful friend and most helpful mentor in guiding the affairs of my life. During all this time and on its application to every side of life I have never failed in finding it a true guide, while the serious blunders that I have committed occurred where I went contrary to its ideas and rules of conduct.

CHAPTER III.

Childhood and Life in Nashville

So I came into the world when the storms of sectional strife and angry passions of North and South were raging preparatory to the final outbreak in war. The situation did not permit my staying with my mother beyond the time of being weaned, when I was taken to the tranquil haven of my grandfather Bryan's home in Constantine, Mich., where my dear grandmother, amply experienced through bringing up twelve children of her own, surrounded me with the peaceful influences of a happy home. There I lived and thrived till the war was over, when I was taken back to Nashville in my sixth year, to find my father and brother returned also and our family circle completed again.

Nashville had now been so long under union forces that the family no longer suffered for their views, and life for me followed the ordinary course of childhood through elementary and grammar school into the first year in high school. At this stage and in that enervating climate the plans of my parents to push my education as far as possible, met in my feelings with strong opposition. Long years of study, as they seemed to me, trailed behind me and longer years loomed up as menaces to my liberty ahead of me. One of my brothers had gone north to work with an uncle in Pennsylvania, and the other had spent his vacation with a railroad surveying party, and was enthusiastic over the charms of business and money making and freedom from school.

This aroused my own temporary repugnance to study to such a degree that I finally won consent to go to the country and visit with a boy friend on a plantation. As we had a country place on the Cumberland Plateau in East Tennessee among the chestnuts and pines near Sewanee, Tenn., where we were making a fruit farm, I had learned to handle an ax and farming tools during our vacation and therefore was a welcome guest at my boy friend's plantation, some thirteen miles out of Nashville, where I promised my parents I would lend a hand to lighten the work falling to the lot of my boy friend. Here occurred to me for the first and last time that extraordinary phenomena of human nature, homesickness. On driving out to the plantation with members of the family I had felt happy and light-hearted, and these feelings continued during the greater part of the next day; but after midday dinner I began to feel heavy and depressed and with a vague hunger to see my home and be with my mother. This grew more painful and I ate but little supper. I went to bed with an aching heart and laid awake most of the night thinking how I could get home with a good face and making excuses for going home.

As the mansion stood near the turnpike it occurred to me that I could beg a ride home on some passing wagon. I got up before my boy friend and without saying a word to any body, I slipped out of the house and took a place by the roadside, about half a mile towards town, and waited till a covered wagon came along, whose solitary driver cheerfully gave me a lift. As soon as I was sure of getting home my depression disappeared like magic, and I became as gay as a lark. I then began to invent reasons for my coming home, and felt ashamed of hav-

ing given way to my feelings so quickly and ever found heart to go back the next day.

On reaching home I immediately proclaimed that my return was for some fishing tackle, etc., but felt unfeigned joy at having a good hug and kisses from my mother, which put to flight the remnant of home sickness that still clung to me on my return.

My older brothers were good swimmers and the Cumberland river, muddy and discolored with clay in suspension, was our swimming and boating place. A three-wheeled tricycle, in the patenting of which my father was interested, gave me the idea of applying combined hand and foot power to a stern-wheel skiff, and although only eleven or twelve years old, I succeeded in making entirely without help, a practicable boat with a stern wheel and well balanced combination of hand and foot power that easily took it up the swiftest rapids in our part of the river, and was an illustration of inherited facility with tools and application of mechanical ideas. My father placed a well stocked work shop at the disposal of us three boys and thus gave us "manual training" at home long before it was introduced into the schools. This gives a glimpse into the training provided for us in many similar ways at home.

My sister and both brothers received training in music but for some reason which I do not recall I was deprived of it, to my temporary joy, but life-long regret.

My visit to the plantation marked the end of my school work at home. The visit lasted several months, created a liking for country life with its easily understood means of making a living and turned my thoughts at a later period to land speculations, which were the foundation of my modest but comfortable independence.

Among other accomplishments acquired on the farm was the art of chewing tobacco, which was done by every male on the place.

The refined tastes of my parents were so shocked at this vile habit of mine that they pretended they would abandon me to the job of a field hand on the plantation instead of taking me on a visit to both my grandmothers, in Michigan and Massachusetts, respectively, as they had intended, unless I decided to give up tobacco. So strong was the hold it had on me that I actually debated the matter in my mind a whole day and night before yielding and then only "till I was 21." My father took me to Michigan, where I saw my grandmother Bryan for the last time. From there my uncle, Theodore C. Bates, my mother's brother, took me east to rejoin my mother and visit among her people. This practically ended my childhood, about my 13th year for, though I returned with my mother to our home in Nashville after a visit to my sister in her home in Atlanta, Ga., I did not return to school. A year or two later I was sent to New York City to live with an aunt and learn something of business. My childhood in Nashville was well suited to bring out all the latent tastes and possibilities of a child bearing on every day life. We were in our own home in the suburbs where we had plenty of elbow room and opportunity for keeping pets and animals dear to children, horses, cows, poultry, garden, fruits, flowers, a running brook, loving care, abundant affection, wise direction in drawing out our powers by encouragement, a training in industry by example as well as precept and in general we reaped the benefit of a loving and intelligent guidance on the part of trained parents, which could not fail of good results. To this combination of influences extending over the most impressionable period of my life, I feel now that

I owe the balancing up of the different traits of character that brought me more nearly to normal than I would have been under most any other circumstances. I cannot pay too high a tribute to the wise influence of my mother at this time, the effect of which showed itself through all my subsequent life, though not fully recognized by me till after she was gone and it was too late to show her all my appreciation of her devotion and love.

Having passed the years of my childhood from six to fourteen entirely in Nashville and vicinity I received impressions tinctured with Southern bias and prejudices so deep on my plastic nature as to make me practically a boy of the Southland.

Point of view towards manual labor, toward the colored population and towards the government was closely like that of Southern people in general.

My speech had the local accent and drawl, my spirits shared in the enervating effects of the warm climate, and I was fast drifting toward the lazy and useless plan of living on some other persons efforts, when a visit to us of my uncle Theodore, from Massachusetts, resulted in shaking up and breaking up our family. He saw the drift towards uselessness and shiftlessness, due to climate and malaria and succeeded in getting us three boys into the North.

Within a year or two my brother Lyman was in Pennsylvania with my Uncle Saville Bates, Brother Charley with Uncle Theodore in Worcester, Mass., and I in New York with my Aunt Susan (Bates) Jennings.

From this time on I was destined to "paddle my own canoe," and work out my own salvation, though with the help of very dear relatives and kind friends. From a child I became almost a man in a very short time under the influences of a great city and respon-

sibilities incident to the business and new family life, into which I was drawn.

My Aunt Susan was an excellent disciplinarian and business woman and gave me the opportunity to learn, not only the details of her son's business, (printing and stationery) which was conducted on a large scale but also to familiarize myself with metropolitan commerce in general. I was trusted with making "collections," which to me seemed huge sums of money. This contact with the life and trade of a great city rapidly cured me of the provincialism that I brought with me, and gave me a certain poise and aplomb which stood me in good stead the rest of my life.

CHAPTER IV.

Life in New York.

So here we find me at the age of 14 or 15 transplanted from the South to the North, like a tender plant from the nursery to life in the open to depend on itself. The family, which lived at 431 W. 46th St. in a quiet family section of the city in a home of their own, consisted of my Aunt Susan, a widow, then well along in middle age and widowed for several years; a grown son, Arthur B. Jennings, a recent graduate of Columbia College, bachelor, and aspirant for wealth and fame as an architect; a daughter of about my own age, Sarah Jennings, just entering normal school with a view to becoming a teacher, and myself.

My Aunt Susan was a wonderful woman. Having received a good education in the female accomplishments at a young ladies seminary by the combined efforts of her parents and herself; she taught both in schools and private practice, painting, music, etc., for several years, till she met and married Mr. Joel Jennings, also a teacher, if I remember rightly, who had more literary taste than business ability, so that when the family income did not keep up with the family increase, his lack of business ability compelled my aunt to take the lead. This she did by a complete change of plan. She took up the then new occupation for women, canvassing. She sold important and popular books by the thousands, and astonished herself and friends by the display of unsuspected shrewd-

ness in earning and investing money. When competition reduced her earnings and her oldest boy, William N., finished his schooling and had learned enough of the printing and stationery business, she financed him for a modest start under his name, but retaining control herself and directing many details with great judgment, while keeping the books of the "infantry industry." She bought her home and kept her family together till her boys were married; William to go to live in New Jersey and Emerson with his wife's people in the city, when she found too much room in her house and sub-let the upper floors. My cousin Arthur and his sister, Sarah, though living in the home, were little seen by me, for I left for the store before they got up, and reached the home at night, owing to the long business hours (7 A. M. to 6 P. M.) then prevalent, too late to dine with them; but they were good, intelligent and religious and had good effect on my nature, though not very demonstrative in their affection.

My earnings were small while the work and responsibility seemed great and my ambition seemed to lose force as time went on and regrets for my lost student days began to grow.

Talks with Cousin Arthur, the college graduate, fanned my discontent and might have resulted in the breakup from discontent had it not been brought about in another unforeseen way. The great revivalists, Moody and Sankey, were holding monster meetings in the old Madison Square Garden, to which my cousins persuaded me to go.

Deeply influenced by the zeal, fervor and power of the evangelist, I felt drawn in the hunger of my heart for something better to join the church forces and became a member of a Presbyterian mission chapel, located in our neighborhood. My Sunday school teacher had long and frequent talks with me

and drew my attention to the usefulness and beauty of the ministry and urged me to think over it and assuring me that if my inclination should run in that direction some means would surely be found to help me fit myself for it. I was then in my 16th year, maturing rapidly, very impressionable, almost morbidly conscientious and eager to show my new faith by works.

After brooding over the matter a long time, I decided to fit myself for the ministry of the Presbyterian church, much to the joy of my teacher and the pastor.

In taking this step I was actuated mostly by a sense of obligation to do some work for the cause which I had so recently taken up.

While a Sunday school scholar all my previous life, I had never gone into the doctrines of any church, and in taking up with the Presbyterian sect, it was simply the result of environment. Had I studied the theology of this denomination before committing myself to work in that field, I would have kept out of it altogether, and saved myself and my Presbyterian friends much sorrow and distress. In the meanwhile, waiting for the means to be found for carrying out my decision, I took advantage as far as I could of the broadening influences of the city by visiting museums, art galleries, public libraries, celebrated buildings, etc. I had the good fortune also to be able to visit the Centennial Exposition (1876) in Philadelphia, Pa., in company with my older brother, Lyman. It was the first of our great expositions and made a deep impression on me by its vastness, beauty and educational character.

While in New York I had been greatly interested in maritime affairs which in that port, showed every possible phase from a skiff to a battle ship. Having read many sea stories it gave greater zest to my ex-

ploration of this fascinating field and aroused in my heart a desire to get into the United States Navy, if I could get or win an appointment to Annapolis Naval Academy, and thus enter it as an officer. At that time appointments were generally given to the favorites of politicians or to boys whose fathers had helped to elect the congressman holding the appointing power, so I could see little hope in that direction. I learned, however, that "engineering" appointments to the naval academy were open to competition at large, and I held in reserve this door for my ambition if I failed to get a straight appointment.

The congressman from my district in the city, Hon. Fernando Wood, gave vague promises for the next vacancy, but my political insignificance left me without any real prospect of being favored, yet I kept the idea and inclination warm in my mind and heart.

On returning from the Philadelphia exposition I was informed that a fund provided for the education of Presbyterian students for the ministry could be placed at my disposal as soon as I wished, and being still under the influence of my religious fervor, aroused by Moody and Sankey, and while ignorant of all that it involved in the way of dogma and theological belief, I decided to begin my studies right away. This involved giving up business life and taking up again my long interrupted student life, which I did very cheerfully, and under exceptionally pleasant auspices. Rev. Hoadley, pastor of the congregation of which I was a member, recommended my attending a co-educational seminary conducted by our denomination in the small village of Whitestown, near Utica, N. Y..

My stay in New York closed with rather an exciting incident, which was no less than suffering a burglary, while just before leaving my aunt's house

and occupying a bedroom on the ground floor and being the only one on that floor. The burglar got open the basement window, entered and explored my floor and made up a bundle of valuables, including a new suit of my clothing before waking me up, which he did by flashing a bull's-eye lantern in my face. For a moment I was paralyzed with youthful fright, but kept my eyes closed and feigned sleep till he got out of the house. This gave me an opportunity to run up stairs and arouse my cousin Arthur, while the burglar was climbing the back fence with his plunder, in part at least, for we captured quite a bundle of clothing stolen from our neighbors, but unhappily for me, not containing my new suit. This episode made such an impression on me that to this day I dislike to sleep without locked bedroom door, or some provision to prevent being surprised while asleep.

Finally, all details having been completed, I left my Aunt Susan's house after a warm demonstration of affection and every good wish for my success and contentment in my new field. I took train one morning to find myself that same afternoon in an atmosphere and surroundings so different as to make me feel as if I were on a new planet. A little village holding, as almost its only reason for being, a quiet bee hive of male and female students, with the name, "Whitestown Seminary," where I was destined to pass two of the happiest years of my life, with literary influences, congenial companionship, and a freedom from control over my actions, which I had never enjoyed before. The seminary was a survival from the days when public schools did not fill the need for higher education and prepare for college as well as they do now.

CHAPTER V.

Life at Whitestown Seminary

Welcomed by the president, Mr. Gardner, a professor and "gentleman of the old school," I was promptly made to feel at home and welcome, as a desirable addition to the school since I represented the denomination and became in a measure the protege of the faculty as a body.

In due time I was settled in a couple of small rooms; with a room-mate who was supposed to be preparing himself for service in the Episcopal ministry. His name was Swift and more fitly represented his character than did his profession. His amiable aunt was meeting his expenses at the school and kept it up till she found he had no real inclination for anything but a life of pleasure. We got along together well enough, but were not very congenial and parted when he left, without much regret on either side, for he was too frivolous and I was too serious for us to have any real interests in common, to unite us.

In line with my destined work, I was entered in the "Classical" course, to be fitted for college, and began Latin and Greek, etc., was invited to join the young men's literary societies, of which there were two, and in the usual manner of such schools was soon a full-fledged student and enjoyed getting back into my studies, so long laid aside for business. I brought to this new activity a much better trained mind and matured body than when I stopped my school work and the zest with which I took up my

life and studies there gave me good results and rapid progress in my studies. Tranquillity reigned in my heart for I seemed to see my way clear and inviting far ahead of me.

I rapidly formed acquaintance with the more ambitious and studious members of our little community, explored the surrounding country, joined the more serious natured literary society, and tried in every way to live up to my own aspirations and the ambitions of my friends for me.

Of all the training I received I regard as the most valuable, what came to me in the literary society, where weekly debates were held and practice in extemporaneous speaking given, as well as composition and formal orations made a part of the exercises. The habit of thinking on my feet and expressing my ideas in appropriate language became easier and more agreeable with each effort. I well remember the first debate in which I was assigned to one of the sides, and after the leaders had opened the subject and the more competent debaters on my side had seemingly exhausted the subject, was called on to add my mite to the argument. I rose from my seat and stood for a moment with trembling knees while I gathered my wits, and expressed in words some conclusions in opposition to those of the other side.

Fortunately, my points, though few, were well taken and carried some weight in the decision of the question at issue by the judges for the evening, and earned me a very much appreciated compliment from the leader of our side. Ever after that I had less timidity in speaking and always prepared myself carefully for the contests by making thorough study on both sides of the subject for debate. The leaders knowing they could count on me formed a habit of assigning me to "sum up" the arguments and close the debate which I was very much pleased to do, as

it gave me an extra ten minutes in which to speak. Here I found the training given me by my parents as well as their example in the use of grammatical and choice language to be a great help to me, and by the time I left the school, I had won some little reputation there as a debater and logical, forceful speaker for my age. The seminary was one of several in the Mohawk Valley whose graduates met at "Hamilton College," celebrated locality for its oratory and the opportunities given there to students of modest means. All the seminaries were co-educational, and ours at least, permitted what in these days might be called "light-housekeeping" on the part of the students, to save expense, so that we had a portion of our students coming Monday mornings with huge hampers of provisions and leaving Friday evenings for home to replenish them. Some of our best students and most zealous in taking advantage of their opportunities were from this class, and stood high in general esteem on their personal merits and character.

Representing small farmer's families with comparatively few and modest tastes to be gratified, my schoolmates set a pace for study and devotion to self-improvement that helped me be contented in doing likewise.

Coming to this co-educational institution from the public schools of Nashville, the mixed classes of young men and young women seemed natural and I believe were thoroughly wholesome in their effect. I recall nothing to lead me to condemn educating the sexes together, if it is possible to provide training appropriate to each, while giving that also which can be taken in common. Co-education seems to work well in the two great universities of California; the one at Berkley housing students numbering several thousand in private homes in the town, and the oth-

er, Leland Stanford University, at Palo Alto providing community houses or club buildings for the students, in which living expenses may be found in keeping with the student's means.

Leaving out the character of the studies, I saw the extreme on the other side, in my life as cadet at West Point Military Academy, where the feminine was so conspicuous by its absence.

In preparing one day for a specially hard topic for debate, I found great help in a book, "The Constitution of Man," by George Combe, a Scotch lawyer, giving the philosophical bearing of the subject or science perhaps of Phrenology on man in his relation to this world as an intellectual, moral, social and physical being, and to his fellow man. It showed me man's place in nature, the rule everywhere of nature's laws, their invariable character and unfailing reward when obeyed, or punishment when violated, whether by saint or sinner in the religious sense.

From these fixed laws I went at the study of the Presbyterian theology and creed which I was supposed to be preparing to expound, with a new light and a feeling of standing on solid ground when nature's laws were known, which led me to expect to find somewhat similar impressions about my creed.

The more I studied the creed and theology the less certain any part of it appeared.

Doubts which I had never dreamed of grew more and more intense in my heart, and resulted in such discord in my soul and so shaking my faith in my power to teach these doctrines that finally, in the second year at Whitestown, I resolutely faced the matter and decided that I could not follow out the course I was preparing for, and on opening my heart to those interested in me they advised further investigation.

I tried to be faithful and unbiased, but got no relief from doubts on again reviewing study and thought on the subjects that first gave me trouble, and particularly the denomination's stand on the Trinity and predestination. I read every church authority in reach and many others without being able to accept my church's point of view.

There was nothing to do but abandon my studies under the auspices of the church, bid farewell to my pleasant dreams of content and usefulness and start anew in some other field.

I left the seminary with deep regrets not only for having to give up my line of study and hope of service to mankind, but also at having to leave the congenial atmosphere of the life of study, so different from business and the every day world. But the false position in which I found myself was unbearable, and I went on a visit to my relatives in Massachusetts, while coming to some conclusion for the future.

CHAPTER VI.

Worcester, Mass. 17-18.

My uncle tided me over, by giving me employment in his factory at Worcester, Mass., where the knowledge of printing I had acquired in New York City, made my services of some value, and give me time to readjust my plans. My first inclination was for training for the navy but as there was no vacancy from our congressional district for several years, during which I would pass the age limit, I abandoned the thought of becoming a naval officer proper, and turned toward competing for a naval engineer cadetship.

After about a year's stay in Worcester, a vacancy at West Point Military Academy for the congressional district occurred, and as my uncle had been very influential in electing the congressman, Hon. W. W. Rice, he thought he could get me the appointment if I wanted it.

It was a tempting outlook in several ways, but was entirely foreign to my previous ambitions, and it was with quite a wrench to my feelings that I gave up the navy. It was even a relief to be invited to take my chances as a competitor for the appointment, rather than insist on it as payment of a political debt of Mr. Rice to my uncle. I had learned how to study at Whitestown, and as the time was short I went at my preparations carefully and thoroughly, knowing I could utilize my coaching or more exactly "cramming," in the naval engineer competition, should I fail of winning the West Point cadetship, for which many competitors were enrolled.

I will go into detail a little, for the benefit of some, perhaps inexperienced students, who might find my way of winning against twenty-eight other competitors helpful to them in a similar case.

I gave up everything else to study. Rising at six I devoted two hours to closest application in a quiet room, then ten minutes rest and complete relaxation, followed by a simple light breakfast, after which came an easy, slow walk, with deep breathing, in the open air for half an hour. Returning, two hours and a half of close study followed and now half hour of rest before dinner in the middle of the day. This was my main meal, after which I laid down and sometimes got a short nap.

The review in the afternoon of the previous work that day, seemed to put it completely at my disposal with almost perfect remembrance. A light supper with mild recreation and to bed at nine o'clock completed the day, and generally gave me a good night's sleep.

As to the method of study I found quickest and best results, then and since, from what is now known as "Interrogative Analysis." You read over the topic to find the principal points, then make questions to yourself, the answers to which cover every salient idea, and if there is any obscurity, make questions bearing on the subject from different points of view, till no puzzling question, such as your examiners are liable to give, remains unanswered in your own mind. This searching the text for points on which to hang questions is a wonderful sharpener of the wits, and seems to make fast in the mind what it has picked out for itself and answered by a digest of the ideas found.

An amusing but almost serious oversight was in neglecting to make the map of Massachusetts as familiar to me as to my competitors, who had spent

their lives in the state, and drawn it many times from memory. My poorest mark was for an imperfect map, which I should have foreseen would be called for. However, my preparation must have been pretty thorough in other respects, for my average was 98 per cent. as against 96 per cent for the second best mark. I remember I got permission to use pen and ink which gave my papers a neater appearance than the pencils used by the others.

The examination was in the early summer of 1878 and the examiners went off on their vacations, leaving the result unknown to the competitors for many weeks. I had about given up expecting to win, when one day on the train with my uncle to pass the week at his home in Northfield, he gave me the evening paper just out, saying, "Roger, this may interest you." It was an announcement of the results, giving the names of the contestants and their percentages, naming me as winner for the much coveted appointment to West Point, and naming the second as "alternate" in case I failed to pass the entrance examination which is made very searching, and is failed on by many of the appointees, though not often by those winning through competition at home.

Needless to say this news was a joyful surprise to myself and friends, and made my way clear for the year intervening before I should present myself for admittance to the government military training school. I planned to study the entire year.

I attended the Worcester Academy part of the time where conditions ruled somewhat similar to those at Whitestown Seminary; and took up special studies bearing on the examination and course at West Point. To fix in my mind what I had studied as well as to train myself in handling and correcting others, I sought a position as school teacher, for

part of the year, and found a district school in the country, some miles from the little town of West Brookfield, Mass., which gave me the desired experience in abundance.

My life in Worcester was spent under rather pleasant circumstances, partly in the home of my married sister, partly in bachelor rooms and the remainder in the school spoken of above. I was happy in my freedom from religious worries, joyous in my anticipations of success in my new career and cheered by the presence in the city of relatives very dear to me. All these influences combined to remove the discontent and depression with which I left Whitestown Seminary. I feel myself to have been especially fortunate in having the influence of the time spent in Worcester, as a finish to my youth and a preparation for the sterner life and duties to follow.

Worcester is a very prosperous manufacturing center and has a great many advantages to offer, schools, libraries, museums and distinguished families and citizens who have brought her great renown in many ways.

CHAPTER VII.

My School at West Brookfield, Mass.

I was seventeen when I started teaching a district school for the winter term in the bleak New England back country. Much to my surprise I found a large proportion of the families whose children came to school, were foreigners, who were drawn into that region by the cheap farm lands practically abandoned by the old New England families.

There were few pupils who had been regular attendants and the school had suffered from many changes of teachers.

The climate was so severe, the conveniences so few, the necessity for "boarding round" so trying and the pay so small, that the teachers, good and bad, shunned the school after one trial. With my own future so bright and teaching simply for practice, I endured the hardships and trials as stoically as I could, and made the most of my opportunity for training and study; while at the same time getting a glimpse into old New England farm life that I have never regretted, and would not have foregone had I knowingly had to choose.

The region was cut up into small farms, where general farming had to be helped out with special products, while the distance from the railroad made it expensive to ship to market and gave little more than a bare living for most of the American families. Yet among these families were some of the most lovable and intelligent people I had ever met. The long winter evenings before the wood fires were passed

in discussions and readings aloud that were quite pleasant and profitable. Such delicious apples, brought from the cellar in panfulls, just ripe enough and leading to sound sleep, I shall never forget!

They were sturdy people, though too poor to move to rich lands of the west, or perhaps too much attached to their homes to make the sacrifice and I felt abundantly rewarded for the hardships I had had to put up with by the lessons in living and examples given me of courage and thrift by these folks, so obscure, yet so valuable as citizens.

The un-American element copied the customs and emulated the patriotism of the old families and seemed happy to have land and homes of their own, however poor they might be.

As I remember, there were about forty-five pupils in average attendance, some as old as myself, but we got along very well together, with few occasions for harsh words or severe discipline. I became quite attached to some of them, and when they learned I was going to West Point Military Academy the following summer, their interest in me redoubled, and I was given a more intimate place in their families. The studies pursued were mostly elementary but I encouraged some of the more advanced pupils to take up with me some of the subjects that would help in my future course at West Point. Keeping thus but a day or two ahead of my special students, I was pleased to find I brought them forward as rapidly as I progressed, and think now the difficulties were made easier to them by their very newness to me, which gave me their point of view better than if I had been more advanced.

Oliver Goldsmith teaching music while himself a beginner, reached a similar conclusion.

Having a sound constitution, though somewhat slight in physique, the daily walks, often through

deep snow, to and from school, were a noticeable benefit to me, as well as enjoyment, in struggling against the elements with the frosty nipping air, sending the blood tingling to all parts of the body, and also gave me a keen appetite for the plain but abundant food supplied at my various "boarding-round" places.

I came out of the "wilderness," so to speak, a better, wiser, sturdier and more sympathetic young man than when I went in, and count it another of my valuable experiences, though represented in cash by only sixty dollars, for the three months "salary."

Bidding a cheerful farewell to my new friends of the winter, at our closing "exercises," which went off better than I expected, I returned to Worcester to continue my studies for the entrance examination now looming large before me, and the successful passing of which was the opening of the door to my career. My "predecessor," whose graduation would make a vacancy for me in the corps of cadets, had an estimable father, who looked me up, made me his protege, and helped me amazingly by his advice founded on his son's experience.

The spring term at Worcester Academy passed quickly, pleasantly and profitably and the last part of May found me with some one hundred and fifty "candidates" reporting at West Point, for examination for admission to the foremost military school under government control in the world. It was my debut in life.



CADET BRYAN, U. S. M. A., 1882

CHAPTER VIII.

West Point, U. S. Military Academy.

In the early days of the academy, before competitive examinations were common, and when cadets were appointed to repay political debts, or to get a wild son in a safe berth, the cadets themselves were often spoiled children, headstrong, unruly and know-it-all kind on entering. This led to the custom of putting the candidates through a course of subduing education in manners and deportment more modest.

The spoiled darling of wealth and position was taught by the older cadets that he was to go through strictly on his personal merits and abilities.

The first lessons seemed rough and uncalled for, but given as by authority they carried weight and obedience, very often without authority. To say "Sir" to every cadet speaking to him; to speak only when spoken to; to knock at the office door and promptly remove his hat, forgotten in the excitement; to jump up and stand "attention" when any superior came in; to think modestly of his own merits; to esteem cadet and military life, as far superior to anything in civil life; to obey first and think afterward, and to consider himself of no importance till he should have "won his spurs" by performance were some few of the myriad of things learned by him in the first days of his stay, and particularly while as yet a candidate and not entitled to join the family of his brother cadets already entered.

True metal is improved by refining, and this

rough but wholesome welcome to the new life of struggle and preparation influenced the weak and wavering one to pause and consider, while the ones who had natural bent for a military life, enjoyed the horseplay to which they were subjected, in so refined and yet stern a manner, kept a serious face only to enjoy a hearty laugh over their embarrassments on getting back to the security of their own rooms, beyond the chastening of the cadets in charge of their discipline.

The dubious name of "beast" was applied to candidates not yet examined and accepted, and "beast barracks" was that part of the cadet buildings set aside for their use, while candidates.

To one unfamiliar with discipline in military schools, the number of petty things forbidden or prescribed is inconceivable.

A booklet of them of quite respectable dimensions is furnished the cadet but not to the "candidate" who is coached in his duties orally by cadets in charge.

The new-comer feels the iron hand of a benevolent despotism on him, but at first the benevolence seems very thin, and the despotism very real and irksome.

In the long run, however, he sees the necessity for prompt obedience and acquires the habit, whereupon it became easy and the benevolence begins to appear more real. Several weeks were given candidates to grow used to their surroundings, and study before taking the entrance examination, and these were strenuous days.

Even those best prepared lost some of their confidence, while those who lacked thorough preparation suffered tortures of anxiety if eager to enter, or joy at the prospect of failure if they were cured by this time of their military aspirations. These examina-

tions themselves, though in common English branches, were very thorough and searching, so when we were lined up to cull out the sheep who had passed, from the goats who were rejected, a painful feeling of suspense oppressed me, till my name among the winners, changed it to a joyous thrill of pride and relief and anticipation.

A heavy percentage in my class failed to enter, and in the four years which followed enough more were rejected or "found deficient" to leave less than fifty per cent to graduate and get commissions in the army. The first six months is the hardest to get through, though by no means the hardest work, nor the heaviest study, but trying in many ways on the courage, patience, application and even health; so continuous is the daily grind of study, drill, discipline and uncertainty.

The entire being seems to undergo some change, physical, mental and moral by which it adapts itself to the new requirements, so that having safely passed the first semi-annual examination, grown used to the uniform, familiarized to the never-relaxed iron hand of discipline and settled into harness, we never after suffered again the pangs of that period. Again a large number were "found" and went home to civil life or to foreign ports to try something else, but this was the heaviest slaughter of the four years, and culled out most of the incapables, and even some budding geniuses; who revolted at the discipline or the never-ending work, or the isolation, or the simplicity, or the outlook, or any other influence too strong for a student to resist.

Some came from homes of luxury and lives of indulgence, and these, though often smart enough, made the poorest students while others who had been altogether or partly through college, succeeded best,

leaving the large majority to represent the average American boy, by average standing in his classes.

Like digging the Panama Canal, the hardest work was preparatory, and the first six months given over to training in the use of our own language, elementary mathematics, etc., with the training in clear thinking and exact expression was very important to the progress through the more serious studies of the following years.

The course, as everybody knows, is mathematical, scientific (chemistry, geology, mineralogy, astronomy, electrical engineering, drawing, natural philosophy, wave motions, etc.,) languages (French and Spanish) technical (art and science of war, ordnance and gunnery, military engineering, tactics, etc.,) law, (constitutional and international) and supplying and caring for troops, etc.

Altogether, a formidable array of studies, only to be mastered by long lessons, unflinching application, steadily maintained health and a good share of brains. Even a week or two in the hospital, if it prevented study, might drop a cadet so far behind that he would have to fall back into the next class. Every care is taken of the health of the cadets by open air exercises, drills on foot and horseback, wholesome and abundant food, long and compulsory hours in bed (10 a. m. to 6 p. m.) well ventilated quarters and these with the sound constitution with which they must enter, produce the miracles, of accomplishment. Long lessons are learned in what would seem incredibly short time to the novice in the art of study.

No form of recreation or diversion was allowed to interfere with our duties or studies, and the isolation from any city influences gave a quiet studious atmosphere that was very helpful in studies, but trying on one's craving for some form of social life.

The first two years are passed without a break in the form of vacations, and to the lonesome or homesick cadet, would seem unendurable were there more time to dwell on the matter.

The four classes go by the slang names of "Plebe," "Yearling," Second and First. The "Plebe" is treated very formally, as if a new acquaintance whose merits were doubted. Always addressed as "Mr.———" he was required to always reply with the addition of "Sir," "No Sir," "Yes Sir," etc., and in many even ridiculous ways, made to feel that he was on probation. This influenced the new cadets so persistently and strongly, as to make them finally more respectful towards and appreciative of the merits and importance of the older cadets than of any other class of persons with whom they were thrown.

From it arose a mild form of hero worship, as often occurs in schools where life is cut off from the world, while at the same time the formal respect shown for the rights, privileges and even sensibilities of the new comers, bred in them a comforting self-respect and feeling of importance, since they could look ahead to the time when they in turn should be in authority. The first year no "chevrons" fall to the fourth class. All were "cadet privates," and the cadet corporals, sergeants, lieutenants and captains were appointed from the three upper classes. So covetous of these honors did some plebes become that they would overdo themselves in "bracing up" to attract attention to their military fitness, and even get laughed at, though in general great respect was shown to evidence of ambition, whether to shine in drill, discipline or studies. Everything got recognition in marks or demerits, and all combined to give a cadet his final "class standing" on graduation.

His final standing decided his choice of the

branch of the service he could choose, whether engineers, artillery, cavalry or infantry. High-standing gave choice of any branch, while low standing choice of the infantry arm only. Thus from the very day of admission to cadet ranks the well posted ones worked under the spur of competitive ambition, knowing that every neglect or oversight affecting their marks, as well as every duty well performed and lesson mastered, would have its bearing on their future field of activity, and knowing too that the choice positions for life, were well worth four years of struggle, absolutely necessary any way.

At the end of the first year, after the discipline of "plebe camp" with its interminable drills and parades and guard duties, covering the summer of entering, with its bracing and hardening of the muscles and filling the system with exuberant life also giving poise and self reliance to the mind; followed by the entry into barracks and continuance of study for a year, the plebe arrives at the dignity of "Yearlings," and may be in turn placed over new cadets, if appointed corporal, and is relieved of the necessity for using "sir" any longer to older cadets, and becomes a full-fledged member of the cadet family, with a fair prospect of completing the course while enjoying a better condition of mind and body and control of his own powers than ever before. Like an athlete in perfect training, he is ready and able to do with pleasure, and enjoy the doing, tasks hitherto beyond his power of mind or body.

Thanks to my previous training the studies while hard and lessons long were yet easily within my powers, and left me free from worry after passing my first semi-annual examination.

My weight on entering was 120 pounds, stripped, and it illustrates the tension and persistence of the forces working on me, that I did not gain a pound

during my four-year course at West Point, but gained fifteen pounds in three weeks after the victory was won and I had received my diploma.

The first year, breaking me in to the discipline, was very trying, for I had little of the stoic in my nature, was over-sensitive, over-conscientious, and a trifle too slight in build for the physical strains of many kinds, especially when coupled with the exacting course of studies, yet I do not remember of ever being in the hospital or having to miss a recitation or drill on account of sickness, so regular, simple and normal was my life.

There is always a feeling of formality toward seniors by junior cadets and often some hostility even, between any given class and the one immediately ahead of it, for such class having had direct authority in drills, etc., over the class following, could not help creating some feeling by the occasional abuse of such authority. Fist fights thus arose and sometimes resulted seriously, and were only fought between such classes.

When summer camp was over and studies resumed in barracks, the occasion for and occurrence of such combats practically ceased in the presence of the more serious work and fully occupied time. One feature of my cadet life that I enjoyed most was the music by the superb military band there, which plays something almost daily, either at guard mounting, parade, drill or evening concert on Saturdays, when cadets did not have to study. These evening concerts, given in the library building, were my special joy as I could make myself comfortable in some quiet corner among the books, and give myself up to the spirit of the composer, making a thousand mental pictures to suit the music.

Another feature of the music was its influence in refining my feelings, stimulating my imagination

and giving me so much good music, as to prevent my ever caring for inferior kinds, or even coarse or vulgar things of any kind. This influence was in harmony with the beautiful surroundings for which the region is famous. The picturesque and well-kept grounds of the academy itself, the stately buildings, the majestic Hudson river, burdened with commerce, the grand hills rising from the river and covered with forests which took on gorgeous autumn hues in season, together with the influence of studious life; all combined to make a touch of fairy land and was a joy every day I was under it.

The excellent library, covering general literature, as well as military topics, helped to give me broadness and culture.

When my progress in French and Spanish opened for me the doors to those literatures I reveled in the new fields and became drawn to their point of view in ways that opened my mental appreciation of the great Old World.

One of our most popular drills was that of mounted exercises in the "riding hall," followed later by mounted drill out of doors, and occasional "road rides" through the surrounding country. In the riding hall we became more or less expert at showy performances, such as bareback riding, hurdle jumping, mounted wrestling, sabre combats, etc., till I felt very much at home on horseback, which I had been used to as a boy. My class standing gave me choice of the cavalry for my field of service and which I enjoyed during my long years of active military service.

After two years I received a cadet furlough or vacation of ten weeks in the summer of 1881 which gave me my first chance to compare cadet life with civil life. I visited among my mother's people in Massachusetts, staying mostly with my sister in

Worcester and my brother in Boston. Already the lure and excitement of a military future was upon me and beyond enjoying the recreations of civil life, I had no regrets that I had left it, and after a thoroughly enjoyed round of theatres, parties, yachting and visits to the beaches, I went back cheerfully and with confidence of success to my studies. I had been away from my home and father and mother five or six years and I began to feel independent, with a degree of self-reliance that made life's duties seem easy and the future very rose-colored and inviting.

The assurance of freedom from financial worry and from the need of earning my own living in a business way, which came with the allowances and military pay of a cadet, to be followed by a modest but assured income as an officer, lifted a great load from my mind. Since childhood I had made more or less of a bugbear out of "earning a living," and this freedom from such worry; knowing that "Uncle Sam" could and would look after my financial needs, seemed to give me more power for study and courage for anything I might be called upon to do.

Life became worth living and my thirst for knowledge, and ambition to be a broad minded cultured officer and gentleman a credit to the academy and useful member of the army, took new force day by day. I have often wondered if under other circumstances I could have disproved Franklin's proverb, "It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright." A fixed income certainly helps.

The summer is the time of gayety for cadets, by reason of the visitors at the hotels at West Point and at Highland Falls, who come to the cadet "hops" at night and to parades and drills in camp by day, and who are not above flirting desperately with these unsophisticated sons of Mars. Sometimes a

school like Vassar sends a boatload of beautiful girls on a picnic for a day, whereupon mirth and mischief rule around the camp till time for them to go, leaving behind and taking with them many souvenirs.

Cadet bell-buttons, especially from over the heart, were most popular with the visiting girls, and most readily attained in the hurry and sorrow of parting. Now plebes are not supposed to have any feelings and by an unwritten law of camp were not permitted to "spoon visitors" or go to the hops, where already were a dozen cadets for every young lady present. Girls were belles indeed, there. I met some visitors at the station, one of whom was the daughter of a railroad contractor on a local piece of the West Shore Railroad, then in process of construction, and we became very good friends, not only while I was there, but also for a considerable time after I joined the regiment in Montana after graduating. Her friendship was a help to me in many ways, giving me a touch with the outside world, and a stimulus to composition, in our correspondence, which was somewhat high-flown on both sides, but of value nevertheless as part of an education.

Several of my class mates became engaged while cadets, and were married at once after graduation, but generally cadets are advised to postpone matrimony till they have rank enough to get quarters for a family, for quarters are not always available for young officer's families, and early marriages were discouraged, though not forbidden.

The last two years to the average cadet passed quickly and more or less pleasantly with the increasing importance we felt, with progress in our studies in our authority and the greater consideration we enjoyed from the officers over us, as we approached graduation and became eligible to join

them as brother officers. The incentive to study and good behavior is strong, for the prize of an honorable calling, carrying with it some social importance and a livable certain income (increasing with rank and time), is always in sight, in the lives and families of the officers on duty there with them.

To graduate is to step at once into the rewards which most men never attain at all, or at the end of years of struggle and privation, viz: authority, financial independence, congenial duties, and social standing making them eligible to any social circle in the world where their official status permits them to enter as equals. And this to beardless young men!

"Christmas leaves" of a week or ten days were granted upper class men who were well up in their studies and with a good record in department, and I had the good luck to enjoy one of these and getting a visit with relatives that made a bright spot in the routine grind. On returning several of us met at Albany in cadet uniform at the N. Y. C. R. R. station and found we had to wait some two or three hours for a midnight train down the river. One of the party knew of a fashionable ball then in progress not very far away, and we persuaded him to introduce us to the hostess, which he did and we were made welcome, especially by the young ladies, who very generally split their dances with us and even shared their supper engagements.

This shows the really welcome given Uncle Sam's army or navy uniform without question in any social gathering of people of refinement and culture.

Each annual graduation day was alike in having a large crowd of visitors, some prominent general to give a little talk and hand out the diplomas following a long set speech by some distinguished politician. The culmination of a period of examina-

tions, parades, reviews for distinguished people, domestic or foreign.

We must not forget "Graduation Ball," bringing swarms of lovely girls from all parts of the country. Every college has its customs, but the military academy is unique. Every cadet is an embryo "officer and gentleman," with a sure place in the social and political circle. There is a prospect also of greatness, in case opportunity arises. It is no wonder, therefore, that mothers with marriageable daughters, look with favor on a visit to West Point about graduating time, and even yield to their daughters' wish to prolong their stay for part of the summer. So many gallant cadets give a girl a rare chance to enjoy masculine society in perfect safety, except to her heart.

Well, my graduating day came at last. Examinations successfully passed fixed my rank or standing in the class, decided my eligibility for the cavalry, and ended all my worries which had hung like a cloud over me the better part of four years. I could hardly realize the value of the prize I had won. My diploma was my passport to so many delightful things, and had such thrilling possibilities in reserve, that every day brought me some new delight in thinking of my future. I had been measured for my new uniform as a cavalry officer, also for the class ring, choosing a bloodstone for my birth month, which was later to be engraved with the regimental crest and motto for use as a seal. I had selected two or three regiments for my choice in turn if not taken by some higher standing classmate.

All was in readiness to let the fledgling out of the nest with a leave of absence on full pay, till the date in September, when I should join the regiment.

Up to this point in my career everything may be said to have smiled upon me. My ancestors had giv-

en me a good New England head, and my parents a sound constitution and good manners with a trend toward the intellectual life. My various relatives had been kind and helpful in turn, for which I was not at the time as appreciative as I am now. Circumstances were distinctly favorable as I now look back, and my patience, persistence, and step by step preparing for what followed proved sufficient to bring me to this happy point. Few college men have the path after graduating made as smooth for them as it is for cadets. Few enjoy their freedom on completing their studies as I did. It was a new joy daily to wake up and look ahead.

No wonder every faculty of mind and body repaid me by joy for relief from the four years grind, and rapidly put my weight up fifteen pounds which was more nearly normal than cadet weight.

Our drills on foot were very irksome to me and I relieved the monotony by repeating my class roll to the cadence of the drill step. This seemed to shorten the drill and I learned and repeated silently of course, the names of all the cadets above and below me in their class roll and also brought into my mental vision a picture of the cadet whose name I repeated; some 800 in all. I must have repeated this practice many hundred times in the last half of my course. A striking result followed. From having a poor memory of names and words I noticed that I learned prose much more readily, caught and held onto new names and new words, learned my Spanish lessons at a glance and in general enjoyed a great strengthening of my memory whenever it related to words, names or faces. It tremendously strengthened my power of expression and command of language, giving me a decided help in my studies and made my class standing higher. From difficulty in the choice of words to express myself, I passed to facility, I

might almost say felicity of speech. From almost a distaste for poetry I changed to enjoying it by the ready memory I developed for the words and phrases. My recitations were w ere easier to learn and far better in recital. I think I profited as much mentally by this chance "memory training" as by any one thing in the official course of study. Before I began this practice I stood in French about 28th whereas after a year or so of it, when we took up Spanish I rose quickly to 4th or 3rd place in my class without any particular effort, showing the remarkable facility in languages gained by simple repetition of many class rolls arranged alphabetically when my mind had no other distraction than the routine of the drill. It made a change in my whole point of view towards life, literature and languages with much increased joy in living.

CHAPTER IX.

Graduation Leave.

It was a custom to follow graduation with a class dinner in New York City before scattering broadcast over the land, and I shall never cease regretting the delay on the West Shore R. R., then newly opened, which made me so late that I only reached the scene of festivities at "Delmonico's" as the feast was breaking up and many already gone, some of whom are now passed over.

After a few days visit with my cousins in the city, I went to Worcester and again to Boston where I got my uniforms completed with insignia for the Second Regiment of Cavalry, then stationed in the wilds of Montana.

Captain Samuel M. Swigert was the officer in command of Troop F of that regiment, and though unknown to me, warmed my heart and cheered my soul by a cordial letter saying he was glad to have a West Pointer as his "Second" Lieutenant, and bade me feel sure of a hearty welcome by him or his family on my arrival to report for duty.

He added some kind advice as to outfit, and in every way laid aside the formal feeling I had expected to meet.

It added a new note of pleasure to my vacation, knowing I should be taken care of and made to feel at home when I joined, and left me free to enjoy myself the more, from having this uncertainty off my mind. Keyed up to such a pitch of enjoyable tension, every normal joy of living seemed multiplied

four-fold. The sky was bluer, food better, flowers prettier, people pleasanter and life sweeter than ever before.

Summer garden theaters seemed like fairy land and the melodramas played therein represented perfection to my indulgent eyes, and over respondent emotions. Part of the summer was spent with old Whitestown Seminary friends who met at Utica to go on an excursion of some weeks to the "Thousand Islands" of the St. Lawrence river, to which they invited me, on learning of my freedom to go.

Dr. Smith Baker of Whitestown, a young practitioner, who had made himself my friend and adviser when I was a student there and had carried me through a severe case of sickness, was the one I went to see when the excursion was broached and it was heartily recommended by him. I went and enjoyed what might, under other circumstances, have been ordinary and common-place, with as much gusto as if I were a new comer to the planet, so wholesome, sweet, pleasant and beautiful did everything seem on the trip.

The party consisted of some ten or twelve young people, all of whom had been Whitestown Seminary students, most of them classmates of mine there, with a couple of chaperones, all ripe for a rest from work and frolic on the water. A large cottage sheltered us all, was near the famous hotel "Thousand Island House" and accessible by railroad, team or boats, of which the house had two, for our service.

Now the unique feature of the outing was that it was "personally conducted" in every detail, by the members themselves, having brought their own provisions, done their own cooking and lived like one big family, though I doubt if any family so large was ever so harmonious and persistently joyous and tolerant of each other's short comings. Our party

was organized into two boat crews, and drilled in handling the boats as I had learned at West Point. Taking lunches, our whole party in the boats made picnic trips to various points among the islands, and we had also the "Island Wanderer," a steamboat for longer trips. Moonlight nights were the rule and musical parties were frequent, rowing several miles up stream and drifting down with song and guitar, or listening to the efforts of musicians in the cottages and summer resorts along the shore. At such times the river would be aglow with colored lanterns and boat lights. Wonderfully beautiful and romantic effects were produced on the river. Bad weather found us in cozy quarters in the cottage playing games or listening to some good reader. Altogether it was a very pleasant episode, and cemented into endearing friendships the school acquaintances, whom I could not have known otherwise nearly so well. We organized ourselves into the "Point Vivian" club after the name of the cottage point on the river, and I was kept posted for years by the "Secretary" as to the doings of the members. Naturally there were some romances and even marriages from the intimate association there possible. I visited at homes of several and appreciated the many excellent qualities developed in these modest farming people of the Mohawk Valley. Going down the St. Lawrence to Ogdensburg was a fit ending of this water trip and impressed me with the majesty of this great boundary river. At Ogdensburg I visited my uncle, Miles Bryan, and his family and found them very lovable, wholesome people, who took me on trips to Canadian towns across the river to show me how much cheaper most things could be bought there.

Starting from Worcester near the end of my leave, I went over the Northern Pacific R. R. from

Chicago, stopping at Mankato and St. Paul to visit Aunt Ellen (Bryan) Dornberg, and Cousin Hattie Bryan (from Ogdensburg) for whom I developed a very lively affection. Having so fully enjoyed my long leave, I was ready and eager to get to my station at Fort Custer, Montana, and report for duty with the regiment.

The endless prairies, with their bare, brown tints were new to me and I could hardly see how the railroad could expect prosperity from such a desolate, barren country as it then appeared to me. The road had just been opened recently and was not in the best of running order and I suffered much inconvenience by my trunk going clear through to Portland, Oregon, with most of my uniform and equipment. But after some weeks during which the railroad was entertaining many of its stockholders and bondholders on the famous "Villard" excursions my trunk was found and returned to me at Fort Custer. This particular trip to new duties in a new and wild country impressed me deeply with the vastness of the West, but gave a sense of loneliness and isolation from civilization that did not leave me until a year later when the troops marched to the Pacific Coast. My welcome was given by the captain's wife owing to his absence, but was very pleasant and her good advice on social matters and military customs in garrison spared me many a blunder, and made smooth my pathway till I had time to become familiar with my duties and social obligations, so new and unfamiliar.



2ND LIEUT. BRYAN 2ND CAV.

While on a visit from Fort Custer, Mont., to Fort Keogh, Mont., Christmas, 1883.
(First picture as an officer.)

CHAPTER X.

Fort Custer, Second Cavalry.

Thirty miles from Custer station on the Northern Pacific railroad on the high bluff at the junction of the Big Horn and Little Big Horn rivers and within the Crow Indian Reservation was, for that time (1883) a large post or garrison called Fort Custer, after General Custer, and owing its importance and location to the tragic slaughter of his command at the Custer battlefield, about twelve miles up the Little Big Horn, some seven or eight years before. There were troops of cavalry, companies of infantry and batteries of field artillery and the Second Cavalry band. The officers' quarters, built of unseasoned cottonwood lumber, were full of air spaces, cracks and crannies which let in the cold, wind and even rain and snow, so that they were hard to heat. Water was pumped up from the Big Horn river to the reservoir or tank on the bluff and distributed by water wagons to the barrels in front of the different buildings.

With the thermometer ranging in winter from 60 to 70 degrees when the warm "Chinook" winds blew from the west, to 30 or 40 degrees below zero when from the north, it can readily be seen that life had its drawbacks in houses so open and heated by cottonwood fuel in primitive stoves.

The country was open, rolling plains, void of timber, save along the water courses, and then mostly cottonwood.

At that time the buffalo herds had disappeared,

but only a year or two before, under the combined attacks on them of the Indians for food and the pelt hunters, who killed them by thousands for hides alone. The Indians not yet realizing the loss of their natural food supplies, and not yet fully supplied with food by the government nor trained to supply themselves by farming, were discontented, hungry and more or less unruly and were kept on their reservations with difficulty. We saw a great many Indians about, especially at the agency, ten miles away.

But, during this particular winter of 1883-4, there was no outbreak and my duties were very light. I arrived in September, 1883, and Captain Swigert being still away from the post with the greater part of the troop, cutting hay on the Big Horn flats for the winters' supply for the cavalry, owing to the deficient appropriations of the government, I was left in the post in command of the fraction of the troop in barracks. As soon as severe weather set in all drills and field trips were suspended and a winter of comparative idleness followed. For the officers no studies were required and the time was largely spent in social calls, rides and drives, weekly "hops" in the chapel and in playing interminable games of poker. As the winter grew more severe, many officers' families left the post on visits to their homes, leaving the hops reduced to half a dozen ladies, with sixty or seventy officers. This stimulated the poker games which ran day and nights for weeks at a time as I know, because I had quarters upstairs over an officer in whose rooms a poker game was almost continuously in progress. Having an instinctive dislike for gambling and a pronounced distaste for liquor, I kept out of the games and avoided drink whenever I could without exciting too much comment. This left me free for study and social duties and while rather dull, carried me

safely through the winter. I grew especially fond of my captain and his charming family.

The lot of the enlisted man was not so pleasant. Those were the days of the "Post Trader," who carried a comparatively small stock of merchandise with small profit, and a huge stock of liquors with big profits. A quart bottle of beer, for example, cost the soldier 75 cents, which cost the trader, say 20 cents, as he bought in carload lots.

The bar privilege, it was said, netted the trader \$60,000 to \$70,000 profit a year at our post. Idleness without suitable recreation, as now provided, drove our soldiers there to drink and gambling as it did the officers, but the soldiers' small pay and credit limited his debauch to a few days following pay-day. But such days!

A large part of the command drunk and out of shape for duty, even the guard not perfectly sober. The guard house overflowed with prisoners—men confined for petty or serious delinquencies—and so numerous that the guard put the prisoners out for exercise on a ring, called the "Bull Ring," and made them walk round and round, till sufficiently exercised and sobered. Courtsmartial were held almost daily and as all evidence had to be recorded and as I was frequently "Judge Advocate or Recorder" of such courts, I spent many a dreary hour writing up these "proceedings of a Garrison Courtmartial." Wonderful improvements have been made in the service since those days and perhaps the best was in cutting out the sale of liquor, and the next following was creating schools for officers and men during the winter when drills ceased.

Fort Custer was a little more typical by its isolation, but the same things occurred at all stations, in some degree. Coming from the eternal grind of

study and drill as a cadet, my freedom and light duties and the social amenities of the garrison life made the winter pass quickly and more or less pleasantly, but I hailed with delight the order we received in the spring of 1884 to march the Second Cavalry to the Pacific Coast, exchanging stations with the First Cavalry, with headquarters and band to Fort Walla Walla, near the town of Walla Walla, Washington, Territory. We left with band mounted, May 1st, and following the line of the Northern Pacific R. R., (which brought us our forage and rations) we marched by easy stages 18 to 25 miles per day, westward over flowering prairies and the towering Rocky Mountain range at Mullen Pass, to Missoula, where we exchanged our wagon transportation for trains to Rathdrum, Idaho, we found the wagons of the First Cavalry waiting to take us on to Walla Walla. Eight hundred miles of marching as a regiment under ideal conditions! An artist reporter went along with us, made sketches and wrote an interesting account of it in Harper's Monthly. It certainly was very pleasant, but they do these things differently now-a-days, and to tell all the pleasant features and trials, such as muddy camps, shortage of rations, climbing mountains, etc., would take a volume in itself. We arrived at Walla Walla May 31st after taking a full month to make the change in station; and found ourselves in a civilized community again, where life was pleasant, friends numerous and the outlook cheerful. It was like coming back east from Montana, though in reality more than a thousand miles farther west.

CHAPTER XI.

Forts Walla Walla and Leavenworth, 1884-1889.

Walla Walla had a very pleasant social circle composed of the families of business, professional and large farming men. The country was new, rainfall suited to growing small grains which developed a limited kind of ranching. The seasons of planting and harvesting were spent on the farms, and the rest of the year in the town. This created a leisure class who found the garrison people congenial and they naturally entertained each other.

The townspeople gave us a ball and reception, which started, for me, a very pleasant social season, cut short all too soon by an order to go with a detachment of thirty men to Fort Lapwai, Idaho, to relieve the infantry garrison and watch the Nez Perce Indians, in whose reservation was the fort, some thirteen miles from Lewiston, Idaho. I traveled freely around the country about my new station, getting acquainted with the people and the topography, spent many a night at country dances that broke up at sunrise and in turn I gave a party to the community at the fort before leaving. I was there about three months, most of the time the only officer and depended on the people of the small town of Lewiston and the teachers at the reservation school for my social recreation. It was my first command of a station, and the pleasure of being a "Commanding Officer" compensated largely for the dreary isolation of the abandoned post.

It gave me more freedom and authority than

often fell to a second lieutenant and gave me early in my career, a taste for power even when paid for, as in this case, by many deprivations. This inclination made me seek and volunteer for disagreeable duties where they gave me freedom from direct control by my superiors while giving me a command over soldiers, and throwing me on my own responsibilities to carry out orders.

This love of power prompted me to strive for independence of the army, and led me into ventures that promised financial independence. My next step was to return to Walla Walla, spending a few pleasant weeks and then going for my first "field trip" on a map making and scouting practice march across the "Big Bend" country to a crossing of the Columbia river at what is now Wenatchee, Wash., and on up to the summit of the Cascade Range of mountains in the path of the surveyors of the Northern Pacific R. R., then only finished to Ellensburg. I had only thirty men mounted, with a pack train of twenty-four mules to carry our field equipage, rations and forage. We all had small shelter tents, two men to a tent made of two pieces of canvas and just high enough to crawl into and hardly long enough to cover the feet. Our route lay across grass-covered prairies whose sun-cured grass served as hay when the horses and mules were herded out on it, after making camp each day. I kept a note book in which I recorded data for my report and maps. These were completed and turned in after return from my trip. The country was wild and sparsely settled, cattle and horses being the principal products, where are now large tracts of excellent grain land.

I was out nearly three months, getting new supplies of rations and forage from Fort Walla Walla, and it was with distinct regret that I joined a larger command under Capt. E. L. Huggins, near Yakima,

to return to Walla Walla, so agreeable had been the trip of my little command where I was alone in authority. I was then twenty-four and everything on the trip seemed better because I decided things, than after I joined Captain H. and lost my independent command and authority.

I got back with the combined command in the fall of 1885 to headquarters at the fort and had a few months more of the social gayeties, balls, cotillions, riding parties, etc., and just began to feel well acquainted with the townspeople when again I was sent on "detached service." I hated to go this time, for I left many friends among the young people in the social set, from whom it was a trial to part. I was not in love with any one, but it may have been very near love. Any way life at regimental headquarters with the band and near a pleasant social center, was far preferable to the station in the Wilderness, seventy miles north of Spokane, adjoining the Moses Indian Reservation with only buckboard communication with the outside world.

Fort Spokane was my destination and the command of troop of my regiment was to be my duty in the absence of its captain and first lieutenant. The remainder of the garrison was a battalion of infantry and the commanding officer was Lieutenant-Colonel Fletcher, who being an infantry officer, left me a large measure of freedom as to drilling and managing the troop of cavalry. Having horses that needed exercise I could grant favors by furnishing mounts for riding parties, etc., which gave me a fictitious importance at the time and caused me to be treated as one of the captains, and this in turn made up for the remoteness and discomfort of the life there. More than all, however, was the presence, as a visitor to a brother officer of Miss Suzanne Earle, from Washington, D. C. Being a young lady

of good family, well educated, with charming tact and courtesy, fit to grace any social circle, she quickly became a general favorite, and to me a revelation of a class of women of whom I knew little before. We became great friends, took many jaunts and picnics on horseback and in a cutter which I drove, to the principal points of interest in a day's journey from the post. She was very congenial company to men and women. I had been at Fort Lapwai with her brother and in one of his confidential chats he told me of the loss of his father, a high official in the postal department, leaving the family in straightened circumstances and how bravely his sisters had risen to the emergency, by opening a school in their home, "The Maples," in Georgetown. "Miss Dickey," as we called her after her brother Richard, was equally gracious to the four or five bachelor officers there that winter, and apparently liked by all to a more than friendly degree. Had I not known the circumstances of her family and lack of freeheartedness herself and had my stay been more prolonged I would have probably fallen a victim, as some of the others did, to her many personal and mental charms. Aside from this delightful friendship there was little of importance occurred at the fort that winter and I was called back to duty with my own troop at Walla Walla, in the early spring of 1886. I went across country on the invitation of General T. R. Tannatt, ex-army officer, agent for the railroad lands in the "Palouse country," south of Spokane, to examine some of his land with a view to purchase. This area is the granary of the northwest, with a practically inexhaustible soil of decomposed lava, and was a revelation to me of possibilities of independence of the army and comfortable competence for small outlay. I then and there began a series of speculative land investments that influenced my

whole life, and made me familiar with sums of my own money, of which I should never have dreamed as an officer on my pay alone. Picking out several choice pieces of virgin land, I returned to Walla Walla with a new interest and hope in life, which was to make a modest fortune and at the end of my eight years of obligatory service to resign from active duty with the army, unless war or other emergency kept me in place.

On my return to Walla Walla I closed out some mortgages for small amounts, drawing 18 per cent. against the advice of my banker, and made part payment on 160 acres of the land I had inspected. I secured an agent in the vicinity of the land and had the land plowed and fenced. It rented quickly to a "homesteader" adjoining who agreed to give as rent one-third of the crop delivered at the warehouse, he to stand the expense of putting in the crop, harvesting and hauling my third to town. This plan was pursued with other pieces of these railroad lands, bought on credit, with a payment of one dollar per acre each year for seven years, giving 7 per cent interest on the deferred payments. Each year more land paid me rentals which in turn went to buy more land or to break from virgin sod part of what I already owned. This process was kept up till I had some 1200 acres of choice farming land in fragments of 160 and 320 acres, each surrounded by homesteaders whose 160 acres was too little for a living by grain growing alone, and made them eager to rent my land. I also invested for my brother Lyman, in these choice lands, and we made profits of 20 to 30 per cent. on the crops, according to the harvest. One year, the best, I received over \$5,000 as rentals from my five farms there. I made one serious mistake, however, in borrowing money from my brother to pay off quicker some of the deferred payments, and

get title, for which borrowed money I gave him mortgages on the land.

These mortgages were to prove my undoing a few years later. This experience of farming through an agent worked well there, where renters and agents were fairly trustworthy, but led me into trouble later in Arizona when I tried to repeat the operation.

The winter of '86-87 was pleasantly spent in Walla Walla with my many young lady friends, but the spring of 1887 saw me again sent away (to Fort Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, later called Fort Sherman and since abandoned) to command another troop of my regiment, whose officers were all temporarily absent. This detail, with its fine trout fishing in the lake, and its prairie chicken and quail hunting in the hills and boating on the lake (Coeur d'Alene) was thoroughly enjoyed during the summer.

I studied the public lands near-by, and found that the N. P. R. R. owned every other section in that part of the country.

I bought some pieces of land bordering on the Coeur d'Alene river, with a view to making it my summer home, with irrigation from the river easily done by pumping. It afterwards became part of the lands I turned over to my brother to cancel his mortgages and became quite valuable, justifying my judgment in buying it when part of the wilderness as yet undeveloped, owing to its timbered condition.

In August, 1887, I was relieved from duty at Fort Coeur d'Alene and returned to Fort Walla Walla, but while at the mountain station I had the experience of being in charge of the Second Infantry Band from Coeur d'Alene to Tacoma over the Cascade Range to help celebrate the completion of the N. P. R. R. to tide water over its own rails. I

had at Tacoma a sweetheart, Miss Annie Edmunds, a former visitor to Walla Walla, to whom I was much attached, and who entertained me on this visit. The celebration was grand, and in keeping with the engineering that carried the railroad over the mountains. Before the tunnel through the lofty range was completed, a switchback of terrific steepness, zig-zagged back and forth up one side of the range and down the other, over grades reaching 400 feet rise to the mile and requiring two powerful ten wheeled locomotives to pass four cars of freight or passengers over the summit. It was very fascinating to take part in opening that wonderful new country and still more satisfactory to see one's speculative investments increase in value and returns, with the growth of the country. I will here give credit to Mr. Levi Ankeny, a banker at Walla Walla, for giving me the advice which confirmed my judgment, to buy all the lands in the Palouse country I could safely carry, of which he himself was buying right and left either outright or through the cheaper process of buying up and foreclosing mortgages. He declared it was the chance of a lifetime, so rich and permanently fertile was the soil, yet remarkably cheap in price. These same lands that cost me \$7 per acre are now worth from \$50 to \$100 per acre, and have been giving profitable crops without fertilization all these intervening years. As usual with success, it partly turned my head, and led me later into excessive and speculative ventures that came near ruining me financially.

A savings bank was organized in Walla Walla about this time and I subscribed for some of the stock at about \$80 per share, which afterwards came in handy for quickly raising some cash for my trip around the world. I enjoyed my duty at Walla Walla perhaps as much as any station I ever had, for sev-

eral reasons. It was my first social experience in a society way, to amount to anything, and I brought to it youth and freedom from care; moreover the social set there was sincerely cordial and without affectation. All were on equality socially, and no great wealth was displayed to make me feel humiliated with my modest resources. Perhaps most important of all was a growing conviction that I could make good, in time, and have a home and income of my own, which has always been my heart's desire.

At that time I would have been content with a modest home and income even in a small town like Walla Walla.

I had scarcely returned from Coeur 'd Alene when I was detailed to represent the regiment at the "Infantry and Cavalry School" at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and left the latter part of August, going via Portland, Oregon, thence by steamer to San Francisco, and over the Central and Union Pacific R. R. to Kansas. This was my first ocean voyage out of sight of land, having only gone up and down Long Island Sound from New York to Worcester. The trip was stormy and ocean rough, causing the steamer's wooden hull to groan and creak most dolefully, which made me feel as though we were likely to go down any moment during the first night out, but with daylight and my freedom from sea sickness my spirits rose and I did justice to all the meals during the three days journey. As I only stopped a day or two in San Francisco and have been there several times since my first impressions are now forgotten. I stopped at the Palace Hotel, which was then in the zenith of its glory and prestige, and somehow gave a greater impression of luxury than I recalled of eastern hotels, probably due to coming to it from a new and cruder part of the country.

Sometime before leaving Walla Walla a class was

organized in the officers families by Dr. Wakeman for the study of "the instantaneous art of Never Forgetting," by Prof. A. Loissette, which was then having a great run in colleges schools and cities all over the country.

It is the only system I know that is founded on the laws of natural memory, and does certainly reward practice in it, and I know of nothing more valuable to help a student than a thorough study of this system. I earnestly desire that my copy, in six small booklets, may safely reach my boy's hands and he be coached thoroughly in it, before going to college, for I know it will make his studies far easier and his memory of them very much stronger.

I have reviewed this wonderful memory system at intervals of some years, with a friend or friends' co-operation and have found it to not only freshen my memory, but also to enormously revive my interest in old and new studies, besides being very pleasant mental exercises in themselves. Everyone who has taken it up with me has enjoyed it and profited by it in increased mental clearness and power. The author was a talented Englishman who discovered the principles of memory training by accident, and worked them out for detailed application to any form of study, even such abstruse ones as music, whist, numerals, dates, etc., so that one could even learn all the names in the city directory, if he chose to try. I have gone into this at such length in the hope that it will interest my son as well as other readers, and lead him and them to take this course and give it a full, good trial, just as laid down in the books themselves and I know they will thank me later on.

Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

To supply instruction to officers appointed from

civil life and from the ranks, the "Infantry and Cavalry school of Application" was organized three or four years before my coming and had reached a fairly efficient stage. The students, one from each infantry and cavalry regiment for whom the course was designed had either mostly passed through or evaded being sent, so that quite a number of regiments were represented by West Point graduates, like myself, for whom the studies prescribed were almost child's play. While keeping up in the class work enough to do credit to my regiment, I yet found it so easy as to give me abundant time for recreation and enjoyment of the social life available in this large military post and the prosperous towns of Leavenworth and Kansas City. I had quarters of two rooms in a bachelor building called "Hancock Hall," holding eight or ten officers, all lieutenants.

I was attached to Captain Rafferty's troop, 6th Cavalry for duty with three or four other lieutenants, giving me the use of the troop stables for my horses. I bought a good driving horse and a handsome buggy to drive my lady friends about the country, and was thus able to repay some of the many social favors of which the city families were lavish, particularly to eligible bachelors. The two years passed very pleasantly in a round of gayeties and mild studies.

One summer we marched overland to Topeka, organized as a brigade, with infantry, cavalry and artillery, gave a sham battle at the G. A. R. encampment and returned. Another jaunt that I remember pleasantly was on the private car of the railroad paymaster for the M. K. and T. R. R. whose pay trip took us through Kansas, Indian Territory and Texas. This was my first trip on a private car and gave me a new glimpse of luxury and a new stimulus to strive for financial independence.

A new social circle and set of people opened to me on going to Leavenworth and the hospitality and entertaining shown my class in the school, put us under obligations to return them by attention to the young people of the families concerned, both in fort and city. I enjoyed these features of my life there, and word of my devotion to new lady friends got in some way to my Tacoma sweetheart, and finally led to coldness on both sides, without serious consequence to either. So many girls was nice to us, that to complete our studies without giving too much time to any one of them, a sort of bachelor's protective association was formed and worked out well, and only one or two married at Leavenworth. Safety in numbers was perhaps why I did not marry, for there were many who would have made me a good wife and two or three for whom I felt very warm affection and recall with pleasant memories their excellent qualities.

The course of study completed, I graduated with creditable standing and returned to duty with my original troop, "F," Second Regiment of Cavalry, which had meanwhile been transferred from Fort Walla Walla to Vancouver Barracks, Wash., just across the Columbia river from Portland, Ore. On my way back I passed through Walla Walla and by comparison with the Mississippi valley, found the former less attractive than on coming to it from Montana, and decided that if I got independent enough financially to leave the army, I would give preference to Tocomo. The leave of absence after graduation from Fort Leavenworth school gave me time to visit the beach resorts at the mouth of the Columbia river, where I met pleasant people from Portland, and anticipated new joys in the social life of that city the following winter. I reported at Vancouver Barracks just in time to prepare for a trip

by my captain's troop as escort to General Gibbon, up the Columbia river by steamer to The Dalles, thence north across country to lake Chelan, Wash., to have a parley with Chief Moses about the return of the Nez Perce Indians to their reservation in Idaho. We camped for several weeks at the foot of the beautiful lake Chelan, which lies in the Cascade Mountains, and is fed by melting snow, filled with gamey trout and surrounded by towering snow-capped mountains. A small town called Chelan was just being opened as a government townsite and I filed on a couple of lots, built a little one-room shack on them and became for the first time a house-owner. The little town prospered with the opening of mines around the lake, and in 1903, fourteen years later, I sold my lots at a good profit.

The parley and outing finished, we returned to Vancouver Barracks, but had not settled into quarters, when my troop was ordered to Fort Leavenworth, Kan., with horses and equipment.

I was still living in my field outfit, not having unpacked my furniture, shipped from Leavenworth. This change of the troop's station was made in a "troop train," composed of stock, freight and passenger cars, and ran on independent schedule each day, stopping over night to unload, feed and exercise the horses, as required by law. To save money for the government the train was sent in a round about way, south through Oregon to Marysville, Cal., thence east to Denver, via U. P. R. R. and on to Kansas over land grant roads under obligation to transport U. S. troops free. A three day's trip direct became for us a three week's trip indirect, but passed off very pleasantly for me, in the company of the families of the captain and lieutenant, who joined forces to provide our meals, with the help of the troop cook. I was quarter-master for the trip,

arranged our daily schedule with the railroad officials, bought forage and arranged stopping places for each night's rest of the stock. This was good training for me, and helped me when I became Q. M. of a regiment and a brigade later on. I was welcomed and made very happy by my Leavenworth friends, and had another year there before my promotion to first lieutenant, October, 1890, took me to another troop of the regiment at Fort Huachuca, Arizona.

Meanwhile circumstances favored my getting a long leave, owing to my having taken little of the annual month's leave on full pay customarily allowed to officers. The prospect of going out to be lost in the wilds of Arizona for a stretch of years and a feeling of satiation or surfeit of military life and surroundings; made a leave quite welcome while an invitation to visit my brother in Switzerland drew my thoughts to a long trip abroad. I went east via Washington, D. C., where I arranged for approval of a trip abroad in case I should go, then went on to Worcester.

CHAPTER XII.

Around the World, 1890-91.

At Worcester I met some friends who were planning a trip around the world and urged me to join them. The cost was reasonable, the "prospectus," as set out by the Canadian Pacific R. R. was tempting, the time limit favorable and the party promised to be congenial.

How to finance my trip quickly was the question, for my funds were tied up in improving the lands in Washington Territory, across the continent. My Walla Walla savings bank stock solved the problem. I wired the bank and got a bid which netted me 10 per cent on my purchase price, and accepted the offer.

I secured permission to go abroad, got my leave extended, procured a passport from the State Department, received a letter of introduction to our consular and diplomatic representatives abroad from my uncle Theodore's friend, Senator George Frisbee Hoar, of Massachusetts, equipped myself partly for the trip, and started on the most enjoyable venture of my life. Planned by the Canadian Pacific R. R. to put their line of Pacific ocean steamships on their run from Hong Kong to Vancouver, B. C., at the least expense to the company, this around-the-world excursion began at points in Canada, the United States or England, with tickets to Liverpool, from which point three successive steamers, "Empress of India," "China," and "Japan" were to sail at intervals of a

month via Mediterranean, Suez Canal, Indian ocean, China sea and Pacific, and deliver their passengers to the railroad company's western terminal at Vancouver for transportation to their starting points. I secured a first-class ticket via "White Star" line from New York to Liverpool and booked for the sailing of the monster "Teutonic" early in December, but before starting word came of a postponed sailing date for our S. S. out of Liverpool and I returned to Worcester to spend Christmas with my folks, and got my ocean ticket assigned to a later sailing steamer, "The Germanic," older and slower than the "Teutonic," but very comfortable in the bad weather of our trip, taken in mid-winter.

I met people who belonged to the strange class, to me, of those who had only to amuse themselves. All were first-class passengers on the "Empress of India," and came from the United States, Canada, Great Britain and the continent of Europe. It was a revelation to me, and in connection with the broadening influence of the trip itself completed a liberal education, and put new zest into a life which was beginning to oppress me with a feeling of ennui. In a moderate way having already acquired what most men spend their lives in striving for, this discovery of new ways of making life pleasant seemed like a glimpse into a new world, and gave me a living interest in the various countries visited that I had never felt before.

Armed with a good No. 2 kodak which held one hundred films, I secured many hundreds of photos of scenes en route, to which I added a large number of unmounted locally taken photographs purchased when bad weather interfered or some choice building or scenery was pictured. All combined to give me a splendid album of unmounted views to recall my trip, and which I prize very highly. Crossing the

the Atlantic was rather dangerous from having no sunshine the last four days, while being tossed by a fierce gale, that prevented our making mail connection at Queenstown, after laying to the night before till a lighthouse expected was picked up, just in time to prevent our driving headlong on the south coast of Ireland. Liverpool and London, with the intervening country, was about all I saw of the "Tight Little Isle," but London and its environs, fully occupied our brief stay there. Windsor Castle, with its royalty, struck a new note for me.

Quite a number of our excursionists were on the Germanic, and we soon formed a sort of family party which gave me company on all sight-seeing trips.

I stopped at the Metropole Hotel in London and found it convenient and central, but the winter season was not so attractive for tourists as for social seekers, being unusually raw and cold.

The delayed sailing date of our steamer gave us several weeks extra time, which I put in on the continent. After easing my conscience by going to see the regular sights like the Tower of London, Hyde Park, the Art Galleries, British Museum, etc., I was rather glad to escape from the damp, cold and fog, of which we had two days of almost night, and get over to the cheerful sunniness of Paris.

Crossing the English channel was hard on most of the passengers, but my Atlantic trip prepared me to get across without discomfort. The change to France was my first foreign experience, and made me glad I knew something of the language, having followed my French course at West Point by further study and reading in social classes everywhere I could join them. Paris found me with a cold brought over from England which grew worse so fast that after doing Paris in general, I had to cut my stay short and rush on to my broth-

er, who was practicing as an American dentist in Basel, Switzerland. I saw enough of France to feel that it would be good to live there if one had independent means, but not otherwise, so great is the struggle to make a living in Europe. At Basel a Turkish bath soon broke up my cold and my brother took me on a jaunt to Karlsruhe, where we were guests of Countess von Bohlen and her three sons, who were officers of the German army and introduced me to the garrison life of their regiments. .

Brother and I were guests at a "regimental mess" dinner and were honored by the band playing the American National airs, etc., and the colonel presiding offered a toast to America, to which I had to respond. I saw a review there of several thousand men in honor of the Emperor's birthday, which was the largest body of soldiers I had seen up to that time. The German officers made my stay pleasant and felt envious of the greater liberty American officers enjoyed in family life and more liberal pay, they being compelled to have a definite outside income before getting married, and their pay being relatively much smaller, only partly meeting their bachelor needs. We heard Grand Opera by a splendid stock company in Karlsruhe and between acts were introduced in the foyer of the theater to many of the leading citizens by our officer friends.

Returning to Basel I secured an extension of my leave by cable from Washington and started for Italy with letters of introduction to friends of my brother, at Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome and Naples. At all these points in Italy I enjoyed the usual sight-seeing all the more from being with friends. At Milan I saw my first "Carnival" and it seemed as though the citizens would go crazy with excitement and abandon to gayety. Venice was unique of course, but rather cold and deserted by visitors.

Florence, with its art galleries and picturesque surroundings, as well as fine climate and large American colony, pleased me most as a residence in case I were to live abroad. Rome and Naples are so well known and much described that I need not dwell on them more than to say that both surpassed my expectations. At Naples I joined the "Empress of India" and became one of the now completed party which was to share in the feast of travel for the next few months under unusually favorable circumstances.

On the voyage from Naples to Port Said we passed between Sicily and the toe of Italy and saw in the distance the smoke of Mt. Aetna, which for so many centuries has been a land mark for sailors.

Then bearing eastward we crossed the mouth of the Adriatic and were greeted with a storm from the Alps, which blew furiously on our beam for nearly twenty-four hours, causing great damage to other ships, and breaking our star board gangway ladder and rail, making everybody very uncomfortable by the combined rolling and pitching, but I did not miss any meals. On reaching Port Said we found several ships damaged in the same storm. At Port Said, canal tenders took us up the canal to Ismalia, thence we went by rail to Cairo. While doing the sights, climbing the pyramids, etc., our stay was marked by a rainstorm, the first for several years in that absolute desert country. Egypt reminded me of our arid zone in the west, but the Nile redeems it beautifully.

The winter season was on, and Cairo was full of tourists from all over the world, enjoying her genial winter climate and we would have liked to prolong our stay, but the future sights beckoned us on, and the "Empress" would not delay, having coaled and cleaned up for the voyage across the Arabian Sea to Ceylon. Again on board we steamed Southeast

through the historic Red Sea, then east through the Gulf of Aden and on across the Arabian Sea for 12 days without stopping. This winter season was ideal on those waters, for we had the northeast "Monsoon" from India, gentle and fragrant all the way across. This vast stretch of water was as placid as a mill pond, merely ruffled by the mild breezes and we required ventilator scoops in the port holes to make our state-rooms comfortable. We had music and dancing on deck at night and played games and read books from our ships library to our hearts content.

Ceylon is a gem of beauty, one of the few tropical islands out of the path of hurricanes and cyclones so it has no storm ruins and is kept in exquisite order by the high cultivation it gets now by tea culture as it formerly did from coffee growing which was ruined by smut. Everything about the island is full of interest historically, and it has a health resort on top of the mountain three or four thousand feet above the level of the sea, where the broken-down tropical dweller can pick up without going back to Europe. A splendid botanical garden is maintained at Colombo, with tropical and semi-tropical plants from all over the world. Of course everybody went ashore and took the trip up the mountain to Kandy and the mountain top sanitarium. I met some tea-planters and learned the history of tea-growing. Cultivation and tea picking are done by gangs of laborers from India who return there after the tea crop is made. Again we left with regret, to take the ten day's journey across the Bay of Bengal S. E. to Pennang Island, stopping there at Georgetown one day, then on to Singapore, center of Asiatic commerce, always full of ships from the fourquarters of the globe, to exchange cargoes. Ultra tropical, only a few miles north of the equator, it is a typical trop-

ical port, hot, moist, enervating. Several of us went across the island ("same name") and crossed to the main land into the territory of the Sultan of Johore. His capital is the center of teakwood trade, and his "Commissioner of Forestry" was a Scotchman, whose wife was a daughter of an American missionary. He entertained two of us, showed us the teak mills and the palace of the Sultan, then absent in Paris. It was all very barbaric and showy, but I was glad to get back on shipboard. It was a relief to turn north toward China, and we sailed through the China Sea to Hong Kong with pleasant weather all the way.

Hong Kong is to the east coast of Asia what Singapore is to the south—a vast, free, trading and exchange port. It is tropical in climate but has a temperate zone on top of the mountain, where wealthy people have their residences. Ships of all nations fill the harbors of Singapore and Hong Kong. One drawback is the typhoon, a cyclonic storm affecting East China coast and Japanese waters. This section is most densely populated of any part of the world, and Hong Kong is its commercial center. A former Hudson river steamboat took a party of us on a side-trip to Canton, about eighty miles up the Pearl river, where two great inland waterways unite and it is said Canton and its suburbs hold the greatest population, for the area covered, of any spot in the world. The missionaries furnished splendid English-speaking native guides, and the sightseeing trips we took were very enjoyable. We were carried in sedan chairs by coolies, through the narrow streets, that will not permit coaches or wagons. Labor is so cheap that little power is used other than manual labor, and most trades keep to the conditions of hundreds of years ago. All was very simple, primitive and in-

teresting; in particular the house-boats on the water where many thousands live on boats of all kinds and classes. Here one could feel the pulsing heart of China. Returning to Hong Kong we found the Empress of India repainted, loaded with a light cargo, mostly silks and tea, ready to take us on to Shanghai, across the famous Yellow Sea whose waters are discolored by the mud of the Yang Ste Kiang, carrying great volumes of yellow clay in suspension. Looking out the port hole one would think himself on a Mississippi river steamer at St. Louis, so alike the two muddy waters in color.

Outside of the "Foreign quarter," which is modern; Shanghai is a replica of Canton and offers little novelty to the tourists. Here we took on the last batch of China mail which the Canadian Pacific Co. was trying to deliver in London more quickly than the "Peninsular and Oriental Co." had been doing via Europe. It was a contest for the China mail contract from Hong Kong, and every moment after leaving there, was utilized to make speed, so our stay in Shanghai was short. We drove east across the Yellow Sea to Nagasaki for coal to cross the Pacific. Nagasaki twenty-five years ago was the coal supply station of the East, and our vessel having to go there gave us more of Japan than usual for ships from Hong Kong eastbound across the Pacific. We went through the wonderfully beautiful and picturesque "Inland Sea," with rich gardens of cultivated land in plain sight near either side of our ship, on our way to Kobe and Yokohama. At Nagasaki, I with my state-room mate, Dr. Fisher, of Montreal, took a two-man "rickasha" on a sidetrip to Mogi, over the well-kept mountain road to the east coast. Mogi is famous for its tortoise shell products and charm to tourists. On this trip we saw pack horses with grass foot pads for horseshoes, and I was able to get a

kodak snap-shot of one. We first met the "Ginrickasha" in Ceylon, but they reached their utmost perfection in Japan, perhaps by virtue of the sturdy and tireless Japanese who worked them, and who generally knew some English. Japan was a delight to me from start to finish in every way, and would take a book for itself alone to record all the sights and impressions I enjoyed on this and my later trip twelve years afterward. At Kobe we made a side-trip to Osaka, called the Birmingham of Japan, being a great manufacturing center of Japanese goods and clever imitator of European and American articles to sell to their own people. Kobe is their shipping point. Yokohama is the principal port of Japan, one of the first opened to foreigners—who are given large spaces for business and residence blocks—and is a large and thriving city, exporting enormous quantities of their peculiar products. A side trip to the capital, Tokio, was my last variation from the routine programme and was extra novel by getting into the heart of the country and away from the European element. Accidentally I met a Japanese naval officer who had graduated from our U. S. naval academy at Annapolis, who helped me out of a difficulty in directing my ricksha man, and volunteered to go out of his way to show me. He was enthusiastic over America and I over his country, and our acquaintance mutually agreeable. His name was Urine, and I think he now ranks high in his country's navy.

Nearly all our party regretted to leave Japan, but we were now on schedule and every moment counted, as we pushed east across the Pacific, following the shortest line on a great circle which took us far to the north and gave us the benefit of the Japan current. We had not yet escaped all perils of the sea, for when about half way across we ran

into a "Typhoon," and to avoid losing two days going around it, with a possible loss of the mail contract, so much coveted, the ship's officers decided to drive straight through the 500 miles of raging waters ahead of us. We nearly went on our beam ends after entering the storm area, by taking the trough of the monster waves. At dinner one night about sundown, when the rolling became so violent that food and dishes from the tables were mingled in one confused heap with the passengers, thrown from their seats to the lower side of the dining saloon. For a few awful moments, it seemed as if we were going to turn turtle, but the ship's course being instantly changed, she righted herself slowly and a disaster was averted. But such monstrous seas as we met the next few days! Mountains high they seemed to us, and the calm found at the storm center—owing to low barometer—gave one the feeling of deadly peril, but we pulled safely through with a few accidents, to the end of our voyage at Vancouver, B. C. Special trains were waiting to whirl us across Canada at top speed with the precious "China Mail," to be delivered in New York en route for London, by fast steamer waiting.

Across the Dominion of Canada in early May, 1891. Mild weather had melted the snow and softened the roadbed, making it dangerous for high speed, but President Van Horn of the C. P. R. was there on his private car to "personally conduct" this important excursion at the highest speed practicable with safety, to try to win the mail contract. So it was drive and rush with rocking cars and jolted passengers that we raced across the western continent against time, now stopping for a landslide to be cleared away, and again sliding cautiously through an avalanche of snow and fallen pine trees, that had been sawed out of the track.

From moment to moment day and night the lurching, swaying, rush kept up, giving one the sense of great risk. Every town celebrated our passing. It was a continued ovation for President Van Horn and an astonishing revelation to us, of the progress of Western Canada, due to the Railroad. At Winnipeg my leave was so nearly out that I had to relinquish the rest of my passage to New York and take a short cut to Arizona to report for duty with my new troop, as first lieutenant. I went via Leavenworth, which I had left seven or eight months before, and had a few hours visit with my friends; some of whom had been good correspondents during my entire trip, greeting me at various points on my journey with pleasant news from the town which had been like a home for me during three happy years. Some unexpected delay intervened en route which finally brought me to Fort Huachuca one day beyond my leave, much to my chagrin, but very kindly allowed for by the war department. Undertaken at my own expense, at a time when I could readily be spared and with a view to broadening my mind and experience, it was considered good policy to extend the privilege of foreign travel to the younger officers of the service. So ended my trip around the world.

CHAPTER XIII.

Arizona.

In May of 1891 Arizona had emerged from the "days of the empire," when military stations were hard to reach, and still harder to get away from, except to go into the field after Indians or renegades. The S. P. and Santa Fe railroads had done away with the stage coach and freight caravan a few years before, and taken from the post commanders much of their independence and autocratic power. Six thousand feet altitude gave Fort Huachuca, near the southern Arizona line, a marvelously fine healthy climate, dry, stimulating and enjoyable. I had scarcely gotten settled in bachelor quarters and learned the country immediately around me, when I was detailed to take charge of transferring the remains of persons buried in the military cemetery at Fort Lowell, recently abandoned (near Tucson, Arizona), to the military cemetery at San Francisco. This compelled me to live several weeks in the hottest part of the year in one of the hottest towns in the state, then a territory just beginning to be modernized by irrigation. A new canal system had just been opened from Florence on the Gila river, to Casa Grande on the S. P. R. R. and I took the opportunity to investigate a chance to take up government land under this canal. It looked so good to me that I not only made entry myself of 320 acres under the desert land act, but also induced my brother and father to make similar entries. I also visited Phoenix where irrigation had been used largely for several years,

and took an option on 120 acres east of town, with a view to planting fruit trees extensively, which I did in partnership with my brother in the next three or four years. We were ahead of the country in this unfortunate venture and sunk a considerable sum and lost much of our faith in irrigation fruit growing especially where done by proxy, in our absence as we were compelled to do. After planting many thousands of trees, including orange, lemon, fig, apricot, walnut, almond, prune and peach, together with raisin grapes, we found when they began to bear—in car-load lots—that it was practically impossible to get them to a market without spoiling from heat and slow movement by freight. No organized body of fruit growers existed and so little fruit was grown then around Phoenix that the railroad company was not justified in building an "icing plant" and furnishing refrigerator cars for fruits. The panic of 1893-4 prevented my borrowing money to meet expenses, which were heavy, and I turned over my half interest in this fruit farm to my brother; who tore out the fruit trees and turned the land into alfalfa. Wider experience or knowledge of fruit growing in California would have kept us from sinking so much money in so large a venture and would have saved us from the bitter discouragement of seeing our plans fail, from prematurity.

The desert land near Casa Grande was entered June, 1892, at the land office in Tucson, and my father, brother and brother-in-law, Clarence Atwood, entered 320 acres each, near to my 320, in September, 1892, making 1,280 acres all practically in one piece, which we planned to work together. Underlying all these pieces is a free flowing current of part of the Santa Cruz river, which sinks a few miles above Tucson, flows underground more than one hundred miles northwesterly to Maricopa Wells where it re-

appears as springs, flowing into the Gila river. At Casa Grande the S. P. R. R. had a powerful pumping plant for supplying engines and the town, which has never failed of an abundant supply in their large well, which seems to be dug into the underground stream. Equally reliable but less abundant in flow is the branch stream under the lands we entered three miles northeast of Casa Grande. Our plan was to install an auxiliary pumping plant or plants to pump from this underground supply by gasoline engines, for which cheap gasoline from California was to be used, and if successful in finding enough water we expected to be independent of the canal and save the annual tax for water when delivered by canal.

The canal company organized from its members a townsite company and opened up the town of Arizola, three miles east of Casa Grande, on the S. P. R. R., built a hotel, induced a newspaper--The Oasis--to locate there, opened several stores, secured a postoffice and had quite a nice start when the panic of 1893 brought everything to a standstill.

An accidental fire destroyed the hotel, the town site company went into bankruptcy and my \$1,100 worth of paid up stock in the company became a total loss. Meanwhile the temporary diversion dam, to turn water into the canal from the Gila river, was carried away by floods and the much needed water failed in part and discouraged everyone. The Canal Company went broke and was placed in the hands of a receiver, who put in another temporary dam, but the absence of more colonists to purchase water rights and to pay for annual water left the receiver in trouble to keep the canal open. I held onto my 320 acres but the others abandoned their entries and I in self defense, had to purchase water rights to get title. These, with other expenses of

proving up, fencing, clearing sage brush, digging well, etc., together with final payment to the U. S. for the land and taxes since title came to me in 1897, made my total outlay there run over \$8,000. If the government puts in an irrigation reservoir on the Gila river, as now almost assured, the project will yet repay all and be a good investment. This is a matter which my son will have a chance to work out, as the reservoir will be built or abandoned by the time he gets through college. Well-managed it will give a comfortable independence to its owner, and a development fund has been put in trust by me to protect the property in case I cannot look after it in person, for the soil is rich and deep, slopes nicely for irrigation, is adapted to early fruits and vegetables, or stock feeding by growing alfalfa, and is so near the railroad it can be sub-divided and sold in small farms at a good profit.

My duty at Fort Lowell ending in July, 1891, I returned to Fort Huachuca for garrison and field duties which from the peaceful Indian situation were very light. In latter part of September and October, 1892, I spent two months at Arizola improving my desert land entry, working a gang of men in clearing, plowing, fencing, ditching, housebuilding and well-digging that kept me actively busy from daylight till dark. I ran the camp and boarded the men, and although temperatures went to 110 degrees and 115 degrees F, every day in the shade, the very dry air and cool nights kept us well and hearty and I never ate so much food that tasted so good in my life as then.

These high temperatures are offset by the great evaporation from the skin, owing to the dry desert air, and explains why the desert people everywhere keep well, and the cool nights give good sleep under blankets. By dressing suitably the Arizona climate

even in the irrigation lowlands can be enjoyed. In the fall of 1892 I was deep in the problem of meeting expenses on the Phoenix fruit farm and the Arizona desert land, and mortgaged my Washington wheat land as far as I could to sink it in the Arizona projects. I now see that I undertook too much for the small capital available, and should have stopped with either one, which probably could have been carried nicely to success.

Just when my personal attention was most needed my military duties cut in and took me away. I was transferred to Fort Bowie in the fall of 1892, and passed a very disagreeable winter there till in the spring when I was ordered on recruiting duty to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri.

At Fort Bowie, Arizona, fifteen miles from Bowie station, S. P. R. R. there was a small garrison of two troops of cavalry, which kept detachments almost constantly in the field after Indians in the early days, but when I was there everything was peaceful and small parties of troops were kept out for practice only. The post was in Apache Pass of the Chiracahua Mountains, at about 4,000 feet altitude, swept by desert windstorms loaded with dust and alkali, and with only three or four officers' families, it was for a bachelor about as trying and stupid a station as I ever served at, and I hailed with delight the change to Jefferson Barracks, with its nearness to the charming and hospitable society of St. Louis, Mo. Nor was I disappointed, for on arrival at my new station in April, 1893, I was welcomed into a congenial and very delightful social circle of young people, who formed part of the best families in the fine old city. I was given charge of a "company of instruction" for training recruits for the cavalry arm of the service. For many years this training depot had been a source of new recruits well drilled

in the elements that go to make a soldier, and was then in the height of its efficiency. Besides administration and dismounted drills I had to instruct my recruits in the customs of the service, and attend gymnasium exercises, etc. I gave a series of lectures on service customs and developed quite a knack for extemporaneous speaking. My duties were light and congenial, social privileges extensive, and recreations in the big city gratified my various tastes, so that I look upon the year and a half spent at that post as one of my most favored details. I made and enjoyed having many warm friendships of which army discipline deprives an officer more than is generally realized. Discipline calls for strict obedience to superiors and like duty from inferiors.

CHAPTER XIV.

Recruiting.

Recruiting used to be considered a favor by single officers and as a burden to married officers, more or less welcome, according to the children's fitness for schooling. It meant greater expenses in either case owing to social demands, theaters and the varied expenses of city life, after long isolation in frontier posts. For a bachelor it often means an opportunity to find a good wife, but for me, with my tangled financial affairs and plan of independence from army life, it was simply a very delightful escape from monotonous and routine military experiences.

A change in plan of training recruits broke up the system at Jefferson Barracks, and I was sent to Nashville, Tenn., to take charge of the city recruiting office there in September, 1894. Now, Nashville having been my boyhood home till of high school age, it can easily be realized how I welcomed this change of station, after an absence of more than twenty years.

Nashville has been called the "Athens" of the South on account of its many colleges, seminaries and excellent public schools.

It was very pleasant to fall in with old school boy friends now grown and holding positions of trust and power, with families of children as old as we, when I left to seek fortune and education in the north. The growth of the city in population and wealth had been phenomenal, and at first I did not

feel at home, but the old landmarks and old friends soon put me at my ease, and the privileges of the leading clubs with the social life and entertainment incident thereto soon brought a very strong feeling of belonging to the life of the city again.

My duties there as recruiting officer were different from those at my last station, being simply to examine and pass upon the merits of the candidates for military service, rations and pay.

I found in charge a thorough capable and reliable sergeant, who made my work very light and enabled me to live almost as independently as if I were a retired business man, so that I shared the pleasures and occupations of the leisure class in a city where leisure was enjoyed and appreciated.

Literary and artistic friends opened a new field of delight for me, and with the excellent Carnegie library kept me busy and happy, save for my worry over money matters, which had reached an acute state. Hard times kept me from borrowing on my valuable wheat lands in Washington, while the demands--of the fruit farm and desert lands in Arizona--on my income left me hardly enough spending money to keep up appearances. My brother from Switzerland came to visit with me and I settled my accounts with him by transfer of my unincumbered wheat lands and half interest in the Phoenix fruit farm at a mere fraction of their real value, so he would escape any loss from investing through me. This practically put me back ten years in my progress toward financial independence, leaving me only some mortgaged acres in Washington and undeveloped desert lands in Arizona. While in Nashville I met for the first time the young lady who afterwards became my wife, Miss Janie Branch Seay, a sister of my boyhood friend and schoolmate, Samuel

Seay, Jr., who was appointed to West Point from Nashville a year after I went from Worcester, and with whom I spent three years in the academy. I called on his people and found a charming sister of seventeen or eighteen who was deep in musical studies in which she was ambitious to shine. I took Thanksgiving dinner with the family on her invitation, called rather frequently, found her pleasant and attractive and had I been financially independent might have tried then to win her, but I was not free from my ambition to be financially independent before marriage and she went to New York City to complete her musical studies, so that nothing bordering on romance arose at that time. Eight years later, however, while I was in the Philippines, fate decreed that we should resume our acquaintance, now by letter, and arrive at a provisional engagement, now by letter and arrive at a provisional engagement, subject to approval at our next opportunity of meeting. This occurred on my return from Manila, Oct. 1903, and we were married January 11th, 1904, but of that later on.

So many attractive girls came into my life at Nashville that I found myself interested particularly in several, whose charms though different, offset each other to such degree, that I did not become a victim to any one of them; and closed my tour of duty without any particular heart burnings for any one, though feeling a real affection for several, as a result of a year's social intimacy with them, in a land where such intimacy, warms the heart as nowhere else.

CHAPTER XV.

Fort Wingate, New Mexico.

My two and a half years' tour of duty on recruiting service was terminated Oct. 1895, after six months more than usual length, (two years) by orders taking me to duty with a troop of Second Cavalry at Fort Wingate, N. M., commanded by Captain Charles B. Schofield, a brother of General Schofield of Civil War fame. Fort Wingate is on the West slope of the continental divide and has an altitude of about 7,000 feet, is four miles from the Santa Fe R. R. and then held a garrison of six troops of Second Cavalry Headquarters and Band, with comfortable quarters; but had a trying and over-stimulating climate, on account of the altitude. Everybody felt tense, nervous, strung up and more or less irritable. I found two or three factions among the families that were hardly on speaking terms with each other. I kept neutral so far as possible but it was very trying to find such a social atmosphere after the delightful society of Nashville, and I was driven to studies for relief.

North of the fort lay the Navajo Indian reservation, while to the south of us some forty miles were the Zuni Indians in their celebrated many-storied Pueblo buildings with their semi-pastoral, semi-agricultural mode of living.

At first the high, thin air made me pant and gasp for breath on least exertion, but as the lungs expanded, even violent exercise was possible. Aside from cavalry drills we had mountain climbing and

tennis for recreation, varied with trips to the reservations and practice marches with reports and map-making, as if in a strange country. Our nearest town, thirteen miles distant, was Gallup, a coal mining village, while Albuquerque lay 126 miles east by rail. Shortly after arrival I was put in charge of the Post Exchange, then a mixture of general store and beer saloon, the store carrying a modest stock of merchandise, candy, cigars, etc., and the beer department carrying carload stocks of Milwaukee or St. Louis beer.

While the subsistence Department of the army supplied standard rations for the enlisted men and sold them to the officers, the "Post Exchange" was established to handle the vexed question of alcoholic drinks and extras in the way of food and clothing, and keep the profits in the hands of the soldiers instead of letting them go to the "Post Trader," as of old. Beer that cost 17 cents a quart bottle sold for 25 cents only and the profits on a carload, which was used up in about a month, ran into hundreds of dollars.

If alcoholic drinks had to be provided, this method, under military administration, did perhaps the least harm.

The distribution of profits—pro rata to each organization at the station—went far to solving the problem of meeting incidental and emergency expenses, which always have worried commanders of troops. My duties in this line, while not congenial, still kept me in touch with the outside world, and gave me extra training.

Of trips "in the field" I will give one example. Gold was found on the Navajo reservation many years before and some enterprising prospectors had slipped in, making trouble with the Indian police. In the summer of 1896 two troops of cavalry were sent to keep out adventurers and prevent bloodshed. The

wagon train was heavily-loaded, the roads sandy, making pulling heavy, watering points on the reservations few and far between, and alkali at that. The first day with six mule teams in soft condition, we had to make a rather long march to reach water holes or small springs and when we arrived late in the afternoon, we were disgusted to find so much alkali in the water, that the horses and mules refused to drink and the men could only drink it when made into coffee, and then with much discomfort to the throat and stomach.

Second day's march to reach water was about 30 miles, but better roads.

To make matters worse, our thirsty men and animals had to face a heavy dust storm, dry and alkaline, which made them more thirsty and irritated the lungs and eyes. The dust storm increased as the day wore on, till a veritable desert sand-storm was on us, almost obliterating the way, and blinding men and stock alike. Word came from the wagon train that the thirsty draft mules were giving out, and the mounted men found the cavalry horses suffering so much that they were ordered to dismount and lead horses as much as possible. The pack train, after dropping its loads of grain, went to the help of the wagon train, which had to be unloaded in part, out on the desert. What was our chagrin on arriving at the water holes—called Sheep Springs—to find what little water had gathered in them had that day been drank up by a herd of Indian ponies!

All night long the fragments of our command came drifting in, grizzly, dirty, thirsty, hungry, angry, with reports of dead mules and abandoned stores.

The storm of dust continued well into the night. A few tents for the officers and cooks were put up with difficulty. The horses tied to their picket

lines with their swollen tongues dry and protruding turned their backs to the driving sand, while the soldiers and teamsters rolled themselves in their blankets and wearily passed the night half suffocated and almost sleepless from thirst. Sixteen miles to the next water! A light ambulance with four picked mules, was sent ahead with empty barrels and canteens to bring back water for the command which was in such danger from thirst and fatigue. It was thought best to stay and wait for the water, but with the morning came quiet and sunshine, and the command, with half empty wagons, leaving the bulk of our stores under charge of an Indian living nearby drew wearily out of camp and met the ambulance bringing sweet, wholesome water, several miles out. The mules and horses had their mouths and nostrils sponged out, the canteens quenched the thirst of the men and we reached the new camp, with plenty of water, early in the afternoon. Our troubles were nearly over with the loss of several mules and horses, and one or two men delirious from thirst. We reached the San Juan river, running swift and cold and belly deep on our horses in a day or two and camped to bring up the abandoned stores. We spent the summer on guard near the corner of four states—Arizona, New Mexico, Utah and Colorado—where the river plunges down canyons leading to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado river. We returned late in the summer to Fort Wingate without further trouble but thoroughly weary of idle camp life, far out of touch with the world, seeing only an occasional Indian.

In the fall of 1896 trouble over alleged witches, caused me to be sent to the Zuni Indian Pueblo, about forty miles southwest of Fort Wingate with a detachment of soldiers to keep the peace. We spent several months there that winter in conical wall tents and had the opportunity of studying at

close hand these very interesting Pueblo Indians. They have their history chanted or recited to them every year, by a fictitious character somewhat like our Santa Claus, and this visitor goes to each clan-assembly room in turn, and repeats the story amid great feasts and joyous harvest dances. Many clans once numerous in members have disappeared, but all surviving clans have their secret assembly room called Estufa, I think, where all important business affecting the clan is settled in council.

There are "Turkey," "Bear," "Wolf" and other clans of which I do not know, but of which a good account is given in Cushing's report to the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, which is well worth reading by anybody who wants to know his U. S. Indian history.

This tribe has lived in a three or four story adobe "Pueblo" of many hundred rooms, probably for centuries, practicing irrigation farming along the Zuni river. They fled to a flat topped mountain and there stood off the Spanish invaders, have survived many Indian wars (with Navajos, etc.) and have even revived their ancient religion when freedom from Mexican control let them throw over Catholicism, and their present ceremonies date back to remote antiquity, scarcely colored by the long Catholic domination. Many amusing and grotesque dances are held by the different clans, in costumes and masks, notably the "mudhead" dance, where each is hidden under a baked clay head-mask. I enjoyed my stay there and felt under much obligation for courtesies, to Mr. Graham, Indian trader, and the teachers of the U. S. Government school.

CHAPTER XVI.

“Spanish War.”

I had scarcely returned to Fort Wingate when the Spanish War came up, and the Second Cavalry was ordered to Mobile, Ala. Having to wait till my stock of Post Exchange goods was turned over to other troops, I was unable to join the regiment for several weeks and then by a detour via Nashville, giving me a chance to visit my late friends there before going to war.

When I joined at Mobile, orders came after long delay—waiting for transports to Cuba—for our regiment to embark, but before one squadron had completed its embarking, counter-orders came to hold the other two squadrons, and send them to Tampa, Fla., to take ship there. We went to Tampa and into camp along side of Roosevelt’s “Rough Riders,” and just when our two squadrons and headquarters expected to embark, the Rough Riders got orders ahead of us, leaving nothing available to take us over and we lay there through part of the rainy season, till our flooded camps called for a move and our regiment, with others, went to Fernandina, Fla., where we stayed till camp sickness—strongly suspected of being yellow fever, as well as typhoid—caused us to be sent hastily to the east end of Long Island at Montauk Point.

I had been appointed Regimental Commissary Officer at Tampa, and only relieved at Fernandina, to be appointed Brigade Quartermaster of Noyes “Provisional Cavalry Brigade.” My chief duty was to sup-

ply our brigade with re-mounts from a miscellaneous stock of horses, gathered in that part of the country, which resulted at one time in my being accountable for some \$30,000 worth of horse flesh for which I had no receipts from the regimental quartermasters in the brigade. The provisional brigade was dissolved, papers straightened out and I again acted as Commissary, this time to a brigade at Montauk Point. While at Montauk the pitiable remnant of our first squadron Second Cavalry, rejoined the regiment from Cuba in a deplorable condition, from their privations in the Santiago campaign. Gaunt, haggard, exhausted mentally and physically, decimated by disease and battle, they presented a most striking illustration of war being "hell." After rallying a large part of our Spanish veterans and feeding and resting them into good condition, the Second Cavalry, owing to cold weather, was sent with other regiments, to Huntsville, Ala., for winter quarters. Here we made a pleasant and permanent winter camp and life went on in regular garrison form, including examinations for promotion. I passed successfully, took up Spanish and got ready for further attacks on the Spaniards. Huntsville was quite gay with the troops; and parties and balls numerous, and again I left a pleasant camp station with regret to go to Cuba.

CHAPTER XVII.

Cuba and Sick Leave.

In a blinding snowstorm in February, 1899, the Second Cavalry entrained horses and men to go to Cienfuegos, Cuba, via transport from Savannah, Ga. Our heavy winter clothing and overcoats seemed hardly appropriate for tropical service, but they were certainly all right for Huntsville and Savannah both being covered with snow. At Savannah we found a large, broad-beamed cattle steamer of the Atlantic Transport Co., fitted up to carry men in tiers of berths on one deck and horses in stalls on two other decks. It was my first experience with live stock at sea, and was remarkably free from damage, owing to the wide beam, great size and having bilge keels on each side of the bottom to prevent rolling. We had good weather, too, and after a night's stop-over in Havana harbor on the way—which gave me my first and only view of that famous port, and the top works of the sunken "Maine"—we steamed around the west end of Cuba, and kept in sight of her south coast past the Isle of Pines, to Cienfuegos harbor, completely land-locked with narrow, crooked entrance, having an ancient fort covering the first stretch from the ocean. The Spanish garrison had evacuated the town a day or two before and our troops went into camp in the outskirts in open fields with excellent water and well-drained ground. We had been there only a short time, when military measles broke out in the camp, and affected quite a

number of the men, who were quarantined. Two or three months later, after we had almost forgotten the measles, some of the officers, including myself, came down with it. Meanwhile, my study of Spanish, begun at West Point in 1883, taken up vigorously at Huntsville, went steadily on, and I practiced each lesson on my Spanish acquaintances in the social circle and clubs of the town, with quite rapid progress.

My duties took me to all parts of the town, and I may have picked up the measles there quite as probably as in camp. One night I was making a social call on a Spanish family, where some young lady friends were gathered, when they began to tease me about my very red face, which was hot and flushed, when suddenly an old lady called out, "Ser-ampion," Spanish word for military measles. That was the end of my social visits for I was at once quarantined in camp where I put in two or three weeks in my tent, in solitary gloom. A cold wave swept over Cuba, caught me convalescent, drove the measles in, and nearly killed me with an attack of dysentery. As soon as I was able to travel, I was given sick leave for a month, and took the "Ward Line" steamer for New York, which gave me a chance to see enroute the interesting battle fields of Santiago, and San Juan Hill, as well as the British port of Nassau, in the Bahamas.

Owing to quarantine regulations at New York City, our steamer took her time and stopped in each port long enough for passengers to have a good visit ashore. The sea trip six days, braced me up, and I hurried on to Worcester where I visited a month, May, with my sister's family, had my sick leave extended another month which I spent with my uncle, Theodore C. Bates, in his Worcester home, with occasional trips to the old Bates homestead,

where my grandfather, at North Brookfield, Mass., reared his family of fourteen children. My stay in Massachusetts was of great benefit, strengthened my health, warmed and cheered my heart and renewed my interest in life.

Meanwhile my promotion to Captain of Cavalry, from March 2nd, 1899, called for my change of regiment—to the Fifth Cavalry, and of station—to Puerto Rico. Bidding a regretful farewell, July 4th, 1899, to my kinfolks in Worcester, I took steamer from New York and after five days peaceful voyage, reached San Juan, Puerto Rico and took the train for Mayaguez.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Puerto Rico.

From San Juan to Mayaguez, a traveler had to take a train westward along the coast on a French built railroad, not then completed, to the northwest corner of the Island, where the stages took us over a rough mountainous country, to Aguadillo, where the railroad again took us south along the west coast to the charming town of Mayaguez. Here I found headquarters, band, four troops of Fifth Cavalry, and some companies of Infantry, the officers having very pleasant homes, vacated by Spaniards, in fear of trouble, and the troops in substantial stone barracks, recently vacated by Spanish troops. Living right in town as we did, with running water and electric lights was a new and novel experience in my military service. I was at once appointed Regimental Quartermaster and found quarters in the ex-mayor's house, a handsome second-floor residence of ten or twelve rooms, where I expected to entertain my Aunt Emma Bates and her debutante daughter, my beautiful cousin, Tryphosa, they having promised me a visit instead of their usual trip to Europe. A hurricane of the worst West Indian type prevented their coming. I had scarcely gotten settled in my new quarters and duties when it broke loose upon us carrying destruction, despair and death to all parts of the lovely island. A vast rotating storm, one hundred miles in diameter, came up from the south and whirling with a speed of 90 to 120 miles an hour, siezed and shook and stripped the little island. Cof-

fee plantations wrecked, bananas beaten down, houses unroofed, stock drowned and sugar plantations inundated, marked the course of the cyclonic storm. Two days and nights of storm and stress and suffering, then all was serene again, but Puerto Rico was like a wrecked dismantled ship.

Then Puerto Rico found to her surprise that she had a friend indeed in the United States Government. Vast quantities of substantial food came pouring into the island, to be distributed free to the needy. It was honestly done by the government officials, mostly by the different quartermasters and commissaries at principal points. To me fell the care of those in and around Mayaguez. Tons of rice, codfish, beans and flour were given to the poor and doubtless saved many lives. As Quartermaster I was allowed a boat to go to and from transports bringing supplies, and a clever carpenter on my force rigged it out for sailing; and when duties were not pressing, myself and "crew"—an old veteran sailor trained in the Spanish navy but almost helpless with rheumatism—used to cruise along the coast. About half a day's run south we found a small bight or bay that had once been the rendezvous of pirates. Their descendents were still there, but now in the peaceful occupation of weaving Panama hats. This was our favorite excursion, for we found there abundance of native wild oysters, clinging to the mangrove bushes along the shore, easily gathered at low tide. Coming back to town was not so easy, as we often had to beat against wind and current, which would keep us out on the ocean in our frail craft far into the night, much to the chagrin of the "crew," who realized far better than I did the danger of going to the bottom by a sudden squall, in those waters. I became a rather skillful and somewhat venturesome sailor in our little sloop, and enjoyed sailing alone or with a party

of friends best of anything there. It kept me healthy and gave me a good appetite when all else failed in that hot and sweltering land. Mosquitoes and fleas were most annoying, swarming in every household and carrying, as we know now, more or less disease.

By now I had acquired great fluency in Spanish, having to use it more hours daily than I did English, for I had to give directions to native carpenters, teamsters, contractors and laborers in my various duties, as well as take part in social gayeties where Spanish alone could make you really welcome. I applied my old "Loisette memory system" to the task with great benefit, so that I quickly picked up the broken common language of the illiterate, as well as the polished idioms of the salon, and was often called upon to replace the official interpreter by the regimental commander in matters of discretion. With all the discomforts of life in the Tropics there were compensations which made me regret leaving Mayaguez and I look back on my stay there, among those simple and kindly people, with a wish that I could see them again. My household consisted of myself and Lieutenant Foley, with a native Puerto Rican and wife as cook and houseboy, with numbers of their family dropping in constantly. There being no ladies in our household, we were keeping bachelor apartments in a light housekeeping way, having only an occasional guest. I used my field "mess kit" of graniteware and all was rather plain and simple. The inner court was open to the sky above and to the ground below where the rear doors of shops opened on a common patio. I decorated my quarters with tubs of luxuriant tropical plants, making pleasant effects with the electric lights shining amongst them. The cooking was done with charcoal in a range composed of individual braziers carrying separate fires for each cooking utensil used. I taught the cook

some American dishes, by translating the recipes to her, step by step, till finished, after which I needed only to name a dish to get it cooked from memory. To learn the names of vegetables, meats and fishes I went to market daily till I found the dealers charged me two or three times what the natives paid. Whereupon I sent our cook and she, for five or ten cents, American money, daily, kept my table well supplied with fresh fruits and vegetables. Sea fish was abundant and cheap, while meats were rather expensive. The natives though abjectly poor as a rule, were cheerful, courteous and obliging. With the more wealthy class the officers exchanged social courtesies by giving a weekly hop, 8:30 to 11:30 p. m. in the local theater, with music by the Fifth Cavalry band orchestra, so that we met our native friends quite frequently and gradually got used to their dark and swarthy complexions: for, though largely of Spanish blood, tropical sun made them very dark, and this rather annoyed me at first, as it had in Cuba. All shades of color and mixtures of blood, from pure white to coal black, were to be found in the population without seeming to arouse any class feeling, so long had the mixing of blacks and whites been going on. The original pure blood Indian had disappeared, but every native claimed to be of Spanish descent, whatever his color, showing the respect given white blood. Small pox was so common as to pass almost unnoticed, but by universal vaccination enforced and applied to men, women and children by the United States it disappeared and some 20,000 lives were saved yearly. The "hookworm" disease prevailed in some localities, sapping the vitality and making its victims seem even more than normally lazy, but its presence was not generally understood at that time. The Fifth Cavalry was ordered back

to the United States in August, 1900, and we came to our new station on a transport to New York, and thence by trains to Washington, D. C., and marched across the Potomac river bridge to Fort Myer, Va., opposite Washington.

CHAPTER XIX.

Fort Myer, and Washington.

Although one of my shortest tours of duty in garrison, my stay at Fort Myer, was one of the best of my life, and gave me more satisfaction than any other up to that time. My duties as quartermaster of the post and regiment were not burdensome, though involving large money responsibilities, I was almost free to come and go to Washington at will, with a carriage for my own use, with delightful quarters and my first housekeeping where I could entertain. On my sick leave visit to Worcester in 1899 my married niece, Mrs. J. G. Spring, and her unmarried sister, Miss Mattie Haselden, had promised me a long visit at my next suitable station in the United States and as soon as I was located in my new quarters they came south to help me fit out my house, and enjoy a winter of Washington life. My horses furnished us means for taking many delightful rides and drives in and around Washington. The weekly hops brought numbers of people from the social sets of the city, while the theaters and sessions of congress gave us plenty of objective points.

My niece, Mattie Haselden, had not long before returned from a visit to her uncle, Lyman C. Bryan, my brother at Basel, Switzerland, and was enthusiastic over decorating the house and both combined to make my quarters more homelike, cosy and attractive than any I had ever occupied. With an excellent old negro cook, Thomas, and a Puerto Rican youth, Alonzo, for houseboy, we had a congenial and smooth-working household. Thomas was an

artist in cookery and enabled us to give some pleasant little dinner parties and "after-the-ball" suppers which were even more delightful to me as host than to my guests, for entertaining thus had been impossible theretofore. The winter passed all too quickly, and we were settled down for what we hoped would be a long stay for me there, when conditions in the Philipines caused the regiment to be ordered there in the spring of 1901. In the late summer preceding, I had the pleasure of a trip to Atlantic City, with some old friends from St. Louis, which gave me my first experience of life at a big seacoast American watering place, and during the winter I had a chance to entertain a dear friend of the Nashville recruiting days, whose gifts musically and vocally, had brought her to some prominence on the stage. Her manager furnished me tickets for a box party, and we had the pleasure of entertaining her at the fort. Her stage name was Caro Gordon Leigh, and she was playing then in "The Old Homestead." Side trips to Baltimore and Mt. Vernon, with excursions on the Potomac, gave variety to our life.

One of the attractions of the capital of which we never tired was the incomparable "Congressional Library," with its infinite stores of books in a perfectly artistic setting. Another was the Corcoran Art Gallery, with its fine collection of bronzes, statuary and paintings.

Washington itself has so many points of interest, opportunities for education and such cosmopolitan society that it becomes a broadening influence on every visitor and left with me an indelible impression of culture and refinement to be enjoyed, more than any other one city I had visited.

Having to break up my household so soon was a keen sorrow to us all. My nieces returned to Worcester, and early in March, 1901, the regiment equipped

for tropical service and leaving all their families behind, to follow later if advisable, took troop trains for a trans-continental run to Frisco.

As Regimental Quartermaster and Commissary I had charge of the transportation, verifying the number of men and officers on the trains, etc., and arranging ahead at suitable points for supplies of hot coffee, to be served as part of the travel ration of our troops. We traveled as a special train in two sections, going by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to St. Louis, Mo., thence over the Santa Fe lines through Kansas, New Mexico, Arizona and California and arrived without serious accident or delay, going almost immediately on board the United States Army transport, "Meade," as soon as our stores and supplies could be transferred to it. I found much improvement in the arrangements aboard for the care and comfort of the men over what we had experienced going to Cuba two years before, but the absence of bilge-keels on the Meade made her roll like a log to our great discomfort, all the way across the Pacific.

CHAPTER XX.

Manila, P. I.

On emerging from Golden Gate we ran into a stiff gale which threatened to be so severe that instead of going direct to Manila our course was changed to go by the longer but calmer course, via Honolulu, which we reached in about nine or ten days. Our horses were shipped in a stock transport, with a detachment of soldiers to help feed and look after them and we did not see them till we reached Honolulu, where horses were taken off and given exercise on shore to prepare them for a longer lap of the voyage which was yet to come. Our transport laid over in Pearl Harbor two days and gave me a chance to see the sights in and around the city. The wonderfully even climate is delightful, but is thought tiresome to those who live there long. While the largest sugar plantations are on the other islands, there are celebrated and profitable ones in the vicinity of Honolulu. Our course next became due west parallel to the equator just out of the tropics, and in a mild trade wind region that made the travel very comfortable. On and on and on westward we steamed and our daily progress on the chart of the wide Pacific was hardly noticeable, but we finally passed the 180 degrees meridian, east and west from Greenwich, and took up a day—"Antipodes Day" making two days of the same date—that was gained by sailing west.

The trip was uneventful and more or less monotonous from its length and daily sameness of condi-

tions over the more than five thousand miles to Manila from the Sandwich Islands. It was my longest single voyage without going into any port and gave us all a good rest and preparation for tropical service. The daily routine covered only such light drills as could be held in the small open places on the decks, while the sea air kept up our appetites for the substantial meals on the transport, which while not so elaborate as on trans-Atlantic liners, were very good for the \$1.00 per day charged to officers and members of their families.

Meals for enlisted men were prepared in usual style from their rations, which were so complete and well-kept by the refrigerator service that the fare was as good as when on shore in regular garrison, and there was no reasonable ground for complaint. We arrived in Manila Harbor in April, 1901, after about thirty-six days travel by land and sea from Fort Myer. We were given station in the vicinity of Manila, with headquarters and band at "El Deposito"—city reservoir of Manila—which was only a few minutes drive from the city.

At the time of our arrival the worst was over in that part of the islands, and the troops had only the duty of preserving order and helping in the organizing of the American government. Receptions and banquets to bring Americans and natives together were frequent and enjoyable, and again I felt repaid for my hard work in mastering the Spanish language, as it made me welcome and understood in all circles. Soon we were settled at headquarters, I having charge of the officers' mess and my usual duties as Quartermaster and Commissary. We were expecting a good stay in our pleasant quarters in the big administration building of the water department when by accident, one of my government draft mules, afflicted with "surra"—which causes imper-

fect control of walking—fell into the reservoir while grazing near one of the openings, and it infected the city water supply. We were ordered to move out and sent to a near-by vacant convent where we had two of our troops already. The mule cost the city a considerable sum to refill the reservoir, and us the loss of our convenient and more comfortable quarters.

For nearly a year I enjoyed the social life in Manila, meeting many natives and foreigners engaged in business or politics in the city. I had now been some three years on the regimental staff away from duty with a troop, and seeing a chance to command a troop and station of my own, I asked the colonel to let me have a troop and be relieved from my duties as regimental Quartermaster and Commissary, to which he acceded very kindly and gave me a troop at Bayambang, Pangasinan province on the northern end of the Manila and Dagupen railroad, about sixty miles from Manila. This station and duty suited my fancy very well as it gave me authority, responsibility and independence, with a chance to study the conditions in a different part of the island. My troop remained there for some months, till a large per cent of our horses were affected with surra and died.

While at Bayambang my actress friend "Caro Gordon Leigh" came to Manila with her younger sister on a government transport, and telegraphed me of their arrival. I gave myself a week's leave of absence (which I could do as commander of station) and went to Manila, where we had a pleasant visit and I took some degrees in Masonry. This was my first chance—while in the Philippines—to become a member of the Masonic order, which I had done while stationed near the city. My friend, Caro, formed a romantic attachment for an infantry lieutenant on the voyage out from Frisco, and they were mar-

ried and went on to his station in a southern island. My friends in Manila teased me about her coming, as if she were to marry me, and only let up when she married Lieutenant Hansen, with my best wishes. I returned to Bayambang after passing to the degree of Master Mason in Manila Lodge, 342, and completing the business I had come to attend to in connection with some local investments. I had taken stock in the "American Bank of Manila," when first organized by Major Mulford, and later became a director of the same. I had also taken stock in the Maritima Co., a sort of shipping trust, and in the Maria Christina Cigar Manufacturing Company. All three promised well at the time but owing to the unforeseen business depression following the severe outbreak of cholera and bubonic plague in the islands, these ventures turned out badly, causing me a loss of nearly \$10,000 and shattering my illusions as to the profits in tropical investments. In the fall of 1902 my station at Bayambang was abandoned and I with my troop was sent to San Isidro, Nueva Excija Province, some miles east of the railroad and accessible by boat on the San Isidro river, I think it is. Here we found a garrison of infantry and the remains of quite an important station and depot, with ice plant, which station had been General Funston's headquarters in the strenuous times of the insurrection. The infantry battalion was soon withdrawn, leaving me in command of the station with garrison of two troops of cavalry. Cholera soon appeared in the province and rapidly spread in spite of quarantine, and all sanitary regulations prescribed for troops and natives. This long drawn out menace to our health and safety, with risk of infection through everything one ate or drank, together with the malarial climate in the tropics with its enervating influence began to tell on us all, and more on me, who car-

ried the burden of command and responsibility. Several members of the garrison died from Cholera, through violating sanitary regulations; not a single case occurred where we did not find some gross violation, such as eating native foods outside of barracks or drinking unboiled water, etc.

In May of 1903, I went under orders as inspector of some damaged stores and equipment, to Cabanatuan, a sub-station some twenty miles northeast of San Isidro, on a hot sunny day, May being the hottest month there. After a long hot morning drive and the checking and destruction of the condemned articles in the blistering sun of noonday, I ate a hearty lunch, aided by lemonade with a strong dash of whiskey, which I rarely touched. I started in the heat of the afternoon to return to my station before dark. My run down condition, the extreme moist heat and sultry air, the heavy lunch and the unusual stimulant, the strength of which I did not realize all combined to bring on a heat prostration, when about half way home. I felt it coming, feared a sunstroke and had myself laid on my back by the roadside, in the shade, but did not seemingly lose consciousness, and when the dizziness passed, I went on the rest of the way home with a blinding headache, severe nervous tremor and great weakness. Next morning I found it impossible to write my name which continued several days, and writing has been very difficult ever since. I managed to get through the summer in command of the station but felt very much shaken, and in late August, 1903, took my command on a march of several days, to join the rest of the regiment at Camp Stotsenburg and at Manila in September, we took Transport Sheridan to return to the United States. For nearly two years I had been corresponding with Miss Janie Seay, of Nashville, Tenn., whom I had known as a young girl when I

was on recruiting duty there in 1894-5, and we had become quite interested in each other again, with a plan made to meet, if possible, soon after my return to the States, to see if we were congenial enough to get married.

Our stay in the Philipines extended from March, 1901, to September, 1903, two and a half years during which time peace became almost general, schools were widely established; and yet, owing to the cholera and the complete change in business methods and markets, caused by the American tariff and changed government, prosperity did not follow. The prevalence of cholera was perhaps the largest factor in depressing commerce. Political uncertainty also had its effects. I could not but regret my enthusiasm over the future of the islands, when I saw my investments going to the bad and heard only calamity talked of in trade circles. While I was glad to get away it hurt me to leave so much at stake in Manila, with no prospect of being able to look after my interests in person. The amount invested was over \$10,000 and proved almost a total loss. The bank failed, the Maritima Company suffered great loss of business, ceased paying dividends and had a hard struggle to keep alive, while the tobacco company stock alone held its value.

My impression is that the P. I. will never be suitable for colonizing by Americans. Labor is too cheap for American artisans to make a white man's living there, and the climate is too enervating for them to pursue agriculture successfully. Even shop-keeping does not promise much, for the native is satisfied and can live and bring up a family on a profit so small that a white man would starve on it. Capital judiciously invested in conservative enterprises would have a fair chance, but even money can not insure itself where the laws are enacted so far away from

home. I would not recommend to any young man to go to the Philipines in search of fortune, for my personal observation and experience shows me there are ten opportunities in the United States for him, for every one chance there.

CHAPTER XXI.

Marriage—Arizona, 1904—Sick Leave, 1905

Returning by transport Sheridan to Frisco was a joyous voyage. Freed from responsibilities and the depressing climate with happy anticipations, with a sea appetite, abundant food and rest, I recuperated very rapidly and gained fifteen pounds on the trip. We went via Nagasaki, Japan to get coal, which gave us another pleasant glimpse of the seemingly happy land I had visited in 1891. The rest of the voyage was without special incident, and we reached Frisco early in October, 1903. Here we stayed in camp nearly two weeks and I secured a three months leave of absence, on which I started about the middle of the month, after seeing the regiment off on trains for points in Arizona. In company with Major Gresham I went north to Portland, Tacoma and Spokane, where I struck south to see my wheat farms in the Palouse country in eastern Washington.

At Oaksdale I found my agent, whom I had never seen, and was agreeably surprised at the excellent condition of my properties. He had been in charge some ten years and had carried out my plans so well that the mortgages had all been paid off and good annual profits turned in. I thought it a good time to sell, fixed rather high prices with plenty of time in which to pay however, and soon had contracts signed. From Spokane I went via Denver to St. Louis, where I stopped over for a short visit with old friends, then on to Nashville, Tenn. I had so far recovered from the heat prostration that I felt quite

myself again, but still carried a reminder of it, in my disabled right hand, with which I could only write with difficulty.

Warmly welcomed by all friends, including Miss Janie Seay, whom I found much matured in the ten years since I saw her last; I enjoyed five or six weeks of social life in my old home town while my affection for Miss Seay ripened into love in our almost daily association. It was all very delightful and surprising to me, then in my forty-third year, to find such warmth in my heart, and when she consented to a hasty marriage so as to be able to go with me to my old station, Fort Huachuca, Arizona, I felt that life was still worth living and viewed the future with much content and happy anticipations. We had a rather elaborate church wedding, semi-military, as my best man and myself were in full military "dress uniform" and the church was decorated with swords and flags. We were married January 11th, 1904, and had six days for our wedding journey at the end of which my leave would expire, and I would have to report for duty again. Two days in New Orleans and one at Tucson, Ariz., with three days travel, brought us duly to my station on time.

The post Quartermaster was fitting up a set of "quarters" for me, but they were not quite ready and we became the temporary guests of Lieutenant Winnia, who gave us the use of a room in his bachelor quarters till we could fix up our own, and we took our meals at the "Officers Mess." Such a mess is run at nearly every post for the convenience mostly of bachelor officers, and married officers temporarily while arranging their household, unpacking and getting settled. It is really less expense, but inconvenient to thus go out to meals with a family for any length of time, so we were very glad when we were settled in our own quarters, with our cheerful Japa-

nese house boy, Charley Thoma, whom I brought along from Tucson. My household now consisted of my wife and myself, the Jap (cook and house boy) and a soldier "striker," who looked after my horses, did odd chores, etc.

In all my army experiences I had never been so completely and cosily equipped to enjoy home life as on this second tour of duty in Arizona. A reception was given us shortly after our arrival, and many little dinner parties, which made wife feel very much at home among the families of my brother officers of the regiment.

The winter and spring were so mild that we had many pleasant horseback rides in the mountains around the fort, with live oak and pine groves, all about us. At six thousand feet elevation, and about fifteen miles from the Mexican border, with enough rainfall on the hills to supply the post with abundant spring water, Fort Huachuca has long been popular with army officers for its healthy and invigorating climate, while the lowlands of that region are scorched with a terrific but dry heat.

When we had been some two months there, wife went on a visit to her mother in Tennessee, leaving me to keep bachelor's hall, which was very irksome but short, as she only stayed a week at home, finding her own household more attractive than her mother's, at least, before the novelty wore off. Her skill on the piano and violin made her popular with the musically-inclined, while the delightful pieces rendered by the band at "guard mounts," parades and evening concerts, gave us both many happy hours.

In May, I think it was, a forest fire broke out on the Huachuca mountains, some miles east of our station, and the war department responded to appeals for help, by sending my troop of cavalry out

to the scene of trouble, with orders to use every effort to suppress the fire or keep it in such limits as to prevent its extending to the timber around and above the fort. I had to camp in a canyon below the fire where by day the sun and fire combined, made the heat very trying to both men and horses. Being more susceptible to sun heat since my sun-stroke in the Philipines the summer before, the fire and blazing Arizona sun combined to make me suffer severely, and very nearly caused a recurrence of that trouble. Several of my soldiers were more or less overcome by the heat and fatigue combined, but at last after several weeks of strenuous work and worry, day and night, the fire area was limited, burned itself out, and we returned to garrison life. Meanwhile, during my absence from the post, Mrs. Bryan took the opportunity to make another flying visit to Nashville, rather than stay alone in my quarters.

Shortly after fighting the fire I was detailed as Range Officer, in charge of the annual target practice, and my duties kept me in camp on the range, several miles from the post. Here I was again exposed all day long to the fierce Arizona sun and suffered extremely from headaches and nervousness for more than a month in mid-summer. At the end of target practice I again enjoyed only a short stay in garrison, when I was ordered to Fort Grant, Arizona, with my troop, to take command of that station.

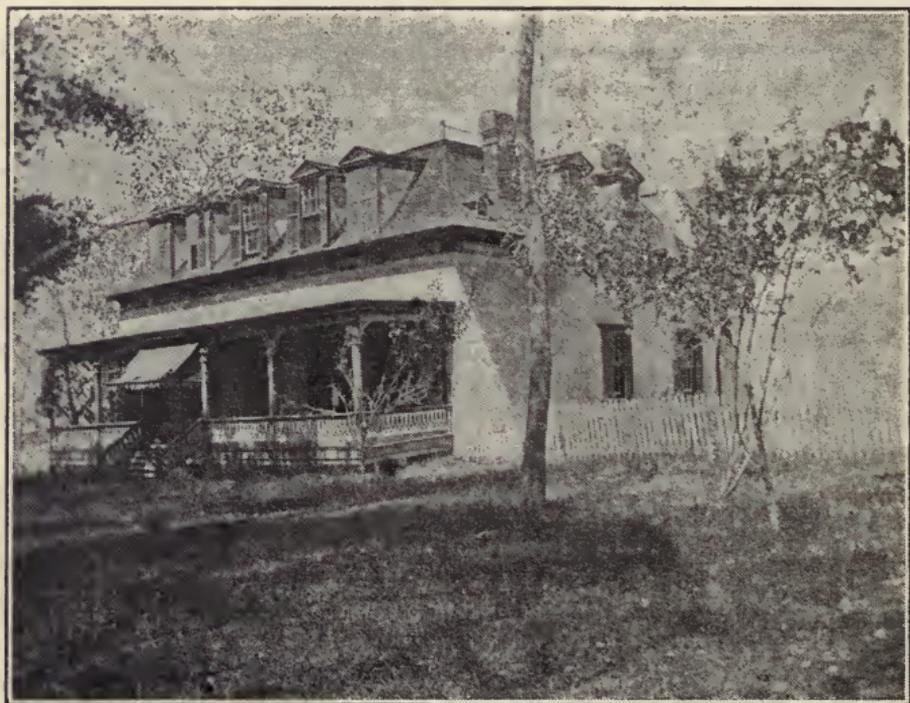
The detail was intended to cover only two months and we simply turned the key on the quarters at Fort Huachuaca, taking along the simplest form of outfit for light housekeeping, such as bedding, my field mess kit and the Jap cook. By using soldier cots and such crude furniture as the quartermaster department made for emergencies, we got along very well. To reach Ft. Grant the troops had to make four rather long marches through the hot low-lands of

the intermediate country, a scorched and roasting desert. These four days of march in the strong vertical sun of August, following the exposure to heat at the forest fires and on the target range, very nearly produced a second heat prostration, or relapse. At the end of the third day of cross-country marching, I reached Wilcox, Ariz., on the Southern Pacific railroad almost in a state of collapse. Here I found Mrs. Bryan and the Jap, waiting for me, they having come around by train and the next day I went with them in a government conveyance over the remaining twenty-eight miles to the fort, leaving the first sergeant to bring up the troop.

This old station had held large garrisons, had many officers quarters, was well supplied generally and with the garrison reduced to one troop of cavalry, it was almost like a deserted village, but was pleasant, cool and healthy and for various reasons I was allowed to stay there in command longer than originally intended.

My health was so shaken and I suffered so from exposure to the sun, that the post surgeon, Dr. Kennedy, recommended a long "sick leave" to be spent in a cooler part of the country. The leave was granted for six months. Meanwhile I had to go to Fort Huachuca (by train) to pack up my household goods and vacate the quarters there, which were much needed by other officers. In spite of my ill health my stay at Fort Grant was very pleasant, for we had all the privileges and independence of "commanding officer," and were expecting our first child, who was born December 15, 1904, in the big house long occupied by commanding officers, and somewhat luxurious for so remote a part of the country. As soon as wife was able to travel we left for Hot Springs, Ark. U. S. Army Hospital, where wife left me to go on to her mother's home, in Nashville,

Tenn. Three months in the hospital failed to give me relief and the hot weather coming on, caused me to go, on the approval of the hospital surgeon, to the Cumberland Plateau in East Tennessee with wife and baby, and we found excellent accommodations at Monteagle, a sort of chautauqua in Tennessee. We



My quarters at Fort Grant, Arizona as C. O., 1904, where Roger was born 5:30 A. M.,
Dec. 15, 1904.

spent four months at Monteagle, during all of which time I suffered sun headaches every time I walked out in the sunlight, so that life was a constant daily torture. My original sick leave having expired I secured an extension on doctor's certificate for six months more. My colonel, anxious to keep the regiment up to its highest state of efficiency, in approv-

ing the extension, asked for information as to how long my disability might continue; to determine which, the War Department directed me to proceed to Fort McPherson, near Atlanta, Ga., for observation. I had taken a flying trip from Monteagle to the Johns Hopkins hospital at Baltimore to consult their specialist on sunstroke; and he frankly admitted that the medical profession was at sea as to prognosis and treatment, but informed me that I would be disturbed for a long time before being free from the influence of the sun.

I reported at Fort McPherson early in September, 1905, and after several week's observation of my case by the surgeon with no relief from discomfort nor improvement in symptoms, I gave up hope of a speedy cure; and, to enable me to try everything possible without worry I asked to be examined with a view to retirement. The retiring board decided that the promise of speedy return to duty was slight, and on the second day of November, 1905, I was retired "for disability incurred in the line of duty." Having secured permission to again go to Hot Springs Hospital for further treatment, I went there immediately after retirement in November and continued treatment till near the end of April, 1906, when I was so far relieved of sun-headaches, that I was able to travel. With a view to getting a cool summer climate I planned to try making a home in Berkeley, Cal., but just before leaving Hot Springs the disaster of earthquake and fire occurred in that region, making such a plan impracticable at the time. Wife and boy joined me from Nashville and knowing of the mild summers at San Diego, we decided to try living there temporarily, and coming out on the Santa Fe railroad, reached there April 29, 1906.



R. B. BRYAN'S HOME IN SAN DIEGO, CALIF.
306 West Grape St.

CHAPTER XXII.

San Diego, Cal.

We did not know how good a place for all kinds of disorders San Diego is, until we had tried it. My household goods being stored at Fort Huachuca, I took a furnished cottage near the corner of Cedar and 8th streets on a high point near the Grant home, and began to keep house with the help of an old negro man, who had long been a servant in my wife's family, and who agreed to stay with me a year, coming with wife from Nashville, Tenn. He turned out to be a jewel, for though unable to read and write he was well trained in cooking and housework, gardening and handy with tools. Still better for my needs, he was quiet and deferential, even tempered and kind-hearted, one of the best helpers I ever had.

Being pleased with the town, then scarcely more than a village in permanent population, I found a comfortable livable house where I still live, at 306 W. Grape street, seven blocks from and with a fine view of the bay, and had my furniture shipped from Arizona.

In August, 1906 we took possession and moved in to what was to be our permanent home. We liked the house, grounds and location so well that when it became necessary to vacate or purchase, I decided to buy. The owner, Rev. B. F. McDaniel, of Dorchester, Mass., had built it some twenty years before, while preaching for the Unitarian congregation, but being called back east was compelled to rent it for a nomi-

nal return or sell. Loving San Diego as he and his family did, he hoped to return there some day to live, but finally realized its impracticability, and put the house on the market. A northwest corner, 100x100, just a mile from the business center, with a well built 10-room house, ornamented with handsome trees, shrubs and flowers, the place was even then a bargain at \$6,000, and he gave me my own time to pay it in at 5 per cent interest. I completed payment in 1909. In accordance with a good old army post custom, the colony of retired army officers in town called on us when we got settled and introduced us to the social life of the city. We joined whist and musical clubs, and did our turns in entertaining during the following winter, though I was in poor health all the time. I also got together five or six friends into a boating and fishing organization which we called the "Shark Club," and bought a sail boat which we named the "Shark." I was the only sailor in the club, and after some months' use as a sail boat, we added power, in the form of a gasoline marine engine, which we all learned to run and explored every nook and cranny in and around San Diego bay, as well as taking now and then trips outside to the kelp beds for deep sea fishing. The Shark was a great comfort, and benefit to my health, keeping me in the open air with jolly comrades, and giving me occupation for my otherwise idle hours. I was too weak and nervous to take up any active business and I should have grown worse but for the recreation afforded by the Shark Club. My family and I frequently spent entire days picnicing and fishing on the water. I also joined the San Diego Yacht Club.

I found night parties aggravated my nervous trouble and in the spring had almost ceased attending any night function, which aroused vigorous pro-

test from my wife, who in splendid health, was having the time of her life, being gifted musically and having a warm social nature.

On coming to the Pacific coast we had promised my wife's mother a visit at the end of a year, and it was only this promise which took wife and our boy to Nashville for a month's stay in April, 1907, leaving me in care of our old darkey cook, Nathan Rogers, as I feared the fatigue and heat of the journey, and of the Tennessee climate, so familiar from my boyhood.

Wife regretted to go and leave her social pleasures and her own home which, from attractiveness as well as ownership and the scene of many pleasures, had become very dear to her. Tears at parting filled her eyes and she promised herself and me a speedy return. Alas! she did not know that it was her last view of husband and home. A slight surgical operation was undertaken while she was on this visit to her mother, and though considered safe, and performed by one of the most skillful surgeons in Tennessee, by one of those unforeseen decrees of fate, it turned out disastrously and she died of peritonitis—the fifth day after the operation—May 31, 1907. On advice of the United States Army surgeon who attended her at Fort Grant, Arizona, on the birth of our son, I had steadily opposed the operation as unnecessary and dangerous. Her death came to me like a thunderclap from a clear sky, for she had promised me not to undertake the operation while away from me. The surgeon's telegram announcing "peritonitis right side; condition critical," arrived the same morning as her letter telling me she was to enter the hospital and the same night came a telegram from her uncle announcing her death. In my over-wrought condition, her death was a great shock to me, and I was forbidden by my phy-

sician to take the risk of a journey in the heat of June in Tennessee, to attend her funeral; and I wired her people to that effect, and asked her uncle, Mr. Sam Seay, to represent me in the arrangements for her burial. Now came the saddest feature of the tragedy. After her interment in the Seay family lot in Mount Olivet cemetery, I made arrangements with mutual friends to bring my boy out to me, but his mother's people refused to let him come under any circumstances and to my importunities they returned silence. No word came from them all summer, until I sent a legal friend of mine to interview them finally before taking other steps to recover the custody of my own son. He told me that nothing but a court decree would give the child back to me, and advised me to come on there as soon as cooler weather would permit, and the opening of the courts would give us action. I left my home in charge of a caretaker—Nathan's year having expired and he having gone to Tennessee on a visit—and reached Nashville early in the fall, where I brought suit through a writ of "habeas corpus" in the District Court. After a long-drawn out and acriminous trial, the court awarded me unconditional possession of my son. Wife's uncle who stood the expense of the trial, and employed the ablest lawyers in the middle west, took the verdict so much to heart that he was found dead in bed the next morning and the right of appeal was allowed to lapse, thus giving me possession, but bitter animosity with it, from the Seay family survivors.

Two deaths, a disrupted family and almost a feud resulted from undergoing an unnecessary operation.

Stock Market Ventures.

While in Nashville the panic of Nov. 1907, was at its worst and as I had been watching the down-

ward trend of prices on the stock market, I felt convinced, and all financial papers agreed that the time to buy stocks had arrived. I watched the quotations till they stood almost unchanged for several days at bottom prices, then purchased as much as I could of standard securities. By the middle of January, 1908, the market had rallied so that my investments showed \$25 to \$30 profit per share and I sold everything out.

Having returned to San Diego with my boy in December 1907, I secured a housekeeper with a boy of about my son's age, and once more took up the burden of a household and the recreations of boating, fishing and club life. I had been a member of the leading social club—"The Cuyamaca"—almost from my arrival in the city and formed many pleasant acquaintances there, and in the two Masonic lodges, where I visited with a view to transferring my membership from the Manila lodge to one of these, should I decide to stay permanently in San Diego.

A strong reaction in the stock market in February, 1908, again called my attention to the bargains being offered. Some payments on my lands in Washington sold in 1904, together with the funds from previous turn on the market, gave me about twice the amount I had first purchased stocks with and I bought for the first time "on a margin" of about 50 per cent. This venture turned to a profit of about 10 per cent in the next sixty days and I sold out again. Such unusual bargains with such quick turns could hardly occur save in panic times, and I set myself to the task of studying conditions affecting values of securities, with a view to acting intelligently in any further investments I should make. So far I had only picked up what seemed to be bargains without much idea of the relation of values to

conditions often far-reaching and world-wide. I secured the leading books on finance, investments and speculation and subscribed for stock market "letters of advice" of one of the brainiest and most thorough investigators of these subjects. I began to get in touch with far-reaching causes and effects and to feel some confidence in my operations. During 1908 and 1909 my purchases and sales on the stock market almost invariably gave me a profit, and on the first of January, 1910, the money that I had put in originally from all sources had doubled itself in the two years. This convinced me that there was something like a science of investment which fairly well understood would prevent serious losses, while the plunger acting on imperfect or incomplete information would almost certainly end with loss. Conditions in 1901 opened with uncertainty, but my letters of advice indicated a steady or rising market in prospect and I put my holdings on 30 per cent margin, with the expectation of smaller profits, but still profits, for the year. Here I first struck against powerful and secret manipulations, so well concealed that I was involved in a long slow falling market that seemed continually on the point of rising but never rose to such an extent as to make me feel justified in closing out. So, after rather heavy shrinking of values began to worry me, the erratic movements of the stock market, so unjustified by conditions, put a terrific strain on my nerves and finally led me, in self defense, to close out my deals, even though the losses were heavy, rather than continue the suspense which had extended over several months. I learned the torture of having my brokers call for more "margins" and was lucky they did not have to sell me out to protect themselves. So ended my stock speculations, covering three years, with much experience, with heavy wear and tear to my nerves, and little final profit..

When I found myself disabled and so unable to get insurance on my life, I protected my only child by making a deposit of securities and cash with the Mississippi Valley Trust Co., of St. Louis, Mo., in trust for him, the income to be used for his maintenance and the principal to be paid to him, half at twenty-five years of age, the other half when he reaches thirty. After making favorable turns on the stock market in 1908-09, I paid off the balance due on the home in San Diego, and his mother being dead, I created another "Trust Fund" No. 2, with the same institution, to provide an income which, with that of the first fund, should carry him through college, and a professional training. Somewhat disturbed by the outcome of my 1910 stock speculations I decided to protect my boy's estate—to come from me—by transferring the bulk of my real and personal property to him, with only a life interest in the realty reserved to myself. The realty consisted of the home place, 100x100, with one large dwelling and three small cottages, at the N. W. corner of Grape and Albatross Streets, in San Diego, and 320 acres of "desert land" in Arizona, (viz. West half section 24, twenty-four, range six east; township six south; Gila and Salt River B. and M), together with a five-acre town lot in Arizola, Ariz., (viz. lot 1, Block thirty-seven, Town site of Arizola, Ariz.,) two and one-half miles from the above 320 acre tract; the latter five acre lot being intended as a residence site on the railroad (S. P. R. R.) while cultivating the larger farm.

The desert land's canal system having failed in part to supply water and having to be reorganized, I provided for future needs of the land in the way of new water rights, assessments, taxes, etc., by creating another Trust Fund (Trust No. 240) with the Bank of Commerce and Trust Company of San Di-

ego, Cal. It provides, however, that in emergency, other income failing, the income or even part of the principal, can be used to protect the boy from harm during his minority. Finally as an immediate available capital, I deposited in the Citizens Savings Bank of San Diego, cash to his credit for his guardian to draw on in case of my death and transferred to his name, dividend-paying shares of stock in the "Western Investment Co." and the U. S. National Bank, both of San Diego, Cal.

By my Will, I appointed the Bank of Commerce and Trust Co. of San Diego, as "guardian of the estate" of my minor son, believing that the corporation, with its heavy guarantee deposit and continuity of organization, would make a better guardian of his estate than an individual could be.

J. H. Hammond, of San Diego, is named guardian of his person.

All my books, souvenirs, writings, and household goods I transferred by bill of sale, retaining to myself a life interest and use of same.

Thus having protected my boy against any error of judgment on my part, whether in speculation or from nervous breakdown, I felt more at ease in my mind than at any time since my sun stroke took me out of active service in the army and left me unsuited to earning a living otherwise.

San Diego seems to favor my condition, physically and mentally, as much as or more than any other part of the country, with which I am familiar. Its climate is so nearly perfect the year round and the changes from month to month are so gradual as to make it the most equable to be found in the United States.

One never suffers the shocks from sudden and severe changes, so general elsewhere, making it ideal for children and old people, and delightful to every-

body. People of all conditions from all parts of the world find it suits their various needs and "once a resident always a resident," applies to all who have tried San Diego, and whose business interests permit them to live there. Being equally sensitive to and suffering from extremes of heat or cold, I have felt less risk of harm and conviction of greater length of days by keeping my residence there than by living any where else. The nervous nature of my broken health has made it distressing for me to live anywhere, for each day has been a burden now for years, yet I have continued to keep alive for my boy's sake and far beyond the age I could reasonably expect to reach, after such a shock and subsequent overstrains as produced my original disability.

At this writing, July 1914, I have made my home in San Diego for over eight years and my main compensation has been in seeing my boy steadily growing and developing from a year old baby into a rugged and hearty child, with promise of a normal, happy manhood, through the aid of the fine climate and most excellent schools which he can count on. It has also been a pleasant experience to see the town change to a city, and to note the transformation made by putting more than \$20,000,000 into buildings during my eight years residence. I feel sure my boy will do well to choose San Diego for his home, even though he has no near relatives in this part of the country, and have arranged for his college course to be taken in the State of California.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Books That Have Helped Me.

Aside from regular text books, almost every person who has won an education can see the particular influence on his character, life or fortune resulting from one or more books and this has been my experience to a marked degree. The first to awaken new ideas in my mind, was "The Constitution of Man," by George Combe, which first came into my hands while a student at Whitestown Seminary, near Utica, N. Y., in 1877. It makes so plain the relation of man to nature and nature's laws and to his fellow-man as to be readily understood by the most ordinary mind, yet so far-reaching in its application of principles expounded as to excite the admiration and win acquiescence with his conclusions, from the wise and learned of many nations.

In brief, he shows that obedience to the laws affecting our physical, mental, moral and social natures, rewards us with corresponding well-being; while disobedience to any one of these laws brings invariable punishment, whether such obedience or disobedience was accidental or intentional on the part of the individual. He further shows that the same rule applies to nations in their relations and conduct towards each other. He draws the conclusion, aside from any religious consideration, that man will always find his greatest well-being and happiness only when acting under the supremacy of the so-called "moral sentiments" and intellect. He also draws the conclusion that there is more re-

ward for man to acquire knowledge and apply it to his needs and uses, than to be given all knowledge without effort. His analysis of human nature is based on the philosophy of mental subdivision of powers as expounded by the advocates of phrenology, while at the same time showing its independence of having to accept the nomenclature and location of the so-called "Phrenological faculties." It is a masterly book to this day, is read in every printed language, and helps to a sound mode of life every where.

This book first gave me to understand that every law discovered so far governing man's relation to nature and to his fellow creatures in the world is a law for his good, and no law has been found whose purpose is to harm mankind. It showed me also that by duly stimulating deficient powers they can be strengthened and an unbalanced character brought nearer to the normal. This principle so carefully illustrated in the book, has been of inestimable value to me, helping to correct excesses and develop deficiencies, that would probably have proved disastrous, had they been allowed to go unchecked through ignorance. Several painful traits have been so brought under control as to make them useful servants instead of bad masters of my soul. I earnestly hope my son, at a suitable age, which I think about sixteen to eighteen, may be induced to make a thorough study of it, and I am convinced that any person of fair judgment would gain by reading it. Personally, I have read it a great many times, always to find some deeper meaning or to see some new application of the clear and simple laws of nature which it explains.

The second book that had a great importance for me, and which would have had still more value at a younger age, when I was a student, was "The

Instantaneous Art of Never Forgetting," by Prof. Alphonse Loissette. (This name was a nom de plume, he being an Englishman of good family wishing to hide his identity from the public, whom he taught by lecture and correspondence for years with great success). It was really what would be now called a correspondence course in memory training. It then, 1886-7 consisted of six pamphlets, the exercises of each of which in turn had to be mastered before the succeeding one could be obtained. Fortunately his method made this easy and even a delightful recreation, so that he well named it "A Royal Road to learning," as it was.

The meat of the cocoanut was to be found in the three laws of physiological working of the memory by which power was gained to hold the attention to get an impression and when needed later to revive that impression. Memory is the revival of a past mental impression: there is no revival without an impression; there is no "impression" without "attention" and attention has to be cultivated to amount to anything. His method rapidly trains the attention, enables one to get a vivid first impression, and finally, to revive that impression at will, any time and anywhere, so that what has been once acquired by his method is permanently available through life.

His "Three Laws of Memory" cover every relation by which information is acquired and recalled. He called the "Inclusion," "Exclusion" and "Concurrence," and with so sweeping a claim to universality, they merit being given in full as given in his text, viz:

I. "Inclusion" indicates that you realize and feel that there is an overlapping of meaning between two words, or that there is a noticed or recognized idea or sound that belongs to both alike; as to enumerate a few classes:

(a) Simple Inclusion (mostly synonyms) Riches, Wealth. Frequently, Often. etc. (b) Whole and Part. Earth, Poles, Ship, Rudder. (c) Genus and Species. Animal, Man. Plant, Thyme. Fish, Salmon. (d) Abstract and Concrete (the same quality or Property appears in both) Dough, Soft. Empty, Drum. Lion, Strong. (e) Similarity of Sound. Emperor, Empty. Salvation, Salamander, etc.

II. "Exclusion" means that you observe that there is an antithesis or that one word excludes the other, or that both words relate to one and the same thing, but occupy opposite positions in regard to it, as Riches, Poverty. Hot, Cold. etc.

III. "Concurrence" is the felt relation between two ideas or impressions which we have sensuously experienced or thought of together or almost simultaneously, or History has told us are together, although having no relation necessarily:—Daniel, Lion. Execution, Marwood. Pipe, Tobacco. Columbus, America. Cause, Effect. His discovery showed that all memories are **prodigiously strengthened** by learning and reciting forwards and backwards, or what is better still, by **making** and repeating from memory both ways, a series from 100 to 500 words arranged in conformity to the three laws given above. This statement I proved by experience and after learning his series I compiled other series on each law separately and repeated them forwards and backwards many times.

I give for the benefit of students a series having all three laws illustrated which can be learned at one sitting, by thinking out the relation between each word and the following one and marking "1," "2" or "3" according as it illustrates Inclusion, "1" Exclusion "2" or Concurrence, "3." It is my "Ice-Snow-Series," viz:

Ice, 1; Slippery, 3; Smooth, 2; Rough, 1; Ruffian,

3; Prison, Crime, Crimea, War, Army, Navy, Ship, Sail (Sale), Auction, Bidding, Competition, Petition, Signatures, Cygnet (a swan), Net, Ensnare, Capture, Cap, Gun, Hunter, Hounds, Bark, Tree, Woods, Prairie, Airy, Wind, Hurricane, Rain, (Reign), Ruler, Governor, Steam Engine, "Power Press," Newspaper, (paper) Ream, Quire, Inquire, Inquest, Coroner, Jury, Decide, Cider, Apples, Orchard, Charred, Burned, Stove, Fire, Hose, Rose, Bush, Guerilla, Rill, Stream, Water power, Manufacture, Man, Manager, Conductor, Cars, Track, Trotting, Fair, Foul, Chanticleer, Chandileer, Gas, Coal, Mine, Shaft, Arrow, Quiver, Indian, Black-hawk, Chicken, Feathers, Down, Up, Upstart, Begin, Bee, Honey, Hives, Wives, Mormon, Brigham Young, (Young) Old, Cold, Winter, Summer, (Fort) Sumter, Stone, Mason, Maize, Corn, Fodder, Cattle, Catalogue, Log, Lumber, Saw-Mill, Boards, Boxes, Carpenter, Laborer, Layman, Cardinal, Cards, Games, Whist, Rubbers, Snow.

By thinking out the relation and marking it accordingly as above, each pair of words is cemented together in memory and the whole series learned in one careful analysis.

Repeating the series backwards and forwards many times a day is easy, and surely will greatly strengthen the natural memory, as these relations are felt more keenly each repetition.

To learn poetry he used "Interrogative Analysis;" which consists in asking a question on each idea or word in succession, and answering with the whole line emphasizing the word on which the question turned, viz: Cats love milk. What animals love milk? Cats love milk. What do cats love? "Cats love milk."

In this way step by step the longest and most intricate phrases, verses, etc., can be mastered rapidly and well.

To remember dates and numbers he first translates the number into words by an ancient device of giving a number value to the consonants, and supplying vowels needed to make a word or phrase. Thus:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0
t or d	n	m	r	l	g (soft) j & ch (soft)	k ng g hard ch-k	f & v	b p	s c (soft) z

With these number values any word or number can be turned into figures or words. Thus "California" is 75842 and the number 7424 would be "Coroner." And so for any word or number.

These examples give an idea of his theory and practice and splendid results can be obtained by his method.

At intervals of a few years I have reviewed his work and found my memory freshened and strengthened. He shows how to use it readily in studying different subjects, and I applied it to the studies of law and medicine with excellent results, as well as to the Spanish language after going to Cuba and Porto Rico.

The third book of vital help was "The Laws of Psychic Phenomena," by Thompson J. Hudson, which first gave me a sensible clue to the mystic side of human nature and made more clear such subjects as telepathy, ghosts, premonitions, clairvoyance, etc., for which I had found no reasonable explanation before. Its ground is so sensible and clear that any one can follow his line of reasoning and his later books help to make clear man's relation to the

Infinite, and the possibility of immortality for the soul.

When I was about eighteen, while visiting my sister, I found in her library a book called "Creative Science," by O. S. Fowler, which I have read many times, with great benefit and a high appreciation of its far-reaching power for good, not only to the individual man or woman, but also to the family and the nation. It treats of manhood and womanhood and their mutual relations; of how to conduct courtship and marriage rightly; to avoid the many evils from breaking sexual laws, and tells how superior children on the physical, mental and moral side can be had, by following nature's laws. Almost every human relation from conception to old age, is explained so as to be understood in its right and wrong action as related to the unbending law of nature. It and the "Constitution of Man," combined, are almost a complete library for a family. Its chapters on heredity, pre-natal culture and sexual abuses are invaluable, wholesome and irresistibly convincing to every reasonable being.

At West Point I learned in the fierce struggle to hold my own in the classes, to study as I never knew how before.

Following this scientific and legal course, shortly after graduating, by the study of the Loissette Memory System, which made study easy and even inviting; I took an active interest in studying law and medicine—medicine so that I might know what to do with troops in campaign, and civil law so that I might act rightly in all my investments, and perhaps practice law.

The Post Hospital Libraries supplied medical text books, and The Sprague Correspondence School of Law was my teacher in law. These studies in my leisure hours, together with readings in French and

Spanish, covered several years and were of great benefit in training me to take wide views of life, giving me sound ground to stand on and sympathy with every new discovery in law, medicine, science, art and literature. It came as a surprising and rather pleasant discovery in my reading along religious lines, that there were several great religions, whose followers outnumber those of Christianity, and have influenced the race far longer. Surely a loving Father having so many children with different ideas could not leave all in utter darkness, and must have given some light to each of these great sects. Of all these books none stand out very prominently in my memory, but all had influence in liberalizing my mind and cheering my heart with thoughts of God's wisdom and goodness. Science seemed to praise the Creator with every new discovery of the dominion given to man over nature. At one time I aspired to all knowledge, but compromised with this big undertaking, by trying to get the main essentials to right living in my relations with my fellow men and with nature, so as to enjoy life here, in spite of personal limitations and possibly better fit myself for a spirit life, if such there be.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Religious Ideas.

As a boy in Nashville my earliest memory is of going to Sunday School with my brothers, attending the little Episcopal "Trinity Church," where I was put in a class taught by Mr. Samuel Seay (my wife's uncle). I grew to like the service, but of course had no idea of creed or dogma. I love the service to this day, but have little in common with their creed. When I went to New York to live with my aunt, Susan Jennings, I attended Presbyterian Church with her family, and after being influenced by the Moody and Sankey revival, about 1876, I joined a Presbyterian chapel near her home in W. 46th street, still without much idea of the creed of the denomination, being only fifteen or sixteen. When I went to Whitestown Seminary, it being a Presbyterian school, I began to study the creed and found it difficult to accept. This brought me to a state of doubt and investigation, with wide reading and eager questioning of all creeds. The "Trinity" and the "Atonement" were my main stumbling blocks and for a year or two I scarcely knew what I did believe.

On reaching Worcester, Mass., in 1878, I attended various churches, with the Unitarian doctrine coming out in strongest favor with my reason, and judgment. Without joining the Unitarians, however, I have been in sympathy with their teaching more or less ever since.

The narratives in the Bible of spirit apparitions

always taxed my faith severely and I long doubted the truth of such occurrences. It was not till in my thirties, after reading "The Laws of Psychic Phenomena," by T. J. Hudson, that I began to be convinced that spirits of the departed had reappeared, and that communications had been received from the other side of the veil. It was an intellectual conviction only, however, until by good fortune as I consider it, I had a chance to read the elaborate and scientifically thorough "Reports of the Society for Psychic Research." These put a new and comforting confidence or faith in such facts, and gave me a feeling of conviction for which I had long waited. Many scientific thinkers, aside from members of that society have accepted the conclusion that communications have been received from departed spirits or some form of manifestation made of their presence. The researches and reports of the American Society for Psychic Research furnished material to further strengthen such a belief.

In our present state of knowledge of Nature's laws and the evidence going to show man's evolution over a very long period, I feel a reasonable conviction that the Creator or force controlling the universe, has placed man on the earth to fulfill a splendid destiny, of which we have at present only faint glimpses and that his condition, even here, will be vastly happier and the average of life much longer.

On the spiritual side, there seems to be evidence enough of man's continued existence as a Spirit after the death of the body, to give us a trust that we shall all so live, but under what conditions, such as rewards or punishments in such a life hereafter I cannot feel any certainty based on scientific data.

It seems that the Creator means that humanity shall progress in happiness and that his laws are just and kind and that optimism is the right outlook for

the race. Our nature is fitted to respond to many forms of pleasant stimulation. Every faculty of our mind, and emotion of our heart has some appropriate object, the pursuit of which gives gratification.

Reasoning from analogy, if there is a life as spirit which to me seems reasonably certain, I think we will find the same kind and just laws controlling our life hereafter, as rule here, with suitable modifications. Whether such life as spirit is eternal or not would seem to be beyond our present state of knowledge to answer, though perhaps we are progressing to where we shall be able to know some day.

Being naturally conservative and somewhat prone to look on the serious side of things and thoughts, it has been a great comfort and joy to feel justified by my reason, in taking this new and cheerful view of man's destiny and relations to the force that controls him, in both worlds. If we shall find the life as spirit to have privileges of unfolding and further progress in development, then, indeed, may we emulate the enthusiasm and optimism of the most ardent sectarians and endure with cheerful calmness and patience, the trials and tribulations incident to life in this world in view of the compensations awaiting us hereafter.

Our duty and pleasure would then seem to be, to gladly study the will of the Creator, as expressed in the laws of nature and our own constitution and give willing and unflinching obedience to these laws, while holding in our hearts the feeling that a kind and just father controls us and plans for us a joyous future.

CHAPTER XXV.

Writings.

My father and mother were both teachers, each had a good education and both wrote attractive and charming letters.

In our home we never heard bad grammar or slang and there was on the contrary an atmosphere of refinement and culture that influenced all of us children for good.

My two brothers, Lyman C. and Charles H. Bryan, were both older than I and went into business before showing any literary inclinations, while on my part, studies took so much of my time that I wrote nothing more than school compositions till after my graduation from West Point. This gave me not only a higher ideal and a more perfect literary taste, but also more time in which to apply them to writings. Limited at first to letters home and to friends, my first writings for the press were letters of travel in Washington and Oregon, written for the "Walla Walla Union," 1885. Shortly after this the course at the Infantry and Cavalry School of Application at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., called for essays on Military topics, and resulted in my writing on several subjects of which I have now forgotten the titles.

On my trip around the world I wrote descriptive letters of the journey to friends, which are now in my hands, and show some marks of taste and descriptive power, though written in haste and under the confusion of travel, I kept them for the boy.

While engaged in Arizona in 1891-92 in irriga-

tion ventures, I wrote a series of articles on irrigation for "The Oasis," a newspaper then published at Arizola, Ariz., but of short existence and of many trials.

About this time compulsory studies and essays by army officers were the rule at military posts, and I again wrote on military topics, more or less frequently, but have lost the mss. of all.

My business correspondence grew so large in connection with the management of lands in Washington, Idaho and Arizona as to leave me no time for literary pursuits as such.

In starting this autobiography I had no desire to shine in print, nor did I expect to make so large a writing, but having found a great deal of pleasure in reading a little booklet by my Aunt Mary (Bryan) Hibbard, giving an account of life in the boyhood home of my father, and his brothers and sisters, I thought my boy would enjoy a brief sketch of my life. My health being wretched now these many years from nervous breakdown, following the heat prostration in the Philippines and over exposure to heat in Arizona, has permitted little recreation on literary lines, and greatly handicapped even this, for I have had to do a little of it from time to time, as my strength permitted. This will be understood better, when I say that for years my hands and body have been so shaken by a form of "Paralysis Agitans," as to prevent my dressing myself, and even on many occasions making me incapable of feeding myself, while my spirits were desperately depressed.

As I looked over the subject in my mind, to decide what to write, and what, if any, to omit; my memory brought back many incidents that I would have enjoyed telling to my son had he been older, or if I could have anticipated living myself a few years longer with strength to tell him. I finally de-

decided on making this record for him, as complete as my memory and available data would permit, without striving for literary perfection.

My military life with its duties carrying me to so many remote parts of the United States and the outside world, has so deprived me of home ties and the usual associations with my own people as to make me a comparative stranger to them. If I live to finish this outline of my life, it will also serve to make them better acquainted with my career, and give them a better idea of an American army officer's life, during the past thirty years.

It has been a continual surprise to me during the progress of this dictating that I have been able to keep at it, and that my memory has remained so fairly clear amidst the gradual breaking down of my health, and the practical wreck of my body. Some days I have hardly been able to work at it for more than a few minutes, while at other times I have kept my faithful secretary busily writing from my dictation for several hours.

I have written as I thought, without any feeling of inspiration at any time, but driving myself to work by the conviction that I might benefit my son, or at least interest him, when he gets old enough to appreciate what I have been through.

It may surprise some readers to find how little of actual war itself enters into this narrative, yet it must be remembered that many years of preparation occur, with armies everywhere, for wars that never take place. Moreover, the organizations or regiments of which I had the honor to be a part, either as lieutenant or captain, have to their credit many an heroic deeds of war, to show that when given the opportunity they were capable and willing to do any duty for which they were organized.

The moto of my first regiment, The Second U. S.

Cavalry, was "Toujours pret," being, of course, the French phrase for "Always Ready," and the record of that regiment, covering many years of national history, shows that its officers and men worthily maintained its motto. I had it engraved on my cadet "class ring."

In the Spanish-American war of all the thousands prepared to engage in the conflict of arms, only a very small percentage actually "smelled powder" or heard hostile bullets, yet no one would have the temerity to maintain that they were less valiant or fit than those who did. My duties as a regimental staff officer kept me at headquarters of the regiments but did not materially interfere with active field service, had it arisen while I was on such duty.

CHAPTER XXVI.

American Army Life as a Profession.

When I first entered the service of "Uncle Sam" as a cadet in 1879, the duties and fields of operation for an officer of the American Army were far more restricted than at present, and it was almost with regret that I gave up my long-cherished ambition to be an officer of the Navy, and started for West Point instead of Annapolis.

It was the day of small frontier garrisons, remote from towns and not large enough in themselves to overcome the feeling of lonesomeness and provinciality. There were for the younger officers a few details to colleges or on recruiting duty, and for the older ones a tour at Washington, but the generality had to live the hum-drum life of the small, remote garrison as best they could.

Some were driven to drink, others to an unsuitable or incongenial matrimony; others still took up the fads of the day as collectors, etc., while over all hung the pall of monotony.

In 1883 when I joined the regiment as Second Lieutenant at Fort Custer, Mont., the last run of buffalo on the plains had taken place the year before, and the Indian fighting having practically ceased, the infantry and cavalry branches of the army were reduced to the merest routine. Field service, except for practice, had for a time no existence. Naturally, an active and ambitious young officer could not face with cheerfulness a long and dull future on the modest pay of a subaltern in the service, when the great

and growing western country was holding out tempting prizes to able men, trained as thoroughly as the graduates of West Point.

With the coming of the Spanish war following the inauguration of studies and examinations for promotion, there came a great change in the outlook. Zeal was to be renewed; action to take the place of inaction; expeditions to foreign parts to be substituted for the dull isolation of the old garrison life, and some applications to be made of abilities so long in acquiring.

Promotion by new laws and enlarged forces began to look near and probable, instead of far off and uncertain, while the greater authority and increased compensation, made life seem better worth living. I served eight years as a Second Lieutenant, and eight more before getting as captain to the command of a troop of my own. These figures have been so far reduced that nowadays, captains are not as gray-haired as in the old days and get enough pay to keep a family in comfort, and even educate at least one of the children.

It has now become a profession worthy of striving for, to be an American Army Officer, but, like so many other excellent things, the preparation for and pursuit of it has to begin early. Cadetships are limited in number and are often only won by competition with the brightest young minds of the Congressional districts, appointments being confined almost exclusively to members of Congress, therefore many a promising and probably excellent officer is lost to the service from having passed the age for cadetship. Ambitious parents should bear this in mind.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Conclusion.

When an officer is disabled so far as to be placed on the retired list, his name disappears from the active list, and he is given a place among the number of those who were retired for the same reason. I was retired for "disability in the line of duty," Nov. 2nd, 1905. My name, with its brief military record, now appears in the Official Army Register, under the heading each year:

"Retired from active service [Limited List]" as follows:

Retired from active service [Limited List].

Name, grade, date of rank, highest brevet rank, and cause of retirement.	Service in the Army	Born in	Appointed from
	In permanent establishment.		
Captains—Continued.			
Bryan, Roger B. 2 mar '99 Graduate Infantry and Cavalry School, 1889. Disability in line of duty (sec. 1251, rev. stats).	cadet M. A. 1 july, 79 2 lt. 2 cav. 13 jun, 83 1 lt 18 sept. 90 capt. 5 cav. 2 mar. 99 retired 2 nov. 05	Tenn. 21 dec 1860	Mass. M. A.

THE END.



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