

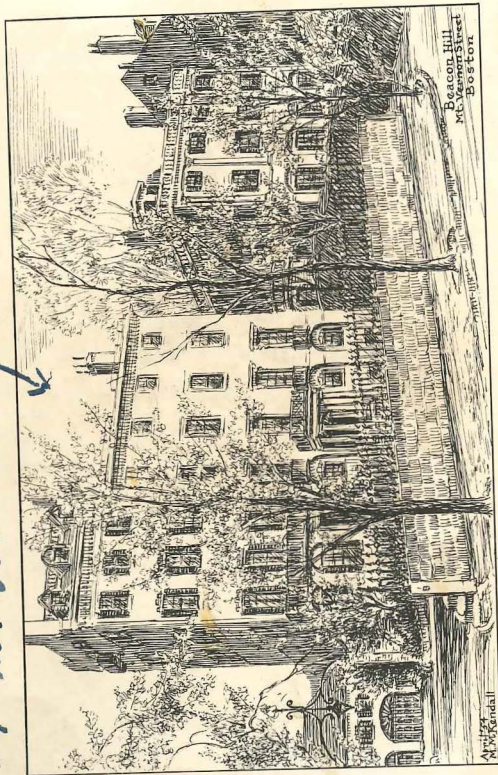
*After-
thoughts*

G.P.F.H.

AFTER-
THOUGHTS

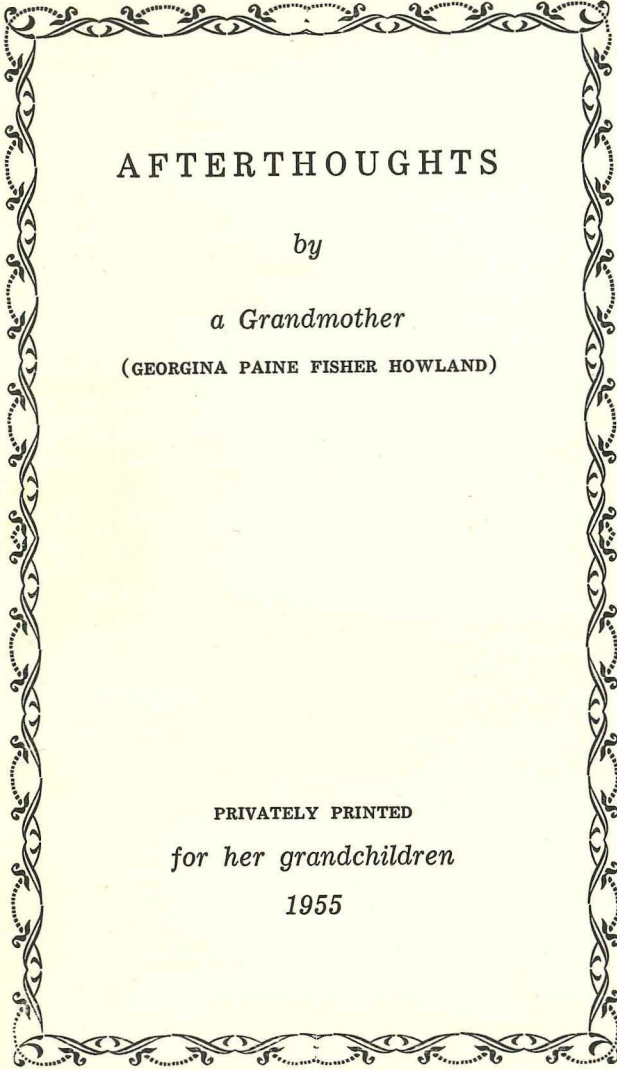
G. P. F. H.

897 Mt Vernon St.



Aunt Fiske Talbot
from her very loving mother.
G.P.F.H

Christmas
1955

A decorative border with a repeating floral and scrollwork pattern surrounds the text on the right page.

AFTERTHOUGHTS

by

a Grandmother

(GEORGINA PAINE FISHER HOWLAND)

PRIVATELY PRINTED

for her grandchildren

1955

BY REYNOLDS PRINTING, INC.
NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

FOREWORD

My very dear Grandchildren:

One day four years ago, two of you said to me, "Tell us what you did when you were little, Gaga!" — and so, to while away the long drive we were taking, I told about the trips to England that my brother Frank and I made in 1897 when we were seven and eight years old. The interest which this particular pair of grandchildren seemed to take in such reminiscences made me think that others of you might enjoy them, too . . . Hence, "AFTERTHOUGHTS."

Since there are no illustrations in the book, you won't know what the various members of our family looked like unless I give a short inventory of their physical aspects:

So think of my father ("Papa" — accent on the second syllable, please) as a lean erect figure, of about five feet nine and a half inches, with a full moustache and bald head; his hair dark (what there was of it!) — his

en-brown curls, reaches the height of five feet nine and a half before the book finishes, and has a profile much like those on Greek coins, with "build" and muscles to match.

Papa's full name was Charles Jackson Paine; Mamma's before she married, was Julia Bryant. And I have a strong feeling that "AFTERTHOUGHTS" is bringing you their love — as well as mine.

Your affectionate grandmother,

G. P. F. H.

November 19,
1955

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AFTERTHOUGHTS

"ORIGIN OF SPECIES"

Once upon a time I was a little girl and had no idea that some day a great many dear people were going to call me Gaga. My every-day name, that nearly all the family used, was Nina; and the name engraved on my silver porringer was Georgina. But the name that I liked best, because my very special brother John had given it to me, was Dinnie.

Twenty-two years separated the oldest and youngest members of our family, Sumner and Frank. The first four, Sumner, John, Mary and Charlie, had all come along at two or three year intervals; after which there had been a long gap of five years before Helen appeared. Though Charlie had been the baby of the family for these five years, he did not seem to mind having his nose put out of joint;

for Mamma said that he greeted Helen when she was first shown to him by saying, "Oh, you *nice* little fing! How I *wish* that you was twins and that *bofe* of you was boys!"

For seven and a half years Helen seemed to have completed the family. But one morning just before Christmas in 1888, Mamma called John into her room as he was running down to breakfast, and pointed out a small wrinkled object rolled up in shawls, beside her on the bed. "Holy smoke!" John said, "what's *that*?" — and then, "Where did you *get* it?"

Mamma had managed somehow to keep the news of my approach so secret that her intimate friends and even the maids in the house had had no idea that I was about to exist. She was forty-one at the time, and people had merely thought she was growing a little stout. Papa was fifty-five.

* * * * *

It seems that I was a very plain baby from the first, and became still more unattractive a few weeks later when I came down with bronchitis. My nurse Mimi's persistent rubbing of my chest with rancid goose-grease made my nursery and me things to avoid; but Mamma told me that John used to come up three or four times a day, nevertheless, to look at me and take my pulse.

By the time I was three and he twenty-one, he was spoiling me in a thousand ways, and I was considering him my undisputed property. We had a special whistle for each other, (only for a long time I could not whistle, myself, and could only call "Whee-Whoo!"). I listened eagerly for it whenever he was in the house, and obeyed its summons at top speed; for it meant that Johnny would give me a breath-taking gallop up and down stairs and all over the house on his shoulder, or wanted me to sit on his lap at afternoon tea and be given

surreptitious lumps of sugar. Or it might even be an invitation to "go for a drive with him" when he had come back from some expedition and was going to take his horse and buggy back to the stable. Often it meant a box of marshmallows! Johnny taught me to wink at him across the room, which was naughty and got me into trouble later on at school. He gave me most precious presents, one of them a little ring made of gold wire in the shape of a heart, and another a gold heart locket with a lock of his hair inside. He and no one else called me "Dinnie," and I always spoke of him to other people as "my Johnny" — or while my Swedish accent, caught from Mimi, prevailed, as "my Yonny." There was no sort of question in my mind that he belonged especially to me.

And how I loved him!

* * * * *

Although my arrival had been so much of a surprise to the family, it was Frank's that provided the real climax a year and a half later; for he was not only an unusually promising specimen but also was of the preferred sex. In a few weeks, however, the family elation turned to anxiety, for he refused to gain, and though not actually losing weight began to grow peaked and fretful. Papa was worried — and angry. For his standards in livestock, whether colts or babies, were high and uncompromising, and Frank was not living up to them. The family doctor kept fussing with the bottle formula and insisting that so long as Frank didn't lose he was all right. Papa argued that, on the contrary, a baby who didn't gain was, in point of fact, all wrong — since to gain was the *normal* procedure of young animals.

For a while the dispute raged, but at last Papa could stand it no longer and had a wet-nurse sent for. From the mo-

ment of her arrival Frank began to gain and Papa to grow happy once more.

In those days doctors were seldom very successful with babies' formulas, partly, perhaps, because pasteurization had not yet been invented; and poor little bottle-babies quite often just gave up and died. Mamma who produced her many children with great nonchalance was never able to furnish them with "nature's food", and not only Frank but Helen and I, too, owed our survival to wet-nurses. Mimi had been Helen's, and I will tell you her story later on; Christine, whose story I was never allowed to hear, had been mine; and Mrs. Grabowski, whose own baby had died of pneumonia, was Frank's. By whom the older members of the family were nourished I do not know.

Mamma and Papa wanted to name Frank for Papa's favorite sister, Fanny, who was very handsome and had gone into a convent and become Sister Fran-

ces Constance; so they planned to have him christened "Francis Cabot" — the Cabot being Papa's grandmother's maiden name. But "the Boys" — as Sumner, John and Charlie were referred to — objected on the ground that Francis was too much like a girl's name and that he would certainly be nicknamed "Fanny." So, to please the Boys, he was christened Frank Cabot; after which, until he was grown up and married, they themselves never called him anything but "Boy!"

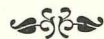
People considered Frank and me rather a joke, at first; but on the whole they approved of us, and Mamma and Papa seemed very glad to have us around, for their older children were away in college and some were getting married. Certainly we enjoyed being joked about and knowing that our parents looked upon us as a sort of nice dessert, like after-dinner coffee. Mamma called us "her little afterthoughts," and we felt that it sounded very pleasant and important.

Frank was an attractive little boy — enterprising and rather naughty. He was born understanding boats and the sea; possibly because, according to Mimi, he had been a little crab until Mamma fished him out of the ocean one day at Nahant. His face was completely covered with bright brown freckles, and he had the only curls in our whole big family — not the fuzzy, kinky kind, but short and shiny and golden brown. In those days little boys never had their hair cut short, as they do now, and even their clothes for the first six or seven years were very much the same as their sisters'. Frank's and mine were so much alike that when he was given trousers on his sixth birthday, he wept loudly and protested for a long while that he wouldn't wear them "unless Nin had trousers too." In spite of kilts and curls, however, there was never any doubt as to his sex, as there *was* in the case of a little boy with long ringlets and a pink

sash with whom Helen went to school for two years before she realized that he was not a girl.

Frank and I were very fond of each other, even though my hair was straight and his so curly. We played together from morning till night and were happy even during our frequent and very blood-thirsty fights, when my fury rose to such a pitch that I always tried to kill him. Frank, of course, was a much better fighter than I and was never in any danger — in spite of my slightly bigger size and greater anger. In spite, too, of my being not at all too proud to kick, scratch and bite! He would have beaten me every time if the fight had been fought to an honorable finish; but I did possess one lone trump card, and when things were just at the point of ending in total disaster for me, I used to scream, "Well, I'm going into a convent when I grow up, and be a nun!" Frank was very tenderhearted; so at this threat he would stop

pounding me and get reluctantly off my stomach, and the fight would be over till another day.



LOCAL HABITATIONS

Weston and Nahant

We lived in three different places during the course of the year, Boston, Weston and Nahant. In Boston we spent the winters, from Thanksgiving until May. Then we moved out to Weston to stay through the 4th of July; after which we went to Nahant for a couple of months, and came back to Weston again for the autumn.

These "movings" were momentous events. Sheets, blankets, silver, clothes, all had to be transported from place to place; and a week before the appointed day quantities of trunks and boxes would be brought down from the attic on the chore-man's back and deposited here, there, and everywhere in bedrooms and hallways — for Mimi to pack and for all

of us to bark our shins upon. Early on the morning of departure, a huge horse-drawn waggon which we called "the load" would arrive at the front door; and for the next few hours Frank and I would watch its perspiring crew stagger downstairs under the now very heavy trunks and boxes, and heave them up on board. At eleven o'clock or so, when the pile of our belongings was mountain high and had been covered over with huge tarpaulins, the load would lumber off — to arrive in Boston, Weston or Nahant as the case might be, long after the family and servants, who had come by train and were waiting in a state of nervous apprehension lest it had broken down somewhere and might not get there that night. This never happened, and the load always appeared; too late in the afternoon however for anything to be unpacked but the barest of necessities. Then for a couple of days poor Mimi would be too exhausted to unpack at all,

and we would live on in a state of confusion that must have taken a lot out of the grown-ups but that Frank and I found stimulating.

The first thing we did on arriving afresh at any one of the three abodes was to re-explore the entire house and as much of the surrounding neighborhood as possible before supper — sniffing expectantly like puppies, for individual smells peculiar to each region that would have told us even if we had been blindfolded whether we were in Boston, Weston, or Nahant.

* * * * *

In Weston we lived on Highland Street, in the house that for a long while has been known as "Uncle Johnny's." Papa had bought the place soon after he and Mamma were married, but at that time a very different house had stood there and had soon needed enlargement. First one wing or ell was added and then another;

then the original house was removed entirely to a site near the Weston railroad station; and the main part of the present house was somehow built in amongst the additions a good while before Frank and I were born.

When you first came out from Boston with all its city smells, you noticed a delicate hay-like fragrance in the parlors and halls and bedrooms, not coming as we supposed from grass or fallen leaves out of doors but from the straw-matting, which in those days was often used to cover the floors of country houses. In the kitchen and back regions you encountered a very different smell, of butter-milk and sour cream, from the milk room in the cellar where the kitchen-maid made our butter.

The cellar was never included in our first exploration of the house; for to venture past the coal-bins and vegetable store-rooms into the pitch dark no-man's

land that lay beyond took more courage than we possessed on first arriving.

We used to begin with an ascent to the third floor where the Boys' rooms were—sacred precincts full of guns and stuffed birds and athletic trophies — which we were allowed to gaze into but never to enter uninvited. In the hall outside their doors stood a pool table with racks of cues and brightly colored balls, also to be gazed at but never touched. From this floor a short crooked stairway took you up to the tower, where you could look out over the lawn and driveway miles below and see a tiny golden speck in the distance — the Boston State House thirteen miles away.

To descend from these high altitudes was the true purpose of having hurried up there; for the two long flights of stairs from the Boys' floor down to the front hall were straight and with banisters of a perfect steepness for sliding down —

a pleasure not available to us either in Boston or Nahant.

After indulging for a while in this enjoyable pastime and then making a hasty excursion to other parts of the house, we would set out for the barn to see the horses; passing, as we went, the shelf outside the milk-room, where pans of milk stood, uncovered except for their own layer of thick yellow cream which wrinkled up like soft leather when you poked your finger in for a taste. Though the pans were conveniently accessible not only to such passersby as Frank and me but also to the stable flies a hundred yards away, pasteurization as I've said hadn't yet been invented, so nobody minded.

There were about twenty horses in the stable, almost all of whom had been raised on the place. Three or four of the more sophisticated, a stallion and one or two moderately fast trotters, lived in box-stalls and were invisible until you opened a small sliding window in their doors —

which I didn't much like doing as I couldn't help thinking that the horse's head would pop out at me suddenly like a jack-in-the-box. The other fifteen or sixteen lived in two long rows of ordinary stalls, and faced each other across the stable floor. Tails and dangerous hind-legs were nowhere to be seen unless you went round into the passageways behind, which I was careful not to do. But the dignified faces peered at you benignly as the stable-men took you down the line and lifted you up to pat each soft nose and glossy neck in turn, and to smell the warm, sweet, horsey smell. Having been brought up, so to speak, in a stable of this design, I never feel comfortable in those where rear-ends greet you as you enter, and the horses stand gazing at nothing but blank wall.

Half a dozen cows lived in a corner of the barn not far from the horses, and with their calves came in for a certain amount of admiration. But best of all, if

it were a spring-time return to Weston, there would be two or three families of newly-arrived baby pigs happily wallowing down below, in squashy pig-styes which smelled so delicious to us that we could never understand the grown-up's disinclination to visit that part of the stable.

After a day or two, everything of new or old interest around the place would have been discovered, and Frank and I would settle down into our regular pursuits. With Frank, this was always sailing boats if even a suspicion of water could be found; and so the frog-pond was the region out of doors that we most frequented — a triangular little puddle behind the woodshed, forty feet or so across in spring-time and bounded on two sides by tumble-down stone walls. The cows drank in it and kept it rather muddy, and in summer it very nearly disappeared; but when we first came out from Boston in the spring it was full and mod-

erately clean. Frank lost no time in making boats to sail on it, and Helen sewed their sails. By the hour together we encouraged them from one side of the frog-pond to the other, and got ourselves wet and muddy as we scrambled round the edges to fend them off the rocks and set them on their proper course again.

Near the frog-pond, the men who trimmed our bushes and cut grey birch out of the pastures used to deposit piles of branches that inspired us to the construction of wigwams, where we played house and gave parties to each other. Turtles fell frequently into our clutches, but never seemed to reciprocate the affection we felt for them, and always escaped very soon from the elaborate pens we made with so much thought for their comfort.

In the middle of May the wild flowers would be out, and Mimi would take us for long walks in the woods to hunt for

columbine and lady's slippers; or up to the pastures on Livermore's Hill across the road, where the ground was so blue with crowfoot violets that we could hardly help stepping on them as we played games among the cedar trees and juniper bushes.

In June, and again in the autumn, we had a visit every year from our friends "the twins," Elizabeth and Julia Collier who were a few months older than I and lived in Cohasset — very far away in those days. Julia was a tom-boy, and she and Frank led Elizabeth and me into regions that I, at least, would never have penetrated alone — the darkest corners of the cellar and the dizziest heights of the hay-loft. There was no square foot of the house or barn into which we didn't squirm our way in games of hide and seek, no waking moment except at meal-times when we were still; and in the evenings when we were supposed to be fast asleep in bed, the walls between our

rooms resounded to the knockings of a code language.

* * * * *

After Labor Day, when we came back to Weston from Nahant, peaches and pears would begin coming in from the orchard, to be spread out in profusion on tables under north windows or stored in dark closets according to their various needs for ripening. And outside on the stone-wall, near the kitchen, rows of musk melons basked all day long in the sun and were snugly covered over with canvas at night.

Mimi and the cook would turn themselves into a regular jelly factory, and for a fortnight or so the house was filled with the steamy aromas of raspberry and currant, quince, grape and crabapple. No matter how many glasses were produced — and it was always many hundreds — there was never too much, for the Boys could imagine no meal of any

sort without jelly. Mimi used to cover every tumbler with two round pieces of paper, one that she dipped in Brandy and placed directly on the jelly, and another that she pasted over the top of the glass with paste which she had made herself of flour and water. She let Frank and me help with cutting out and dipping the papers, and we found it much more amusing than the colored-paper work they gave us to do at the kindergarten we went to for a little while in the winter.

Soon after the jelly-making was over, the maple leaves would begin to turn red and gold; there would be horse chestnuts to play with under the trees on the lawn; and real chestnuts, in prickly burrs that hurt your fingers, to be hunted for in the woods and roasted in the evening over the schoolroom fire.

The shooting season would begin — a mystic day when “the law was off” — and the Boys, meaning John and Charlie (for Sumner was away and married be-

fore I can remember) would go off shooting in the early mornings before the rest of us were up. Each had his own setter dog and his own dilapidated horse and buggy to roam the country with in pursuit of game. John's black mare was named Gipsy; and as the result of an injury in colthood — a kick by another horse, which left a dent in her forehead — she was afflicted with a loud, conspicuous whistle. This impaired neither her health nor her usefulness, and I thought it even made her seem rather distinguished. But grown-ups apparently found it embarrassing to drive her in public, and consequently she had been given to John for the pleasant occupation of jogging around the woods and marshes where she was not likely to be laughed at by strangers as broken-winded.

Charlie's horse, an elderly bay mare named Old Vic, was said to have been very handsome in her youth but had never been very comfortable as a driving

horse because of a habit she had of kicking the waggon to pieces. Either she had outgrown this with age and motherhood, for she had had that experience, or else Charlie's shabby old buggy didn't seem to her worth demolishing; for nothing could have been more mild and affable than her expression as she came trotting into the driveway after her morning expeditions to Wayland or Sudbury with Charlie.

The Boys looked very much like ruffians when they came back to breakfast in their baggy shooting jackets, long-visored caps, and high muddy boots, with their big pockets full of partridge, quail or woodcock which they dumped onto the table for Papa's inspection. But after eating a rare beefsteak or two and swallowing cups of coffee with five or six lumps of sugar, they would get into respectable clothes and go off to their jobs in town like anybody else. The birds that they had shot would be hung up

somewhere and kept until just not rotten, at which point Papa would consider them sufficiently "high" and would have them cooked. . . . How the women-folk of the family dreaded coming in to the dining-room during the hunting season!

Going to Nahant was undoubtedly the most exciting of our moves. For days after we arrived Frank and I were shy and embarrassed — almost as if we were in love with the house and the rocks and the ocean, and were afraid that people might laugh at us.

To begin with, the very air was different. From the moment the conductor jumped you off the car at Lynn — hot and dusty after two train journeys, with a wait in between at the Boston railroad station — you noticed the coolness and began to revive. Later, when the long, slow drive to Nahant had finally been accomplished and you were joyously standing on the piazza to let little whiffs of East

wind cool you off with their delicate iciness, then at last your lungs filled themselves with the exhilarating mixture that you remembered from last year — those salty smells of ocean and wet seaweed that were mingled with the fragrance of linden blossoms from two old trees just coming into flower on the lawn.

There are linden trees on the Common in Boston, and they, too, blossom early in July. One hot day, not so long ago, I was walking past them on my way down town, when a whiff of East wind came sifting through their branches. In a flash, summer expectations of delight enveloped me; and for a brief instant, before the city smells of asphalt and hot bricks had dispelled the illusion, Frank and I were standing again on the Nahant piazza, in that intoxicating moment of arrival, sixty years ago, "when we were very young."

* * * * *

Nahant is a high, rocky, little piece of land that lies all by itself out in the Atlantic Ocean, ten miles E.N.E. of Boston. It is shaped like a foot, with a four-mile strip of sand like a long skinny leg connecting it to Lynn on the mainland, so that on a map Nahant and Italy look much alike. Rocks and beaches outline the foot, and high cliffs emphasize the toe and heel. A road that used to be very dusty runs between sandy beaches along the skinny leg.

We lived near Nahant's toe on Swallow's Cave Road, which goes up hill past our house and a few others to the 'jumping-off place,' a quarter of a mile away. Across the road in front of our house, and beyond a little cow-pasture, was the Stony Beach; while behind us, at the foot of a steep tree-covered bank, lay the Sandy Beach. The Sandy Beach Frank and I did not much care for, as it was sheltered and tame, and frequented by all the Nahant babies and nursemaids.

But the Stony Beach, which belonged to us, was our paradise — with its high, jagged rocks and a blue ocean stretching away to Spain and Africa beyond the unbroken horizon.

Our small lawn was separated from the road by a hedge, and you entered through a wooden gate that banged and clicked behind you. A short path of smooth, crunchy beach pebbles led you between the linden trees up to the front steps, six or seven of them; above which a piazza of many jogs and varying widths encircled the house and provided Frank and me with a never-ending and somewhat perilous race course. At the back, where the piazza was as wide as a large room, there were big straw arm-chairs and a hammock, and Papa's spyglass and megaphone; and you could look over tree-tops and a neighboring cottage to see his boat out at her moorings, and watch the little paddle-wheel steamer named "City of Jacksonville" which plied

between Boston and Nahant and took the business men back and forth from town.

The house had been small and square with a one-story ell when Mamma had lived in it as a child in the 1850's, but had been expanded as her own family increased from the 1870's on. A story had been added to the ell, where many years later Mimi, Frank and I were installed. And the attic of a small wash-house in the back yard was made into bedrooms for the Boys and connected to the piazza by a bridge.

Below our rooms in the ell and half underground, were the maids' rooms, with heavy iron grilles over their windows; and equally subterranean and dark was the kitchen, from which our meals were hoisted up to the dining-room by a creaky "dumb-waiter".

All this part of the house was interesting and queer, but it was the top floor that cast a spell upon Frank and me.

From the front door you half tip-toed up a crooked stairway to a tiny hall that was lighted only by a green-painted skylight, where four doors facing each other opened from four bedrooms in which the grown-ups lived. Holding your breath you peeked into these rooms. And when you saw in each one a dais, with a writing desk and huge old-fashioned wing-chair standing upon it beneath a pointed window whose diamond-shaped panes were greeny-blue, it took less imagination than even Frank and I possessed to add spinning-wheels and fairy godmothers, or imprisoned princesses gazing sadly out to sea.

Frank and I never spoke of such things even to each other; but not until we had visited these rooms — to make sure that they were queer and mysterious as we remembered them — did we hurry into the brand-new sneakers that had been provided for our scramblings, and rush down to the Stony Beach to see if the

pink sea-anemones were safe and sound in their crevice at the further-most tip of our rocks.

There they always were — supposedly the only pink ones at Nahant — looking like a numerous family of neatly arranged powder-puffs, and growing from the rock just under water, with coral-colored fluff that moved faintly back and forth to the suck of the tide. We would gently touch one or two with the tip of a finger to feel their impalpable softness, and then watch their reproachful shrinking up into tight little fists at our mild intrusion.

After reassuring ourselves about the sea-anemones, the next thing was to scramble away over barnacles and wet seaweed and make a hurried survey of the rocks, whose every shape and angle were remembered from year to year like familiar rooms and passageways.

* * * * *

All summer long we played on these rocks, scraping our knees and ornamenting our shins with spectacular black and blue marks. We waded in the countless pools, where periwinkles grew and starfish were to be found, and where an eel we once encountered convinced us for a while that we had seen the sea-serpent that everyone was talking about. Very, very gradually we learned to swim, for ten minutes a day was all the bathing we were allowed; and we turned deaf ears to friends who tried to lure us away to bathe on the Sandy Beach by telling us it was pleasanter to the feet. It was quite true that the pebbles on the Stony Beach did hurt your feet; but Frank and I had a remedy for that, in paths of big flat stones that we laid from the bath houses down to low-water mark — good fun to make, and deliciously smooth and hot to walk upon as you came stumbling up out of the icy water.

We pounded bits of brick and a certain kind of green stone into fine powder, to be mixed with drops of oil and turpentine from Helen's paintbox and made into paint for the boats that Frank was always whittling out of shingles and blocks of wood. The Boys came down to the beach once in a while and showed us how to skip stones, their own stones skipping away almost out of sight, and ours never taking more than four or five feeble hops. But in a lovely dream, which I still have sometimes, my stone would go endlessly on and on over the glistening water to disappear at last beyond the horizon.

Forever the tide was busy covering and uncovering our rocks and washing new wreckage on to the beach for us to investigate — especially bottles, one of which we felt certain would some day contain the last message of a poor shipwrecked mariner, and whose invariable smell of whiskey disappointed us but never deterred us from the search.

With Helen or some agile grown-up to accompany us, we explored Swallow's Cave, entering it by its landward opening at the end of our road, below the "jumping-off place," and emerging among the half under-water rocks of the point. The adventure never lost its sense of danger, for it could only be undertaken at very low tide and you always wondered if your calculations were correct. If not, the cave would suddenly be flooded and you would never be able to climb high enough on its slippery over-hanging sides to keep your head above water. And even without such a fatal miscalculation as this, a very few minutes too long spent in examining the seaweed and making sure that the sea-anemones were merely brown ones, would mean that your scramble around the rocks back to the Stony Beach was very wet and difficult.

For Mamma and for Frank and me, the climax every year would be the tremend-

ous northeast storm that was certain to come before we left for Weston. When this happened everything else would be laid aside, and Mamma would take us up to a high narrow path on the cliffs to see the surf. For hours we stood there — watching the tremendous waves that pounded furiously against the rocks and exploded into towering clouds of white spray, drowning our voices in their thunder and making the ground tremble beneath our feet. Awestruck by the turmoil, we held tightly to Mamma's hands and wished that the storm would last forever. Afterwards — for it never did last forever — the sea grew smooth again, sometimes as smooth as glass; but great swells still came rolling in for days to crash against the rocks and give us an aftermath of surf. This, Mamma called the "old sea." Sometimes an "old sea" would appear when we had had no storm at all, and then we would know that there had been one raging somewhere in

mid-ocean, whose swells were rolling in to give us surf once more.

There was no end to the delights of Nahant. Summer seemed all too short, and as the time for departure approached we dreaded the thought of tearing ourselves away. But the excitement that prevailed at moving-time would always catch us up in its whirl; and when the actual day for going back to Weston arrived, we began to remember the horses and the banisters and the chestnuts, and to feel that some new and not-to-be-sneezed-at experience might be awaiting us.



BOSTON

(Including Crime and Punishment)

After Thanksgiving, came preparations for moving to Boston. A new and interesting smell filled the Weston house, for all our winter clothes were being brought out of the camphor in which Mimi had packed them away. A perennial grievance troubled poor Mimi; for in spite of her, the moths had always eaten a hole in someone's best coat, and Frank and I had invariably outgrown our suits and dresses. New clothes would have to be got for us; but though Mimi considered such extravagance wicked, she found some consolation in the fact that the old ones would be given away to "orphans" of her own choosing.

The grown-ups — the females, that is — began to preoccupy themselves with social matters, the teas, dances and din-

ners for which invitations were pouring in by every mail, and the projected festivity of that sort which was to be given for Molly or, later on, Helen. For several weeks before leaving Weston Mamma's visiting list would be much in evidence — a large, heavy blank-book in which everyone she knew was entered alphabetically and which, each autumn, she spent much time bringing up to date, adding new "buds" and brides and crossing out the "Three D's", as she described the deceased, divorced and demented. A Miss Maria Hall would be summoned to "do invitations", and tables all over the parlor would be covered with fashionable-looking white envelopes that she had addressed in a beautiful spidery handwriting which I admired intensely and when I was a little older tried vainly to copy.

A feeling of great events impending was all about you. Easy-going country existence was over for the next five months; school began to loom upon Frank

and me, and the season had arrived when you realized quite suddenly that you were a year older than you used to be.

* * * * *

No. 87 Mount Vernon Street, where we lived in Boston, was a beautiful house that had been built in about 1806 — probably, though not certainly, by the famous architect Bullfinch. Standing slightly back from, and above, the street — just where the hill begins to pitch steeply down toward Louisburg Square — it was approached by a semi-circular driveway that was shared with No. 89. Each of the houses had its own stable, set well behind in a cobble-stoned back yard with high surrounding walls; and though "89" which had once been red-brick and beautiful like "87" was now brown sand-stone and ugly, nevertheless the pair of them seemed to survey the hill from their high vantage point with graceful and dignified aloofness.

Mamma's grandmother, Mrs. George Gardner Lee, had come to "87" as a widow to live with her unmarried brother William Sawyer, when he bought the house in 1818. "Uncle Sawyer," as Mamma used to speak of him, left it to Mrs. Lee at his death, and she in turn left it to Mamma who was her granddaughter and only living descendant. Mamma was eighteen years old, and both her parents were dead when she inherited the house. She was living at 16 Louisburg Square with a beloved Miss Anna Webber for companion, and didn't transplant herself to Mount Vernon Street until the following year when she and Papa were married. That was in 1866.

Six generations of us have lived in the house, since Great Grandmother Lee and her children took up their abode there with "Uncle Sawyer"; and even by the time I can first remember it, in the

early 1890's, it seemed more like an ancestor itself than just an ordinary house.

* * * * *

Coming as we did from Weston and Nahant, where there was no artificial light but candles and kerosene lamps, Frank and I were fascinated afresh each year by the gas-light. With a sort of awe we used to watch the grown-ups turn little faucets on the wall fixtures and then touch matches to the gas that whooshed out and burst into yellow flame; and impatiently we looked forward to the day when we should be old enough to perform the rite ourselves. The gas pipes always leaked a little, and here and there around the house you encountered faint skunky smells that got into your dreams and sometimes gave you nightmares; but neither this nor the ever-present possibility of asphyxiation — if some "greenhorn" maid were to blow out the flame and leave the gas escaping — ever de-

tracted from the charm we felt on arrival at finding the lights softly burning in the hall and reflecting themselves on the curved mahogany stair-rail.

For two flights this winding stairway twisted round and round, making you a little dizzy when you stood at the bottom and tried to follow it with your gaze to the very top. Frank and I used to want very badly to slide down its long, unbroken spiral; but the slender banisters and delicate rail shook when you leaned against them ever so lightly; so, realizing how very short our lives would be if ever we yielded to the temptation, we wisely resisted.

Above these two flights of stairs a third, hidden away somewhere, led to the top floor; where in a sunny nursery and bedrooms whose windows overlooked all the spires and twinkling lights of Boston, Mimi, Frank and I lived; and until we were seven or eight, a succession of nursemaids who had to carry all

Frank's and my meals up the three flights of stairs and endure Mimi's frequent scoldings. Some of their names were Beda, Olga and Almeda, and like Mimi they were Swedish, so that for several years Frank and I spoke Swedish oftener than English, and in English had a strong Swedish accent. The only phrases that I can still remember are "snall flicka" and "stygg pojke", which mean good girl and naughty boy and, I think, indicate that Mimi liked girls better than boys.

Certainly such goodness as I possessed must have been far more unpleasant than Frank's so-called badness. He was never cross or spiteful or sulky, while I was all those things and self-righteous besides. Once, for instance, hoping to win favor from Mimi who was very religious and strict, I expressed the opinion that Helen would never go to Heaven, because she sewed on Sunday. It was a great shock to my feelings and gave me

a new insight into Mimi's character when instead of praising me for my saintly attitude she pronounced me instead a "nasty little hypocrite." On another occasion I justified myself for kicking Almeda violently in the shins, when Mimi was out of sight, by telling myself that I wanted to make sure the family "got their money's worth out of her"! Poor Almeda was new and much too cowed by Mimi to make complaints about anything, so nobody heard of this and I remained unpunished.

Frank, on the other hand, committed all his crimes quite openly, and punishment was usually attempted. Generally, however, it missed fire. Once at Nahant, for instance, Mimi locked him up in a dark, window-less jelly closet for something she considered a misdemeanor — "to stay there until he was good" — expecting it to be a very short time before he repented of his sins and asked to be let out. Time passed, and as nothing

was heard from him Mimi finally went to the closet door and inquired, "Frank, aren't you good yet?" "No", came Frank's voice rather thickly, "but the strawberry jam is!"

It was in the Mt. Vernon Street nursery, which was also Mimi's bedroom, that Frank and I had our only simultaneous spanking. For some reason we had been put there to take our naps together on the two single beds, instead of in separate rooms as usual. Of course we kept each other awake and before long were itching to get up and do something worthy of the occasion. For a while we tossed about, so as to "sound natural" to Mimi who was sewing in the next room; then, after a few minutes of lying still to make her think we had finally gone to sleep, we tumbled out of bed and tiptoed softly into the little dressing-room adjoining, where for a happy half hour we used Mimi's tooth and nail brushes to fresco the walls as high as we could

reach, with her yellow soap and pink tooth powder. Our suppressed squeals of delight must have given us away, for Mimi came in and found us at our work long before our usual nap time was over. But the 'artists' materials' were nearly used up, and we were ready to stop; so, although we howled when she spanked us, we didn't feel that the afternoon had been wasted.

In this same dressing-room I used to watch Mimi doing up her beautiful coppers hair — first tying it close to her head, after much brushing and combing, with a little piece of brown silk-elastic cord; then braiding it into a braid that seemed to me several yards long; and finally coiling it round and round into a pile on the crown of her head. In the evenings when Mamma came up to the nursery to sit and chat with her for a while and try to cheer her up — for she was often melancholy in those days — Mimi sometimes spoke of having "lost

her husband". And until I was five or six years old I supposed this lost possession to be the little elastic cord, which was often getting mislaid and having to be hunted for. My Swedish-English vocabulary had made me jump to the conclusion that "husband" meant "hair-band". For a long while after that — years and years — I felt a great dislike for the word, which always suggested to me something brown, stretchy, and unpleasant.

* * * * *

Below our airy quarters on the third floor were huge bedrooms where the grown-ups slept, with big heavy furniture and on the walls queer old family portraits. One painting in particular interested Frank and me, of a great-great-grandmother named Sybil Farnham Sawyer and her small son whom we called "Little Joseph". The artist had given Sybil Farnham Sawyer everything he

could think of in the way of draperies, handsome clothes and a dove on her wrist, besides a haughty expression and a very long neck. But to "Little Joseph" he had given no clothes except the folds of his mother's skirt, and no neck at all, so that his little face just sat on his shoulders and smiled out at you rather like a Cheshire cat. We were very fond of "Little Joseph" and often used to go into the guest room where he hung, to look at him and indulge in melancholy at knowing that he had died of smallpox inoculation before he was eight years old. It seemed to us too, that his mother *might* have given him a little dress to wear when he was having his picture painted.

On the floor below the big-bedrooms were the two parlors, still one flight up from the front door and dining-room. They were large, lofty, square rooms separated by mahogany folding-doors that were kept closed except when parties

were given, at which times they were thrown open and the two rooms became a single, very big one. On these occasions strange transformations sometimes occurred; as I discovered when Johnny came up to my nursery at twelve o'clock one night when I was three and a half years old, and carried me downstairs in my long flannel nightgown to the parlor. There, to my great bewilderment, I saw people whirling round and round on what looked like hard-packed snow. Music was playing and it was Molly's coming-out party. Next morning when I came down to look at the snow, it had all disappeared; and I learned that it had really been white canvas tacked down over the carpet, for people to dance upon! This was the regular procedure until long afterwards, when hard-wood floors were laid in those rooms — and there are still people alive who remember those parties and say that nothing is so delightful to dance on as canvas over carpet.

This part of the house was for a good while rather terrifying to me, partly, perhaps, because the ceilings were so very high and made me feel so very small. But chiefly, I think, because of the gods and goddesses in the billiard-room — Cupid and Psyche, whose whole story was told in almost life-sized gray-and-white pictures set in panels around the wall. You could not find the billiard-room by yourself, and even when you were taken there by a grown-up you didn't quite like the dark mysterious ante-room opening out of the parlor, that had to be traversed; nor the steps and passageway beyond, where you knew there was a secret door in the wall, leading to unknown regions.

But though the gods and goddesses and their surroundings frightened me, they fascinated me still more, and one day I made up my mind to be brave and visit them all by myself. So I stole downstairs to the parlor, and, rather timidly opening the door into the ante-room,

started upon my journey. But, horrors! no sooner had I taken three or four steps than the parlor door swung silently shut behind me, and I stood alone in inky darkness. Groping about helplessly for a moment to find the way back, I soon realized that the door was lost and that somewhere very near me were those terrifying gods and goddesses. At first I was too frightened to make a sound; but presently I did screw up my courage and began to howl with all my lungs. After what seemed to me aeons of terror, Molly finally heard my screams and came downstairs and rescued me, or as I put it at the time, "found my way back to the nursery for me!" For a long while after this I felt that Cupid and Psyche had betrayed me, and I avoided their company.



"THE AUNTS"

In Weston and Nahant the doorbell seldom rang, because the front door stood open; but in Boston we heard it many times a day — not sounding like the electric buzzers that most houses have nowadays, but giving a real tinkle from a real bell and having different expressions for different people. A loud, peremptory jangle usually meant a cross expressman delivering some package in a tremendous hurry. A faint, absent-minded tinkle was generally the postman poking a couple of uninteresting advertisements into the letter slot. A gentle, lady-like ring at half past four was very likely to be some caller for Mamma. But if we heard a certain energetic ting-aling at three o'clock when Frank and I were sick, we knew at once that one of

"The Aunts" had come to spend the afternoon with us.

It was worth being housed with the worst of colds to hear that special ring, and presently to have Aunt Sarah, Aunt Mamie, or Aunt Helen calling out from the foot of our third-floor stairway to ask "if there were any little folks at home?" In another moment Frank and I would both be settled down on a comfortable lap in the nursery rocking-chair, listening to stories of "Max and Pax", "The King of the Golden River", or a particularly delightful story that the Aunts themselves had made up about some good and bad squirrels. They wore little bonnets — the Aunts I mean, not the squirrels! — that tied under their double-chins with long velvet ribbons which Frank and I dreamily tied and untied as the Aunts rocked and the stories progressed. By the end of such afternoons it was no wonder we were restored to mel-

low mood, no matter how miserable and peevish we may have been before.

The Aunts were Papa's sisters and were known to nearly all Boston as "The Painaunts." No one could ever decide which was the nicest; or whether they themselves were nicer than good, or gooder than nice. Also they were extraordinarily healthy; and until she was eighty-two, Aunt Sarah had never had a doctor in her life except once when she fell down a well and it was thought she might have broken her arm. The arm turned out not to have been broken, but Aunt Sarah had dislodged something in the well during her descent, and the well did have to be repaired.

When we first knew Aunt Sarah she was already round and rosy with smooth, silky white hair. Aunt Mamie was tall and imposing but had twinkling eyes and little, curly tendrils at the back of her neck. Aunt Helen, the baby of the family and rather handsome, was fifty or

so when I first remember her, and was considered somewhat frivolous and weak-minded by the other two because she had become an Episcopalian. She was always going abroad and reading Italian books and didn't really fit in very well with Aunt Sarah and Aunt Mamie who were Unitarians. But she told the same stories when she came to see us, and Frank and I didn't in the least mind about her religion.

The Aunts had invented the word "nephieces" as a collective term to save time when speaking of their "nephews and nieces." Before the Aunts died — between 1914-1925 perhaps, the number of nephieces in the various generations had become almost astronomical. The Aunts gave birthday presents to us all until we were eighteen, when they considered us officially grown-up and birthdays no longer to be particularly observed. But their Christmas presents went on till the last Aunt died — and no neph-

iece of all the hundred and something ever got the same present twice or ever found disappointing contents in the plain white package that arrived on Christmas morning tied with narrow red ribbon and addressed in Aunt Sarah's beautiful handwriting.

To be invited to dinner with the Aunts at their house at 21 Brimmer Street was the greatest dissipation of the winter for Frank and me. The little old Irish maid, Margaret, who let us in and waited on the table, was so ugly that I always had nightmares about her both before and after going there, but this only added to the sense of adventure that we felt at dining out alone with no Mamma or Mimi at hand to tell us what to do. We would be delivered at Brimmer Street at two o'clock and be joyfully greeted by the Aunts as if they hadn't seen us for years. After a delicious dinner that went down much more easily than our meals at home

(which had been carried up three long flights of stairs, and still stick in my mind as always being cold and greasy) the Aunts would bring out all sorts of puzzles and toys and old china dolls from their closet shelves, and delightful games of their own childhood like Mansion of Happiness and Tiddledy-Winks. For a long, blissful afternoon we would play those games, try to guess the Aunts' special riddles, have a lively session of "muggins says thumbs up", and listen to a story or two; and finally when it had grown dark outside and lights were beginning to twinkle and reflect themselves on the Charles River — which in those days came right up to the Aunts' backyard and was not pushed away as now by esplanades and playgrounds and streams of motor traffic — Mimi would arrive to take us home, replete with pleasure and glowing with warmth from the Aunts' affection.

Much later on, when I was old enough to go to Miss Winsor's, as the school round the corner on Beacon Street was then called, my cousin Emily Storer and I used to spend several nights a week with the Aunts in spring and autumn, instead of coming in to school from the country every day. That meant, in spite of homework, delightful evenings of bezique and euchre; and, afterwards, hours of surreptitious conversation when Emily and I were supposed to be sound asleep in the guest-room double bed. Every evening as Aunt Sarah said goodnight to us she would ask if we wanted her to draw our baths in the morning after she had taken her own, and whether we wanted them hot or cold. The only disapproving looks she ever gave me — and they were very mild — were when I said that I'd like a bath and *hot*, please! for she, herself, took a cold bath every morning and considered hot water effete. However, the water that I found trickling

slowly next morning into the shining tin-lined bathtub from the faucet marked HOT was always stone cold, so that I used to think Aunt Sarah might have spared me her disapproval. I have often wondered if the Aunts really had any hot water heater at all, or if they merely took it for granted that a faucet marked HOT would automatically produce hot water. Emily never got Aunt Sarah's disapproving looks, since she asked for a cold bath; a universal Storer custom that I thought they rather showed off about when I spent nights with them in Waltham!

The Aunts spent their whole lives in living for other people, and when they died it seemed as if an era that was very noble had disappeared into the past. Three generations of their Sunday School girls came to their funerals. And again the nieces asked each other: "Were the Aunts gooder than nice, or nicer than good?"

ETIQUETTE, AND BOOBY-HUTS

"1901"

The doorbell which brought "the Aunts" into the Mt. Vernon Street house a few pages ago brought Mamma's numerous visitors too; for much calling went on and the bell tinkled very often. Not only Mamma's intimate friends but also all the people she had invited to parties, called and left visiting cards, so that before we had been in town many weeks the bronze bowl in the hall was full to overflowing. Any lady with a husband or grown-up son left their cards as well as her own — two of each as a matter of fact, since her males were supposed to express their politeness not only to Mamma but also to Papa. By the time Molly and Helen were "out" and recognized as social entities, cards had to be

left for them too, so that after big parties like coming-out dances, the numbers became fantastic. One little thing there was, however, which everybody found a great relief in the strain of making calls and receiving visitors alike: the unwritten law that you were never "at home" till after half past four! Up to that moment, consequently, people who were just complying with etiquette and didn't want to find you "in" could ring the bell with safety; while those who really wanted to see you could come one minute later and find you "in" unless you *were* actually out. Only Sunday was an exception to this rule, being consecrated to beautiful young men in silk hats and frock coats who knew that you were "at home" all the afternoon and would give them tea.

Mamma used to have one or two dinners every winter, and invite as a rule fourteen or eighteen people, usually of very mixed ages. Just before the guests

were to arrive she would place little narrow white envelopes on the hall table, each inscribed with the name of one of the gentlemen and containing a card with the name of whichever lady Mamma had decreed he was to "take down to dinner." Frank and I, peeping through the second-story banisters, would watch the guests as they entered the parlor and said how-do-you-do to Mamma; then, after they had all conversed with each other for ten or fifteen minutes, we would see Papa, beautiful to behold and impressive in his seldom-used dress-suit, go up to one of the ladies with a little bow, offer his arm, and lead her toward the stairway. Whereupon all the other gentlemen would do likewise and offer their arms to the ladies of their envelopes. With Mamma and her escort bringing up the rear, a dignified procession of swallow-tail coats and velvet or satin trains would then wind down the stairway arm in arm and disappear into the dining-

room, to consume the dozen courses of dinner-party food whose delectable smells had been filling the house and making mouths water all the afternoon. Long before the guests reappeared in the parlor — ladies first so that the men might smoke cigars and enjoy themselves alone for half an hour — Frank and I were sent to bed, but not until we had had the plates of party ice-cream and little frosted cakes that Mimi brought up to us as our share of the festivities.

Papa endured these dinner parties because in theory he approved of social life, but he was much too shy to enjoy them for their own sake. Mamma, who had first met him just after the Civil War, in which he had fought the whole four years and been made a Major General, used to tell us how the French dancing teacher of his day had pronounced him "a leetle *timide*." He transmitted his shyness to his children, and his sons all capitalized on it to the fullest extent and never al-

lowed themselves to be inveigled into any sort of social affair. John didn't object to the society of girls as such, but he refused to go to dances on the ground that if he danced with *little* girls he might kill them and if he danced with big ones *they* might kill *him*. Charlie eschewed everything but athletics and hunting; and Frank was the shyest of all. When Mamma insisted on his coming into the parlor to say how-do-you-do to someone, he would shut his eyes, enter sideways like a crab with his right hand stuck straight out as if to keep the greatest possible distance between himself and the visitor, and then, as soon as the dreaded handshake was over, rush blindly out of the room.

We were a shy lot, all of us. In my case it was people of my own age who filled me with self-consciousness and inferiority, and grown-ups with whom I felt at ease. With Frank it was the other way around. His contemporaries had no

terrors for him; nor, as a matter of fact, did his teachers — a species of grown-up of whom he never at any age stood in awe.

* * * * *

After going to kindergarten for a very short while in the Lyman house at 39 Beacon Street, which is now part of the Women's City Club, Frank and I were sent to a real school at 374 Marlboro Street, kept by three Miss B——s. Except for the pleasant means of getting there, it failed to make much impression upon us; but we loved the little green horse-car on tracks that ran from the Beacon Street side of the Public Garden down Marlboro Street to Massachusetts Avenue. Every morning after Mimi had escorted us to it and put us safely on board, we made the twenty-minute journey alone, feeling very grown up indeed and enjoying great chumminess with the conductor.

The Miss B——s were middle-aged gorgons about whom their pupils were constantly suspecting love-affairs; especially, for some reason, about the oldest and ugliest. Frank resisted all their attempts to teach him to read. "Why should I, when Nin can read to me?" was his attitude, until a year or two later Mamma finally took him away from the Miss B——s and sent him to a school for "backward boys." There at last he succumbed to public opinion and allowed himself to be taught to read; but never there nor anywhere else did he learn to spell. Perhaps because of an indelible impression made upon him in his very first spelling lesson at the age of five, when — he declared — "Vee told him there were three or four different ways of spelling cat." Vee was Louise Os-good, a very pretty young aunt of Elizabeth and Julia Collier's, who gave us lessons on the Nahant piazza sometimes, and who has never yet been able to re-

member teaching Frank that particular piece of knowledge.

Miss B——s school got out at noon and we caught the half-past twelve horse-car back to the Public Garden, where Mimi met us and re-escorted us home to lunch. Then came long afternoons of coasting down Mt. Vernon Street; for automobiles had not yet been invented to run over us, and the snow was not perpetually being cleaned off the streets. What came down in one storm was likely to last till the next, and there was almost always enough for coasting and building forts and having snow fights, and for punging which was the best fun of all. Low, open pungs jingled up and down the hill all day delivering bundles or groceries, and if the children were not too "fresh" the drivers would good-naturedly let two or three at a time catch up and climb on the runners. Sometimes, singly, you could get a ride on the slender runners of a "booby-hut," too — the closed

sleigh sent out by livery stables when the snow was too deep for their regular carriages to get about. Mamma used these booby-huts for shopping or making calls, and often took us with her for the sleigh-ride. They smelled deliciously of camphor; and their gorgeous crimson or cerise upholstery as well as their graceful shape reminded us of Cinderella's pumpkin coach, while the old coachman who sat on the box and drove the pair of horses with their jingling silver bells looked as if he might turn back into a rat any minute.

I wish my grandchildren might experience just once those city streets that were muffled deep and quiet under soft clean snow, with sleighbells jingling everywhere — clear and lively on the hill, faint and fairylike in the distance — and the whole air vibrating to thin, mysterious music.

But the sleighbells are gone; the carriage horses and the pleasant old Irish-

men who drove them are underground; and the booby-huts if they still exist are put away with mothballs in forgotten lofts. I wonder if they may be waiting like Nicodemus — in a favorite darky song that Rick Winsor used to sing for us — “to be waked at the Great Jubilee,” and will come back once more to jingle up and down Mt. Vernon Street?

The year 2001 is not so very far away and will surely have to be celebrated with some sort of backward glance. Who knows what may happen!

* * * * *

When the year 1901 was about to be born, a friend of mine named Margaret Stimson who was much given to dramatics invited me to celebrate the occasion with her. So I spent the night at her house on Marlboro Street, and we used the time till nearly midnight dressing Margaret herself up as the Old Century. She had a large aquiline nose that lent

itself excellently to the part of an old man; and with a long beard and tattered garments and a cardboard scythe, for the idea of Father Time was somehow mixed up with it, she looked at least the hundred years she was intended to represent. I, as the New Century, was to come into the world naked and so wore nothing at all. The pageant took place in Margaret's room, and there were no spectators. At ten minutes before twelve, the New Century climbed up on top of a tall chest of drawers and stood there holding an alarm clock straight out at arm's length, waiting for midnight. The minutes crept slowly by; the Old Century tottered around the room, becoming more and more faint and feeble; the New Century's alarm clock grew almost too heavy to hold. At last its hands reached twelve o'clock. As the alarm went off, the Old Century fell with a groan and expired among his rags and tatters, while the New Century leapt to

the floor and stood over him triumphant. The Twentieth Century was born, and Margaret and I felt that the occasion had been observed with appropriate ritual.



BOATS

and Blackjacks

Frank and I came into the family picture too late for anything but the afterglow of Papa's yacht-racing days, but we absorbed something of their atmosphere. We knew that there had been three great yachts called "Cup Defenders," named Puritan, Mayflower and Volunteer, with which Papa had beaten boats from England and won many enormous silver cups. We gathered that Papa looked down upon "yachting caps" and those who wore them, and that there was something very famous about his red suspenders because the English had never seen the front of them. When I was taken out for a sail on the Volunteer at the age of three — I can just remember it — and asked Papa why the other boats

all whistled and cheered as we met them, he chuckled softly and said, "I guess perhaps they think we're some punkins!"

"Some punkins" was certainly what the Mayor of Boston thought of the Volunteer, for after her victory over the Thistle in the America's Cup Races of 1887, he gave a great reception at Faneuil Hall in honor of her designer, Mr. Edward Burgess, and Papa. I, unfortunately, could not go to it as I was minus one year old, but seven thousand other people did and all shook Papa and Mr. Burgess by the hand. Inveigling Papa ever to talk about any of his exploits or achievements was practically impossible; but he did occasionally admit being rather proud of the fact that *his* hand was in perfectly good shape the morning after the reception, while Mr. Burgess's had been crushed almost to pulp. Papa had discovered very early in the evening that people could not squeeze his hand if

he squeezed theirs first — and Mr. Burgess had not.

The Volunteer was sold after four or five years to Papa's friend, Mr. Malcolm Forbes, and Papa built another boat which John had designed as a candidate for defending the America's Cup. Johnny named her the "Jubilee" to include Mamma's initials of J. B. and she was very, very fast and broke many records. But, alas, she was not fated for success, for in nearly every race some part of her rigging would give way and disable her. The reason — discovered too late for remedy—was that the contractor who supplied her metal blocks was "going broke," and to save himself a lot of money had cheated by making them of lighter material than the specifications called for. So "Yonny's Yubilee", as she was to me, did not win the trial races, beautiful and speedy though she was. But why should she have been the victim of such misfortune? We discovered

many years later, when I happened one day to ask Papa how many boats he had had in the course of his whole yachting career. He said he didn't know and started to name them over in order, while I counted on my fingers. When the fingers of each hand had been used and I came again to the third finger of my right hand, Papa said "Jubilee". So she turned out — without his ever having realized it before — to have been his thirteenth boat, and her unluckiness was explained.

The Jubilee was the last of Papa's big boats, though for several years we had one called the Alborak that seemed pretty big to me when I was occasionally taken out for a sail on her. She was only forty-six feet on the waterline and had a crew of four or five sailors instead of the thirty or forty there had been on the Cup Defenders. In the morning, at Nahant, if Papa thought it was going to be a good day for sailing, he would hang

a large flag over our piazza railing and call through the very megaphone that is now in Petersham: "Alborak ahoy!" Whereupon a small figure would be seen emerging on the Alborak's deck, and Papa would continue: "Get your mainsail up and send the boat ashore!" At this, more figures would appear and begin to scurry round the deck, the big mainsail would slowly rise, and the tender would cast off and start for our boat landing — a long ladder on the side of a high seawall a few hundred yards away on the Sandy Beach side. It was very exciting to climb down that ladder and jump into the bobbing little tender, and then, after being rowed out to the Alborak, to reach for another ladder and clamber up her side and go for a sail. And to find that a boat could have a real dining-room — called a 'saloon' — and beds that you could lie down upon called 'bunks,' — was perpetually surprising.

By the time Frank and I were nine and ten years old, Papa had given up sailing himself, and John had very little time for it. So the Alborak was disposed of, and Papa had a 25 foot knockabout built which we named the "Sport." A nice Swedish sailor, Capt. Lothman, who had been a member of the crew on some of the former boats, lived aboard her and took Frank and me sailing almost every day. Very often we would go fishing for cod and haddock, anchoring way off shore and staying out all day; hauling up heavy lines that seemed at least a mile long, to see if the bait were lost, which it usually was; getting our hooks re-baited and soon having to repeat the process. Quite often we did get a fish, usually a seven or eight pounder, though much more often a 'grubby,' or sculpin, and oftenest of all we lost our bait. But we never tired of fishing in spite of blistered hands and — in my case — being forced to wear a thick, hot, dark blue

veil. Frank's freckles were enjoyed by the family; mine were not, and I had to suffer.

Once in a while Helen or John would come out with us in the Sport; and occasionally when we were anchored in an oily swell, John who had done such a lot of sailing and racing all his life, would be just a trifle sea-sick. It wasn't at all unusual for us to be becalmed, and since there was no such thing as a gasoline motor in those days we sometimes got back to our moorings long after dark and saw the water afire with phosphorescence as the Captain rowed us ashore.

* * * * *

Frank by this time had outgrown playing on the beach with me, and when we were not sailing on the Sport he spent his time building boats and rafts with other boys. One of these friends had an older sister, a very grown-up young lady of eighteen, whom Frank lured one day into

making a trial trip with him in a canoe that he had just finished. On the pretext that there was something he must do to the canoe without anyone else on board, he persuaded Miss Lily Fay, for that was her name, to disembark on a raft that was anchored a quarter of a mile off shore. No sooner was she marooned on the raft than he paddled away out of reach and explained that he could not possibly take her back to shore until she had promised blackjacks in large quantities to him and all his friends. Since Miss Fay had not been wise enough to change into her bathing suit before going paddling with him, Frank and his friends got the blackjacks.

Blackjacks and Salem gibraltars were the special treats of a Nahant summer. The blackjacks were sticks of hard black molasses candy about the size and shape of a fountain pen; and the gibraltars were white and flaky, and shaped like rather thick chocolate bars; they came in lem-

on and peppermint flavors, and were diagonally "striated" like layers of rock, which I suppose is what gave them their name.

Papa refused to have regular candy in the house as he wanted us to have good teeth, and Johnny's marshmallows and occasional blackjacks or gibraltars were the only exceptions to his rule. These last were a great consolation to me when Mamma and I rode our bicycles to Lynn and back, which we did almost every day, for she let me indulge myself with one or the other at the little general store where we nearly always went for a new pair of sneakers or some other necessity. The daily bicycle ride was far from being an unmixed pleasure, although going one way was always delightful with a gentle wind behind your back so that you could put your feet up and "sail" almost the whole four miles. But in the other direction, no matter how calm and glassy the ocean looked on

each side of the long road, a gale was sure to be blowing in your face, against which it was very hard to make headway when you weighed only seventy-five or eighty pounds. Mamma of course was heavier and didn't mind the wind so much; and since she always rode ahead she neither saw my struggles nor heard my grumblings.

Bicycling in general, however, was one of Frank's and my greatest pleasures as well as Mamma's; so that on our first two trips abroad, when he was seven and I eight and a half years old, our bicycles went with us and added much to the enjoyment and excitement of our travels.



2

"INNOCENTS ABROAD"

Papa had been appointed by President McKinley in the summer of 1897 as "special envoy" on a Bi-metallic Commission, and was sent abroad with two other men, a Senator Wolcott and ex-Vice-President Stevenson (the grandfather of Adlai) to see people in London, Paris and Berlin and explain a new idea (which nobody else could understand!) about the possibility of using silver as well as gold in international finance. Early in June, Mamma, Papa and Helen sailed for England expecting to be gone only a few weeks. But very soon it appeared that the talks were going to take longer than had been supposed, and Mamma decided to come home to collect Frank and me and bring us over to England, too. We were very glad to see Mamma when she

re-appeared from Europe, and enchanted when she asked if we would like to "take a sail down the harbor" with her some day soon. But no suspicion of the length or destination of the promised sail dawned on our minds, and not until the day when it was to take place did we learn that we were going all the way to England!

We and Mamma, with Mimi and Mimi's sixteen-year old daughter Wilhelmina, and the bicycles, sailed from Boston on the Cephalonia, an old Cunarder who was considered slow even then, and was only expected to make the crossing in ten days. Frank and I had wonderful fun on board, and were made much of by the other passengers. The weather was lovely and the sea smooth; none of us were seasick, not even Mamma who was supposed to be a very poor sailor. But on the seventh morning out, we wakened early to a queer, quiet sensation; and on looking out of our portholes where

the sea was usually rushing by in green, translucent waves, lo and behold! — it was staying perfectly still, and we realized that the Cephalonia was not moving. Very soon we learned that her main shaft had broken in the night and that all attempts to repair it had failed. Airplanes and radios had not been invented, and there was nothing whatever to be done — except for the passengers and crew to wait as patiently as they could in hope that some other ship would come along eventually and give us a tow. The Captain and officers went around reassuring the passengers and insisting that there was no danger — but the fact remained that we were lolling helplessly around in the middle of the ocean. The situation was full of unpleasant possibilities, and one old fat lady insisted on throwing a bottle overboard with farewell messages to her husband.

Our flags were hoisted upside-down as signals of distress in case anyone came

by near enough to see us through their telescopes; every now and then a rather small brass cannon was fired off; and all the time passengers whispered to each other not to be frightened — while keeping their own eyes and binoculars glued to the horizon. In the late afternoon at about five o'clock a tiny speck appeared in the distance, and I achieved great prestige by being the first passenger to catch sight of it. Presently the speck grew less tiny, and soon began to change its course and head for us. The excitement on the Cephalonia was great as the speck became more and more visible and finally took shape as a very small freight steamer. At first our hopes of rescue began to sink because we thought she looked too little to be of any use to us. But luckily we were mistaken, and soon we were told that the code messages sent back and forth between our Captain and hers had resulted in her agreeing to tow us to Queenstown, the port in Ireland

now called Cobh. The Floridian, for that was her name and she belonged to the United Fruit Company and was carrying a cargo of fruit, sidled up to us as close as she could; while a boat was lowered from our davits, and five or six of our officers and crew started rowing over to her with a towline. Boat and crew looked unbelievably small and inadequate as we hung over the rail and watched; the water which had seemed so smooth all day — we suddenly realized — was rough and dangerous, and we could not help wondering how many miles deep it was.

No one breathed until our boat had reached the Floridian's side and her crew had caught the end of the hawser and got it safe on board. Then at last a cheer went up, followed by another tense silence while our boat rowed back; finally, when all the crew were safe once more on the Cephalonia's decks, came another cheer still louder than the first.

Slowly the Floridian started to move, and slowly the tow-line tautened. In a moment we were moving along in her wake — when suddenly the tow-line parted and we were adrift once more, with our hopes dashed to the bottom of the ocean. The Captains of the two ships were not discouraged, however, and the whole performance was gone through again with some stronger kind of cable and rather more cautious cheering. This time, the cable held; and at eight o'clock in the evening we were at last progressing toward Ireland. Next morning when we waked, the water was moving past our portholes again; though not so fast as before, and no longer accompanied by the throb of engines.

It was slow work for the little Floridian to tow a steamer four times her own size, and Ireland was seven hundred miles or more away. Everyone talked about the Good Samaritan, particularly when a splendid, fast, White Star liner called the

Majestic overtook us later on but "passed by on the other side." She could have towed us in to Queenstown ever so much faster than the Floridian, but was by way of making a trans-Atlantic record and didn't want to be slowed down. She did report our situation and whereabouts however, when she docked, so that people who had been worrying about the Cephalonia's non-arrival began making jokes instead. Papa and Helen, for instance, waiting for us in London, decided that I must have been the Jonah that caused all the trouble!

We were seven or eight days getting to Queenstown, and there in the middle of the night the passengers were put ashore in tugs and given a special train to take them to Dublin. That is the only time I have ever been in Ireland, and all that I can remember is a long, bumpy, wakeful night and a sunrise over rosy mountains. At Dublin we caught the early morning boat for England and crossed the Irish

channel to a place called Fishguard where at last we took the train for London. Frank and I were very tired and the four hours' ride seemed endless; but the English train amused us with its compartments where you sat facing each other, and the fields that we whizzed by were dotted everywhere with sheep and baby lambs. London came at last, and our long journey was over. Papa and Helen — waiting for us in a huge hotel called the Savoy, with very grand rooms and a lovely view of the Thames with its bridges and tug boats and the Houses of Parliament — were very glad to see us; and Helen gave me six pairs of beautiful suede gloves in different shades of pale gray and fawn color with four tiny pearl buttons at the wrist. Their smooth softness and delicious smell filled me with inexplicable delight, as other inappropriate presents have sometimes done.

Frank and I gloated a good deal over Papa and Helen, who had not experienced

our perilous adventure on the ocean, and we thoroughly enjoyed the new feeling of importance it had given us. But Mamma, I think, would have been quite willing to forego the whole thing.

For a few days we stayed in London and went to see a great many sights, such as Westminster Abbey, the Tower, some queer, wooden statues called "Gog and Magog," and the Horse Guards. The London streets everywhere were gay and crowded and filled with people that seemed to us immensely tall — tall young ladies with huge "buns" of beautiful fair hair, tall men in tall silk hats, tall soldiers, tall policemen, and very tall omnibuses which almost made me dizzy when Mamma occasionally took us on the roof of one for a ride.

We liked it best when Mamma took us about in hansom cabs, which were meant for only two passengers but had plenty of room for the three of us, as Frank and I were so little. They were springy, two-

wheeled carriages; covered except in front, where doors that folded over your knees were the only thing between you and the horse's tail.* The "cabby" sat outside behind you, on a very high box with a long whip in his hand and the reins draped down in front of your face. If Mamma wanted to speak to him she poked up a little window in the roof with her parasol or umbrella, which we made her do as often as possible for we liked to hear the cabby answer and drop his h's.

But the best thing of all in London was the Zoo. Mamma took us there a great many times and loved it just as much as we did — particularly the monkey house, for she had had monkeys of her own as a little girl and used to tell us about her "Jocko" who was big and very naughty, and "Sammy" her little marmoset who was very tiny and used

*I'm wrong. There was a dashboard too.

to run round and round the hat brims of her mother's visitors. Her mother had been so fond of animals that the circus used to bring all its sick and dying specimens to Boston, knowing that Mrs. Bryant would buy them to give them a good home to die in! That, I think, is how Jocko and Sammy were acquired, only happily they had not died but had recovered instead.

Once or twice every summer at Nahant — to go back there for a moment — an old hand-organ man with a monkey on his shoulder used to come trudging up the road, grinding out the Miserere from "Il Trovatore," or Tarara Boom-de-Aye. At the first distant sound of his music Frank and I would rush to Papa for all the pennies his pocket contained, and then go out to the front steps with Mamma to welcome the monkey. He was always dressed in funny, gay little clothes, and his master would start to make him twirl about and do tricks. But Mamma would

have none of that. She would sit down on the grass and take the monkey in her lap; and while Frank and I put pennies into the leathery little blue hand he held out to us, she would take off his uncomfortable, silly clothes (which I am ashamed to say Frank and I thought quite beautiful and becoming); and as she cuddled and played with him, his sad little wrinkled face would look up at her in almost heart-breaking gratitude. Once, before I can remember, Mamma was driving through Lynn in a carry-all, the closed carriage that we used on rainy days, when a monkey suddenly jumped through the open window on to her lap. She had not seen him, among a small crowd of people on the sidewalk; but he had spied her as the carriage passed, and had recognized her as his kind friend of the previous summer. So it was not surprising when we went to the Zoo in London that we spent a lot of time in the Monkey House.

But Mamma could not take us to the Zoo every day while we were in England, and she decided to have Mimi, Wilhelmina, Frank and me stay in the country instead of London. She found delightful lodgings for us about half an hour out of London at Hampstead; and there she established us on the top floor of a nice Mrs. Well's house, where our meals were brought up to our own sitting-room and Mrs. Wells's little dog "Jack" was always ready to play with us.

Nothing could have been pleasanter. Mamma came out to see us three or four times a week to take us for bicycle rides and to tell us about all the things she and Papa and Helen were doing in London. In between times Wilhelmina gave us lessons and took us for walks, and very soon we were perfectly at home in our English abode. At the top of the hill in the middle of the town was a small pond where a man kept a large flock of donkeys and for a penny would let us ride

one once round the pond. We did this nearly every day and felt very proud to be riding "donkey-back," even tho the donkeys were very lazy and would not move until the man or his little boy whacked them with their sticks. I was enormously pleased one day when Frank's donkey, who had actually been whacked into a trot, stopped suddenly and Frank fell off!

This was the summer of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, and all sorts of celebrations were going on; even Papa who hated such things had to appear at some of them on account of his "official capacity." It was fun to hear about it all from Mamma, who was enjoying herself very much indeed and on several occasions had worn a diamond tiara that Papa gave her in honor of the Jubilee festivities. Poor Papa himself was obliged to appear at them in black silk knee-breeches with buckles and silk stockings; and according to Mamma he felt as inde-

cent and uncomfortable in such attire as Frank had done in his first suit of trousers — which I told about at the beginning. There were interesting people to meet, however, at the receptions, and one evening Papa found himself talking with the Prince of Wales, who kept him very busy answering questions about boats and yacht-racing, until the conversation was interrupted by Mr. Stevenson wandering up to them and joining in. That is something that you *don't do* to Royalty; so with a stiff little bow His Royal Highness turned away, and the conversation was over. Papa had been enjoying it and thought that the Prince had too, so he was rather sorry. I have a feeling that Mr. Stevenson's grandson Adlai would have known better.

The three members of the Bi-metallic Commission were summoned to Buckingham Palace to call on Queen Victoria, but Papa didn't seem to think it had been a very interesting interview. He said the

Queen was unbelievably short and round; and later when Oliver Herford's "Alphabet of Celebrities" came out he declared that the picture of "Q is the Queen so noble and Free," and "V is Victoria, Noble and True" looked exactly like her and were not at all exaggerated.

This visit to England lasted only a month, as the Commission had to come back and report progress to the President. So we all came home together for two or three weeks and then returned once more to England. Frank and I again enjoyed the voyages, although there were no more adventures for our benefit on the high seas.

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Again on this second trip we went to Mrs. Wells's in Hampstead, and were delighted to find that neither her little dog Jack nor the donkey-man had forgotten us. Mamma came out from London as

usual and took us on longer bicycle rides than before.

One day we set out for Harrow, about ten miles or so away, to see one of the oldest and most famous boys' schools in England, called Harrow-on-the-Hill. We had gone half the way, and Frank and I were peacefully riding in single file behind Mamma along one of the narrow country lanes that are bordered by steep banks and high hedges, when the hedge just ahead of us suddenly seemed to explode with flying manes and pounding hoofs, as five or six great Shire horses burst through a gap and came thundering toward us.

Frank and I had just time to scramble terrified up the bank at the side of the lane, while the first horse knocked Mamma and her bicycle down and the rest jumped over her one after another — till the whole wild procession had disappeared in clouds of dust down the lane behind us. Of course we expected to

find Mamma dead and mangled when we pulled ourselves together and came down the bank, and could hardly believe our eyes when she picked herself and her bicycle up from the road, both of them intact and not even scratched. There must be some truth in the belief that horses will never step on you if they can help it. If there weren't, Mamma would not have been alive to take us the rest of the way to Harrow; but even tho we got there and saw all sorts of famous initials cut in the walls, its beauty and interest made very little impression on us after our adventure and Mamma's narrow escape.

After a fortnight at Hampstead we went to the sea-shore, first to Seaford and then to Bournemouth, both of them on the South coast of England. Papa and Mamma and Helen came down from London and stayed with us, Papa happy playing golf and Helen happy sketching, while Mamma continued to take Frank

and me on bicycle expeditions. There were countless interesting places to be seen in the neighborhood, and we used to start out in the morning and ride to one or another of them nine or ten miles away; then after lunching at the village inn and doing our sightseeing, we would put ourselves and our bicycles, comfortably exercised and tired, on board a train that brought us back to the hotel in time for supper.

Christchurch, Alfriston and Wimborne were places that I especially remember. Christchurch had a lovely Abbey with beautiful arches and windows, and we began there to pick up a few architectural terms such as "clerestory" and "perpendicular" and "transept", and used them knowingly when we were with Papa, to make him chuckle. At Alfriston we saw a very tiny old church with a remarkable clock that was inhabited by painted wooden figures, who came out of a door in its face to strike the hours. At

Wimborne there was a particularly lovely Minster which had been sacked and mutilated long ago in Oliver Cromwell's time, when his Roundheads had thought that the Lord approved of their going up and down England smashing the religious statues and carvings in every church they came to. As the old verger who was taking us around with a party of other tourists enumerated one thing after another that the Puritans had demolished, Mamma couldn't resist remarking to him that she was sorry about all the damage done by her ancestors! At this the poor old verger almost sank to the ground in apology and stammered out: "Oh I 'opes I 'aven't given no hoffence Ma'am!" So Mamma explained that she was every bit as angry with her ancestors as he was, and comforted him with an extra large tip.

For our last week in England we all went back to London. While we were there Mamma bought Frank and me each

a new suit at a very fashionable children's shop called "Swears and Wells," which we naturally kept getting mixed up and calling "Wears and Swells." Frank's outfit was a brown tweed suit of jacket and knickerbockers, with a very cocky little felt hat to match, and mine was a stylish navy-blue serge sailor-suit dress with rows of narrow white braid around the collar and cuffs. When we saw ourselves in the mirror we looked almost like English children.

This time in London we didn't stay at the Savoy, but at Thomas's Hotel, Berkeley Square. It was an old house that had probably belonged to Lord Somebody Something a long time ago, and was very much like our own house at 87 Mt. Vernon Street, only bigger. There were large square bedrooms with canopied four-poster beds so high that you had to climb into them with a stepladder. Underneath each bed a round tin bathtub was kept, shaped like an enormous

upside-down sailor hat, which the chamber-maid dragged out into the middle of the floor every evening, to be ready next morning for the hot water which she would carry up from the lower regions in great copper cans. You filled your tub, stepped with great care into the crown of the hat, sat down on the cold tin brim — very gingerly so as not to upset the whole thing — and then proceeded to wash. In spite of the greatest care you could not help splashing water all around the carpet. At home we never had baths except on Friday nights (I think Mimi reserved Saturdays for herself so as to be especially clean on Sunday) but here in London they evidently expected your bath to be a daily occurrence. Frank didn't approve of this at all; and when he fell into one of the not-yet-emptied tubs on the morning of our departure, and got his new English suit completely soaked, there was a feeling among the rest of us that he had done it on purpose. We

were all ready to start for the railroad station, and whether the English suit came with us wet and dripping, or stayed behind to be dried and sent on later, I can't remember.

The Bi-Metallic question had been settled for a long time to come, not by Papa and the other members of the commission, but by the unexpected discovery in some part of the globe of an enormous new supply of gold that altered the financial picture of the world. But it had lasted long enough to make Frank's and my summer unforgettable.



UNCLE AND AUNT

Frank and I achieved uncle-and-aunt-hood at a very early age. Our oldest sister Molly was married when Frank was four and I five and a half years old; and she and her husband, Rick Winsor, went to live in Waterbury, Connecticut, where Rick was teaching at the Taft School. One morning, the following spring in Boston, a telegram came for Mamma which seemed to excite her very much, and almost immediately we were told that Molly had had a baby and that it was our niece! We were tremendously surprised and delighted with this astounding news; and since no one had telephones in those days, we were given the impressive errand of taking notes to all the nearby relatives. Mimi escorted us from one house to another, where as we

delivered the notes Frank and I proudly announced: "We're a aunt and a uncle!"

Mamma was extremely busy all that day sending telegrams and letters and hunting up a trained nurse to be sent to Waterbury; and the atmosphere upstairs and down was one of intense excitement, of which Frank and I somehow felt ourselves to be the real centre. For though many people had had babies before, there were none that we had ever heard of who became uncles or aunts so young as we.

But alas! That very evening another telegram came for Mamma, explaining that it was all a mistake and Molly had not had a baby after all. So the next morning Frank and I took another batch of notes around and had to confess sadly to our relatives, "We're not a aunt and a uncle after all!" This disappointment was very hard for me to bear, for I had mentally christened Molly's baby "May" and had already become very fond of it.

The disappointment wasn't permanent, however. Six weeks later, when we had been out in Weston some time, Mamma went back to Boston to visit Molly at 87 Mt. Vernon Street where she and Rick had been staying since the close of his school. One day a message came from Mamma saying that she wanted Frank and me to come in to call on Molly; so Mimi took us in town by train and we were driven by a station cab up to the house. There Mamma met us at the front door and immediately took us upstairs to see Molly. We were surprised to find her in bed, as we had not heard of her being ill; but she was evidently not having anything contagious for we were allowed to kiss her good-morning. As I was doing so, she remarked, "This is your nephew, and his name is Charles Paine Winsor!" Whereupon we discovered to our great surprise that a clothes basket on the bed beside Molly contained a baby!

Although Frank and I were at last reinstated as uncle and aunt, I was still very sorry not to have a niece called May.

The mystery of the original mistake had been due to Mamma's mis-interpretation of Rick's first telegram, which had read "Girl old woman rather gone hur-ray." Mamma of course knew — as Frank and I did not — that Molly was to have a baby in the course of a few weeks, and she supposed the message to mean that a girl baby had arrived ahead of time, and that although Molly was rather gone (or used up) Rick was jubilant. Whereas what Rick really intended to tell Mamma was that their maid, who was not a girl but an old woman, had left, and that they were very glad. It was not the trained nurse that Mamma had rushed off to Waterbury that they were in need of, but a new maid-of-all-work! With punctuation the telegram would have read "Girl — old woman, rather — gone. Hurray!" But tele-

grams are not as a rule punctuated, and occasionally that lack makes them say something quite different from what their senders mean.

After this, Molly kept Frank and me supplied with more and more nephews and nieces, so that pretty soon we felt we could talk to the Aunts on almost even terms.



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APPENDICITIS

and a Long Ago Adventure

The only real notoriety that I ever achieved amongst the family came when I was twelve and a half, and had a bad case of appendicitis. Charlie's appendix had been taken out the previous winter and had seemed to add greatly to his importance — though partly because of an accomplishment he had of making his pulse go down to almost nothing, and frightening his doctors and nurses until they finally caught on. But his operation had been decided upon in cold blood after he was all over a mild attack of appendicitis, and was called an "interval operation," while mine was no such commonplace affair at all.

Mamma had taken me one Friday afternoon to spend the seventeenth-of-June

weekend in Cohasset with Elizabeth and Julia Collier, and was to leave, herself, on Saturday morning and come back for me on Tuesday. Though I began to feel slightly miserable on the train before we reached Cohasset, it wasn't until the middle of the night that I was taken violently ill. Early in the morning the doctor was sent for to see if there was anything serious the matter; but after poking and prodding me all over he assured Mamma that it was only a little indigestion. So, feeling entirely reassured, and assuming that I would be well in a few hours, she left me with the Colliers and went back as she had planned to Weston.

The twins and their mother, Fanny Collier — who seemed to me to look something like our lovely Great Grandmother Lee's portrait — were wonderfully kind to me and did everything they could think of to divert my mind. But my mind wouldn't be diverted. As time

went on, my feelings grew worse and worse; and when the doctor called again in the afternoon I told him that I was really having appendicitis. Strange to say, he disagreed with me; even on Sunday he refused to take me seriously, and to my great disgust kept on talking about indigestion. It wasn't until Monday morning that he came round to my view of the matter; and before he had had time to send word to Mamma, she herself appeared. She had waked up that morning with a feeling that she had better not wait till Tuesday, and had come to Cohasset as quickly as the milk trains could bring her. Though very few people had telephones in those days, doctors luckily did; and the Cohasset doctor who was really very nice and by this time quite repentant, called up a Boston surgeon and had him make preparations to take care of me in Boston.

We went up to Boston by a 3 o'clock train — the first one available on the

holiday. Wearing a purple dressing-gown of Mr. Collier's, and lying on a leaf of the Colliers' dining-room table, across two seats of the car, I made a conspicuous journey — with Dr. Howes taking my pulse every few minutes — and was shunned by the other passengers as if I had the smallpox. They lingered, however, to find out what was to happen to me when we reached Boston — long enough to see Dr. Harrington board the car at the far end and hear him embarrass me by calling out in booming tones, "Well, little girl! Have *you* been having some *stomachache*?" After this humiliating moment an ambulance took me up to St. Margaret's Hospital on Louisburg Square, and Dr. Harrington got to work.

My appendix burst just as he began operating; and for eight days I was kept full of rubber tubes and long gauze wicks that stuck to my insides and had to be changed every day; and I was *extremely* uncomfortable. But on the eighth day,

when the last wick had been removed, dear Dr. Harrington, who had red hair and the kindest face in the world, brought me a huge bunch of white carnations tied up in bright, blue ribbon and bearing an inscription in rather horse-show phraseology — indicating a first prize, and naturally more than making up for the discomforts he had had to cause me.

After this first part was over, having appendicitis was very good fun, and Mamma and I decided that the whole thing had been accomplished in rather a sporty manner. Mamma had taken a room just across the Square in her own old house at No. 16 (which was now let as a boarding-house) so that she could pass the day-times with me for the whole three weeks that I was in the hospital. Other patients sent me messages and compared notes with me; and as nobody else had been so dramatic as I, it was all very pleasant.

It was in the hot breathless evenings, after Mamma had said goodnight and my night nurse had pushed my bed close to the open window, that I discovered the delight of having my ankles tickled. And as soon as it was discovered, I became very tyrannical and made my poor nurse do it every evening until I went to sleep. This usually took an hour and a half; and many years later, when I was tickling Papa for a mere twenty minutes or so and finding it rather wearisome, thoughts of that kind, long-suffering Miss Powel used to fill me with belated gratitude and admiration.

From my window I could look across the square at Mamma's house, and be reminded of the story that used to make my blood run so chill when I was smaller. Below the sidewalk level of the house is a tiny basement entrance, dark and hidden away under the flight of steps that lead up to the front door. In the days when Mamma was little and lived

there, a queer old woman used to frequent the hill — calling herself “Ma’am Teapot,” and holding one arm stuck straight out ahead of her like a teapot spout, with the other crooked on her hip like a handle. She was laughed at and teased by most of the children in the neighborhood, and tried to keep out of their way. But since Mamma had never joined in any of the persecution and was friendly and polite, Ma’am Teapot had taken an odd sort of fancy to her, and they would often stroll a little way along the street together. One day, walking back along the Square after such a stroll, they had just reached Mamma’s door and she was saying goodbye, as usual, when she suddenly found herself seized by the shoulder and pulled violently down into the little, dark, basement doorway, with Ma’am Teapot hissing in her ear, “I’ve got a nice *sharp knife* in my pocket and I’m going to *cut your throat!*” * * * *
The rest of the story is that Mamma re-

torted, quick as a wink, “Well, my neck is tough, and if you *do*, it’ll turn the blade!” Whereupon Ma’am Teapot bursting into loud laughter, let go of Mamma, and went off cackling up the hill, “turn my blade — ha! ha! ha! — turn my blade — ha! ha! ha!” Mamma was eight years old at the time, and braver and more quick-witted than I should *ever* be. Poor old Ma’am Teapot — to attack her one friend like that! And did she really have a knife? We never knew.



"THE BOYS"

and Sunday Dinner

The only incident I can really remember about my brother Sumner happened in connection with that appendix operation of mine; and not until long afterwards did I hear about it. As I have said already, Sumner was away and married while Frank and I were very little. We didn't see him often, and never thought of his taking the slightest interest in us. But it seems that the moment he heard of my operation, as he did in some round-about way the morning after it happened, he rushed up the hill to St. Margaret's as fast as he could go to find out if I was still alive. And when the black-robed Sister who appeared at the Convent door told him that I *was* and would probably pull through, he "threw

his arms right around the little nun and nearly knocked her over!" It was only after his death two or three years later that Helen told me of Mamma's describing this to her in Sumner's own words. At the time it hadn't seemed important enough to tell. But now, as the only personal thing there is for me to remember about him, it is heartwarming and *very* important.

Even though Sumner was such a remote and unfamiliar figure to us, Frank and I had always known what a remarkable "shot" he was. In fact we took it entirely for granted that both he and Johnny could shoot better than anyone else in the world, and consequently were much less impressed with their winning the shooting contests at the Olympic Games in Athens than with their having been invited to lunch by the King of Greece! This was early in 1896 when Frank was five and a half, and I seven. The Olympic Games had been revived

that year for the first time in centuries; and the Boston Athletic Association (known as the "B. A. A.") had sent a team of some of its members over to compete in them — including Sumner and John for the pistol and revolver contests, which were to be held in addition to the historic games and competitions of ancient Greece.

When the boys came back from Athens, and I found that Sumner had won both a first and a second prize, while Johnny had won merely a first, I was quite unhappy. But later, when the discrepancy was explained, I felt better. This is what I learned:

The boys had agreed beforehand that if either of them won the first event, he should thereupon withdraw and let his brother win the other one. (They may perhaps have said "if possible" — I'm not sure!) The revolver contest came first. John won it; and Sumner, who beat everyone else except John, got the sec-

ond prize. Then came the pistol contest; Johnny withdrew according to agreement, and Sumner won. So thus it befell that both of them had first prizes to bring home, but only Sumner a second.

Ever so many years later I discovered that Papa's opinion of second prizes was very low indeed; he considered them, in fact, "*proofs of defeat.*" But until I had assimilated this point of view I was never completely reconciled to Johnny having won fewer prizes at Athens than Sumner.

Here I think I must quote from a magazine called "The Sportsman" (in the July, 1932 issue) where a delightful account of the B. A. A. adventures is given by one of the original members of the team, Mr. T. P. Curtis. In an article called "The Glory That Was Greece" he describes many entertaining episodes that happened, and many strange and not-well-qualified contestants who took part in the various events. Then, after mentioning some of the B. A. A.'s succes-

ses, he says: "One of our finest achievements was by the two sons of General Paine of Boston, Sumner and John, who won the revolver and pistol contests against the pick of the military and civilian shots of Europe. This was an outstanding achievement."

Frank and I hadn't been so far wrong, after all!

The boys had a beautiful time on that whole expedition, and thoroughly enjoyed all the festivities that were held by the Athenians in honor of the visiting teams. When they came home they made me tremble with excitement by describing their lunch with the King — although the fact that they hadn't liked him very much was disappointing. But one of the Princes they *had* found distinctly to their liking. He gave a wonderful picnic for them in a lovely Grecian grove and made them show him how to play American baseball — with walking-sticks and oranges, since bats and balls weren't avail-

able. For years I kept hoping that this Prince would invite Sumner and John to come back to Athens and visit him, and bring me with them. But he never did.

The "garland of bays" that Johnny brought back from the Olympics still hangs in the living room of his house in Weston — a symbol of those laurels that the older members of the family were so often winning. Another memorial of his and Sumner's exploits — and of a Paine boy characteristic not too creditable — has been lost but not entirely forgotten, a poem written by their friend Brent Dickson when they came home, in which every verse ended with the lines:

"They went to lunch with the King
of Greece

But they *never* washed their hands!"

Perhaps this was an exaggeration. For, in "The Sportsman's" photograph of the B. A. A. team, two extremely well-dress-

ed young men are shown, with revolvers nonchalantly held in hands that are very clean.

* * * * *

Charlie's prowess, apart from hunting, was achieved in track and baseball at Harvard: broad-jumping, high-kicking and such-like things on the 'Varsity track team, and pitching his sophomore, junior and senior years on the 'Varsity baseball team.* Only recently, an old track-team friend of his told me a tale I hadn't known, of Charlie's being hastily summoned one day from his pitching practice out on the baseball field, over to a track meet where Harvard was trailing Princeton; and of his dashing up in the nick of time to win the much-needed High Jump for Harvard, wearing a spiked shoe on one foot and a baseball shoe on the other — and then dashing back again full speed to pitching practice.

*I think all four years.

There was something cool and un-flustered about him — always — that must have been fun to watch. But, since he graduated in 1897 when I was only eight and a half, I never saw him pitch or jump or kick, and can only imagine. Ever so many different people have told me of an episode that made his coolness famous, — when he paused at a tense moment in one of the Yale games — with the count two strikes and three balls on a Yale batter, and everyone yelling and cheering — to look up in the air and whistle at a pair of yellow-legs flying by overhead; then, when the yellow-legs had circled away in the distance, resuming his pitching and striking the batter out on the next ball.

One summer when Mamma was planning to take several members of the family to Europe, Charlie begged to be let off so that he might compete in a coming track-meet. At first Mamma was hard-hearted, and said that a summer in

Europe would be much more worthwhile for him. But when Charlie explained that a silver stop-watch was to be the prize in an event he felt pretty sure of winning, her heart softened, and he was allowed to stay at home when she and the others set sail. The track-meet came off, and Charlie won his event. But alas! When the awards were made, the stop-watch was given to the winner of something entirely different, and poor Charlie was handed a prize that no boy could possibly want — a *huge*, hideous, plated silver water pitcher! Ever after, that pitcher was known as “Charlie’s Stop-Watch” — to Frank’s and my bewilderment when we first began coming down to Sunday dinner where it was always used.

* * * * *

The water pitcher was not the only huge object to be seen at Sunday dinner, for the soup tureen in front of Mamma

could easily have been used for a good-sized baby’s bathtub. And when the soup had been consumed (with a great deal of fried bread which we did not yet call croutons) and the tureen removed, the roast of beef that was brought in and deposited in front of Papa stood over a foot and a half high and entirely prevented Frank and me from seeing each other across the table. Crisp and *rare*, it made cannibals of us all. Papa carved and carved — tenderloin from the top for women and children; sirloin, when he had heaved the whole thing over, for the males. In thin red rivulets the juice ran down and overflowed the well of the platter — then presently was spooned out over our mashed potato and Yorkshire pudding, where it mingled with a surrounding sea of cranberry sauce.

Again and again we sent our plates back to Papa — the boys for their thick slices of sirloin, and the rest of us for our paper-thin tenderloin with its mouth-

watering edges of lean, dark crisp — while in perspiring endeavor to keep up with our wants, two muscular Swedish maids pursued each other round and round the table with the vegetables. How did Papa ever manage to eat at all, I wonder!

When it seemed as if we must be completely full and unable to swallow another mouthful, an enormous melon-mould of ice cream that the choreman had frozen that morning on the kitchen doorsteps made its appearance, and we topped off with two helpings apiece.

Much chatter and teasing on the part of the Boys went on as accompaniment to our feasting — Charlie's in cheerful, laughing tones, and Johnny's in a lazy drawl. When Frank and I piped up with questions or interruption, someone was sure to remind us that "*little children* (how we writhed at that!) are meant to be seen and not heard!" And if we looked with greedy eyes at the plate of cake

or cookies on the table, Charlie would say to us with hypocritical regret, "Those that *ask* can't have, you know! And those that don't ask are supposed *not* to want!"

This sort of thing we thoroughly enjoyed, for it was flattering to have one's older brothers take notice of one at all. But when it came to Charlie's making disparaging remarks about "little half-grown men like John," it was a very different matter and I had great difficulty in containing myself. Everybody didn't need to be so tall as Charlie! — Johnny *was* taller than anybody else! And much *handsomer* than anyone in the world except Papa!

I managed to suppress my protests, however, and needn't have minded anyway. For Johnny himself didn't, in the least, and always got in the last word with some half-asleep reference to Charlie's Stop-watch.

Finally, when everything was eaten and cleared away and we were slightly out of breath, we dipped our fingers in fingerbowls of green or blue or ruby-colored glass and ran them round the rims until the whole room was filled with piercing din — when Mamma would put her fingers in her ears and order us to stop. And at this point — while we were folding our napkins and beginning to push back our chairs — would be uttered Charlie's final words of wisdom: "You should always leave the table as hungry as when you sat down!" And, with a sort of stretch and glance of approval at his own midship-section, "I do!"

How fortunate it is that family jokes — unlike other varieties — don't deteriorate with repetition.

HELEN

"What's in a Name?"

Although John and Charlie were so old, and loomed so large on my horizon with their invincibility and their exploits, it was Helen of whom I stood in awe. She was only seven and a half years older than I, which in our family wasn't much. But she called me Georgina — unlike anyone else — and so seemed rather set apart. Then, too, she was away from home a great deal in a very grown up sort of way — going to boarding school in New York and visiting Aunt Fanny in the Convent there; taking sketching things with her when she went abroad with Mamma, and spending summers at painting classes in Maine.

Sometimes, of course, she was at home. And then she concerned herself a good

deal with reforming my character, which had been born I am sorry to say with many defects in addition to some that have already been mentioned. Pertness, meddlesomeness and curiosity Helen considered particularly bad. Her method of bringing home to me the depths to which I so frequently fell was to cease calling me Georgina for the whole long day on which I had sinned, and to address me distantly as Nina. And by curling her upper lip and hissing slightly through her nose, she gave it a sound of withering disdain that shrivelled me up at once into abject humiliation — "*Nheena*"! What volumes and sermons it expressed — and how embarrassingly I remember the last time she used it, when for years I had thought of it as a something of the dim past. I was seventeen — but not so grown-up as I supposed — and I had been excited and very bossy to the ushers at a party she was giving for me . . . No word that ever was uttered could

have brought one so instantly to a sense of one's ill-breeding!

But even in the beginning Helen must have approved of me sometimes, for when I was five she had made me a beautiful fancy-dress with a ruff and hoop-skirt; and insisted on having me photographed in it, with my hair powdered and done up high over a "rat." When I was good and did things that were very painful and difficult — like swallowing my cold, tough mutton, or sitting still and posing for her — she would reward me with big squeezes of cobalt blue from her paintbox.

In mellow moods, and when she was not painting, she would tell Frank and me fairy stories, and a wonderful continued story of her own making-up about someone whose name was "Christopher Beethoven Columbus." And there were many reminiscences of the two imaginary playmates she had had when she was little, "Glug and Sanny-Tanny."

For Helen had been rather a solitary little girl, with no brother or sister near her own age; and she had invented Glug and Sanny-Tanny to keep her company. They had been completely real to her, and must have seemed almost as real to the rest of the family; for Mimi used to tell us how funny it had been to see Helen running round after them from one room to another as she and they played hide-and-seek together. No one was allowed to come into the room where they were having their nap, and no one but herself was allowed to punish them when they were naughty.

One is never satisfied! When we had heard all about Christopher Beethoven Columbus, and Glug and Sanny-Tanny, and Cinderella, and The Sleeping Beauty, Frank and I would still be teasing for "just one more." Then Helen would say, with an air of finality,

"I'll tell you a story about Mother Mory
And now my story's begun —
I'll tell you another — about her brother!
And now my story is done."

After that her mouth would shut up tight; and not another word could be got out of her.



MILESTONES

(and the Field of Honor)

Certain things that seemed to mark our progress toward growing up had burst upon us without any teasing on our own part — such as the voyages to England, and suddenly being turned into an uncle and aunt. But others, like promotion to late dinner with the family at seven o'clock instead of early supper in the nursery, hadn't been achieved without a long struggle. And every time we did gain a point of this sort, new features of the promised land would appear above the horizon and tantalizingly be pronounced "too old" for us.

One of these was the theatre. Up to the time that I was nine years old and Frank seven and a half, we had never seen a play of any sort — amateur or professional — or even listened to one, as

radio didn't yet exist. We heard them talked about quite often, however; and though we had no first-hand idea of what a theatre actually was, the mystery that seemed to enshroud it and the smug expression of those who went to it gave us a feeling that it must be rather like heaven — and, for us, quite as unattainable. We teased to be allowed to go, but with very little hope of success.

So when Mamma told us after lunch one snowy winter day to put on our coats and overshoes quickly because she was going to take us to the theatre *that very minute*, we swallowed hard. Could this be some sort of joke, we wondered? And we tried to stiffen our faces and look not too excited, in case of possible disappointment.

But a booby-hut was already jingling up to the front door as we struggled with buttons and armholes. And when we had scrambled into it and heard Mamma saying to the driver, "Keith's Theatre,

please!" we knew it wasn't a joke but one of Mamma's wonderful surprises.

Ten minutes later — after we had floundered through a deep snowbank where the booby-hut drew up at the theatre entrance — Mamma had bought our tickets at a little window and was leading us by the hand into a long, subterranean, mirror-lined corridor, where faces and figures all around us looked faintly familiar in the dim light and turned out to be our own reflections — hundreds and hundreds of me's and Franks and Mammams, receding into the distance on every side and overhead and beckoning us to follow.

Presently we emerged a-gasp from this Arabian Nights passageway and found ourselves inside the theatre, where again we were stupefied. Never had we imagined such gorgeousness — red plush and gold everywhere; more gold in fact than we had thought could exist apart from the State House dome. We stared about us

open-mouthed while Mamma and a gold-braided usher found places behind people that Frank and I could see over or peek around; and then at last we settled ourselves down in the beautiful red plush seats and drew breath.

In a moment the curtain rose, and wonders began. Acrobats, clowns, trained animals, jugglers, followed each other faster than we could think, each of them performing miracles more impossible than the last. But beyond any of these, it was the one-act play* which Mamma had especially brought us to see, that transported us. Not by words or story, most of which we didn't understand because of the queer stage voices and unfamiliar old-fashioned language; but by the glamour of costumes and make-up and lighting, which had "realified" the make-believe into something more mystically real than life itself.

*"The Boots at the Holly Tree Inn or The Infant Elopement" by Ben Webster.

At the end when we streamed out with the audience through the mirrored corridor and stepped back into an everyday world again on the sidewalk, Frank and I were conscious that at last our toe was in the crack of the door. We had become theatre-goers; and some day the radiant experience would be repeated.

On the way home, we snuggled close to Mamma in the depths of the booby-hut and listened to the sleighbells — speaking never a word to interrupt our memories or disturb our visions.

* * * * *

Another surprise that Mamma had in store for us came the following summer when she took us to spend the night in a hotel three-quarters of the way up the side of Mt. Wachusett. An hour by train, a longer hour by horse and waggon that brought us to the hotel; a walk, or as Mamma called it, a “ride on Shanks’s mare” up the last quarter of the moun-

tain — which had to be abbreviated into quick scrambling back, ahead of oncoming thunder; supper at a long table with strangers in the hotel dining-room; and an evening in our nightgowns with Mamma reading “David Copperfield” to us by the bedroom candle: could such a beautiful expedition cooked up for the benefit of just us two ever be forgotten?

* * * * *

But every one of these luminous milestones was engineered *by* someone else and happened *to* you — in fact happened to both Frank and me at the same time. Whereas it was going to be your own inward change of attitude that would truly start you beginning to be a grown-up. That, you dimly surmised, was something you would experience alone.

This happened for me at a specific moment on the evening of July 4, 1899, when I was ten and a half, and Frank just nine years old minus five days.

The whole family was sitting on the high stone retaining-wall that edges the back lawn in Weston, slapping mosquitoes and waiting impatiently for "dark" and the fireworks that Johnny was going to set off for us in the pasture below.

Ever since Frank and I could remember, the Fourth of July had been our favorite day — for it was the only one in the year when Papa's precautions and Mimi's vigilance did not guard us almost too successfully from all possible accidents.

Being made to dress in woolen from top to toe, despite the heat, started us off in the morning with an important sense of inflammability. Cautions, and reminders of how Charlie had once burned his eyebrows off and nearly put his eyes out with firecrackers, made us feel brave and conceited to be handling such dangerous things ourselves. The first bunch or two each year we found terrifying, although we didn't admit it; and

a faint sense of disloyalty to the torpedoes we used to love so much when we were littler couldn't quite be shaken off — especially those tiny purple ones that looked like baby beets and made such a comfortable kind of noise.

But presently — at about the third or fourth bunch — sheer recklessness set in. We began to vie with each other in holding the lighted fire-crackers longer and longer before flinging them into the air; we flung them with a more and more careless gesture, to show our growing scorn of danger; we set off whole bunches at a time. We rushed about and shrieked; we tore our clothes and scorched our fingers. And at last, on this particular Fourth of July, here we were in the evening, exhausted and played out, with another fifteen minutes to wait before the climax of the day could be experienced — that moment when Johnny would set off the first rocket and then have to run like anything back to safety

on the stone wall, where we were dangling our legs.

Something happened. I don't know what, or which of us started it. But suddenly Frank and I found ourselves down in the field, fighting in utter fury. My bones must have told me that this was the last chance I'd ever have to beat him — girls can't go on fighting forever like boys, and if I didn't win now I knew I never should. So it boiled down, in my mind, to victory or death, and I fought as I had never fought before. Sometimes I was on top, sometimes underneath — I scarcely knew the difference. The family didn't interfere or call fouls on any of my tactics. And finally, by hook or crook, I did win. As I staggered back to the stone wall, breathless and bleeding, a glowing certainty pervaded my being that Frank would never again be able to call me a "goody-goody" — even though I did spell better than he, and mind Mimi oftener!

But it was sad, a little, to change one's status from that of victim to conqueror so suddenly, and to know that forevermore one must be too lady-like to fight. . . . Growing up had indeed begun!



GOLF

(with a very few tears)

Golf came to Weston when I was six or seven years old — just about the time that Papa had given up trotting and sailing and was ready for a new amusement. The Unitarian minister, a very nice Mr. Russell, came home from a trip to Scotland one summer bringing a bag of hitherto unheard of golf clubs; and very soon a nine hole course was laid out on pasture land belonging to the Coburn family, abounding in hills, stonewalls and cows. Papa caught the fever immediately; and though he was older than most of the other men who began at the same time, sixty-two in fact, he soon became one of the best players and won the first Club championship. Younger men eventually surpassed him, but for

a good many years there was no one in Weston who found him easy to beat, and not until he was eighty did he give up playing entirely.

My education in the game began when I was nine, and Papa took it much more seriously than my school work. By the time I was eleven it was the accepted thing for me to play with him every afternoon while we were in Weston; and only a very rainy day, a thermometer above 88, or snow, ever kept us off the links. But — I may as well admit it — there were occasional days when we played for his pleasure rather than for mine.

I really did love golf, though; partly for itself and partly because of being with Papa. He went to Boston every morning for Directors' meetings or something of the sort, and in the afternoon I would be driven down to meet him at the Weston station, — not till much later on in an automobile, but in the beach-

waggon* with a horse who invariably disliked trains. As Papa descended from the smoking-car, I always looked to see if there were a long, slender package under his arm — for if so, it might be a new golf club for me. And often there was, for he spared no trouble in fitting me out with clubs that he hoped might improve my game.

After Papa had got into the carriage, the train had pulled out, and the horse had stopped fidgeting, we would proceed to the golf course and have our round. Once in a while Papa brought a Scotch professional out with him, and we both took lessons to the accompaniment of a genuine Scotch burr. Most of my instruction, however, came from Papa himself, and it was so good and we played so much that before a great while my game became rather creditable, considering my size and sex.

* a two-seated open carriage

But the Weston hills were steep, and my shots not long enough to be sure of always surmounting them. One day when I seemed entirely unable to “carry” a particularly high hill, and my ball kept rolling back to my feet no matter how hard I hit, I let myself go and began to complain about my difficulties and my luck. Suddenly Papa said very quietly but very disgustedly, “Nina, can’t you stop *grumbling*?” Never before had he reprimanded me for anything, and to have incurred his scorn was disgrace and calamity. I never grumbled on the golf course again.

By the time I was thirteen, Papa and I played even. Our afternoon’s stake was supposedly an ice cream soda — which we stopped for at the old grocery store on the way home — of which we both partook and for which he paid, no matter which of us had won.

There were Saturday afternoon handicap tournaments, and sometimes he or

I would win and be presented with an ugly little pewter cup. Before long the Club instituted a Ladies' Championship as well as a Men's — which I never won, in spite of Papa's firm belief that I ought to because I could hit further than the usual winner, Mrs. Batchelder. Mrs. Batchelder was very solemn about her game and spent hours every day practising putts and approaches, with the result that she became frighteningly good at her 'short game'. In matches against her, my longer drives and brassy-shots were of no avail, and she beat me every time with accurate approaches and deadly putting.

One autumn, when I was fourteen, there had been a Ladies' Invitation Tournament, and one of the visiting players had gone round in 91* — which broke the previous ladies' record for the course, a 93 made by Miss Gertrude Fiske, an-

* This means for eighteen holes (twice around the 9 hole course)

other Weston friend who annoyed Papa by beating me in the Championships. A few weeks later Papa and I were playing the ninth hole one afternoon, when we saw Mrs. Batchelder strolling toward us with an expression of bliss on her nice, sunburned face. As we met she said, "Well, I'm going home to throw away my clubs! I've just made a 91 to tie the Ladies' Record." We were delighted to hear this and congratulated her enthusiastically; then watched her turn and disappear toward the Club House in a visible haze of delight.

I myself had been playing better than usual, and when we added up our score cards on the putting-green we discovered that I had gone round the nine holes in 44 — two strokes better than my previous best. We hadn't intended to play a second nine that day; but suddenly, instead of taking off my gloves and handing them to the caddy to put into my golf bag, I found myself saying, "Papa,

I'm going to play round again and beat 91!" Since I had never yet done better than 96 for the double round, and after playing a few good holes was almost certain to do the next very badly, this was pretty brash. However, Papa approved, and we started on the second nine.

Hole after hole went by without disaster, but a crucial moment lay ahead. For flanking the last hundred yards of the long and difficult eighth hole was a rocky precipice; and if my ball were to fly or even trickle over its dizzy edge, all possibility of a good score would vanish. Rather apprehensively I started the hole — knowing that it must be accomplished in seven strokes, and then the ninth in three, if I were to get another 44. For by this time I had forgotten the 46 that I needed to beat Mrs. Batchelder's 91 and was playing to equal my own first round and make an 88. In spite of my excitement no trouble occurred at the various stonewalls that

crossed the fairway in inconvenient places, and after four shots I had arrived at shooting distance for the putting-green. I played a brasse shot; and watched incredulous as my ball ignored the yawning precipice and sailed straight on to the green. I holed out comfortably in seven, and wondered what would happen on the ninth hole. But the gods were with me still. My ball settled into the final cup for a three; and there it was, a new Ladies' Record of 88!

Papa and I were pretty happy — he, I think, even more than I. But we did wonder how we were going to break the news to Mrs. Batchelder when we met her on the course next day, for of course she was not going to throw away her clubs. To our dismay, as we approached the Club House we saw that she was still there, rocking happily on the piazza, and obviously waiting to tell us all about her round. With every step nearer, Papa and I felt less triumphant and more like

criminals about to be hanged. To have the earth open and swallow us would have been a great comfort. But it didn't; and when we reached the Club House Mrs. Batchelder made us sit down and listen to the details of her score. It was a long story, and as it went on, Papa and I began to hope that perhaps she would depart without our having to confess. Finally she did get up and said good-bye. But just as she was stepping off the piazza, to go and unhitch her horse and buggy in the shed, she turned and asked me in a voice that sounded like that of some generous, far-away goddess on Olympus, "And what score did *you* get today, Nina?"

* * * * *

At home that evening I couldn't decide whether to laugh or cry. But the rest of the family seemed always to be winning laurels of one sort or another to bring home to Papa, and it *was* gratifying

to have added a small sprig myself. The only one as it turned out; for I never did anything at all remarkable again, and Mrs. Batchelder kept on beating me in the championships. In a pigeon-hole of my secretary in Weston, however, a dilapidated old golf ball is still treasured, bearing the inscription:

Oct. 11 '03

44 - 44

88



SLEEPING OUT AND IN

with Mimi and Others

Coming home to afternoon tea was one of the many pleasant parts of golf, with Papa's and my scores to be gone over by the parlor fire, and our bad habits of the moment, usually 'hooking' or 'slicing', to be discussed until the dressing-bell rang for dinner. When my game had been worse than usual, Papa would worry; and once — the year before my 88 was achieved — he was so disturbed by the bad rounds I had been playing that he called the doctor in, to see what was the matter. Not the local doctor who took care of our minor ailments, but Dr. Alfred Worcester who was summoned from Waltham only on serious occasions.

Dr. Worcester arrived at tea-time; and after drinking his tea in a leisurely way

he pricked my ear and made his diagnosis: I was possibly just a *trifle* anemic. Papa was relieved to have such a reasonable explanation found for my golfing slump, and that very evening I started taking the iron pills that Dr. Worcester had produced from his bag. Four days later I broke my record. But tho I was obviously cured, Papa made me keep on with the pills all the rest of the autumn for fear of a relapse.

Dr. Worcester had stayed long enough drinking his tea that afternoon not only to cure my golf but to tell us about a new idea that he approved of — the theory that sleeping out of doors, particularly in cold weather, was a sure preventive of colds. Like most other people I had a cold or two every winter; and when Dr. Worcester's treatment of my golf proved so successful, Papa thought I had better try his cold cure, too, and had me begin sleeping out on a third floor balcony. This turned out to be very delightful,

up among the tree tops with birds and squirrels frisking all around, and a rose-breasted grosbeak in the spring who used to sing me *Caro Nome* from "Rigoletto," just at dawn.

In Boston there was no balcony as yet. There was time to have one made, however, before we moved in town; and when we arrived there soon after Thanksgiving, the roof of the ell, which was a story lower than the rest of the house, had had a sleeping porch constructed upon it — actually a good sized, brick-walled room of which the east end was omitted. Even tho this open part was enclosed with heavy wire netting, Papa didn't want me to sleep there all alone entirely out of ear-shot. So Mimi was told that she must guard me; and for the next three years Mimi and I used to dress ourselves as for some Polar expedition every night and go out and bury ourselves in blankets and sleeping bags, often with the thermometer well below

zero. And it turned out that protection was greatly needed, not against the kid-nappers and marauders that Papa had been thinking of, but a menace that I feared much more — a pair of bats who discovered the cracks and crevices of our sleeping porch and decided to move in soon after Mimi and I had started my cold cure. For our benefit Papa had the open end covered with regular mosquito screening that even bats couldn't squeeze through; but either there was another entrance that we knew nothing about, or else they were already inside when the screening was put up, for we had them just as often as before. Nearly every night one of them would begin to swoop and flap around just as I was dropping off to sleep; and since bats are as terrifying to me as mice are said to be to elephants, I used to crawl down under my bedclothes and stay in hiding until Mimi had subdued him. For she was much braver than I, and swatted at

them valiantly with a tennis racquet that she took to bed with her for the purpose. No bat was ever killed in this process, but they were discouraged. And it was a great comfort to me to watch fat old Mimi from a peephole under my blankets, hopping up and down on her bed in pink flannel pajamas and waving her tennis racquet at the enemy.

* * * * *

Mimi must have been about forty-eight at this time, and seemed to me quite ancient — though such an age would strike me now as definitely youngish.

Before going on to other things, and while this picture of Mimi is still vivid in my mind, I must tell her story. The part of it which dealt with her childhood in Sweden had whiled away many rainy afternoons for Frank and me when we were little, and the Swedish language which she always used with us in those days had given it a strong flavor of Hans

Christian Anderson. The two highlights that we relished and insisted on being told about over and over again, were Mimi's cruel stepfather and her year of blindness.

No stepfather in a story-book could have been more cruel, and even Mr. Murdstone whom we came to know later in "David Copperfield" was mild in comparison with him. Many were the beatings that Mimi could remember at his hands; and his own daughter who was Mimi's half-sister has been lame all her life as the result of his brutality.

The blindness had come upon Mimi in the wake of a severe illness when she was about nine. Her family were very poor and couldn't take her to specialists in Stockholm, so the only care she had for months was that of the old country doctor who tended the little villages for miles around. I suppose he did his best; but when he found that his remedies were having no effect, and that af-

ter several months of them Mimi was as blind as ever, he prescribed as a last resort some fearfully strong eye-drops which, according to Mimi, burned like liquid fire when they were dropped in her eyes. Twice a day this had to be done; the agony she suffered was beyond all description; and, try as she would, poor Mimi couldn't help screaming — even though her stepfather swore that she ought to be ashamed of herself, and beat her for it every time.

After a fortnight or so of this, an uncle of Mimi's who had been away for some time, came home; and when he discovered what Mimi was being subjected to, he insisted on trying the fiery drops himself to see just how bad they were. At the first drop, he too gave forth a fearful scream; and clutching at his eye as if to tear it out of his head he ran away, bellowing, and took refuge in some nearby woods . . . Half an hour later, when he reappeared, he seized the medicine

bottle and dashed it to the ground, exclaiming fiercely, "The poor child shall have no more of *that!*"

Very fortunately for Mimi, (and always to Frank's and my enormous relief as we listened to her tale), a famous woman eye-doctor happened just at that very time to be visiting in a town not far away. And Mimi's uncle — whom we looked upon as the hero of her story — happened to hear of it and managed to take Mimi to see her. For many weeks this woman doctor treated her, and at last succeeded in restoring her sight — which, in a few more years, became as good as anyone's. So this part of the story had a happy ending. And it wasn't till we ourselves were a little older that we heard the rest.

* * * * *

It seems that Mimi's kind uncle was known as an excellent hunter all through the neighborhood where they

lived in the southern part of Sweden. One of the people who engaged him every year as a guide during the shooting season was a middle-aged German gentleman, whose mother lived in Stockholm, and who combined his annual visits to her with a month or more of shooting. The gentleman's name was Wilhelm von Gerber; and Frank and I who asked many questions as Mimi's tale went on, soon learned that the "von" was very important and a mark of great distinction. When Mimi was about twenty, Herr von Gerber's mother needed a companion, and knowing something of Mimi through her uncle, engaged her for the position.

It was very wonderful for Mimi to go to live in Stockholm with a cultivated and kind old lady, and to be able to see a little of the world, and to be away from her stepfather — so she was very happy. In those days she possessed not only beautiful coppery hair but a beautiful complexion, too, with lovely pink cheeks;

and according to Mamma she must have been very pretty. Evidently Herr von Gerber thought her so; for, about five years after she had come to live with his mother, he persuaded her to marry him.

Herr von Gerber's relatives in Germany — sisters and grown-up children, for he was a widower — disapproved violently. An ignorant country nobody from Sweden, they felt, was quite unsuitable to be the wife of a "von Gerber," and they refused even to meet Mimi. What the nice old lady in Stockholm thought, I have never heard; but at least she must have known that Mimi was good! Anyway Herr von Gerber and Mimi were safely married, and the unpleasant German relatives only made the story seem all the more like Cinderella's.

So what could have happened? After such a happy ending to this second chapter how had it come about that Mimi was now living with *us*, and had been doing

so ever since she was twenty-six? The answer is that Herr von Gerber, who Mimi said was the best man she had ever known and the most devoted of husbands, had unfortunately been very unwise financially, and before they were married had re-invested his entire capital and put it wholly into silver mines in this country. Since he wanted to see the mining regions for himself, he brought Mimi over here about a year after their marriage; and it didn't take very long — a couple of months perhaps of traveling about in Idaho and Nevada — for him to discover that the mines in which his money was invested had existed only on paper. Every share of stock that he had bought was bogus, and every penny of his capital had melted away. He and Mimi came back to Boston, and a fortnight later their baby was born in one of the Boston hospitals. Before she was a week old, and before Mimi was

yet out of bed, Herr von Gerber had died of a heart attack.

I've often tried to imagine how it must have felt to be left suddenly alone in a strange country whose language one couldn't speak, penniless, and without a friend or even an acquaintance, and with a baby. In such straits, should I have swallowed my pride and appealed to those rich relatives-in-law in Germany for help — to get me and my baby back to Sweden at least? Mimi never did.

The hospital people sent word about her to the pastor of a Swedish church in Roxbury, and he and his wife came to the rescue — taking Mimi and the baby into their own house, I think, for a couple of months. Then in some way they heard that a wet-nurse was needed in our family, and at last they persuaded Mimi to take the position. This meant, of course, having to give up her own baby to a foster home, and poor Mimi thought her heart would break. But there was

no other possible way for her to support the two of them, so she came to us — when Helen was about six days old — and took root for the rest of her life.

When Mimi's baby, who had been named Wilhelmina for her father, had grown old enough to make visits, she came regularly to our house for summers and vacations, and Helen and Frank and I were all extremely fond of her. She was sent to the boarding-school in New York that was run by our Aunt Fanny's sisterhood, and grew up to be a splendid, intelligent, attractive young woman — much better educated, too, than Molly or Helen or I, for she graduated from Bryn Mawr and Tufts Medical School, becoming a full-fledged practising M. D. (It was a very great disappointment to her that ill health prevented her from finishing her medical training at Johns Hopkins where she had started. After two years there she had broken down and been sent to Saranac, and when she re-

turned the doctors forbade her going back to the bad climate and living conditions in Baltimore. I mention this only because Tufts was such a come-down to her from Johns Hopkins.) . . . And she, too, was taken away from Mimi. Like her father, she died of a heart attack, but at a much earlier age — only thirty-three. I still can't think of Mimi's grief without weeping.

Mimi herself lived to be a very old woman — staying with us as housekeeper until Papa died in 1916, and then becoming the caretaker at 87 Mount Vernon Street when the house was empty in the summertime. I used to drop in on her there when something brought me up to Boston, and almost always found her holding court in the little kitchen sitting-room, for the Swedish people of her Lutheran Church looked upon her, I think, as a sort of "grande dame" and came to call on her in large numbers. In the winters she always used to go to

Florida to an inland town where many Swedish people had settled, and until she was well over seventy-five there were very few years when she hadn't received an offer of marriage before coming back! None of them tempted her, however, and she remained true as always to the memory of Herr von Gerber. In 1939 she died — un-re-married.

An incident that happened when Helen was five or six years old has always been remembered to Mimi's credit even by those who weren't so fond of her as I — for like the rest of us she did have faults, and some people found her irritating. Mamma had taken several members of the family abroad for the summer; and since Helen was too little to travel, had left her at a hotel in the Malvern Hills of England with Mimi and another guardian of the governess variety to take care of her. The place was very popular as a summer resort and was frequented not only by English and American people

but by many Europeans. On the afternoon when Helen and her retinue arrived, Mimi was taking a look at the hotel register to see if there happened to be any Boston names that she might recognize, when what do you suppose she found? The names of Herr von Gerber's three sisters — those actual sisters-in-law who had refused even to meet her and had never sent her one word of sympathy or help! Mimi had no difficulty discovering which of the guests they were, and as she trotted Helen up and down the terraces she used to gaze at them sitting in their "bath-chairs," knitting and chattering to each other in German. But she kept her own name off the register and never made herself known to them in any way.

This example of self-respect, and her courage in combat with the bats, are only small indications of her character, but enough perhaps to give it some standing — quite apart from her devo-

tion to our family as a whole and her worship of Mamma. I like to think that when she died in 1939, she went straight to the Heaven in which she believed so implicitly, and was immediately met by the three she had loved so much and out-lived so long. Her real name, by the way, used by everyone but Frank and me, was Marie — only they called it “Maria” — Marie Nilsson, later Marie von Gerber.

* * * * *

The experiment of sleeping out of doors, like most others that Papa thought worth trying, was successful, and I escaped all colds for three years. Then at last I was supposed to have outgrown them and was allowed to come indoors to sleep, and was given the huge front bedroom at Mt. Vernon Street beside Papa's and Helen's, where I felt small but affectionately ancestor-surrounded.

To the left of my bed was the picture of “Sibyl Farnham Sawyer and Little Joseph” that Frank and I had loved so much when we were little; and facing it across the room hung Sibyl's granddaughter Georgina Gardner Lee, my grandfather John Bryant, Jr.'s first wife, who died at sea of tuberculosis before having time to become my grandmother. The hands in both these paintings were slender, with long tapered fingers, and were known as “the Farnham hands.” (Mamma had inherited them, and considered them her chief claim to beauty — except for extremely pretty feet that were the envy of all feminine beholders.)

Directly opposite my bed was an old lady, with dark curls that couldn't possibly have been her own, and a soft, becoming cap — Sibyl Sawyer in her old age and known in this painting as Mrs. Micajah Sawyer. Dr. Micajah Sawyer, her husband, who hung over the washstand to the right of my bed, was less

easy to accept as a human being and companion than the females, partly because his fur-trimmed, bright green dressing gown seemed such a strange garment for a middle-aged gentleman to wear — accustomed as I was to male relatives who scorned any sort of finery — but also because for years I had mistaken his white, silk-stockinged leg for some sort of peculiar tin can.

In the daytime, all these people — even Micajah — were genial and friendly. But at night they vanished and left me feeling very solitary in the big four-post bed that could have held several of me with room to spare. So turning over on my side I used to gaze out of the window at a Theological School across the street and watch the students going to bed. They apparently hadn't been taught the advisability of pulling down their shades; for every night, to my great entertainment, they performed the mysteries of their toilet in full view, and arrayed in

sober nightshirts practised their sermons in front of looking glasses as the last part of the procedure before turning out the light. But they were much too absurd to cost me extra heartbeats. That remained for Cupid and Psyche to accomplish — and above all Great Grandmother Lee.



✓
"MRS. LEE"

and Family Ritual

The gods and goddesses in the billiard room had long ago, of course, lost their former terrors for me; and when Papa and I were playing billiards in their presence, as we did almost every evening at this time, the spell of Cupid and Psyche was very strong. A good deal of my time in these games was spent in waiting for my turn while Papa made long runs; and as I sat on one of the deep window-seats — often, I'm afraid, gazing at my own reflection in the mirror opposite instead of watching Papa's masterly shots — Cupid and Psyche managed to fill my mind with echoes of their own story, and I invented romance upon romance about myself and a dim, shrouded figure whose face was never seen.

Fortunately, however, this mythological influence was wholesomely overshadowed by one of flesh and blood. For the true deity of the house was great-grandmother Lee, in whose presence you forgot yourself and all imaginary love affairs. Her portrait, painted by Gilbert Stuart when she was twenty-five or thereabouts, hung over the parlor fireplace so alive and breathing that you sometimes found it hard to keep your mind on present-day people in the room around you.

For "Mrs. Lee," as we always spoke of her, was more alluring in her scarlet shawl and revealing empire gown of black velvet, than any living charmer of my acquaintance — not even excepting Molly or my cousin Ethel Paine, or the twins' mother, Fanny Collier. Her head was beautifully set on its long, lovely neck; her creamy complexion glowed with delicate color; the brown hair that curled around her ears was piled and

twisted behind in a high Grecian knot like Psyche's. But it was the dark, liquid eyes and the soft lips with their provoking little smile of inward amusement that were so captivating and made Mrs. Lee so much more vivid and responsive than any of the people she gazed down upon. Charlie and I used to play cribbage or backgammon in the parlor after he had come home in the afternoon from his job at Lee and Higginson's; and when I had begun to lose my temper after a long series of defeats, and he was murmuring in gleeful, righteous tones — between sips of hot chocolate — "*Never* let your angry passions rise!", Mrs. Lee had a way of looking more amused about it all than ever. Charlie's own expression was not unlike hers, and I wonder now if it was from her that he had inherited his ability to tease!

It wasn't easy to associate Mrs. Lee, in her low-cut gown, with the notable old lady that we knew she had eventually

become — the grandmother, in fact, who left 87 Mt. Vernon Street to Mamma. She had written numerous books of a highly moral nature, "Three Experiments of Living" and others equally improving, that were best sellers in their day, and popular even in England; as well as biographies of Cranmer and other religious notables. She travelled and visited constantly in England and Europe, met distinguished people everywhere, and held a regular "salon" on Sunday nights in the very room where Charlie and I were playing games. But the few small scraps of knowledge about her that did come down to us helped a little to make the young and old personalities blend. For one thing, Mrs. Lee had told her daughters *always* to do the things they wanted to do — merely making sure that what they wanted to do was worth doing. For another, she was said to have been one of the last women in Boston to take up the "new-fangled fashion of wear-

ing drawers." And best of all, when an old blind gentleman made interminable evening calls upon her she used to undress by the fire and get into her nightgown within ten feet of him! Her descendants have always wondered if she *really* forgot that blind people as a rule have especially good hearing; and we suspect that the old gentleman must have been well aware of what was going on.

* * * * *

In spite of her charm and many virtues, Mrs. Lee had committed one unforgivable sin. She had sold all her beautiful mahogany furniture of the early 1800's and filled the house with hideous black walnut instead. Much later, Mamma in turn replaced a great deal of this with mahogany again; but the parlor was always kept as Mrs. Lee had furnished it, in the heavy style of "Queen Victoria's Glorious Days."

Ugly though they were, however, the big clumsy armchairs and sofas were more comfortable than the original furniture could possibly have been. Certainly I can't imagine my enormous brother Charlie feeling much at home on a small spindle-legged Sheraton chair, or myself able to curl up on an early-empire sofa; whereas we made ourselves extremely comfortable on the well-upholstered black walnut that Mrs. Lee had bequeathed to Mamma.

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Those were pleasant afternoons in the big quiet parlor, with the sound of cannel coal snapping and crackling softly to us in the fireplace; firelight glowing from polished copper coalhods on the hearth; and beautiful great-grandmother Lee taking it all in and smiling down upon us with her look of secret amusement.

When the scarlet shawl and mysterious little smile were beginning to fade away

in the dusk, the parlormaid would appear bearing a long wand-like apparatus with which to light the chandelier that hung suspended from the ceiling entirely beyond feminine reach. The end of this wand was forked; one of the tips held a lighted wax taper, while the other was shaped like a pair of tiny praying hands just big enough to fit over the individual gas-jets and turn them on or off. Beside us on the centre table stood a reading lamp with a fragile incandescent thing around its jet, called a "Mazda Mantle." This too was lit, and when the maid had filled the room with all the illumination that gas could supply — often very little indeed, for in cold weather it grew dimmer and dimmer till sometimes it froze and had to be thawed out by a plumber — she would draw the heavy gray-green curtains over both tall windows, and depart, leaving Charlie and me to go on with our game.

By this time Charlie had consumed several cups of chocolate, and in a lordly way would pass me the pot with its few remaining drops. This was a rather sore subject with me — for had I not given Charlie that mammoth pot at Christmas so that more chocolate should be left over for me when he had finished? He had been pleasantly grateful, too, on opening the package. But when his next present proved to be a cup, more mammoth still — from Helen — I knew that my portion of hot chocolate would be no greater than before, and that there was no use whatever in trying to outwit my brothers and sisters.

However, not being too proud to take what I could get, I made my cup look as full as possible by putting in all the cream that was left, and Charlie and I kept on with the cribbage or backgammon for another hour.

* * * * *

Toward six o'clock Papa would come home, after a morning in his office and an afternoon at the Somerset Club where he and his cronies played billiards every day. Settling down by the fire in his armchair, with his tea and the Boston Transcript and the cigar which he was never seen without, he would put on a pair of ancient leather slippers, the sole of whose left heel was scarred by a deep diagonal groove which had been worn there by the striking of countless matches. (A few years later when those slippers were unaccountably lost, the whole family practically went into mourning! One couldn't associate *new* clothes with Papa for they never interested him. In fact, a new suit, when he did occasionally get one, was likely to be hung up in a closet and forgotten; and every once in a while he would come down to breakfast looking rather sheepishly pleased with himself, and remark that he had just "found a new suit in his closet that

he'd had made five — or ten — years ago!" His tailor signed and dated them, so there was no disputing their vintage.)

At seven o'clock, dinner would be announced; and after dinner a great responsibility began for me: Papa's nap. The rest of the family would depart from the dining room, and he would dispose himself comfortably in the "Morris chair" by the fire — his feet up on another chair — to have me stand behind him and tickle his bald head until he fell asleep. How this custom began I've forgotten, but it was pursued year after year in Boston, never anywhere else. Only when Papa's snores were loud and convincing — usually in fifteen or twenty minutes but sometimes not for half an hour — was it safe to steal away, for if I left off too soon he would awake and the tickling would have to be begun all over again.

In Weston, Papa preferred being put to sleep by piano music, and luckily for

me he liked it slow and soft. For in spite of years and years of music lessons I could never play fast, and the few tunes I succeeded in learning at all sounded like gentle dirges.

The only reason that I could produce even this sort of music was because a friend of Mamma's had told her about a young music teacher who wanted to try out a new theory of teaching on "some pupil of not over average intelligence," and had suggested that I might do. Mamma thought the description fitted me, and an upright piano was hired and put in the coat-room at Mt. Vernon Street for me to practise upon.

From the first, I loved the piano smell. It was entirely new to me, and compelling in its rather nasty oiliness to one with Bryant blood in her veins. For all true Bryants have a particularly keen sense of smell, and are supposed often to say to each other, "Oh, come here quickly and smell this lovely bad smell!" — and

it was certainly through my "olfactory nerve" rather than any other that the piano made its appeal. Smell or no smell, however, piano lessons were a weary process for both Miss B— and me. My brain — of not over average intelligence — did seem equal to grasping the new theory, but my fingers weren't nearly equal to performing what Miss B— expected of them. Over and over again for the next twelve years she reproached me with having the worst hands she had ever seen for the piano. Which wasn't surprising, as we were a totally un-musical family — except for Johnny who used to whistle "The Suwannee River" by the hour. Papa could *just* recognize "Fair Harvard" and some of the darky songs he had heard so much during the Civil War, and thought of music merely as an agreeable means of being soothed to sleep — not as an aesthetic pleasure.

Papa's sleeping habits were something in the nature of a fine art and always

produced a sensation among the friends who came to visit us in Weston. Their fathers were mostly a lot younger than he, and went to business at normal hours—instead of staying in bed until ten or eleven in the morning. And their fathers got up when they were called — not, like Papa, having themselves waked every half hour from eight o'clock on, for the mere pleasure of dropping off to sleep again! To know that he never went to bed until the small hours, and that I often found him still sitting up by the fire in the Mt. Vernon Street parlor, with his cigar and some English periodical, when I came home from parties later on at three in the morning, struck them as very odd indeed. And his habit of being tickled to sleep, they thought, was most peculiar of all. I alone could sympathize with him and see nothing out of the way about it, on account of my appendicitis.

HORSES

Ancient and Modern

Among the twenty or more horses that we used to pat in the Weston stable, there had been nothing safe for Frank and me to learn to ride upon until the summer that we were eight and nine years old, when an ancient Shetland pony was passed along to us by Papa's friend Mr. J. Malcolm Forbes. The Forbes children had outgrown the pony, whose name was Jackanapes; and we were enraptured at the thought of having something we could ride.

Helen immediately got to work making me a beautiful dark green riding habit; for girls in those days rode only side-saddle, and one's skirt had to come down to the ground and have humps and bumps that would fit over the pommels. Helen

had many difficulties in getting these just right, and also in locating a part of me called my "bust" where according to the pattern certain seams in the jacket were to start. I had no idea what a bust was, and couldn't find the place for her until she explained.

Finally the jacket and skirt were finished, and Frank and I were given nice little riding whips. But Jackanapes was not impressed. Every day we took turns mounting him at the front doorstep and setting off to ride around the driveway circle. Jackanapes would jog along very willingly until he came to the stable door, which he considered the end of the route; but there, in spite of anything Frank or I could do, he would amble in and stop. The men would come out of the harness room, where they were usually playing cards, and shoo Jackanapes away — whereupon he would make another cheerful circuit of the driveway and again trot into the stable. Finally

the men took to closing the stable door; but even that did no good, for Jackanapes merely planted himself firmly outside, and we waited longer still before he was shooed away. Neither Frank nor I could make any impression at all upon him that first season. But the next winter, Papa joined the "New Riding Club" near Symphony Hall, and Mamma took us out there twice a week to have lessons on the Club horses. Somehow we acquired confidence, which apparently was what had been lacking; for when we went back to Weston in the spring we found that Jackanapes was no longer our master and that we could ride him past the open stable door as often as we liked.

After the second summer with Jackanapes Mamma set about getting us each a horse of our own, and many were the excitements and debates over different possibilities. "Harlequin" and "Folly" were the final results, both of them quite outside Papa's stable tradition and not

very greatly admired by him. Folly, whose name came with her, was Frank's — a stylish little elderly mare, a couple of sizes bigger than a Shetland; rather like a rotund miniature hunter, and very handsome except for her tail which had been docked. Docked tails were considered by our family not only criminal but also the unmistakable badge of the "nouveaux riches," and Papa almost refused to buy Folly. But she was such a really splendid little beast that he was finally prevailed upon by Mamma and Frank to receive her in his stable. After that her tail was never trimmed. The hairs grew long and untidy, and flapped around — looking very odd and not improving her appearance, but useful to a certain extent in switching flies. Frank and Folly were a good team; he became a beautiful rider and soon won the Club riding championship for boys under thirteen, while Folly distinguished herself by winning pony-jumping prizes.

My horse was no less a departure from the family tradition, for tho' his tail had not been docked "his color was against him." He was piebald. The colors themselves could not have been prettier, a rich mahogany bay and a pure, dazzling white, with black mane and tail. To me he was beautiful; his patterns were exactly the same on both sides, and looked so much like maps of Africa, South America and Spain that Frank thought he ought to be named "Geography" and was greatly disappointed when I decided on "Harlequin." Like many piebalds, he was unusually intelligent and learned to understand all sorts of spoken signals. I loved him devotedly, but I never became a good rider like Frank. Whenever Harlequin hadn't been ridden for a day or two I was convinced that he would be 'fresh,' and went up to the Riding Club with my knees shaking. If he squirmed or tossed his head a little, I felt seasick; and not until he had settled down after three or

four times around the ring did I recover and manage to enjoy myself.

There used to be 'music drills' on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, when a brass band played in the balcony, and the riders in a long procession of pairs executed manoeuvres at the direction of the head riding-master, Mr. Speare. Harlequin and I rode in these regularly, for it was wonderful fun, which the horses seemed to enjoy quite as much as the riders. But poor Harlequin was always looked down upon because of his color, and we were never very popular as partners. Only a nice old Mr. Forbes — a cousin of Jackanapes's former owner—could be counted on regularly to invite us to ride with him. Once in a while, however, my heart would skip a lot of beats when a young man named A—— K—— — whom I thought much handsomer than the Apollo Belvedere — asked me to be his partner. Although I learned a number of years later

that he was really a very stupid young man who soon went to the bad, the knowledge has never dimmed my thrills in retrospect.

Harlequin and I never distinguished ourselves as Frank and Folly did, and the only prize I ever won at the Riding Club was in a masquerade — when I borrowed a white horse and went as the "Banbury Cross" lady, wearing a dark blue velvet dress and high pointed cap, with ten-cent-store rings on my fingers and bells on my toes. Someone who was going as a cowboy borrowed Harlequin to ride; and they looked a very wild and western pair, which made me happy, and I hope Harlequin too.

Out in Weston we rode every day, after acquiring our own horses, and even there poor Harlequin was often laughed at. One day I came out to the front doorsteps where he was waiting for me to mount, and found him adorned with a pair of long paper horns — and Johnny

standing by, looking altogether too innocent. I pretended to be very angry at Johnny for implying that Harlequin resembled a cow; but a few days later I was forced to admit that there was something in it, for a little calf by the roadside looked up and moo-ed as we rode by, and followed us, moo-ing, a long way down the road!

Mamma always drove behind us on these rides, in her 'phaeton' with one of her two special horses, Bessie and Fancy. Bessie was tall and angular, and distinguished in a plain, bay way; Fancy, too, was a bay mare, but smaller, more showy, and very, very glossy. Mamma had given up riding, herself, long before we were born, but she loved horses and had never been timid like me. Stylish, high-seated waggons were considered by our family quite as vulgar as yachting caps and docked tails, and Mamma's phaeton was just a plain, low, single-seated carriage, very easy to get into and comfor-

table, with a hood that shaded you and could be pulled forward when it rained.

The roads in those days were soft under-foot; there were no automobiles to bother you, and driving was not only pleasant but the *natural* way of getting about. A dozen trips must have been made every day between the house and the postoffice, railroad station, and grocery store, and back and forth to the golf course — so that a cheerful clip-clop of hoofs was almost always in your ears, as horses trotted in and out of the driveway on their numerous errands.

* * * * *

Papa had been interested in trotting-horses ever since the days long ago when he and his contemporaries had driven their cutters out Commonwealth Avenue in Boston to race on hard-packed snow at the "Mill Dam," a spot near the present Harvard Stadium. There were still a couple of trotters in the stable, that 'Mr.

Moulton,' a formidable character to Frank and me, exercised in a sulky on a race-track that Papa had had made in our woods. Georgia and Junius were their names. Junius was a stallion and was supposed to trot a mile in something-or-other, "2:20," or possibly "2:17."

It was Mr. Moulton who always drove Papa to the station in the morning, never one of the lesser stable-men who merely got the mail and went to the store and took the rest of us to trains. He had a large, neat, white moustache, and wore the most correct of old-gentleman overcoats and hats. He was never seen to smile, and everyone was afraid of him except Papa. His handling of the horses was as gentle as his outward demeanor was severe, and even the most nervous and unmanageable of them would behave for him.

Mr. Moulton and Mamma were both considered by Papa to have "good hands," and I used to notice them giving slight

twitches to the reins every now and then — to "feel the horse's mouth," Mamma said, when I asked her why. Later on when I was allowed to drive, I, too, twitched the reins, but could feel nothing and only irritated the horse.

Papa's special driving horses were Genesta, who was named for a beautiful English yacht that had raced against the Puritan, and Young Vic, the daughter of Old Vic who took Charlie hunting. They were both dark dappled-brown mares and very spirited. On Sunday afternoons — which were hard for Papa to get through because the Coburn family who owned the golf club land wouldn't let it be used on Sundays — he would go out for a drive, and often took me with him. Genesta and Young Vic both went very fast, I suppose because of their trotting blood, and I felt very grand to be driving with them and with Papa.

Most of the horses had been raised on the place and had thoroughbred as well

as trotting blood in their veins. They were long-gaited and "rangy", and seemed to have been born with a great aversion to standing still or seeing anything at all out of the ordinary. Trains that they met every day filled them with consternation; being kept waiting when they came to meet Papa and me at the Golf Club put them into a very bad humor indeed; and pieces of newspaper blowing about on the road they simply could not bear.

The horses that I remember, besides those already mentioned, were Norembega, Almede and Young Almede, Sibyl, Edgemeade and Young Edgemeade, Kentucky, Boz, Sachem, Cossack, Billy, Spider; and Bonita and Weasel who had been bought for Helen. Kentucky and Boz were no longer used for driving but worked on the farm. Norembega and Young Almede were handsome big bay creatures who generally took Papa and me to the golf course; Cossack and Billy

were good-looking small chestnuts who were usually driven singly, but once in a while were hitched up as a pair — both of them extremely spirited, but with such soft mouths that in spite of their liveliness you could hold them with two fingers. They had a long springy way of trotting; they were very much given to shying, and in double harness they made a point of shying in opposite directions.

One autumn when John took an early train at Auburndale every day to go in town to work, he used to drive over with Cossack and put him up in a livery stable near the station. I was going to Miss Winsor's by that time, so Johnny often took me with him and we went in town together — altho I did not sit in the smoking-car as he did! How I enjoyed those cold morning drives behind Cossack, with his hoofs clicking sharply on the frozen road and his coppery winter coat softly haloed against the early sunshine

— he himself shying at everything he could think of and looking for all the world like a startled sea-horse.

But the horse to take your breath away was Sachem, a big, bony chestnut who stood sixteen and a half hands high — when all four feet were on the ground, that is, for most of the time he was rearing and towered in the sky. He suited his name, and could easily have been the reincarnation of some Indian chief; for he carried his long arched neck erect and very proudly, and looked down his somewhat Roman nose at the rest of the world with inscrutable distrust. “Conquered, but never tamed,” he must always have been saying to himself; for his red nostrils constantly quivered and his gait was a fierce flinging out of hoofs in reckless, regal gestures that gave you no time to discover his secret sorrow.

For Sachem was lame! He had been born with a very slight inequality in the length of his front legs, which no shoeing

could ever quite counteract; and though his unevenness of gait was scarcely perceptible and made no difference to his strength or usefulness, it may perhaps have explained the extreme nervousness of his temperament. I am sure it did explain the special feeling that everyone on the place had for him, from Papa and Mr. Moulton down to Frank and me, which mere magnificence could never have accounted for.

But magnificent he certainly was. People along the road always turned to gaze at him as we passed; and when we came to something that Sachem didn't like, and they saw his forelegs waving in the air, they probably wondered — as I did — whether or not we were likely to get home alive. On the rare occasions when Mr. Moulton drove, you could tell that Sachem trusted him and didn't mean much of anything by all his rearing and plunging. But with McCullough, who was nervous himself and in whom Sach-

em had no confidence at all, it was very different — particularly one autumn when Norembega was lame, and Sachem, who was used instead, took Papa and me to the golf course every day, chiefly on his hind legs! The main road was being rebuilt that year, and for weeks we had to pass by a whole series of steam-rollers in the village. At the first glimpse of them Sachem would rear; and then for the rest of the trip his great forelegs would continue to wave over our heads — Papa all the time sitting calm and unperturbed, while poor McCullough made frantic faces and I prayed!

Two years after that steam-roller summer, Papa and I were sitting in the parlor one evening when there was a knock on the door, and Mr. Moulton came in to tell us that Sachem was ill with colic. That didn't sound very alarming to me, but Papa and Mr. Moulton looked worried and discussed what had better be done for him. Later, when I went to

bed, there was a queer uneasy feeling in the pit of my stomach. Next morning, however, Papa went to Boston as usual; we had our round of golf in the afternoon, and I told myself that *colic* could never do anything to such a huge, strong horse as Sachem. But in the evening there was another knock on the parlor door, and again Mr. Moulton came in. This time a tear was glistening on the face that had always seemed so cold and immovable.

So we knew, before he spoke. "Well, General," he said, "the horse is gone. I'm sorry . . . I did everything I could for him." Papa didn't say anything, but just shook Mr. Moulton's hand. Sachem had died in his seventeenth year.

I have always wondered why he never put an end to us all in some moment of unendurable fear and fury, for not even Mr. Moulton could have stopped him if he had ever yielded to such an impulse. Perhaps it would have been too easy and

not worth while. Or, perhaps, he may have really loved us a little!

* * * * *

It was in the Civil War that Papa began to feel sure that horses could communicate with each other in their own language just as humans do. Horses had had to be procured in large numbers when the Division he was commanding was changed, greatly to his satisfaction, from Infantry to Mounted Infantry; and since there weren't enough regular cavalry horses anywhere to be had at short notice, a large number of 'green' horses were bought on the Western plains and shipped to Louisiana. They had never even seen a saddle and did not propose to be broken; so that the soldiers, who mostly knew nothing about horses anyway, had a very unpleasant time of it for a while. But fortunately a moderate number of cavalry horses had been acquired too, and soon it was noticed that they were

having a most surprising effect upon the few Westerners who happened to be picketed amongst them. For these, alone of all the 'green' horses, were suddenly beginning to behave! This was at once verified as a fact, and from then on, the old-stagers were used as regular teachers; every 'green' horse was picketed in turn with a cavalry horse on either side for a fortnight or so; and in very short order the whole batch of wicked Westerners had exchanged their wickedness for a sedate acceptance of the army discipline taught by their four-footed instructors.

A favorite horse of Mamma's named Herald had even demonstrated that horses could count. For Mamma used to drive him a great deal in the beach-waggon in years gone by; and when she stopped for people to get out to do errands or make calls or pick wild flowers, he would make no move to start up again until every one was back in the carriage.

If three had got out, three must get in; and not until the correct number of passengers had climbed aboard would Herald heave a sigh of relief and consent to continue the drive.

In the stable, too, Herald had ideas. For at night he used to undo the latches of his own and all the other box-stalls, and then lead a joyful group of companions up to the pastures for midnight revelry. He himself always came back before morning and would be found in his stall looking blameless and bland; but the other horses had to be recaptured, and eventually Herald's door was given a different kind of latch.

There had been a little colt, too, whose temerity and curiosity we loved to have Mamma tell us about. She had been writing a letter in the parlor one hot summer morning long ago — when she was young and colts were grazing on the lawn “and the world was so new-and-all” — when she heard a soft snuffling noise

close to her head; and glancing up at the mirror that hung in front of her over the desk she saw a long, bewildered little face gazing in astonishment at its own reflection: one of the colts, more enterprising than the others, who had discovered his way out of their enclosure and had come up to the house to investigate. The front door was standing open, so in he had walked with his “satiabile curiosity” and then had surprised himself almost out of his next year's growth by finding not only Mamma whom he may have expected to see, but also a strange colt of whose existence he had never heard! Such an enterprising little creature must surely have been some relation of Herald's, tho I never knew, and like him was embarking upon a life of adventure and finding out and friendliness.

* * * * *

These were some of the many things that had given Papa his feeling about the

scope of a horse's intellect and power of communication. One day he made a test in the subject. It was in the trotting era, and he was driving from Weston in to Boston with a very young mare who had never been there before, but whose mother had often made the trip and was as much at home in our Mt. Vernon Street stable as she was out in Weston. Half-way in town, it occurred to Papa to wonder if the daughter might have inherited from her mother some sort of instinct about the place she was now headed for, and would be able to find it without his help. So, as soon as they had crossed Charles Street and began to climb Mt. Vernon Street, he hung the reins loose over the dashboard and let her choose her way. Mt. Vernon Street is steep, and there are plenty of opportunities for a horse that is left to her own devices, like this, to turn off and find easier going. But as the young mare ignored them all — West Cedar St., Willow St. and Louisburg

Square — and presently came within sight of our driveway, Papa grew inwardly excited. The lower end of it, which belongs to the house at No. 89, she passed without a sign of interest; but as they reached our own end she pricked up her ears a little, turned quietly to the left, and in a well-bred way walked briskly up the driveway and into the stable door. Papa was delighted. As he had surmised, the intelligent mother had given her daughter explicit instructions about where to go and how to behave when she got there!

That moment is one I should like to have seen. When Papa was pleased with someone he was fond of, his words were very few but the twinkle in his eyes and his silent chuckle of approval were reward far beyond any praise. Once, years and years later, another very young animal elicited them — my son Dicko at the age of one and a half. Papa used to take him and me for a drive on the nurse-

maid's afternoon out that winter; and when the first snowstorm came so that we went in a sleigh instead of an automobile, Dicko leaned over the side as he sat in my lap and said with a troubled and inquiring expression, "Wheels? — Wheels?" This sign of intelligent observation in one so young brought not only Papa's delighted twinkle and chuckle, but also his comment of "Pretty knowing brat — that!"

When the young mare found her way into the Boston stable I know just how Papa would have beamed. And when he next saw her mother out in Weston I am sure he must have said to her — "Pretty knowing filly — that!"



AGING AFTERTHOUGHTS

“SWING HIGH — SWING LOW”

If the engagement of an older brother or sister is to lift one to the very height of bliss it should happen when one is both *old* enough to appreciate romance and *young* enough not to sigh for it one's self — in fact when one is eleven and a half, as I was when Johnny's engagement burst upon me.

He told me about it on a lovely June morning in Weston — coming into my room very early and whispering it in my ear with a hug that nearly choked me. At first I couldn't imagine what in the world he was talking about — 'your Johnny engaged to Louie Frazer!' — so uncomprehending had I been of the signs which grown-ups told me later they had found quite easy to read. But when his meaning suddenly penetrated my mind,

great waves of rapture came flooding through and through me and transported me direct to the seventh heaven — taking my breath completely away like a non-stop elevator. Johnny's words had included a question as to how I would like it, and though I couldn't speak for some moments there had been no doubt about my answer.

Possessing a brother-in-law already, I could surmise that a sister-in-law would be something very delightful; besides which, this sister-in-law-elect was a friend of Helen's whom I thought particularly ravishing. But there must have been something more than even these propitious circumstances to account for my ecstasy — something vicarious perhaps and impossible to explain; though I think *not* impossible to understand, considering that the romance was "my Johnny's."

For weeks I danced on air with Johnny's image and the dazzling word "engaged" whirling madly through my mind in

golden whirlpools. And not even when I sobered down a little and came back to earth did the golden feeling disappear, for I knew there was no fear of Johnny's forgetting me even when he was married and went away to live.

He would leave a hole behind him, to be sure; and in the autumn when the wedding and its excitements were over we discovered how very big it was. For without Johnny at hand to exchange jokes and brotherly insults with, even Charlie could make very little noise and the whole house grew quiet and rather solemn. But it was the sort of hole that produces happiness — like those one digs in smooth, green turf where shrubs are to be planted for future bloom and fragrance.

* * * * *

Less than a year after this joyous time, and very soon after my appendicitis, a different sort of hole — a deep, dark

chasm that nothing could ever fill — opened suddenly beneath our feet and is still too sad to say much about. For just as we were to move back to Weston from Nahant, Mamma went to the hospital for an operation; and in three or four days we knew that it had been too late for the doctor to save her life.

So there we were, Papa and the rest of us, left to take care of each other as best we could. At first it seemed as if the world had come to an end and we couldn't go on. But somehow we managed; and the family relationships, as I look back, began from the first to be touched with special grace that ordinary circumstances couldn't have called forth. Certainly no father can ever have been more loving and more beloved than Papa; no older brothers and sisters — including the in-laws — more wonderfully kind and looked up to than Frank's and mine; no family as a whole more given to the sharing

of pleasures with one another and the bearing of one another's burdens.

So, after all, Mamma's spirit never really left us, and lovely things did grow from the dark chasm. But it was a long, long while before anyone wanted to go back to Nahant where she had said good-bye to us.

* * * * *

Helen, of course, became the "lady of the house," as well as Frank's and my bringer-up; and from her promotion to these responsibilities something similar seemed to trickle through to me, so that before long I was considered old enough to be taught whist and was being allowed to escape from school in the winters to go abroad with Papa and Helen — as Helen had so often done with Mamma.

When we came home in late April, after winters in Italy that had been spent in sight-seeing and 'junk-shopping' and eating delicious Italian food, my enthusiasm for the last few weeks of school

(as well as for American roast beef) was always redoubled, and my marks had a way of improving. Miss Winsor sympathized with people who liked Europe, and must have rated very highly the benefits to be derived from travel, for she made no difficulties for us as present-day head-mistresses might do; while the teacher of my favorite course, 'The History of Art' (which lasted for three years) found me a comforting pupil among the many who had never been abroad and couldn't tell a Giorgione from a Giotto. But I probably put on airs, and how very stuck-up my class-mates must have found me!

As for Frank, he too reached the point of "putting away childish things;" not gradually, as I was doing, but in one fell swoop about a month after Mamma's death. For in that October he was allowed to try his own wings and go away to boarding-school; which ensured that

he would no longer be spoken of as a "little boy," and gave him in my eyes a sort of prestige that never wore off.



A SCHOOL IS BORN

Molly and Rick had often enlivened our existence in the past by announcing the arrival of a new baby; but such events were always unforeseen so far as Frank and I were concerned. So when we were informed early in the winter of 1901 that Molly and Rick were going to have a new *school*, a boarding-school for boys in Concord, Massachusetts, the news had seemed rather extra phenomenal and had made us feel that we were being let into the family secrets at last. The school was to open in the autumn; and great was the family excitement as plans of buildings were pored over and names discussed, until the name of "Middlesex" was at last decided upon and a school prospectus sent out.

Frank was entered at once, to start in the next-to-youngest class of this opening

year, and rather to my embarrassment he didn't conceal his enthusiasm at the prospect. He was very fond of us all — even me — but there were too many apron strings at home for his liking; and mine in particular had been chafing him ever since that Fourth of July fight two years ago when dignity and growing up had so suddenly overtaken me, and after which I had certainly been a thorn in his flesh with my concern over his manners and morals. The masculine world that he now saw stretching out ahead of him was to consist of athletics, rough-housing, and plenty of boys, and would obviously be a change for the better despite the inescapable school work.

For a while there had seemed to be some question about the "plenty of boys," and Frank grew rather discouraged as week after week went by with his name standing alone on the entry list. Helen and I tried to cheer him up by writing

a poem (with apologies to W. S. Gilbert) that was to begin,

“Oh, I am the crew and the football team
And the ‘Nine’ of Middlesex School!”
But just as we were having trouble with the next lines, other names began coming in thick and fast, and relieved us of the necessity of finishing — since Frank after all wouldn’t have to “sit alone on a piece of stone.”

In the autumn when Middlesex opened, the number of boys had swelled to nineteen — not an enormous number actually, but sounding like a lot to me — and my feelings were very mixed at having Frank hurled into the midst of so many without me at hand to look after him. I did feel pretty sure that bad boys would be reformed eventually by Molly and Rick and turned into noble characters, but I dreaded their rough influence on him before the reformations were complete.

Soon after the opening, however, Molly invited me out to Concord for a visit, and when I saw Middlesex as it really was, I realized how silly I had been to worry.

For no rough influences were to be found at all — no cruel masters; no tough, brutal, big boys; no woe-begone little ones; no sounds of corporal punishment; nothing in fact at all like “Tom Brown at Rugby.” The boys, who were even more attractive in the mass than I had sometimes thought them singly, were noticeably cheerful; while the masters were kind-looking and friendly, and had most beautiful manners.

As for Frank himself, no one could have looked happier than he when I caught sight of his freckles among a lot of strange faces in the distance. But since we both would have been embarrassed at recognizing each other in public, I pretended not to see him, and only when he thought no one was looking did he send me a fleeting grin. The grin was

affectionate and pleased me very much in spite of its surreptitious brevity — but something in it that I had never seen before told me in a flash that my days of sisterly supremacy were over and that Frank could take care of himself without my help. This first encounter set the pattern for all future ones at Middlesex, where forever after we made a strict point of not recognizing each other when we met.

When the first Christmas vacation brought Frank home, even Mimi who never said a good word for him if she could help it — not because she was any less fond of him than the rest of us were but merely because he had failed to be a girl — even Mimi admitted that Middlesex was teaching him to be “varra” polite. And I noticed, with joy that made me humble for once, his having completely forgotten about my horrid superiority and criticisms. He glowed with delight at home food and home comforts

in general, all of which he had taken for granted before going away; and he not only washed his hands and brushed his hair for dinner without much urging but actually looked as if he rather *wanted* to push Helen's chair in to the table for her.

At sight of so much improvement in so short a time, what could I do except become a complete convert to boarding-school for boys?

During the next six years while Frank was progressing happily through the school — interested chiefly in football, and indulging in differences of opinion with the masters only often enough to prevent monotony and lend spice to existence—I discovered that dazzling pleasures of a social nature fell more and more to my own lot in connection with Middlesex. For the boys who *weren't* my brothers didn't have to be avoided, and many were the festivities to which Molly and Rick invited me: little tiny

dances at first in Molly's own living room, for which I supplied the girls — half a dozen or so of my classmates at Miss Winsor's, who found the parties delightful and were just as bowled over as I at being danced with occasionally by the attractive masters with beautiful manners; big formal dances later, which filled the dining-hall or gymnasium, and to which I was invited chiefly through nepotism — each one of them more deliriously delightful than the last, but never, in my after-thinking, quite able to surpass the charm of the earlier little ones.

Besides the pleasure that came to me from these various festivities, it was exciting, too, to watch the beautiful brick buildings, with panelled oak interiors, sprouting year by year from their lovely surrounding lawns; it was fun to be taken over them on sight-seeing expeditions by Rick, and secretly to indulge in envy of the lucky beings who were permitted to inhabit them and breathe their atmos-

phere. But such pangs of envy were very short lived, and soon I settled down into an enchanted state of being in love with the school as a whole. How sorry I felt for girls whose lives contained no sister and brother-in-law ruling over an agreeable masculine kingdom; and how I revelled in sentiment at Graduations, when Rick's speeches were so beautiful and the graduating classes looked so noble!

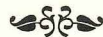
Frank, of course, didn't think of Middlesex in any such sentimental way at all. He looked upon school as a place where you put up with studies for the sake of worth while pleasures such as athletics and masculine companionship. But like everybody else who went there, he came under the influence of something in the atmosphere — perhaps in those early years it was "tradition-in-the-making" — that turned even boys who were scrubby to begin with into impressive specimens of their sex by the time Middlesex had finished with them. Frank

hadn't been at all scrubby to begin with; and when he wound up in his graduating year as Captain of the school football team the whole family was *very* proud of him — even the Boys, who still called him “Boy”, and even I who had come out by this time and was feeling much more maternal toward him than sisterly. (The maternal flavor by the way, became so permanently mingled with my sisterly feelings that now, in reverse, I have the greatest difficulty in remembering that my sons are not my brothers.)

Although Frank passed his college entrance exams in due course, Middlesex couldn't help shaking its head over his English which was poor and his spelling which was hopeless. They predicted a good deal of trouble for him at Harvard; but Papa refused to worry, even when he had a letter from him the summer after graduation in which the word “sailing” was spelled — as he had once said

cat could be spelled — in three different ways.

The abilities that Frank did have were more valuable ones in Papa's opinion than those he didn't. Sailing boats was the chief of them, and for a long time Papa had been watching this talent develop into a fine art — which I think must have given him a pleasure like that of living his own yachting days over again through a telescope. The wrong end of a telescope to be sure, since Papa had done his last racing in ninety footers, while Frank at the time of graduating from Middlesex was only just being promoted to twenty-one footers.



AMPHIBIAN

It was in 1902, when we migrated to Cataumet, that Frank's real sailing had begun. Up to that time it had merely consisted of going out with Captain Lothman and the Sport in light Nahant breezes that generally died away and left us becalmed; and racing, which Frank had longed for ever since he could remember, hadn't existed at all. So when Molly and Rick began telling us about Cataumet — a stronghold of Rick's Winsor relatives on Buzzards Bay — and described it as a nautical paradise with lots of racing and a strong prevailing wind that never stopped blowing, his mouth naturally watered. And during his first winter at Middlesex, Papa arranged to take a house there for the coming summer.

Molly and Rick hadn't exaggerated. It didn't take Frank long after he first set

eyes on Cataumet to know that it was the place for him; and very soon, when his dreams came true and he was provided with a boat of his own to race, I'm sure that the summit of earthly happiness must have been reached. Though Mimi had embroidered the truth quite a lot in declaring that he had started life as a crab in the Nahant ocean, no real crab was ever more at home or more delighted with its 'habitat' than he, for the next eight or nine summers, on the waters of Buzzard's Bay.

Frank's boat, which he named the "Waterbaby," was one of a new one-design class of racing cat-boats, thirteen feet long on the waterline and called the Barnacle's Pups, or just Pups for short. They were quite different from the usual 'cape cat;' and like the twenty-one foot sloop for whom they were named — a boat that was very queer, but unbeatable in heavy weather — they were considered too freakish by the Cataumet boat

owners in general. Great rivalry between the two schools of thought resulted; by the time the Pups were properly tuned up they were being challenged in good earnest by the older boats, and soon were hard at it demonstrating their superiority. Frank had "scrapping" and racing to his heart's content; and the following year Papa built a house on high land overlooking the water, from the piazza of which he could survey the nautical goings-on.

Frank was much too light at first to sail the Waterbaby alone, even in normal south-west winds, to say nothing of reefing breezes; so Captain Lothman who had migrated with us from Nahant sailed with him as crew. Early every morning the three of them — for the Waterbaby seemed just as much a personality as either of the others — would leave our cove and make for the harbor a mile away, on the lookout for a scrap. As they neared the entrance, Papa and I would

see the peaks of other sails appear over the low-lying land, and then a moment later the Waterbaby and some emerging rival would have encountered each other and begun their morning's occupation of pursuit, up and down the channel that lay between our bluff and Bassett's Island opposite.

Regular races in which all the boats sailed were held on Sunday afternoons, with starting guns and time allowances, and elderly business men who couldn't sail during the week perching youthfully on weather rails and shouting at their opponents in strong and colorful language. Numerous weekly series of races were scheduled for the Pups, and Frank spent every minute of the day afloat — except at meal times, during which our conversation was seldom allowed to stray very far from boats. His freckles grew brighter and more overlapping than ever, while his nose peeled till it became a raw little purplish patch among the surround-

ing brown — quite painful to look at except when considered as a gauge of progress in the art of sailing. By our second and third summers at Cataumet the Waterbaby was winning many more than her fair share of races, and when we went back to Weston in the autumn a large proportion of the pennants that were given to the winners was in Frank's possession.

Although I often went out with Frank for a morning's scrapping I never learned to do anything except haul the centerboard up when we hit bottom — a perfectly respectable occurrence in the shallow waters of Cataumet, though it would have been disaster and disgrace at Nahant. The mysteries of making a boat go where you wanted her to go remained mysteries to me, and I didn't try to master them. It was so much more fun to watch the Waterbaby being properly sailed than to do things all wrong myself — a lazy attitude rather like

Frank's own about learning to read, when he had asked "Why should I, when Nin can read to me?"

The part of racing that I did comprehend and appreciate was Frank's way of taking victory and defeat. No hard luck story was ever heard from his lips. If things had gone wrong he blamed nothing but himself, and only in success would he attribute the result to luck. "Win as if you always did, and lose as if you liked it!" is something I once read in an entirely non-relevant book; and it almost seemed to me that the author must have had Frank in mind, so particularly serene and cheerful did he look after a defeat and so particularly modest and inscrutable after a win. When he came ashore from racing, no outsider could possibly have told from his face what had been the outcome. Only afterwards, in the evening when we were extracting from him the whole story of events, did his inscrutability melt away into a special

look of his own that seemed somehow to be giving *you* the credit for his winning — or if he hadn't won, to be sorry only for having let *you* down! (To the day of his death, this unassuming quality never wore off, and many were the people to whom it had endeared him.)

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After a number of seasons in which the little Waterbaby had greatly distinguished herself, Frank began to outgrow her and was promoted to designing a twenty-one footer for racing at the Beverly Yacht Club, which in those days was situated on Wing's Neck not far from Cataumet. All one summer our living-room furniture was strewn with drawing-boards and huge sheets of squared-off paper and strange implements of naval architecture, which resulted the next year in a boat named the 'Owl' that I expected to see sweep everything before her.

Truth compels me to admit however that the Owl was not a great success, and that the best thing anyone said about her was that she wasn't bad for a first attempt. But Frank was only just sixteen when he began working on her plans, and the boats which she sailed against and was beaten by had been designed by Nathaniel Herreshoff and other well-known yachting figures; so perhaps I was the only person to be surprised — and aggrieved — at her failure. In any case, her lack of success merely meant that Frank had the fun of getting a better twenty-one footer built for the following summer. This second boat, the 'Gypsy,' turned out so well that he gave her name to nearly all of his subsequent racing boats; and even though a son of the Volunteer's Mr. Burgess had worked on her plans with him, so that she wasn't strictly the product of his own design, I think Papa must have had a presentiment that Frank was to be 'some

punkins' in naval architecture. (Papa died at eighty-three, when Frank was twenty-six and hadn't yet begun his career professionally.)

After the racing which we were interested in had been transferred to the Beverly Yacht Club, and Papa could no longer survey it from our own piazza, Cataumet lost its charms for him; so in a year or two he and I began going abroad for the summers — leaving Frank and his Gypsy behind with older brothers and sisters, to continue racing without our help. Occasionally some nice teacher from Miss Winsor's came with Papa and me; but generally there were members of the family who made up our party — Molly once, who now seems to me to have been extremely self-sacrificing to have forsaken her husband and children even for the charms of Vienna and Budapest which we visited; and often Helen — who was married by this time — and her husband Thatcher Kim-

ball who found ocean voyages and Swiss altitudes effective cures for his very bad but rather convenient hay fever.

Frank was always invited, in fact urged to come; but sedate traveling from one country to another by railroad had no appeal for him, and he regularly declined the invitation. Finally one year when Helen and Thatcher were to go with us, they and I succeeded in persuading Papa that European scenery could be seen much better from an automobile than a train, and that Frank might be induced to come too if he were allowed to do the driving. Automobiles had been in existence ten years or more and we had already possessed several, but horses still shied at them and the world in general looked upon them as objects of rarity and romance. So our scheme worked; and when Papa, Helen, Thatcher and I embarked a few weeks later, Frank, one of his friends, and a huge, high Pierce-Arrow touring-car embarked with us.

Frank's abilities as a chauffeur — or perhaps one should coin a word and say "compatibilities" — made our summer the pleasantest that was ever imagined in tourist history. Helen and I had brought along diminutive sketch-boxes and were longing to paint, which to the rest of the party seemed an occupation very much beside the mark. Perfect subjects, such as blue distances and long lines of Lombardy poplars, would stream past us until Helen and I were frantic; whereupon Frank would suddenly discover that a spark plug — or even a tire — needed changing. Out would come the sketch-boxes; and while Frank, his friend, and Thatcher struggled with things mechanical, Helen and I would paint away in bliss until Frank's excellent timing got the car ready to start off again just as we were putting on our last dabs of paint.

At the beginning of our trip Papa had said something extremely firm to Frank about *never* wanting to see the speed-

ometer register more than twenty-five miles an hour; and yet, during the first few days when Frank's obedience had resulted more than once in our being passed, he had also made it plain that he didn't like taking other people's dust. In those days the loud tooting and honking of horns from a long way off was part of regular motoring etiquette; and presently we noticed that the first toot from behind was becoming an immediate signal for Papa to pull his hat brim well down over his eyes, fold his hands quietly in his lap, and go to sleep. This, in its turn, was the signal for Frank to open the throttle wide and shoot the Pierce-Arrow triumphantly ahead, until the danger was over and we were safely out of reach of would-be overtakers. When Papa awakened a moment later from his brief nap, the speedometer of course would be registering its prescribed twenty-five miles an hour; and as he glanced absent-mindedly back over his shoulder

Papa would show not the least surprise at seeing our own dust billowing far behind us — and in the distance no sign of any other car!

Such perfect understanding between chauffeur and passengers would have made it very difficult *not* to have a good time; and the awed admiration of all hotel-keepers for the Pierce-Arrow and those belonging to it gave us an agreeable sense of importance that we did our best to live up to. (Sometimes, however, the hotels must have found it rather difficult to reconcile the Pierce-Arrow and its apparent affluence with the large hole that cigar-ash had burned in Papa's overcoat, and with his sending a comfortable pair of old shoes one at a time to be re-soled, for fear they would be stolen if both were sent at once.)

Looking after the car in French, and discussing "le mecanisme" with continental garages did a good deal for Frank's foreign vocabulary; and the charms of

Switzerland, France, Wales and Cornwall which he saw from the Pierce-Arrow driver's seat, gave him a taste for still more travel. So two or three summers went by in Europe — one of them when he and a so-called tutor did their cruising in a small car all by themselves.

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By this time both Frank and I were approaching middle-age — or so we felt. He was nearly twenty-one and I was actually twenty-two, and reminiscences such as these, called "Afterthoughts" in memory of Mamma's name for us as children, should be brought to a close. But 'just one more' episode must be included — our final joint enterprise before matrimony began to appear in the offing. Then will come the moment to apply Helen's old nursery rhyme and say, 'I've told you another, about my brother — and now my story is done!'

AIDING AND ABETTING

On entering Harvard, after the Gypsy's first season, Frank had hoped to take courses that would fit in with his idea of becoming a yacht designer, and to avoid the English about which Middlesex had felt so gloomy. But the ruling powers at Cambridge saw things otherwise. Boats interested them not at all, and though they allowed Frank to take a few subjects in mathematics and astronomy that would be useful later on, they were adamant about English. It was required, and he was doomed to take it.

The family, and especially Papa, thought this rather stupid of Harvard as well as unfeeling — for so many people can write English and so few can design boats. But there was no escape, and we wondered seriously what would happen

about Frank's getting his degree. As for myself, my faith and my fears were pretty evenly balanced: I knew that he was invincible *of course*; but punctuation — grammar — spelling — ? Oh dear!

The freshman year went by a trifle better than might have been expected. Frank managed, with great difficulty, to plow through the course called 'English A'; but the mark he achieved wasn't sufficiently impressive to absolve him entirely from further English. One or two courses that consisted chiefly of reading prescribed books came next, in his sophomore and junior years; and, along with the mathematical subjects which he found so easy, were safely passed — giving us all a rather unfounded sense of security about his degree. But the shadow of written English still hung over him, and in his senior year he found himself enmeshed in a half course whose Professor demanded the handing in of two

themes a week — twenty-four of them, we computed!

Poor Frank! Such a prospect could hardly have been more ominous or depressing. On the very afternoon, however, when the class had met for the first time, he came home and bounded up the Mt. Vernon Street stairs three steps at a time to find me — his face wearing an expression so surprisingly cheerful that I half expected to hear that the Professor was ill and the English course canceled. What I actually did hear was very nearly as cheering, since it proved that even Professors may be human. This one had announced his intention of marking the themes solely on style and construction; and when Frank had inquired after class whether or not in this case it would be legitimate to *dictate* them? — explaining his blind spot about spelling and such things — the *nice* Professor had said it would! So, didn't I have an old type-

writer somewhere that we could use, and couldn't we begin right away?

Without ado we unearthed my typewriter and set it up in the little front bedroom next to our old nursery on the third floor, where we felt the view of rooftops and late afternoon sky would be inspirational; and, extremely flattered by Frank's choosing me for his amanuensis, I sat down at the desk and began to take dictation.

What fun that winter was! With the roadblocks removed — spelling, punctuation, and the general toil of writing — Frank's ideas poured forth on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons in fluent sentences that came almost too fast for my amateur typing. Our travels in Europe and his own inventiveness left him never at a loss for subjects; and since he described things that he *hadn't* done or seen, quite as convincingly as those he had, I often found myself ejaculating in

surprise, "Why, when did *that* happen?" or "*Where* was that?"

The pleasure of this ability to turn fiction into fact for his listener may have helped to spur him on; for pretty soon the Professor was liking Frank's themes well enough to read some of them aloud to the class. When the seventh or eighth, I forget which, was given a B minus, Frank and I both gasped — and thought back to the days when he had been so sincerely thankful for D pluses! Perhaps the Professor's teaching may have had something to do with the improvement, but inwardly I gave entire credit to Frank's innate talent that was now set free.

Our most prized recognition from the Professor came toward the middle of the course, when the themes were getting B's oftener than C's. Frank had left Alpine adventures and Riviera spy stories behind by this time, and had reached the

stage of writing sentimental thumbnail sketches of people and places. In one of these, a scene in a Dijon Cafe was being described, and a certain special adjective was needed. Without it, the theme would be no good and not worth writing — but what it was, he couldn't remember. Rather long, and beginning with "b" — and he'd know it if he heard it, was all that Frank could say. "Beauteous?" I suggested, "bountiful, bewitching?" No! — "Beatific, benignant, benevolent?" No, no, no! — but rather *like* that last one. "Beneficent, perhaps?" — and instantly came his joyful *Yes!*

So the theme wound up with something about 'Dijon, the beneficent background of Jeanne.' And when the Professor read it aloud to the class he emphasized the importance of words and remarked that in this particular theme the word "beneficent" had raised the mark from a B to an A!

There was triumph for you! Could it be that Frank was going to *write*? Imagination soared!

But not for long. A month later when the course was nearly over, and a beautiful (and necessary) mark within easy reach — or so we had thought — Frank came home from Cambridge one afternoon looking angry and queerly betrayed.

Who could have imagined our nice Professor to be guilty of such perfidy? After allowing the class to write about whatever pleased their fancy all winter long, he had gone and assigned — as Frank expressed it — a compulsory subject, 'Robert Browning,' for the five-page final theme that was to take the place of an examination in the course.

This was coming down to earth with a thud! And after Frank had inquired from a classmate, "Who *is* Robert Browning?" the thud had become an insult. For unfortunately, and without exagger-

ation, poetry and poison were synonymous to the masculine portion of our family.

Long ago when Mamma was reading aloud to us every evening, and had sandwiched "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake" in between Dickens and the Waverly novels, both Frank and I had deeply resented Sir Walter Scott's not having stuck to prose — our single exception to this feeling having been for the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which we did enjoy despite the poetry. During the ten years or more since those evenings, Frank had read probably not one word of poetry and certainly no lives of poets.

So what would happen? Without any question, the smothering of his literary spark — more completely than spelling and punctuation had ever smothered it; an E for the course, and that lovely 'beneficent' gone for nothing; in fact, the whole winter's progress and Frank's new-

born interest in English just plain scuttled . . . It was *too* cruel.

From force of habit, however, we mounted to the third floor and automatically established ourselves in our customary chairs — Frank's facing the window, and mine beside it at the writing table. Staring down at my lap, I sat stupidly thinking how many dreadful sensations there were that began with 'd' — dejection, despondency, despair, defeat and so on. But what did they matter! Nothing would matter any more. It hardly seemed worth while to put the sheet of paper in my typewriter.

Wondering at last how Frank was taking it, I looked up — and beheld what seemed to be a miracle: a twinkle in his eyes at this darkest of dark moments. And before I could solve its meaning, he had begun very calmly to dictate:

"While on a walking trip through Cornwall this past summer" — and as he paused a moment, I fell into the trap as

usual and ejaculated, "Why, *when* was that?" But disregarding the interruption he went serenely on — "I chanced upon a mossy gravestone in a little country churchyard, and was able with some difficulty to decipher this simple epitaph: 'Here lies the body of Robert Browning Lost in a tragic death by drowning'."

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For the five required pages Frank unfolded the story of a former inhabitant of the Cornish village, Jonas Browning, a prosperous farmer who had named his only son for the greatest of then-living English poets; having the boy, Robert, educated far beyond the standards prevailing for their 'station in the world,' in hope of his, too, becoming a celebrated poet. The young man's character and ability had given promise of fulfilling the father's dream, until a storm and a leaky boat had combined to cut the son's life short at the age of nineteen — when

the broken-hearted father himself had composed the couplet that had caught Frank's eye; saying so very little, yet suggesting so much.

A thousand times I have wished that the thought of making carbon copies had ever entered my mind that winter; but it didn't, and all the details of Frank's tale are forgotten. I only remember how very touching and rather noble it was, and how sad it made one feel that *the* Robert Browning had never heard of his Cornish namesake. (For the father had not yet disclosed the plan to him while the boy was still alive, and after the tragedy it would of course have been pointless, Frank said.)

It took us about two hours to finish, but at last we drew breath and sighed the sigh of achievement. And when we read the whole theme aloud in one piece, without breaks, we knew that it was *very* good and would get an A . . . Unless, of

course, the Professor should feel obliged to give it an E!

Two long weeks of suspense must be lived through, before we should know its fate. During that time the family moved out to Weston and we had a dinner-dance. But even the agitation about numbers that ordinarily kept my mind seething with worries of its own — (would there be enough girls? — would there be *any* men?) didn't suffice to drown the thought of that all-too-probable E. Nor — quite — did the party itself.

But at last the judgment day arrived; and in the evening, according to promise, Frank came out to dinner to tell us the news. As he got out of his car at the front steps where I was waiting for him, his face was so inscrutable that at first I couldn't guess and didn't dare to ask. Then suddenly, in a flash, I remembered Cataumet, and that look of inscrutability

after races in the Waterbaby — and I was in doubt no longer.

A moment later, though, to make the news more real, I insisted on hearing it from his own lips — and he admitted “Yes, it *was* an A!”

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Almost the nicest part of the whole thing was having the Professor reinstated in our affections. And when it turned out a week or two later that he had given Frank a B for the course, my typewriter and I felt exactly as the mouse must have felt when she had gnawed through the last of those heavy cords that were enmeshing her friend the great lion.

It is nearly forty-five years, now, since that spring; and completely by accident I found just today, as I was finishing the story, that a poet — not Robert Browning as it should have been, but another — had expressed the whole thing in a single

line. It jumped off the page at me as I was hunting for something entirely different in the book of quotations: “A brother to relieve — how exquisite the bliss!”

THE END