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GENEALOGY AND HISTORY

OF THE

Baker, Andrus, Clark, and Adams Families

With Descriptive Travels of the Author

By

ALBERT CLARK BAKER



NEW YORK
1920
1920

DECORAH, IOWA

1920

PRINTED AND BOUND BY
LUTHERAN PUBLISHING HOUSE
DECORAH, IOWA



AMOS BAKER

He spent the last fifteen years of his life in research of the Baker descent



ALBERT CLARK BAKER

At 65 years of age

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GENEALOGY *and* HISTORY

INTRODUCTION

History of the Work

IT is with a degree of supreme satisfaction the writer is able to present to the immediate relatives of the writer in the Baker family this genealogical record—that golden cord that seems to bind the living to the dead.

If it shall be received and read with even a degree of that interest the writer has taken in compiling it, he will feel fully repaid for those many discouragements in research, and financial outlay.

Much of the work may seem personal, but this book is not offered to the public but to the immediate family as a present from the writer, that future generations may without inquiry learn of whom and where they descended. The writer presumes that there will be copies of the work in the hands of future generations a thousand years hence, and that a history to that generation, no matter how personal, would be received with that same degree of pleasure that the writer would look upon a history of his forefathers during the dark ages. Such a history to the writer, and he believes to all relatives, would be appreciated above all other history.

Another pleasure that has been mine in research on this work: I have so far been unable to find the first criminal or instance where there has been a prosecution or confinement for evil intentions.

Not like most histories of families or obituaries, as published, have I found them descendants from royalty or angels in their life, but just the bone and muscle of the country—that class to whom the living are indebted for the institutions they enjoy.

After one reaches the age of fifty he looks back more than ahead. To look ahead far, he knows not where, but with hope.

To look back are many pleasant memories, coupled with the sad, and all that has transpired to make up a life. Up to the time the writer was forty-four he either lived with his father, or his father lived with him. Father in old age often was in a reminiscent mood, and I became much interested in the family history as it had come to him; but there was nothing in the shape of a genealogy except a family record in the old family Bible of my grandfather, this in the handwriting of my grandfather, on the front leaf inscribed: "William Baker's Bible, 1810." This genealogic record reached back to Concord, Mass., as the original home of the family. He also left to my father the coat of arms brought from England and carried in the William branch of the family.

In 1872 came the first further light on the history of the family. At that time father received a letter from Westport, N. Y., signed by Amos Baker. In this letter he stated that he was the son of Daniel Baker, who was an uncle of my father; that he was looking up his uncle William's family; that his father had left home when he was ten years of age, and that he desired such information of the family as father had; that he was a man of seventy-four, had put in forty-two years as an instructor in the schools of Boston and, having retired, had been following research of the family, and this was the first reliable information he had found. (I have before me a copy of a Baker family genealogy in his handwriting and given by his grandson L. T. Baker to the New England Historical and Genealogical Society, which no doubt was the outcome of his research before he found father. This genealogy covers an entirely different family, but it having so many Amos Bakers no doubt induced him to build on it as this family, a number of them buried in Concord. This genealogy has no connection with the William Baker branch of the family.) No doubt he laid this aside after he found the William branch.

In his letter from Westport, N. Y. (letter before me now),

he gives a history of his hunt for his uncle William. He says: "When a boy, I knew that my grandfather removed from Concord, Mass., to Rutland, Vt., and now having lain aside all other work, decided to find, if it were possible, some traces of my father and uncle William. I went to Rutland and there found a marker at the grave of my grandfather. I knew that my uncle lived once at Middlebury, so went there and found that he had removed to Charlotte, about fifty years before. I went to Charlotte, put up at the old hotel there, and after a day's research found an old gentleman nearly ninety, by name Hill, who told me that he knew William Baker and that he owned the hotel and died where I was stopping; that he had a grandchild still living at Westport, N. Y., who could give all desired information." To the home of Almira Richards, father's oldest sister's daughter at Westport, he went and from her house was writing a letter with more satisfaction than any he had ever written. He must have lain aside the record he had so far made and commenced this, the record before me, sent with the William branch record by the New England Historical Genealogical Society.

I have before me a large number of his letters to father. In one he asks how father knew of his father's death at Utica, N. Y., when he was nineteen years of age. He says: "My father left home when I was ten years of age, to make us a home in the west. We never heard from him afterward. My mother died when I was twelve. Long since in heaven. My father?" He afterward went to Utica and found his father had been one of the wealthy men of that then young city.

Having been born in Concord, he was familiar with that place, and from father's record again commenced research for the William branch of the family. From burying-grounds and town records one gets the most reliable information in genealogy. From the town records of Concord and surrounding towns he located the family.

First he found one William Baker with his wife Mary and son, four years old, settled there direct from England, and that

this William Baker was an offspring of William and Johanna Baker, married 1590 in England. Next he finds the death of William Baker nineteen years later. Next he finds the marriage of William Baker 2 to Elizabeth Dutton, and on the same day, by the same minister, Mary Baker to Henry Jefts of Bellerica, Mass. (No doubt under the same ceremony, but record does not so relate.) There might still be a doubt as to this William being the son and Mary being the widow, but further in the town record we find the will of Henry Jefts, in which he appoints his stepson William Baker as administrator of his estate. This seemed to fully establish the record so far. Next we find the birth of his family and his son Joseph moving to Littleton and marrying Alice Jefts, a niece of Henry Jefts of Bellerica. Here in the graveyard were the gravestones of Joseph Baker William, his son and four generations, including Amos Baker, to whom I give much credit for this Baker record. On the stone of Joseph Baker I found the epitaph: "Capt. Joseph Baker. Died Sept. 3, 1761, aged sixty-six years."

After reaching this point it was easy to follow the different generations down to the present as shown in the record.

The writer has made two trips searching records and old surroundings and fully corroborating and extending the information received through his research. He would continue the work in all branches up to the present date, but knowing the uncertainty of life at his age deems it better to publish what he has and place blank pages for those who may receive this record for farther record.

It was the intention of Amos Baker to place a suitable Baker monument at the grave of William Baker 1 at Concord. My father was one of the committee of five in whose hands it was placed, but his age and getting together those appointed from Maine, Massachusetts, Illinois, and Iowa made it so difficult, so it was not accomplished.

The record of Amos Baker was left to his grandson Leslie Talbot Baker, of 37 Newbury St., Boston. He gave it to the New England Historical Society, 1154 Boylston St. On inquiry

there, they had no record of it. Upon inquiry at the New England Historical Genealogical Society rooms there was brought to me the old record from which I have built this new one. There was nothing in the work to establish its identity as being the work of Amos Baker, except the handwriting, — my having been fully familiar with this, or I would not be able to say the work was that of Amos Baker. He makes no personal mention of himself, nor does he give any extended history of any mentioned in the work.

On the front page was written: "Given by the estate of Francis Ewing Weston through Dr. Samuel Abbott Green, Oct. 22, 1912." I do not interpret this; but some mistake somewhere.

THE CLARK RECORD

The Clark record is from a record in my mother's handwriting and from personal remembrance. So far as it reaches, it is correct.

THE ANDRUS RECORD

The Andrus record I have made little research on, as time would not permit at my age. They were Scotch people, very bright, which gave this branch of the family their size and longevity and strength.

THE ADAMS RECORD

Of the Adams genealogy I have a full and correct line of descent from Henry Adams of Braintree, Mass., up to the marriage of Sibyl Adams to David Clark, where the record will give the descent down to the present generation. The writer felt it unnecessary to follow all the thousands of branches of the Adams family as descended from Henry Adams. The family has become so numerous as to become bewildering to those in research of that family, looking for some particular individual, so I have only followed a direct line of descent.

History of the Embellishments

THE coat of arms (by the name of Baker) I have no doubt is an original and not one of those that were sold to the public for prestige. My father said his father prized it much, and that he said it had been in the William branch of the family since brought from England. It is on a very ancient piece of sheepskin and shows all the marks of its ancient origin. It was put in a frame covered with Indian arrow-heads and for years hung in the sitting-room at our old home in Castalia. When we removed from there, it was taken from the frame; it was never reframed, but at father's death given to my brother William at Sioux City. His son William having passed on, it was given to Frank Dike Baker of Sioux City, the oldest living son.

The picture of the graves at Littleton, Mass., were taken by the writer. These graves at Littleton Common, about two miles from the railroad station, are in a good state of preservation. The stones are of slate. The larger stone in the foreground is that of Joseph Baker. On it is the epitaph: "Capt. Joseph Baker. Died Sept. 3, 1761, aged 66 years." The one to the right is the grave of William, his son. The epitaph: "William Baker. Died March 13, 1793, aged 74 years." Back of this is the stone of Amos Baker, the one to whom I am so much indebted. On stone: "Amos Baker. Son of Daniel Fletcher and Elizabeth Baker. Born in Concord, Nov. 20, 1798; died in Boston, April 12, 1886. He was 40 years deacon of the West Church, Boston, and 42 years a successful and beloved instructor of the young of Boston." His mother and wife also have stones at graves. Other graves of the family there.

The picture of William Baker 6, my grandfather, was from a painting done in Washington, D. C., while he was contractor on the dome of the old capitol, about 1798.

That of my grandmother Baker was taken when she was about 80 years of age.

That of the old hotel at Charlotte, Vt., was taken by the

writer the present year. It was here that grandfather Baker died in 1823. Here grandmother kept the place until she married Mr. Raxford. It was on the main stageroad from Boston to Montreal. All stages stopped here. It is now occupied as a tenement house, three families living in it at the time I took the picture.

The pictures of grandfather and mother Clark were taken when they were past seventy-five.

The old home of theirs was built in 1807. Mother and aunt Lucy Ann Knap, when ten and twelve years of age, came over from Whiting, Vt., and kept house for grandfather for some time before he moved the entire family over. It was an immense barn of a place and saw the wedding of most of the girls. At such times it housed about 200, and four dozen bottles of champagne were broken and fully consumed.

It has been entirely removed and a boat-house takes its location. The picture is from a painting by Cousin Althea Sherman.

The picture of father and mother together was taken in New York at the time of the crystal palace, 1853. Father was 47 and mother 36. At that time mother's uncle, Aaron Clark, was mayor of the city.

The large picture of father was taken when he was ninety, and that of mother when she was sixty-two.

The picture of Fort St. Fredrick shows the old home in the distance between there and Port Henry. The forts were built by the English at a cost of ten million dollars. Fifty acres of the old farm are now used as a state park including these forts.

The other picture of the old home was taken by the writer this year.

The picture as shown of the old home at Castalia is from a cut, the drawing from which was used in Andreas' state atlas. The sketch was taken by a very poor artist in winter and does the place very poor justice. In its time it was a beautiful farm home. It was two miles from the little town of Castalia, in sight of town and finely located.

The home of the writer at Decorah, built in 1897 of Sioux Falls jasper, with walls at the base twenty-eight inches thick, will remain a monument for many generations. It is located on a fourteen-acre tract, about one hundred feet higher and overlooking the city.

The home of G. R. Baker at 811 North Mariposa Ave., Los Angeles, in which he has lived three years, is a most attractive place.

The William Branch of the Baker Family

WILLIAM BAKER married Johanna in England in 1590 (see chapter on history of family). Their son William and wife, Mary, with one child, William, four years old, came to America and settled in Concord, Massachusetts, in 1660. This William who came to America we start as the first generation.

1. WILLIAM BAKER 1, d. April 8, 1679.

Mary, his widow, m. 2 Henry Jefts, a prominent citizen of Bellerica, Mass. This Henry Jefts was b. in England in 1606 and d. in Bellerica in 1700. We have no date of the death of Mary.

2. WILLIAM BAKER 2 was b. in Old England in 1656, m. Elizabeth Dutton of Waburn, Mass., dau. of Thomas and Susan Dutton of Waburn, Mass., May 5, 1681. She was born Dec. 29, 1659, and d. April 7, 1698.

He m. 2 Abigail (no further history of her).

William Baker 2 died in Concord, June 8, 1702.

Issue of the marriage with Elizabeth — third generation:

Mary 3, b. May 1, 1682.

Elizabeth 3, b. Sept. 15, 1684.

Susanna 3, b. Aug. 25, 1686.

Thomas 3, b. Dec. 9, 1690, d. May 23, 1691, age 5 mo. 14 days.

John 3, b. May 6, 1692, d. Aug. 3, 1694.

Sarah 3, b. Aug. 13, 1693, d. Feb. 16, 1743. —

Joseph 3, b. Jan. 8, 1696, d. Sept. 3, 1761, at Littleton, Mass.

All born in Concord, Mass. This Joseph is the only break in the line of Williams for nine generations.

3. JOSEPH BAKER 3 m. Alice Jeffs of Bellerica, Mass., dau. of John and Lydia Jeffs of Bellerica. They were m. at Concord, Dec. 11, 1716, by the Rev. John Whiting.

She m. 2 Col. Samuel Lewis of Reading, Mass. No date of her death.

Children of Joseph Baker 3 and Alice:

Alice 4, b. in Concord, Nov. 14, 1717, d. Aug. 26, 1767.

William 4, b. in Concord, Dec. 12, 1719, d. at Littleton, March 13, 1793.

Joseph 4, b. in Littleton, June 22, 1721, d. 1776.

Lydia 4, b. in Littleton, March 19, 1723, d. Jan. 9, 1809.

John 4, b. in Littleton, April 21, 1726, d. in June, 1760.

Charles 4, b. in Littleton, May 30, 1728, d. April 3, 1813.

Timothy 4, b. in Littleton, Nov. 30, 1730, d. April 14, 1810.

Thomas 4, b. in Littleton, Oct. 11, 1732, d. 1778.

4. WILLIAM BAKER 4 m. Rebecca Conant of Concord, April 14, 1743; m. by the Rev. Daniel Bliss. She was b. in Concord, 1723, and d. Feb., 1767.

Issue of this marriage:

David and Jonathan 5, b. in Littleton, March 5, 1744, d. in infancy.

Rebecca 5, b. in Littleton, Jan. 17, 1745, d. 1748.

William 5, b. in Littleton, April 6, 1746, d. March 26, 1815, at Rutland, Vt.

Silas 5, b. in Littleton, Jan. 19, 1748, d. July 30, 1825.

Lydia 5, b. in Littleton, March 12, 1750, d. March 8, 1822.

Susanna 5, b. in Littleton, Oct. 10, 1751, d. Feb. 24, 1773.

Ezra 5, b. in Littleton, Aug. 25, 1753, d. Dec. 19, 1826.

Timothy 5, b. 1755, d. young.

David 5, b. 1758, d. in the army.

Rebecca 5, b. 1760, d. 1765.

Jonathan 5, b. 1761, d. 1765.

5. WILLIAM BAKER 5 m. Sarah Fletcher, dau. of Major Daniel and Sarah Hartwell of Acton, Mass.; m. Dec. 3, 1768.

at Stow, Mass. She was born in Acton, Mass., March 4, 1748, d. in Concord, Dec. 29, 1792.

Issue of this marriage:

Rebecca 6, b. in Templeton, Mass., July 27, 1769, m. a Mr. Claborne, d. in Rutland, Vt., Nov. 21, 1795.

William 6, b. in Templeton, Nov. 27, 1770, d. in Charlotte, Vt., March 23, 1823.

Jonathan H. 6, b. in Templeton, Aug. 9, 1772, d. in Rutland, Vt., 1799.

Daniel F. 6, b. in Templeton, Dec. 1, 1774, d. in Utica, N. Y., March 8, 1817.

Sarah 6, b. in Acton, Jan. 9, 1776, d. in Littleton, Nov. 21, 1785.

Joel 6, b. in Concord, Oct. 2, 1778, killed at Alstead, N. H., July 2, 1796.

Amos 6, b. in Concord, July 25, 1780.

Moses 6, b. May 18, 1782, drowned at Concord, Mass., Sep. 24, 1787.

Susanna 6, b. in Concord, May 25, 1784, d. in Thibodaux, La., 1833.

Aaron 6, b. in Concord, April 15, 1786, d. in Pittsford, Vt., March 24, 1825.

Moses 6, b. in Concord, July 31, 1791, d. in the army at Sackets Harbor, N. Y., July 18, 1813.

6. WILLIAM BAKER 6 m. Marcia Andrus, dau. of Eldad Andrus and Sophia Benadict of Cornwall, Vt., Nov. 17, 1801 (see Andrus' genealogy).

Issue of this marriage:

Harriet Byron 7, b. in Middlebury, Vt., June 17, 1802, d. April 2, 1869.

Eldad Andrus 7, b. in Middlebury, June 12, 1804, d. March 18, 1845.

William Henry 7, b. in Middlebury, Aug. 4, 1806, d. in Decorah, Ia., May 23, 1898.

George Washington 7, b. in Middlebury, May 7, 1809, d. Sept. 10, 1872.

Susanna Fletcher 7, b. in Middlebury, April 5, 1813, d. in Milwaukee, Wis.

7. WILLIAM BAKER 7 m. Pamela White Clark, dau. of David and Sybil Clark of Westport, N. Y., June 20, 1839; m. in Westport, N. Y., by the Rev. L. Potter. She was born in Whiting, Vt., Nov. 1, 1817, and d. in Castalia, Ia., Nov. 29, 1887. William and Pamela are buried in Decorah, Ia.

Issue of this marriage:

William Henry Adams 8, b. in Crown Point, N. Y., June 10, 1842, d. in Sioux City, Iowa, Oct. 22, 1908.

Franklin Hammond 8, b. in Crown Point, Jan. 18, 1844; living.

Andrus D. 8, b. in Crown Point, Nov. 14, 1845; living.

Edward Washington 8, b. in Crown Point, Aug. 3, 1849; living.

George Rollin 8, b. in Crown Point, June 1, 1851; living.

Albert Clark 8, b. in Crown Point, Feb. 28, 1854; living.

8. MARY BAKER 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. Jan. 28, 1684; m. Thomas, son of Thomas and Elizabeth Lawrence Whitney of Lancaster, Mass., July 26, 1704. Thomas Whitney, Jr., was b. Sept. 17, 1681.

Issue of this marriage:

Samuel Whitney 4, b. 1714.

David Whitney 4, b. 1722.

9. ELIZABETH BAKER 3 of William 2 of William 1; m. John Wooly of Concord. He died 1718.

Issue of this marriage:

Elizabeth Wooly 4, b. 1713.

10. SARAH BAKER 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Concord, Aug. 16, 1793; m. Nathaniel Ball of Concord, May 3, 1711.

Issue of this marriage:

Abigail Ball 4, b. July 26, 1712.
 Sarah Ball 4, b. April 29, 1714, d. Aug. 6, 1780.
 Nathaniel Ball 4, b. June 3, 1717.
 William Ball 4, b. Aug. 12, 1719.
 Ebenezer Ball 4, b. Dec. 13, 1721.
 Elizabeth Ball 4, b. Dec. 9, 1724.
 Elenor Ball 4, b. July 2, 1727.
 Mary Ball 4, b. April 30, 1729.
 Hannah Ball 4, b. June 12, 1731.
 Rebecca Ball 4, b. Nov. 27, 1733.
 Lois Ball 4, b. May 10, 1735.
 Lucy Ball 4, b. Aug. 31, 1739.

11. ALICE BAKER 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Concord, Nov. 13, 1719; m. July 12, 1739, by Rev. Aaron Whitney of Petersham.

Issue of this marriage:

Abel Whitney 5, b. July 7, 1740.
 Charles Whitney 5, b. May 4, 1742.
 Peter Whitney 5, b. Sept. 6, 1744.
 Aaron Whitney 5, b. Sept. 3, 1746.
 Alice Whitney 5, b. Sept. 23, 1748.
 Lucy Whitney 5, b. April 9, 1751.
 Paul Whitney 5, b. March 15, 1753.
 Abel Whitney 5, b. March 15, 1753.
 Richard 5.

12. JOSEPH BAKER 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. Jan. 22, 1721; m. 1741 Sarah, dau. of Edward and Elizabeth Houk Wheeler of Littleton, where they settled as farmers.

Issue of this marriage:

Sarah Wheeler 5, b. Feb. 22, 1743.
 Mary Wheeler 5, b. Sept. 20, 1746.
 Joseph Wheeler 5, b. Sept. 11, 1748.

Edward Wheeler 5, b. Nov. 14, 1750.
Jonathan Wheeler 5, b. June 18, 1753.
Peter Wheeler 5, b. Sept. 5, 1755.
Sarah Wheeler 5, b. Feb. 14, 1758.
Elizabeth Wheeler 5, b. Aug. 13, 1761.

13. LYDIA BAKER 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. March 17, 1747; m. Simon How of Marlboro, March 15, 1745, b. Oct. 18, 1722, d. June 9, 1806. She d. Aug. 26, 1809.

Issue of this marriage:

William How 5, b. Feb. 26, 1749.
Catherine How 5, b. Feb. 26, 1749.
Alice How 5, b. Sept. 9, 1750.
Lydia How 5, b. Oct. 22, 1753.
Abel How 5, b. May 8, 1756.
Talma How 5, b. May 22, 1758.
Perkins How 5, b. Dec. 31, 1760.
Perley How 5, b. Sept. 19, 1762.
Sarah How 5, b. Oct. 3, 1764.
Aaron How 5, b. Aug. 29, 1766.

14. JOHN BAKER 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, April 23, 1726; m. Elizabeth, dau. of Isaac and Thankful Gleason of Framingham, March 28, 1751. Mr. Baker was a farmer; he settled first in Littleton, later in Petersham.

Issue of this marriage:

Alice Baker 5, b. Feb. 5, 1752.
John Baker 5, b. March 24, 1754.
Betsy Baker 5, b. Jan. 5, 1756.
Isaac Baker 5, b. Aug. 7, 1758.

15. CHARLES BAKER 4 of Joseph 5 of William 2 of William 1, b. May 30, 1728; m. Mary King (Alias) Rice of Brimfield, Mass., May 30, 1751. She was the dau. of Ezra King of Worcester, Mass.

Issue of this marriage:

Charles Baker Jr. 5, b. April 4, 1752.

Jonas Baker 5, b. Jan. 17, 1754.

Levi Baker 5, b. April 10, 1755.

Mary Baker 5, b. Sept. 4, 1757.

Artemas Baker 5, b. Jan. 10, 1759.

Lydia Baker 5, b. June 21, 1761.

Joseph Baker 5, b. May 9, 1763.

Lucinda Baker 5, b. Nov. 20, 1764.

John Baker 5, b. May 12, 1768.

16. TIMOTHY BAKER 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, Nov. 4, 1730; m. in Sudbury Mary, dau. of Capt. Samuel and Mercy Munot Dakin, Jan. 15, 1761. Mr. Timothy Baker d. in Lincoln, the residence of his sister-in-law, Mrs. John Adams; she was the widow of Thomas Baker (see next record).

Issue of this marriage:

Mary Baker 5, b. May 23, 1762.

Hannah Baker 5, b. June 21, 1764.

Nancy Baker 5, b. Sept. 29, 1766.

Beulah Baker 5, b. Nov. 15, 1768.

Alice Baker 5, b. Oct. 1, 1770.

Lydia Baker 5, b. June 28, 1773.

Sam Dakin Baker 5, b. Sept. 20, 1775.

Abel Baker 5, b. June 10, 1778.

Stephen Baker 5, b. Oct. 15, 1781.

Timothy Minott Baker 5, b. March 7, 1786.

17. THOMAS BAKER 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, Oct. 11, 1732; m. Beulah, dau. of Capt. Samuel and Mary Minot Dakin, March 6, 1755.

Issue of this marriage:

Thomas Baker 5, b. Jan. 22, 1756, d. same year.

Abel Baker 5, b. Nov. 23, 1756.

Samuel Baker 5.

Paul Baker 5.

Beulah Baker 5.

Marcy Baker 5, b. Aug. 22, 1769.

Thomas Baker 5, b. Sept. 28, 1771.

Beulah Baker 5, b. Aug. 27, 1774.

18. SILAS BAKER 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, born in Littleton, Jan. 19, 1748; m. Betty, dau. of Robert and Betty Wilson Fisk of Lexington, Mass., March 5, 1777. Mr. Baker d. in Phillipston, July 30, 1825. Mrs. Baker b. in Lexington, July, 1754, d. in Phillipston, July, 1840.

Issue of this marriage:

Ezra Baker 6, b. July 17, 1778.

Silas Baker 6, b. April 5, 1781.

Betsy Baker 6, b. May 24, 1784.

Lydia Baker 6, b. May 6, 1787.

Ruth Baker 6, b. March 3, 1790.

Peetty Baker 6, b. Sept. 13, 1793.

Betsy Baker 6, b. June 3, 1797.

Leonard Baker 6, b. Aug. 13, 1803.

19. LYDIA BAKER 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, March 12, 1750; m. 1767 Col. John Porter of Littleton, b. 1742, d. in Littleton April 23, 1834. Mrs. Porter died March 8, 1822.

Issue of this marriage:

John Porter 6, b. Jan. 17, 1769.

Lydia Porter 6, b. Aug. 28, 1770.

Israel Porter 6, b. Nov. 27, 1771.

Jephthea Porter 6, b. Sept. 21, 1790.

20. SUSANNA BAKER 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. Oct. 10, 1751; m. Daniel, son of Ephraim Partheas Wheeler Whitcomb, May 4, 1769. She d. Feb. 24, 1773. No issue in this marriage.

21. EZRA BAKER 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, Aug. 2, 1758; m. 1782 Dorcas, dau. of Isiah and Dorcas Whitman. Mrs. Ezra Baker d. 1832, aged 72. Mr. Baker d. Dec. 19, 1826.

Issue of this marriage:

Susannah Baker 6, b. Sept. 12, 1784.

Susannah Baker 6, b. Oct. 14, 1786.

James Baker 6, b. Aug. 10, 1789.

James Baker 6, b. Nov. 15, 1791.

Rebecca Baker 6, b. Sept. 22, 1793.

William Baker 6, b. Dec. 24, 1796.

Lydia Baker 6, b. Nov. 30, 1798.

22. TIMOTHY BAKER 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. March 26, 1755.

23. DAVID BAKER 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1.

24. JOSEPH BAKER 5 of Joseph 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, Sept. 11, 1748; m. Miss Anna, dau. of Jonathan and Sarah Shattuck Dix of Littleton, Nov. 7, 1779. Mr. Baker d. in Littleton in 1792. Mrs. Baker d. in Boston, July, 1803.

Issue of this marriage:

Anna Baker 6, b. Sept. 27, 1780.

Sarah Baker 6, b. Sept. 10, 178?

25. EDWARD BAKER 5 of Joseph 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, Nov. 14, 1750; m. Patty Proctor, July 28, 1776. She d. June 17, 1787, and Mr. Baker m. 2 Betsy, dau. of Jonathan Reed of Harvard, Mass. Mrs. Betsy Reed Baker d. Dec. 26, 1835.

Issue of first marriage:

Patty Baker 6, b. July 9, 1777.

Susanna Baker 6, b. Aug. 11, 1778.

Edward Baker 6, b. Jan. 1, 1780.

Lydia Baker 6, b. Aug. 30, 1784.

Issue of second marriage:

Betsy Baker 6, b. Feb. 9, 1792.

Jonathan Baker 6, b. 1795.

Sally Baker 6, b. May 23, 1799.

Lucy Baker 6, b. 1802.

26. JONATHAN BAKER 5 of Joseph 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, June 18, 1753, d. Feb. 6, 1757.

27. PETER BAKER 5 of Joseph 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. Sept. 5, 1755 in Littleton; m. Lydia, dau. of Stephen Dudley of New Ipswich, N. H., Nov. 14, 1783.

28. ELIZABETH BAKER 5 of Joseph 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, Aug. 13, 1761; m. Samuel Tuttle, 1779; settled in Antrim, N. H. Mr. Samuel Tuttle b. in Acton, Dec. 4, 1758, d. in Antrim, Feb. 25, 1829.

Issue of this marriage:

Turns Tuttle 6, b. and d. in 1780.

Samuel Tuttle Jr. 6, b. Oct. 9, 1781.

Betsy Tuttle 6, b. Nov. 5, 1783.

Sally Tuttle 6, b. Feb. 24, 1786.

Horace Tuttle 6, b. Sept. 1, 1791.

29. SARAH BAKER 5 of Joseph 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, Feb. 14, 1758; m. July 8, 1779, Jonathan, son of Jonathan and Sarah Tufts Whitcomb, b. March 30, 1754, d. Feb. 21, 1846; Mrs. Whitcomb d. Sept. 7, 1813.

Issue of this marriage:

Jonathan Whitcomb Jr. 6, b. June 4, 1780.

Sally Whitcomb 6, b. May 5, 1782.

Lydia Whitcomb 6, b. Feb. 10, 1784.

Peter Whitcomb 6, b. July 8, 1786.

Joseph Whitcomb 6, b. June 28, 1788.
 Candice Whitcomb 6, b. April 13, 1790.
 Asenith Whitcomb 6, b. July 30, 1793.
 Tufis Whitcomb 6, b. Nov. 22, 1795.
 Lucy Whitcomb 6, b. Jan. 10, 1798.
 Harriet Whitcomb 6, b. Aug. 31, 1800.
 Andrew Whitcomb 6, b. March 25, 1804.

30. ALICE BAKER 5 of John 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, Feb. 5, 1752.

31. JOHN BAKER 5 of John 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, March 24, 1750.

32. BETSY BAKER 5 of John 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Petersham, Mass., June 3, 1756.

33. CHARLES BAKER 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, April 4, 1752; m. Anna, dau. of Jackson, Nov. 25, 1779. He d. in Phillipston, Oct. 11, 1826. She b. Jan. 17, 1758, d. Jan. 3, 1849.

Issue of this marriage:

Charles Jackson Baker 6, b. Aug. 23, 1780.
 Nancy Baker 6, b. June 14, 1782.
 James Baker 6, b. April 14, 1784.
 James Baker 6, b. Aug. 15, 1785.
 Jonas Baker 6, b. Dec. 11, 1787.
 Paul Baker 6, b. Feb. 21, 1790.
 Lucretian Baker 6, b. June 3, 1793.
 Lucy Baker 6, b. April 2, 1795.
 John Baker 6, b. April 1, 1801.

34. JONAS BAKER 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. Jan. 15, 1754; m. Betty, dau. of Jonas and Betty Wildder of Templeton, Mass., Feb. 16, 1779. Mr. Jonas Baker d. in Lancaster, N. H., Feb. 24, 1828.

Issue of this marriage:

Artemas Baker 6, b. Feb. 4, 1780.
Betsy Wilder Baker 6, b. April 24, 1782.
Jonas Baker 6, b. Sept. 23, 1785.
Jonas Baker 6, b. Oct. 28, 1786.
Mary King Baker 6, b. March 27, 1789.
Sally Baker 6, b. May 18, 1791.
Charles Baker 6, b. March 27, 1793.
Laconda Baker 6, b. June 2, 1795.
Eunice Baker 6, b. Oct. 9, 1797.

Mr. Jonas Baker m. 2 Sally, dau. of Oliver Whitcomb of Littleton, Mass., May, 22, 1802. They, Jonas and Sally Whitcomb Baker, had three still-born children previous to 1806, when Oliver Whitcomb was born, March 2, 1806.

Mrs. Jonas Wilder Baker d. in Lancaster, July 31, 1801.

35. LEVI BAKER 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Templeton, Mass., April 10, 1755; m. Esther Clark. He d. in Phillipston, Mass., Feb. 7, 1825. His widow, Esther, d. in Phillipston, March 30, 1843, aged 76. They had no children.

36. MARY BAKER 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Templeton, Sept. 4, 1757; m. Gardner Stevens of Petersham, Feb. 6, 1783.

Issue of this marriage:

Lydia Stevens 6, b. March 8, 1784.
Charles Baker Stevens 6, b. July 28, 1785.
Thomas Stevens 6, b. April 10, 1787.
Joseph Stevens 6, b. Nov. 1, 1789.

Mrs. Stevens d. Sept. 16, 1791. Mr. Stevens married again and had a family of five children.

37. LYDIA BAKER 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Templeton, Mass., Jan. 25, 1761; m. Rev. Joseph Kilburn of Wendell, Mass., May 4, 1784.

Issue of this marriage:

Mary Kilburn 6, b. March 4, 1785.
 Lydia Baker Kilburn 6, b. Sept. 22, 1786.
 Joseph Kilburn 6, b. June 4, 1788.
 Jod Kilburn 6, b. April 14, 1790.
 Josepha Kilburn 6, b. Jan. 13, 1792.
 Eliza Kilburn 6, b. Sept. 5, 1795.
 Laconda Kilburn 6, b. Sept. 22, 1797.
 Sally Mondall Kilburn 6, b. Jan. 15, 1800.
 Eva Kilburn 6, b. Nov. 27, 1801.
 An infant son b. and d. Oct., 1803.

38. JOSEPH BAKER 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Templeton, March 9, 1763; m. Mary, dau. of James, March 6, 1788. Mr. Joseph Baker d. Oct. 29, 1831. Mrs. Joseph Baker d. Sept. 27, 1842.

Issue of this marriage:

Mary Jackson Baker 6, b. Feb. 3, 1789.
 Joseph Kilburn Baker 6, b. Oct. 15, 1790.
 Sally Baker 6, b. June 14, 1792.
 Levi Baker 6, b. June 24, 1796.
 John Prentis Baker 6, b. April 3, 1803.

39. LUCINDA BAKER 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Templeton, Nov. 22, 1764; m. Elijah Gould of Gerry, Mass., Nov. 26, 1791. Mr. Gould d. July 30, 1832.

Issue of this marriage:

Elijah A. Gould 6, b. Feb. 21, 1794.
 Artemas Gould 6, b. April 19, 1796.
 Henry P. Gould 6, b. July 26, 1798.
 John Gould 6, b. Aug. 6, 1800.
 Lucinda T. Gould 6, b. Oct. 3, 1802.
 James Gould 6, b. Oct. 25, 1805.
 George Gould 6, b. April 6, 1806.

40. ELIZABETH BAKER 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Templeton, Dec. 2, 1766; m. Jonathan Whitcomb of Littleton, June 8, 1814. She d. in Littleton, July 5, 1849, without issue.

41. JOHN BAKER 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Templeton, May 12, 1777.

42. MARY BAKER 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. May 23, 1762; m. Josiah Kittredge of Mt. Vernon, N. H. Mr. Kittredge was b. July 1, 1761, d. Sept. 16, 1828. Mrs. Kittredge d. at Mt. Vernon,

Issue of this marriage:

Isiah Kittredge 6, b. Oct. 15, 1793.

Timothy Kittredge 6, b. May 15, 1795.

Lovey Kittredge 6, b. Jan. 28, 1797.

Alvah Kittredge 6, b. May 15, 1798.

Solomon Kittredge 6, b. March 13, 1801.

Mary Kittredge 6, b. Dec. 7, 1803.

Charles Kittredge 6, b. July 4, 1806.

43. HANNAH BAKER 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, Jan. 21, 1764; m. Levi Whitcomb of Gerry, Feb. 13, 1787, and removed to Nelson, N. H. Mr. Whitcomb d. April 23, 1821, aged 58 y. 4 mo. 29 days.

Issue of this marriage:

Nancy Whitcomb 6, b. Dec. 2, 1787.

Simeon Whitcomb 6, b. March 23, 1790.

Aseneth Whitcomb 6, b. June 5, 1794.

Polly Whitcomb 6, b. April 2, 1796.

Dexter Whitcomb 6, b. June 27, 1798.

Adeline Whitcomb 6, b. Sept. 20, 1800.

Gilman Whitcomb 6, b. March 19, 1805.

44. NANCY BAKER 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, Sept. 29, 1766; m. John Farnsworth of Groton, Mass., Oct. 22, 1789. Mr. Farnsworth was

b. Jan. 19, 1765, d. Dec. 22, 1843. Mrs. Farnsworth d. Jan. 19, 1827.

Issue of this marriage:

John Farnsworth 6, b. Dec. 17, 1790.
William Farnsworth 6, b. Sept. 11, 1792.
Nancy Farnsworth 6, b. June 27, 1794.
George Farnsworth 6, b. Sept. 4, 1796.
Thomas Green Farnsworth 6, b. March 5, 1798.
Mary Farnsworth 6, b. Oct. 27, 1799.
Lydia Farnsworth 6, b. May 9, 1801.
Emily Farnsworth 6, b. March 16, 1803.

45. BEULAH BAKER 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, Nov. 15, 1768; m. Joshua Kittredge of Tewksbury, Mass., and removed to Peckensham, now Nelson, N. H. She d. April 14, 1827.

Issue of this marriage:

Sharlott Kittredge 6, b. July 12, 1797.
Abel Kittredge 6, b. Nov. 14, 1798.
Russel H. Kittredge 6, b. April 17, 1800.
Joshua Kittredge 6, b. April 17, 1803.
Nancy Kittredge 6, b. Jan. 15, 1805.
Stephen Kittredge 6, b. Feb. 22, 1808.
Mary Kittredge 6, b. Jan. 19, 1812.
Emily Kittredge 6, b. Feb. 2, 1816.

46. ALICE BAKER 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton; m. Israel Abbott of Nelson, N. H., May 1, 1789. Mr. Abbott b. in Wilton, N. H., Jan. 29, 1771, d. Feb. 26, 1840. Mrs. Abbott d. in Whitefield, N. H., Aug. 1, 1858.

Issue of this marriage:

Israel Abbott 6, b. Nov. 30, 1791.
Levi Abbott 6, b. Jan. 24, 1794.
Isaac Abbott 6, b. Sept. 20, 1796.

Joseph Abbott 6, b. Aug. 11, 1798.
Benjamin Abbott 6, b. Aug. 11, 1798.
Laura Abbott 6, b. July 7, 1800.
Tryphena Abbott 6, b. March 27, 1803.
Harvey Abbott 6, b. Dec. 28, 1804.
Alice Abbott 6, b. June 20, 1807.
Sophrona Abbott 6, b. June 20, 1807.

47. LYDIA BAKER 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, June 28, 1773; m. Daniel Leman of Charleston, Mass. They had no children.

48. SAMUEL DAKIN BAKER 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, Sept. 20, 1775; m. Sarah Prince of Amherst, N. H. Mr. Samuel D. Baker d. in Bradford, Vt., July 18, 1844. Mrs. Baker b. Jan. 5, 1779, d. in Bradford, Vt., Dec. 8, 1858.

Issue of this marriage:

Polly Baker 6, b. Aug. 23, 1798.
Joseph Baker 6, b. Sept. 28, 1800.
Ira Baker 6, b. March 19, 1804.
Orin Baker 6, b. April 11, 1806.
Jesse Baker 6, b. July 18, 1808.
Philip Baker 6, b. May 15, 1810.
Ari Baker 6, b. Feb. 23, 1812.
Samuel Baker 6, b. Sept. 9, 1813.
Sarah Baker 6, b. Sept. 12, 1815.
Charles Baker 6, b. Aug. 20, 1817.
Eliza Baker 6, b. March 12, 1819.
Lucinda Baker 6, b. April 11, 1821.

49. ABEL BAKER 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, June 10, 1778; m. Sarah Reed of Woburn, Mass., Dec. 3, 1807. Mrs. Sarah Reed Baker b. in Cambridge, Dec. 22, 1790, d. in Roxbury, May 26, 1867, of enlargement of the heart. Mr. Baker d. in Boston.

Issue of this marriage:

Abel Baker Jr. 6, b. Jan. 23, 1809.
 William Emerson Baker 6, b. July 28, 1811.
 Sarah Reed Baker 6, b. Dec. 5, 1814.
 Harriet Louisa Baker 6, b. July 17, 1818.
 Sharlotte Henrietta Baker 6, b. Jan. 16, 1820.
 Susan Huntington Baker 6, b. Jan. 29, 1823.
 Edward Francis Baker 6, b. June 8, 1825.
 William Emerson Baker 6, b. April 16, 1828.

50. STEPHEN BAKER 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, Oct. 5, 1781; m. Eliza Green of Boston. She was b. Dec. 31, 1786, d. Sept. 21, 1835. Resided in Charleston, N. H.

Issue of this marriage:

Henry Baker 6, b. Jan. 21, 1808.
 Eliza Baker 6, b. Jan. 1, 1811.
 Albert Baker 6, b. Oct. 29, 1812.
 Minott Baker 6, b. March 15, 1815.
 Mary Green Baker 6, b. Aug. 18, 1819.
 Mercy Baker 6, b. Feb. 1, 1822.
 Oscar Baker 6, b. Feb. 19, 1826.

51. TIMOTHY MINOT BAKER 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, March 7, 1786; m. Elizabeth Wright, dau. of John Wright of Medford, Mass., Jan. 29, 1811. Mrs. Timothy Baker was b. Dec. 23, 1785, d. in Shuly, Nov. 10, 1857.

Issue of this marriage:

Elizabeth Baker 6, b. Sept. 30, 1811.
 Ann Maud Baker 6, b. Sept. 30, 1813.
 Minot Baker 6, b. Dec. 3, 1816.
 Matildie Adelaide Baker 6, b. May 19, 1819.
 Minot Timothy Baker 6, b. Jan. 23, 1821.
 Louis Fredrick Baker 6, b. 1823.
 Julia Lisette Baker 6, b. April 16, 1828.

52. MARCY BAKER 5 of Thomas 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Groton, Mass., Aug. 22, 1769.

53. THOMAS BAKER 5 of Thomas 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Groton, Mass., Sept. 22, 1771.

54. BEULAH BAKER 5 of Thomas 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, Aug. 29, 1774.

55. REBECCA BAKER 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Templeton, Mass., July 27, 1769. Married a Mr. Claborne of Rutland, Vt. Do not know as to their family. She died in Rutland, Nov. 21, 1795.

56. WILLIAM BAKER 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Templeton, Nov. 27, 1770; m. Marcia Andrus, dau. of Eldad and Sophia Benadict Andrus of Cornwall, Vt., Nov. 17, 1801. They settled in Middlebury, Vt.

Mr. Baker d. in Charlotte, Vt., March 23, 1823.

For farther information see the William branch.

57. DANIEL FLETCHER BAKER 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Templeton, Dec. 1, 1774; m. Elizabeth, dau. of James and Molly Law Marsh of Acton, Mass., June 6, 1796.

Mrs. Baker b. in Acton, Nov. 21, 1776, d. April 28, 1810.

Mr. Baker d. in Utica, N. Y., March 8, 1817.

Issue of this marriage:

Daniel Fletcher Baker 7, b. Dec. 30, 1797, d. Feb. 1, 1798.

Amos Baker 7, b. Nov. 20, 1798 (the one responsible for much of this book).

Anthony V. Baker 7, b. April 16, 1801.

Aliza Ann Baker 7, b. April 21, 1803.

Mary Wilder Baker 7, b. April 21, 1803, d. June 8, 1804.

James Sullivan Baker 7, b. Feb. 8, 1807.

58. SARAH BAKER 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Acton, Jan. 9, 1776; d. in Littleton, Nov. 21, 1785.

59. AMOS BAKER 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Concord, Mass., July 25, 1780; m. Eunice, dau. of Joseph and Mary Brown Dudley of Concord, Nov. 9, 1800.

Issue of this marriage:

Amos Baker 7, b. Dec. 15, 1800.

Henry Baker 7, b. Sept. 18, 1802.

Eliza Baker 7, b. Sept., 1803.

Catherine J. Baker, b. Dec. 23, 1804.

Joseph D. Baker, b. Aug. 3, 1807.

Augusta Baker 7, b. March 9, 1815.

60. MOSES BAKER 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Concord, May 18, 1782. Drowned in Concord, Sept. 24, 1787.

61. SUSANNA BAKER 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Concord, May 2, 1784; m. Henry Carr of Houma, La. He was a Judge of that state. She d. in Thibadeauville, La., in 1832.

Issue of this marriage:

Wells Carr 7, d. in infancy.

Susanna Carr 7, b. 1813, died.

Susan Carr 7, b. March 15, 1815, d. Oct., 1868.

Henry S. Carr 7, b. March 17, 1817.

Henrietta Carr 7, d. in infancy.

62. AARON BAKER 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Concord, April 15, 1786; m. Amelia, dau. of Col. Thomas Hammond of Pittsford, Vt.

Issue of this marriage:

Hannah Baker 7.

Susan Fletcher 7.

Do not know the date of b. or d., but the oldest married a brother of John G. Sax, the poet. The two girls were coming to Crown Point (the birthplace of the writer), when the sailboat turned over and both were drowned in Lake Champlain.

63. MOSES BAKER 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Concord, July 31, 1791; d. in the army at Sacketts Harbor, N. Y., July 18, 1813. Pensions of land were given where deaths in the army in the war of 1812, and father had a portion of a quarter section in Missouri given to the heirs of this soldier.

64. EZRA BAKER 6 of Silas 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, July 17, 1778; m. Malinda Holden, May 31, 1819.

Issue of this marriage:

Adeline Augusta Baker 7, b. April 27, 1820, d. Dec. 22, 1842.
Unmarried.

George Franklin Baker 7, b. Nov. 7, 1823.

Ezra Freeman Baker 7, b. Feb. 1, 1827.

Harriet Holden Baker 7, b. Feb. 17, 1831, d. Feb. 19, 1851.
Unmarried.

65. SILAS BAKER Jr. 6 of Silas 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Templeton precinct, April 5, 1781; m. Abigail, dau. of John and Eunee Hagar of Gerry, Mass., Dec. 28, 1808. She was b. Feb. 12, 1786, d. Feb. 14, 1850. Mr. Baker d. Aug. 15, 1867.

Issue of this marriage:

Daniel Hagar Baker 7, b. Aug. 10, 1811.

Lucy Ann Baker 7, b. May 5, 1813.

Silas Washington Baker 7, b. March 9, 1815. Celebrated Golden wedding 1900.

Abigail Whitehead Baker 7, b. May 10, 1817.

Almira Baker 7, b. June 1, 1819.

Maria Baker 7, b. Jan. 17, 1822.

Leonard Fiske Baker 7, b. Dec. 5, 1824.

66. LYDIA BAKER 6 of Silas 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Gerry, Mass., May 6, 1787; m. George W. Felton of Petersham, Mass., May 7, 1814.

Issue of this marriage:

Betty Fiske Felton 7, b. March 22, 1815.

Ezra Baker Felton 7, b. Nov. 15, 1816.

Lydia Felton 7, b. Dec. 2, 1818.

George M. Felton 7, b. Nov. 19, 1820.

Leonard Felton 7, b. Jan. 13, 1823.

Silas Felton 7, b. Sept. 7, 1825.

Sarah Hovy Felton 7, b. May 17, 1828.

67. LEONARD BAKER 6 of Silas 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Gerry, Mass., Aug. 5, 1803; m. Sarah, dau. of Ebenezer Johnson of Bane, Mass., April 6, 1826.

Issue of this marriage:

Sarah E. Baker 7, b. Aug. 31, 1826.

Mr. Leonard Baker d. Nov. 10, 1829.

Mrs. Baker m. 2 Chester Gorham of Worcester, Mass., where she had a large family of children.

68. PATTY BAKER 6 of Silas 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Gerry, Mass., Sept. 13, 1794; m. Tesdale, son of Bela Woodcock of Phillipston, Mass., Nov. 25, 1815.

Issue of this marriage:

Sally Woodcock 7.

Silas Baker Woodcock 7.

Albert Woodcock 7.

Sarah L. Woodcock 7.

Lydia Woodcock 7.

Lawson F. Woodcock 7.
William L. Woodcock 7.

69. JOHN PORTER 6, son of Col. John and Lydia Baker Porter, b. in Littleton, Mass., Jan. 17, 1769; m. Mary, dau. of James and Elizabeth Mason Kendall of Lexington, Mass.

Issue of this marriage:

John Mason Porter 7, b. April 26, 1794.
Eliza Porter 7, b. July 21, 1796.
Augustus Porter 7, b. Aug. 4, 1798.
Lydia Porter 7, b. July 4, 1800.
Almeda Porter 7, b. Sept. 9, 1802.
Mary Porter 7, b. Aug. 2, 1804.
Emily Porter 7, b. March 29, 1807.
Augusta Porter 7, b. July 31, 1809.
James Baker Porter 7, b. June 12, 1812.
Harriet Porter 7, b. Aug. 14, 1814.

70. LYDIA PORTER 6, dau. of Col. John Porter and Lydia Baker Porter, b. in Littleton, Mass., Aug. 28, 1770; m. Jedediah Tuttle of Littleton, June 4, 1790. He d. in Sterling, Mass., 1849. She d. Jan. 5, 1856.

Issue of this marriage:

Lydia Tuttle 7, b. March 19, 1791.
Jedediah Tuttle 7, b. March 24, 1792.
Sophrona Tuttle 7, b. Nov. 4, 1793.
Augustus Tuttle 7, b. Feb. 8, 1795.
Uriel Tuttle 7.
Nancy Tuttle 7.
John Porter Tuttle 7.
George Tuttle 7.

71. SUSANNA BAKER 6 of Ezra 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, Sept. 12, 1786; m. William Hill of Fitchburg, Mass., May 19, 1808.

72. JAMES BAKER 6 of Ezra 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, Nov. 15, 1791, d. in Littleton, Sept. 11, 1816.

73. REBECCA BAKER 6 of Ezra 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, Sept. 22, 1793; m. Ruben Hoar of Littleton, 1814.

Issue of this marriage:

Reuben Sawyer Hoar 7, b. Jan. 5, 1815.

James Baker Hoar 7, b. Oct. 3, 1816.

William Hoar 7, b. Jan. 11, 1818.

George Fordice Hoar 7, b. Feb. 20, 1820.

Dorcas Whitney Hoar 7, b. Nov. 19, 1822.

Ezra Fayette Hoar 7, b. Sept. 17, 1824.

Almira Jane Hoar 7, b. Oct. 20, 1826.

Susan Emery Hoar 7, b. April 1, 1828.

Samuel Everett Hoar 7, b. Oct. 3, 1830.

Susan Emery Hoar 7, b. Aug. 24, 1835.

74. WILLIAM BAKER 6 of Ezra 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, Dec. 24, 1796.

75. LYDIA BAKER 6 of Ezra 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, Nov. 30, 1798; m. Nathan H. Tuttle of Littleton, April 19, 1821. Mrs. Tuttle d. Sept. 3, 1823.

Issue of this marriage:

Nathan Emery Tuttle 7, b. Jan. 22, 1822.

Mr. Nathan Tuttle m. 2 Nancy, dau. of Jedediah Tuttle, April 22, 1824. Mr. Tuttle d. Sept. 5, 1869.

76. ANNA BAKER 6 of Joseph 5 of Joseph 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, Sept. 27, 1780; m. John Allen.

Issue of this marriage:

John Dix Allen 7.

Sarah Allen 7.

Lucy Ann Allen 7.

77. SARAH BAKER 6 of Joseph 5 of Joseph 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, Sept. 10, 1782; m. Jonathan Goodwin, June 13, 1802. Mr. Goodwin b. Nov. 25, 1772, d. April 7, 1813. Mrs. Goodwin d. Dec. 2, 1806.

Issue of this marriage:

Born July 21, 1803, d. July 30, 1803; no name.

Mary Ann Goodman 7, b. Aug. 16, 1804.

Jonathan Dix Goodman 7, b. Nov. 1, 1806, d. Sept. 8, 1813.

78. PATTY BAKER 6 of Edward 5 of Joseph 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, July 9, 1777; m. Moses Whitney of Harvard, Mass., b. 1775.

Issue of this marriage:

Lucy Whitney 7, b. Sept. 28, 1800.

Eliza Whitney 7, b. 1806.

Elbridge Whitney 7.

Harriet Whitney 7.

79. SUSANNA BAKER 6 of Edward 5 of Joseph 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. Aug. 1, 1778; m. a Mr. Turner.

80. EDWARD BAKER 6 of Edward 5 of Joseph 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, Jan. 1, 1780; m. Anna Hasket.

Issue of this marriage:

Andrew Baker 7, b. Nov. 5, 1806.

Eliza Ann Baker 7, b. May 9, 1808.

Hannah B. Baker 7, b. March 15, 1814.

Keziah L. Baker 7, b. July 19, 1815.

Jonathan Haskel Baker 7, b. May 8, 1817.

81. LYDIA BAKER 6 of Edward 5 of Joseph 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, Aug. 30, 1784; m. Joshua Blodgett of Littleton, March 16, 1808. Mr. Blodgett b. 1785, d. May 7, 1842.

Issue of this marriage:

Lydia Blodgett 7, b. in Harvard, June 28, 1809.

Jonas Blodgett 7, b. Oct. 24, 1810.

Sally Blodgett 7, b. Nov. 5, 1813.

Mary Ann Blodgett 7, b. Feb. 20, 1816.

Lovey Blodgett 7, b. Aug. 9, 1827.

82. JONATHAN BAKER 6 of Edward 5 of Joseph 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, 1795; m. Betsy Wait, Jan. 22, 1819.

Issue of this marriage:

Daniel Brooks Baker.

83. SALLY BAKER 6 of Edward 5 of Joseph 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Littleton, May 23, 1799; m. James Tower of Lowell, Mass., April 30, 1827. Mr. Tower b. May 16, 1796.

Issue of this marriage:

James Baker Tower 7, b. Dec. 26, 1829.

Sarah Elizabeth Tower 7, b. Dec. 22, 1831.

Frances Maud Tower 7, b. Dec. 25, 1836.

Thomas Tower 7, b. Feb. 6, 1839.

84. JONATHAN WHITCOMB 6, son of Jonathan and Sarah Baker Whitcomb, b. in Littleton, June 4, 1780; m. Martha, dau. of Thompson and Subnet Warren Tuttle, May 14, 1805.

Issue of this marriage:

Jonathan Whitcomb 7, b. Jan. 17, 1806.

Vandola Emery Whitcomb 7, b. May 15, 1807.

Justus Lyman 7, b. Jan. 21, 1809.

Mr. Jonathan Whitcomb d. Oct. 10, 1809, and Mrs. Whitcomb m. 2 Isaach Miles and had Levi Miles, b. March 31, 1814.

Mr. Isaach Miles d. Sept. 26, 1826, and Mrs. Miles m. Alphens Crosby of Hillsboro, N. H., Nov. 15, 1830.

Mr. Alphens Crosby d. Jan. 16, 1835, and Mrs. Crosby d. Nov. 26, 1860.

85. CONDANCE WHITCOMB 6, dau. of Jonathan and Sarah Baker Whitcomb 5, b. in Littleton, April 30, 1799; m. Samuel Smith of Littleton, son of Jonas and Susanna Bruce Smith, May 14, 1807. Mr. Samuel Smith Sen, b. in Marlboro, April 9, 1782.

Issue of this marriage:

1st Samuel Smith 7, b. in Littleton, Jan. 3, 1808; m. Evaline, dau. of John and Betsy Taylor Walker of Lerminster, Mass., April 15, 1832. Settled in Littleton. Mrs. Evaline Smith d. in Littleton, Nov. 22, 1874. Left no children.

William Dexter Smith 7, b. in Littleton, April 18, 1812; m. Lucy Ann, dau. of Joel and Hannah Davis White of Townsend, Mass., Nov. 28, 1836. Mr. Smith was a merchant in Boston in 1880.

Issue of this marriage:

William Dexter Smith 8, b. Nov. 14, 1837.

Frank Gardner Smith 8, b. March 13, 1839.

Albert Augustus Smith 8, b. Feb. 17, 1842.

Lucy Maria Smith 8, b. Sept. 19, 1853.

86. CHARLES JACKSON BAKER 6 of Charles 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Templeton, Aug. 23, 1780; m. Hulda Hosmer Howard, dau. of Simon and Martha Brooks Howard, March 16, 1806. Settled in Gerry.

Issue of this marriage:

Charles Hartwell Baker 7, b. Oct. 19, 1806.

Martha Louisa Baker 7, b. Aug. 26, 1808.

Mary Ann Baker 7, b. Sept. 21, 1810.

Rebecca Lucretia Baker 7, b. March 24, 1813.
 Hulda Paul Baker 7, b. Feb. 22, 1815.
 Artemas Jackson Baker 7, b. March 21, 1817.
 George Brooks Baker 7, b. Jan. 10, 1819.
 Caroline Howard Baker 7, b. March 14, 1820.
 Mary Ann Baker 7, b. Jan. 10, 1824.
 Artemas Howard Baker 7, b. and d. Sept. 23, 1826.

87. NANCY BAKER 6 of Charles 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Templeton, June 1, 1782; m. Israel Taft, Sept., 1822. He d. April 10, 1840. She d. Oct. 19, 1848. No issue of this marriage.

88. JAMES BAKER 6 of Charles 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. Aug. 15, 1785; m. Lydia, Nov. 29, 1814.

Issue of this marriage:

Elizabeth Ann Baker 7, b. Sept. 15, 1815.
 Caroline Laconda Baker 7, b. Nov. 22, 1817.
 Lydia Bigelow Baker 7, b. March 15, 1819.
 William James Baker 7, b. May 27, 1821.
 Nancy Baker 7, b. Feb. 19, 1826.
 Charles Baker 7, b. April 4, 1828.
 Harriet Goulding Baker 7, b. July 22, 1834.

89. JONAS BAKER 6 of Charles 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Gerry, Mass., Dec. 14, 1787; m. Caroline Wright, Dec. 2, 1794.

Issue of this marriage:

James L. Baker 7, b. April 6, 1821.
 John G. Baker 7, b. Dec. 3, 1823.
 Joseph B. Baker 7, b. Jan. 19, 1826.
 Sarah W. Baker 7, b. Aug. 29, 1828.
 Catherine P. Baker 7, b. Oct., 1829.
 Flora E. Baker 7, b. Feb. 29, 1834.

90. LUCRETIA BAKER 6 of Charles 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Gerry, Mass., June 3, 1793; m. Deacon Levi of Athol, Mass. Settled in Livermore, Maine. Have no history, but think no issue.

91. LUCY BAKER 6 of Charles 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Gerry, Mass., April 2, 1795; m. William Ware of Livermore, Me., 1819. Mr. Ware was b. March 30, 1790.

Issue of this marriage:

George Ware 7, b. Jan. 16, 1820.
Charles H. Ware 7, b. Feb. 1, 1823.
Otis Ware 7, b. Oct. 26, 1825.
Lugene Ware 7, b. Feb. 19, 1829.
Edna W. Ware 7, b. June 4, 1831.

92. ARTEMAS BAKER 6 of Jonas 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Gerry, Mass., Feb. 4, 1780 (became a lawyer); m. Mehitabel, dau. of Thatcher and Elizabeth Conant Becket, at Windham, Portage Co., Ohio, Aug. 17, 1813.

Issue of this marriage:

Betty Baker 7, b. Oct. 10, 1814.
Mehitabel Baker 7, b. June 19, 1816.
Mary O. Baker 7, b. June 11, 1818.
Jonas Baker 7, b. Nov. 15, 1819.
Artemas Baker 7, b. April 14, 1821.
Sybil Baker 7, b. Nov. 15, 1822.
Lydia Baker 7, b. March 15, 1824.
Charles Baker 7, b. Feb. 9, 1826.
Susanna Baker 7, b. 1828.
William Thatcher Baker 7, b. Oct. 10, 1830.
Eunice Baker 7, b. Nov. 7, 1832.
Rebecca Baker 7, b. April 1, 1834.
Chloe Baker 7, b. April 30, 1836.
Angelina Gray Baker 7, b. Oct. 25, 1839.

93. BETSY WILDER BAKER 6 of Jonas 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Gerry, Mass., April 24, 1782; m. James Gray and resided in Belmont Co., Ohio.

Issue of this marriage:

Jonas Gray 7, b. July 4, 1825.

94. JONAS WILDER BAKER 6 of Jonas 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. Oct. 28, 1786. No farther history.

95. MARY KING BAKER 6 of Jonas 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Lancaster, N. H., March 27, 1789; m. Ruben Stevens, Feb. 25, 1808. He d. Jan. 18, 1861.

Issue of this marriage:

Ruben Bryant Stevens 7, b. Dec. 29, 1810.

Elizabeth Vasa Stevens 7, b. Aug. 10, 1812.

Charles Stevens 7, b. Nov. 27, 1814.

Bryant Oscar Stevens 7, b. Aug. 11, 1816.

Mary Baker Stevens 7, b. Jan. 11, 1819.

Lucinda Stevens 7, b. March 16, 1821.

Reuben H. Stevens 7, b. June 11, 1822.

Debora Turner Stevens 7, b. March 25, 1825.

John Gould Stevens 7, b. March 1, 1828.

Oliver Gustavus Stevens 7, b. Feb. 16, 1829.

96. CHARLES BAKER 6 of Jonas 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Lancaster, N. H., March 27, 1793; m. Margaret, dau. of Joseph Holton, Nov. 29, 1818.

Issue of this marriage:

Charles Oliver Baker 7, b. Oct. 6, 1819.

Mary Wallace Baker 7, b. Sept. 27, 1822.

Lucinda Maude Baker 7, b. Aug. 25, 1824.

Elizabeth Dwight Baker 7, b. Dec. 8, 1826.

Julia Margaret Baker 7, b. Feb. 19, 1829.

George Payson Baker 7, b. Jan. 20, 1831.

John Edward Baker 7, b. March 26, 1833.

Sarah Whitcomb Baker 7, b. May 1, 1835.

Jonas Wilder Baker 7, b. Feb. 20, 1839.

97. EUNICE BAKER 6 of Jonas 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Lancaster, N. H., Oct. 9, 1799; m. Moses C. Piper of Wolfboro, N. H., in 1820.

Issue of this marriage:

John L. Piper 7, b. March 3, 1821.

William A. Piper 7, b. March 3, 1821.

Charles B. Piper 7, b. Jan. 19, 1824.

Louisa Maria Piper 7, b. Sept. 21, 1826.

Jonas Wilder Piper 7, b. March 11, 1832.

Mary Piper 7, b. April 22, 1835.

John L. Piper 7, b. June 21, 1937.

All born in Wolfboro, N. H.

98. OLIVER WHITCOMB BAKER 6 of Jonas 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Lancaster, N. H., March 6, 1806; m. Elvira Eastman, May 24, 1831.

Issue of this marriage:

Richard Eastman Baker 7, b. June 13, 1833, d. May 27, 1848.

Sarah Whitcomb Baker 7, b. Feb. 2, 1836.

Frank Oliver Baker 7, b. Jan. 14, 1841, d. Jan. 30, 1866. Unmarried.

99. MARY JACKSON BAKER 6 of Joseph 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Gerry, Mass., Feb. 3, 1789; m. Josiah, son of Ishmer and Mowcam B. Bowker of Gerry, June 4, 1812. He was b. July 18, 1783, d. Jan. 17, 1854, in the residence in Keene, N. H., where all his children were born but Merriam.

Issue of this marriage:

Isiah Charles Bowker 7, b. July 28, 1814.

George Bowker 7, b. Dec. 20, 1815.

Mary Harriet Bowker 7, b. Sept. 8, 1817.

Joseph Henry Bowker 7, b. Oct. 15, 1819.

Sally Merriam Bowker 7, b. March 17, 1821.

100. JOSEPH KILBOURN BAKER 6 of Joseph 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Gerry, Oct. 15, 1790; m. Thankful Hardin, Feb. 12, 1818.

Issue of this marriage:

Charles Hardin Baker 7, b. March 6, 1819.

Susan Baker 7, b. Dec. 26, 1820.

Joseph P. Baker 7, b. Nov. 14, 1825.

David Brainard Baker 7, b. April 3, 1828.

Cyrus Baker 7, b. Oct. 4, 1829.

101. LEVI BAKER 6 of Joseph 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Gerry, June 24, 1796; m. Mary, dau. of Jeremiah and Jerushia Alexander Converse of Woburn, Aug. 25, 1825. She was b. in Feb., 1791, d. in Marlboro. He d. in Marlboro, Dec. 16, 1864.

Issue of this marriage:

Levi Wood Baker 7, b. Nov. 26, 1827.

Edward P. Baker 7, b. Nov. 3, 1830.

102. JOHN PRENTIS BAKER 6 of Joseph 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Gerry, April 3, 1803; m. Sally Elvira, dau. of David and Joanna Cheney Pike of Phillipston, Mass., Dec. 6, 1827.

Issue of this marriage:

Henry Prentis Baker 7, b. Nov. 8, 1829.

Sarah L. Baker 7, b. March 24, 1832.

Mary Josephine Baker 7, b. Dec. 15, 1852.

103. POLLY BAKER 6 of Samuel Dakin Baker 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Amherst, N. H.,

Aug. 23, 1798; m. Holmes Cushman, son of Artemas and Phebe Spear Cushman, Jan. 5, 1825. Mrs. Holmes Cushman d. in Boston, Mass., Feb. 18, 1855.

104. JOSEPH BAKER 6 of Samuel Dakin Baker 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Amherst, N. H., Sept. 20, 1800; m. Mary, dau. of Daniel and Mary Austin of Rochester, Vt., Jan. 15, 1825.

Mr. Joseph Baker was a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He d. in Enfield, Vt., March 22, 1862.

Mrs. Baker, his widow, d. in Rochester, Vt., June 22, 1876.

Issue of this marriage:

Charles Baker 7, b. in Rochester, Oct. 30, 1825.

Mary Baker 7, b. June 9, 1827.

Abel W. Baker 7, b. in Bethlehem, N. H., Jan. 12, 1829.

Joseph Baker 7, b. in Orange, Vt., March 31, 1831.

Sarah Baker 7, b. in Foiston, Vt., Aug. 11, 1833.

Rufus B. Baker 7, b. in Charleston, N. H., May 24, 1836.

105. JESSE BAKER 6 of Samuel Dakin Baker 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in New Boston, N. H., July 8, 1808; m. Hannah, dau. of Flavel and Hannah Corlis Bliss, Feb. 24, 1830. Settled in Andover, N. H. He was a blacksmith.

Issue of this marriage:

George Baker 7, b. Dec. 26, 1839.

Hattie E. Baker 7, b. Aug. 4, 1842.

Byron H. Baker 7, b. Nov. 4, 1845.

Emma F. Baker 7, b. Feb. 9, 1849.

Marcy E. Baker 7, b. May 9, 1852.

Minnie E. Baker 7, b. Aug. 21, 1856.

Abbie Baker 7, b. March 1, 1861.

All born in Bradford, Vt.

106. PHILA BAKER 6 of Samuel Dakin Baker 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Charleston, N. H., May 15, 1810; m. Rev. Guy Beckley of Bradford, Vt., May 10, 1940. Removed to Ann Arbor, Mich.

Mr. Beckley was b. Dec. 25, 1805, d. in 1850.

Mrs. Beckley d. Dec. 26, 1847.

Issue of this marriage:

Magenta Annette Beckley 7, b. 1841; m. William S. Corwin in Ann Arbor, Mich.

Mary Emily Beckley 7, b. Oct. 6, 1845.

Mrs. Corwin was m. June 30, 1864.

Issue of this marriage:

William S. Corwin 8, b. Nov. 8, 1867.

107. SAMUEL HARRISON BAKER 6 of Samuel Dakin Baker 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Charleston, N. H., Sept. 9, 1813; m. Mary Ann Flanders.

Mr. Samuel H. Baker d. in Cambridge, April 15, 1883.

Mrs. Baker d. in Charleston, N. H., Dec. 20, 1870.

Issue of this marriage:

Roswell Farnum Baker 7, b. in Brockford, Vt., Jan. 1, 1843.

Edgar Pemberton Baker 7, b. in Charleston, Aug. 27, 1847.

Ella Josephine Baker 7, b. in Charleston, Sept. 10, 1852; m.

William, son of Capt. William Smith of Charleston, Jan.

9, 1873. Capt. Smith d. at sea, Aug. 3, 1869.

Issue of this marriage:

William Smith 8, b. Dec. 26, 1874, d. Feb. 2, 1875.

Freddie Smith 8, b. June 8, 1876.

Mr. Smith resides in Boston; he is a provision dealer.

108. SARAH BAKER 6 of Samuel Dakin Baker 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Charleston, Sept. 12, 1815; m. Feb. 14, 1843, Caleb M. Cheney of Bradford, Vt., a shoe manufacturer. Settled in Wilmot Village, Vt., N. H.

Issue of this marriage:

Benjamin F. Cheney 7, b. Jan. 2, 1846; m. Helen M. Chesley of Concord, N. H., Aug. 6, 1867.

Issue of this marriage:

George E. Cheney 8, b. in Elkhart, Ind.

109. SARAH REED BAKER 6 of Abel 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Boston, Dec. 5, 1814; m. John H. Cook, Jan. 29, 1835, by the Rev. H. Winslow.

Issue of this marriage:

Susan Cook 7, b. Oct. 1, 1836, d. same day.

Mrs. Cook died of consumption, May 2, 1837, in Boston and was buried at Mt. Auburn, Lot No. 437; removed to Holly Path, Forest Hill Cemetery, Lot No. 158. Her husband died in New Orleans of consumption, May 15, 1859.

110. HARRIET LOUISA BAKER 6 of Abel 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. Feb. 17, 1818; m. Joseph Franklin Dickinson, June 30, 1835, by the Rev. Geo. W. Blaady. Mrs. Dickinson died in Roxbury, Oct. 21, 1847.

111. WILLIAM EMERSON BAKER 6 of Abel 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Boston, April 10, 1828; m. Charlotte Augusta Farnsworth, dau. of Waldo and Elizabeth Lorin Farnsworth of Roxbury, Sept. 30, 1860, by the Rev. A. P. Putnam.

Issue of this marriage:

Edward Farnsworth Baker 7, b. Dec. 17, 1865.

Walter Farnsworth Baker 7, b. Nov. 10, 1870.

112. MINOTT BAKER 6 of Stephen 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. March 15, 1815; m. Fanny W., dau. of David and Bathsheba Herbut White, Aug. 6, 1837.

Fanny was b. May 3, 1818.

Minott settled in Randolph, Mass., a boot and shoe manufacturer.

Issue of this marriage:

Mary Wales Baker 7, b. Aug. 19, 1838.

Minott Baker 7, b. Nov. 18, 1843.

Mr. Stephen Baker died Feb. 13, 1858.

113. MATILDA ADELADE BAKER 6 of Timothy Minott 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. May 19, 1819; m. Charles, son of John and Dorcas Merrill Gage Lackington, June 29, 1843.

114. LOUIS FREDRIC BAKER 6 of Timothy Minott 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. Aug. 5, 1823; m. Hellen E. Wright, July 7, 1852.

Issue of this marriage:

Louis F. Junior Baker 7, b. May 6, 1853.

Francis L. Baker 7, b. Sept. 11, 1854.

Charles Saxton Baker 7, b. Nov. 15, 1859.

Hellen E. Baker 7, b. March 29, 1861.

John Minott Baker 7, b. Nov. 20, 1862.

115. JULIA LESETTE BAKER 6 of Timothy Minott 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. Sept. 16, 1828; m. Joseph Francis Ennes, a merchant, July 8, 1868.

Issue of this marriage:

William Emerson Ennes 7, b. Aug. 6, 1870.

116. HARRIET BYRON BAKER 7 of William 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Middlebury, Vt., June 17, 1802, at one o'clock in the morning; m. in Charlotte, Vt., Elijah Newell of Westport, N. Y., March 18, 1827.

They had four children, Henry, George, Charles, and Almira, who married Barton Richards of Westport, N. Y.

The three boys went to California in 1849 and were doing very well. Two of them returned to Louisiana, where Henry

became a prosperous planter before the war. The war ruined him and he died leaving a daughter, Molly Baker Newell. I called on her at Rain Station, La., where her husband, a Virginian, was the superintendent of the school. This was in 1888. They had no children. I know nothing of them since then.

Charles Newell was killed during the war; he fell under a train.

George Baker Newell married a Miss Lewis, of Westport, N. Y. They had three children. He was b. in 1829 and d. in 1896. His three children:

Hariet Almira Newell, b. 1854; m. Lorain Anderson in 1888. They had one child, Alice Loraine Anderson, b. in 1889.

George Fredrick Lewis Newell, b. Feb. 28, 1862; m. Grace Pattison in 1898. They have no family. He is a dealer in engineers' and machinists' supplies in San Francisco.

Bertha, b. April 23, 1872. She lives at 2726 Haste St., Berkley, Cal., and is not married.

Almira, who married Barton Richards, had two children, Sarah and George Richards. They both live in Westport, N. Y.

Sarah married a merchant of Westport, Mr. Eddy. She has one daughter. Her husband died some years ago.

George is a merchant in Westport. He has a beautiful family of five girls.

117. ELDAH ANDRUS BAKER 7 of William 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1. b. in Middlebury, Vt., June 12, 1804; m. Amanda Herndon, adopted dau. of Judge Joseph Herndon of Terre Bonne Parish, La., Sept. 15, 1838.

Mr. Eldad A. Baker d. in Grand Caillau of Terre Bonne Parish, La., March 29, 1845.

Issue of this marriage:

George Craven Baker 8, b. Aug. 3, 1839.

Alice Eliza Baker 8, b. July 24, 1841.

William Andrus Baker 8, b. April 12, 1843.

In 1888 I visited George Craven Baker at Rosenberg, Tex., where he lived on a large plantation. Most of his family of five were away from home. His brother William had died at Calvert. His sister Alice was unmarried and lived with her mother at Calvert. I have not heard from George Craven for years and presume he is not living.

For history of family of William Henry Baker 7 see the family history and the six brothers.

118. GEORGE WASHINGTON BAKER 7 of William 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Middlebury, Vt., May 7, 1809; m. Sally Woodruff of Lewis, N. Y., Feb. 27, 1834. She was b. Jan. 9, 1815. He d. Sept. 10, 1872.

Issue of this marriage:

Adelaid Martie Baker 8, b. March 12, 1835, d. near Wadena, Ia.

Russel William Baker 8, b. Jan. 29, 1836, d. in Lewis, N. Y.

Helen Amanda Baker 8, b. Feb. 6, 1838, d. young.

Annette Baker 8, b. Feb. 6, 1840; m. Henry Abel; d. in Arlington, Iowa.

George Andrus Baker 8, b. Jan. 27, 1842; m. Mary Deo; d. in Oelwein, Iowa.

Silas Hooker Baker 8, b. June 29, 1845; d. at about 17 in Lewis, N. Y.

Fredrick Albert Baker 8, b. Nov. 5, 1858. Lives on a farm near Arlington, Iowa.

Alice Leonora Baker 8, b. Sept. 27, 1860. Married, and her husband died. Has one daughter. They live in Oelwein, Ia.

119. SUSAN FLETCHER BAKER 7 of William 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Middlebury, Vt., April 5, 1813; m. William Roberts of Lewis, N. Y., May 9, 1835. He d. in Lewis, N. Y., Feb. 10, 1865. She removed to McGregor, Iowa, and afterward to Milwaukee, Wis., where she died about 1888.

Issue of this marriage:

Harriet M. Roberts 8, b. Sept. 19, 1837; m. John Todd, who died leaving one son, William Todd, who married at Lake Helen, Fla., where he now lives. He had no family. Hattie M. Todd died in Milwaukee, Wis., about 1890.

Susan A. Roberts 8, b. June 13, 1839; m. John Carty, who died; m. 2 Mr. Jackson, a Baptist minister of West Union, Iowa. She died about 1880, leaving an infant dau., Susie Jackson. This daughter married a Mr. Carver of Faribault, Minn., where she now lives. She has a family of four children. Mrs. Carty Jackson was for years before marriage a teacher of the public school at McGregor, Iowa.

Mary Isabel Roberts 8, b. Oct. 20, 1841; d. insane.

Carlton Tappin Roberts 8, b. Jan. 13, 1845; d. in McGregor, Iowa, Nov. 1866.

Frank Craven Roberts 8, b. May 27, 1848; m. a Miss Morse of West Union, Iowa, from whom two children were born. They separated and he m. 2 in Milwaukee, where two sons were born. He died in Milwaukee.

Andrus Baker Roberts 8, b. Feb. 19, 1852; d. young.

Eva St. Clair Roberts 8, b. Oct. 29, 1854; m. Frank Souder of West Union, Iowa, in 1874. They had one son, who at about 20 died in Minneapolis, where Eva St. Clair died about 1905, Mr. Souder in 1916.

120. AMOS BAKER 7 of Daniel F. Baker 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Concord, Mass., Nov. 20, 1798; m. Matilda, dau. of Ebenezer and Mary Allen Eaton of Boston, Aug. 12, 1838, by Dr. Cyrus Bartok of Boston. Mr. Baker's profession was that of a teacher from 1820 to 1862.

Issue of this marriage:

Amos Prescott Baker 8, b. in Boston, May 20, 1844. Lives at 111 Pinkney St., Boston, Mass.

Amos Prescott Baker m. Ellen Talbot Smith of Newport, R. I., May 9, 1870.

Issue of this marriage:

Charles Hamilton Baker 9, b. Oct. 6, 1872.

Leslie Talbot Baker 9, b. Sept. 6, 1875.

Alfred Talbot Baker 9, b. Feb. 9, 1880.

The records of Amos Baker were left to his grandson Leslie Talbot Baker and by him given to the Boston Historical Society and by them to the New England Historical Genealogical Society. Mr. Baker helped me to secure the use of same. He lives at 37 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

121. ANTHONY U. S. BAKER 7 of Daniel Fletcher 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Concord, Mass., April 16, 1801; m. Martha Bailey Abbott of Chelmsford, Mass., Oct. 12, 1823. Resided in Cambridgeport. He was in the army of the war with Mexico and died while serving under General Scott.

Issue of this marriage:

Martha Baker 8.

122. JAMES S. BAKER 7 of Daniel Fletcher 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Concord, Feb. 8, 1807; m. Esther Dunham of Cambridgeport. He served in Mexico under General Scott, and was drowned with his wife while returning home from the army at its close. No issue.

123. ELIZA ANN BAKER 7 of Daniel Fletcher 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Concord, April 21, 1823; m. Joseph B. Pierce of Cambridgeport, a cordage manufacturer. He was b. Jan. 11, 1800; m. Oct. 20, 1820; d. Dec. 20, 1851.

124. JOSEPH DUDLEY BAKER 7 of Amos 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Concord, Aug. 3, 1807; m. Eliza Richardson.

Issue of this marriage:

Henry Baker 8, b. May 6, 1829.

Maria E. Baker 8, b. March 10, 1831.

125. AUGUSTA BAKER 7 of Amos 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Concord, March 9, 1815; m. Edwin Hall of Boston, May 26, 1839.

Issue of this marriage:

Abbie B. Hall 8, b. Jan. 5, 1844.

Ellen M. A. Hall 8, b. Aug. 19, 1850.

126. SILAS WASHINGTON BAKER 7 of Silas 6 of Silas 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Phillipston, Mass., March 9, 1815; m. Harriot La Duke, Dec. 15, 1850. She was b. Feb. 2, 1829.

Issue of this marriage:

Myra Harriet Baker 8, b. July 13, 1851.

Abbie Maria Baker 8, b. March 13, 1853.

Sarah Ella Baker 8, b. June 23, 1855.

Lucy Jane Baker 8, b. Jan. 12, 1857.

Ida Lunette Baker 8, b. Nov. 3, 1859.

Daniel Webster Baker 8, b. Oct. 12, 1860.

Mary Elisabeth Baker 8, b. June 22, 1863.

Lucia Antoinette Baker 8, b. Jan. 20, 1865.

Silas Francis Baker 8, b. March 15, 1867.

Charlotte Isabelle Baker 8, b. Jan. 1, 1869.

Florence Agnes Baker 8, b. Oct. 31, 1870.

Leonard Washington Baker 8, b. April 29, 1874.

127. LEONARD FISK BAKER 7 of Silas 6 of Silas 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Phillipston, Mass., Dec. 5, 1824; m. Milla Wright Sawyer, dau. of Silas Sawyer of Athol, Mass., Sept. 7, 1851. She was b. Dec. 25, 1829.

Issue of this marriage:

Mira Sawyer Baker 8, b. July 5, 1855.
Agnes Maria Baker 8, b. July 29, 1858.
Mary Hortense Baker 8, b. Nov. 7, 1861.
Howard Grant Baker 8, b. Aug. 3, 1865.
Marion Eliza Baker 8, b. Sept. 15, 1868.
Silas Sawyer Baker 8, b. Nov. 17, 1869.

128. SARAH E. BAKER 7 of Leonard 6 of Silas 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Barre, Mass., Aug. 31, 1826; m. Mr. Gigger. They had two children, both of whom died in infancy. He died soon after.

Sarah m. 2 Francis L. Freyer of Meconopy, East Florida, Jan. 1, 1859. At the time of their marriage they visited Barre and remained there eight months, when they removed to Orange Springs, Florida.

Issue of this marriage:

Charles H. Freyer 8, b. July 11, 1861.
Frank B. Freyer 8, b. 1863; burned to death same year.
A child born and died in 1866.

Mrs. Freyer's failing health induced them to again visit Barre in 1867, when they had born to them Mary H. Freyer, Aug. 10, 1867. In the same year they removed to Marietta, Ga., where Mrs. Freyer died, May 29, 1872.

129. JONATHAN HASKEL BAKER 7 of Edward 6 of Edward 5 of Joseph 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Walpole, N. H., May 8, 1817; m. Issabella, dau. of Stephen and Maria Louisa Lafever Hemstead, March 14, 1843.

Mr. Baker was by profession an attorney at law, he became clerk of the County Court, postmaster, and real estate agent. Removed to Macomb, Ill., in March, 1838.

Issue of this marriage:

Clara A. Baker 8, b. Jan., 1844.
Mary C. Baker 8, b. Sept. 31, 1845.

Sarah Isabelle Baker 8, b. Dec. 6, 1864.

Joseph Haskel Baker 8, b. Oct. 31, 1866.

130. DANIEL BROOKS BAKER 7 of Jonathan 6 of Edwin 5 of Joseph 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Danvers, April 7, 1820; m. Sarah Ann, dau. of Elbridge and Sally Goodale Putnam of Danvers, Mass., Dec. 31, 1848.

Issue of this marriage:

Sarah Lizzie Baker 8, b. July 11, 1850.

George Ward Baker 8, b. June 21, 1852.

Mary Alice Baker 8, b. Jan. 6, 1855.

Fanny Putnam Baker 8, b. Sept. 1, 1857.

131. CHARLES HARTWELL BAKER 7 of Charles 6 of Charles 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Phillipston, Mass., Oct. 19, 1806; m. Caroline, dau. of John and Mary Howard Bigelow of Livermore, Me., Dec. 27, 1832. They settled in Livermore.

Caroline Bigelow b. March 9, 1803, d. Nov. 22, 1857.

Issue of this marriage:

Ora Ann Baker 8, b. Oct. 18, 1835.

Mary Eliza Baker 8, b. Sept. 29, 1841.

Mr. Charles H. Baker m. 2 Mrs. Debora Reed, widow of Harvey Reed and dau. of Elisha and Rebecca Keene Pratt, Nov. 23, 1862.

132. MARTHA LUCRETIA BAKER 7 of Charles Jackson 6 of Charles 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Livermore, Me., Aug. 26, 1808; m. James, son of James Naby Whitney Williams of Readville, Me., Oct. 15, 1834.

Issue of this marriage:

Caroline Matilda Williams 8, b. Nov. 17, 1835.

133. REBECCA LOUISA BAKER 7 of Charles Jackson 6 of Charles 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1,

b. in Livermore, Me., March 24, 1813; m. Isaac Donham of Island Falls, Oct. 16, 1832. Mr. Donham was a physician in the army of the Rebellion, d. July 12, 1864.

Issue of this marriage:

George Brooks Donham 8, b. Oct. 24, 1839.
Charles Oscar Donham 8, b. June 29, 1845.
George Hartwell Donham 8, b. Feb. 5, 1851.
Caroline Eliza Donham 8, b. Jan. 4, 1853.

All but George b. in Redfield, Me.

134. HULDA PAUL BAKER 7 of Charles Jackson 6 of Charles 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Livermore, Me., Feb. 22, 1815; m. Oliver Pettingill of Rumford, Me., Oct. 19, 1843. He d. in April, 1880.

Issue of this marriage:

Waldo Pettingill 8, b. Dec. 1, 1844.
Ellen Pettingill 8, b. Oct. 15, 1849.
An infant b. and d. Jan. 2, 1856.
Ida Olivia 8, b. Jan. 2, 1859.

135. MARY ANN BAKER 7 of Charles Jackson 6 of Charles 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Livermore, Me., June 10, 1824; m. Hezekiah Atwood, Aug. 8, 1847. Settled at North Booth Bay, Me. Mr. Atwood was a Free-will Baptist minister.

Issue of this marriage:

Charles Baker Atwood 8, b. in Buckfield, Me., Aug. 26, 1848.
George Manly Atwood 8, b. in Portland, Me., Dec. 26, 1855.

136. CAROLINE HOWARD BAKER 7 of Charles Jackson 6 of Charles 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Livermore, Me., March 14, 1829; m. Howard Douglass Waldron of Buckfield, April 1, 1849. Resided in Buckfield six years, then moved to Portland, Me.

Issue of this marriage:

Martha Louisa Waldron 8, b. March 1, 1852.
Hartwell Howard Waldron 8, b. Feb. 10, 1855.
Holman Douglass Waldron 8, b. June 16, 1857.

137. ELIZABETH BAKER 7 of James 6 of Charles 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Phillipston, Mass., Sept. 21, 1815; m. Dexter Harrington, son of Nathan and Anna Haven Perry, Dec. 17, 1839.

Issue of this marriage:

George Herbert Perry 8, b. May 2, 1841, d. Jan. 27, 1842.
Almira Augusta Perry 8, b. April 21, 1843, d. Nov. 1, 1855.
Leonora Elizabeth Perry 8, b. Jan. 16, 1845.

Mrs. Perry died in Worcester, Mass., April 19, 1877.

138. CAROLINE LUCINDA BAKER 7 of James 6 of Charles 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Phillipston, Mass., Nov. 22, 1817; m. Samuel Bannister of Worcester, Mass., June 11, 1850.

Issue of this marriage:

James Samuel Bannister 8, b. Dec. 11, 1851.
Caroline Maria Bannister 8, b. March 6, 1853.

139. LYDIA BIGELOW BAKER 7 of James 6 of Charles 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Phillips-ton, March 15, 1819; m. Alvin Wait of Worcester, Feb. 8, 1842. He d. Dec. 25, 1859, and Mrs. Wait, his widow, m. 2 a Mr. Russel of Worcester, June 20, 1865. No issue.

140. WILLIAM JAMES BAKER 7 of James 6 of Charles 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Phillipston, May 27, 1851; m. Matilda, dau. of Timothy B. Rice, June 18, 1853.

Issue of this marriage:

Anna Louisa Baker 8, b. Nov. 23, 1859, d. Nov. 25, 1859.

Mrs. Baker d. Dec. 1, 1859. Mr. Baker m. 2 Julia Perry, June 27, 1861.

141. CHARLES BAKER 7 of James 6 of Charles 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Phillipston, April 4, 1828; m. Elutheria, dau. of Selley Stafford and Susan Horr Manly of Hardwick, Sept. 1, 1863.

Issue of this marriage:

Constance Stafford Baker 8, b. Dec. 8, 1864, d. May. 8, 1873.

Grace Bigelow Baker 8, b. May 31, 1867.

Caroline Isabelle Baker 8, b. Oct. 26, 1869.

Charles Jr. Baker 8, b. Aug. 8, 1872.

William James Baker 8, b. March 3, 1878.

Elizabeth Bryant Baker 8, b. Sept. 29, 1879.

142. HARRIET GOULDING BAKER 7 of James 6 of Charles 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Phillipston, July 22, 1834; m. Rev. Clarendon Waitt of Hubbardston, Mass., June 16, 1830. He was b. Dec. 12, 1830, d. Dec. 16, 1867.

Issue of this marriage:

Anna Mary Waitt 8, b. Aug. 18, 1862.

Florence Shuman Waitt 8, b. Aug. 19, 1865.

143. JAMES L. BAKER 7 of Jonas 6 of Charles 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Livermore, April 6, 1821; m. Lizzie, dau. of Henry Glass, April 6, 1844.

Issue of this marriage:

George H. Baker 8, b. Feb. 13, 1846.

James Warren Baker 8, b. March 4, 1849.

Mary E. Baker 8, b. Oct. 14, 1851.

Addie F. Baker 8, b. Sept. 27, 1853.

John T. Baker 8, b. Jan. 10, 1856.

Rufus G. Baker 8, b. June 26, 1859.

144. JOHN G. BAKER 7 of Jonas 6 of Charles 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Livermore, Me., Dec. 3, 1823; m. Rosanna, dau. of W. P. Philips of Livermore, Nov. 17, 1853. Settled on a farm at West Gardner, Me.

Issue of this marriage:

Emma L. Baker 8, b. Sept. 25, 1854.

John R. Baker 8, b. Oct. 16, 1856.

William P. Baker 8, b. July 21, 1861.

Drucilla Bessie Baker 8, b. Sept. 9, 1863.

Joseph E. Baker 8, b. Sept. 9, 1867.

There was a second wife here, but have nothing definite.

145. JOSEPH B. BAKER 7 of Jonas 6 of Charles 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Livermore, Jan. 18, 1826; m. Salome Small, May 13, 1849. Settled in West Gardner, Me. No issue.

146. SARAH W. BAKER 7 of Jonas 6 of Charles 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Livermore, Aug. 29, 1828; m. Silas Stevens, a farmer at Livermore, June 11, 1848. They settled in Turner, Me., and removed to Dyer Brook in 1859. Mr. Stevens was b. May 26, 1820, d. in Dyer Brook, Jan. 21, 1873.

Issue of this marriage:

Mary G. Stevens 8, b. Feb. 14, 1849, d. May 20, 1851.

Frank M. Stevens 8, b. in Turner, Feb. 23, 1851.

Mabel M. Stevens 8, b. Sept. 4, 1854.

Carrie S. Stevens 8, b. Oct. 5, 1856.

Ernstine Stevens 8, b. Dec. 15, 1858.

147. CATHERINE P. BAKER 7 of Jonas 6 of Charles 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Livermore, Oct., 1829; m. Lorain James, May 1, 1860. He was b. Dec. 22, 1834.

Issue of this marriage:

Arthur L. James 8, b. Nov. 7, 1862, d. July 2, 1863.

148. FLORA E. BAKER 7 of Jonas 6 of Charles 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Livermore, Feb. 29, 1834; m. Moses P. Wing, Jan., 1856. He d. in the army of the Rebellion, July, 1864.

Issue of this marriage:

Alice F. Wing 8, b. Nov. 10, 1856.
Charles A. Wing 8, b. Jan. 21, 1860.
Fred Perry Wing 8, b. Oct. 14, 1861.

Mrs. Wing m. 2 Elisha James Jr., in May, 1866.

Issue of this marriage:

Jennie Flora James, b. June 30, 1867. Resides in West Water-ville, Me.

149. BETTY BAKER 7 of Artemas 6 of Jonas 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Windham, Ohio, Oct. 10, 1814.

Married James J. Beeman of Dallas Co., Texas, Nov. 21, 1851.

Issue of this marriage:

Lydia Angeline Beeman 8.
Charley Artemas Beeman 8, b. Jan. 24, 1854.
Sarah Elizabeth Beeman 8, b. March 9, 1857.
Albert Sweet Beeman 8.

150. MEHITTABLE BAKER 7 of Artemas 6 of Jonas 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. June 19, 1816; m. Oswin Teagarden of Licking Co., Ohio, Oct. 24, 1841.

Issue of this marriage:

Louisa Teagarden 8, b. Aug. 1, 1842.
Artemas Teagarden 8, b. Nov. 24, 1843.
Roselin Teagarden 8, b. April 25, 1846.
Mary O. Teagarden 8, b. July 18, 1849.
John M. Teagarden 8, b. Aug. 10, 1851.
William Baker Teagarden 8, b. March 15, 1854.
Samuel H. Teagarden 8, b. Aug. 11, 1857.
Joseph O. Teagarden 8, b. Sept. 27, 1858.

151. ARTEMAS BAKER 7 of Artemas 6 of Jonas 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. April 14, 1821; m. Lovina Boardner of Hanover, Licking Co., Ohio, in Nov., 1849.

Issue of this marriage:

Helen Baker 8, b. May 27, 1852.
Cornelius Baker 8, b. July 21, 1854.
Kate Baker 8, b. Nov. 15, 1855.
Sarah Elizabeth Baker 8, b. Nov. 15, 1857.
John Baylor Baker 8, b. Oct. 17, 1859.
Charlotte M. Baker 8, b. May 4, 1862.
Lovina Bell Baker 8, b. Nov. 3, 1864.

152. SIBYL P. BAKER 7 of Artemas 6 of Jonas 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. Nov. 15, 1822; m. Samuel C. Phelps of Licking Co., Ohio, March 4, 1849.

Issue of this marriage:

Charles Artemas Phelps 8, b. Jan. 2, 1850.
Elizabeth Phelps 8, b. Oct. 29, 1851.
Samuel Chauncy Phelps 8, b. Sept. 10, 1854.

153. MARY O. BAKER and Charles of Artemas we do not find. Should be entered on the blank sheets in this book.

154. WILLIAM THATCHER BAKER 7 of Artemas 6 of Jonas 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. Oct. 10, 1830; m. Emily Elvira Beeman of Parker Co., Ohio, Sept. 8, 1856.

Issue of this marriage:

Sarah Mehitable Baker 8, b. Nov. 10, 1857.
James Artemas Baker 8, b. Sept. 22, 1859.
Francis Houston Baker 8, b. Dec. 13, 1862.
William Thatcher Jr. Baker 8, b. Jan. 8, 1864.
Emily Jane Baker 8, b. Oct. 12, 1866.
Elizabeth Scythia Baker 8, b. Feb. 8, 1869.

Charles Curtis Baker 8, b. Jan. 30, 1871.

Amos Norton Baker 8, b. Sept. 9, 1873.

155. EUNICE BAKER 7 of Artemas 6 of Jonas 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. Nov. 7, 1832; m. Nathaniel B. Everts of Lancaster, Dallas Co., Texas.

Issue of this marriage:

John Franklin Everts 8, b. Feb. 16, 1854.

Laura Ann Everts 8, b. Oct. 12, 1855.

Myron Parmella Everts 8, b. Aug. 16, 1857.

Charles Everts 8, b. Aug. 22, 1859.

Edward Everts 8, b. June 29, 1861.

156. ANGELINA GRAY BAKER 7 of Artemas 6 of Jonas 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. Oct. 25, 1839; m. James B. Gilliland of Parker Co., Texas, March 19, 1857.

Issue of this marriage:

Sarah Elizabeth Gilliland 8, b. Feb. 2, 1858.

Samuel Gilliland 8, b. May 11, 1859.

Lucretia Gilliland 8, b. Feb. 12, 1861.

James Gilliland 8, b. Dec. 20, 1863.

Charles Gilliland 8, b. Jan. 8, 1865.

Angeline Gilliland 8, b. Jan. 2, 1867.

William Gilliland 8, b. Dec. 3, 1870.

157. CHARLES OLIVER BAKER 7 of Charles 6 of Jonas 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Lancaster, N. H., Oct. 6, 1819; m. Amanda M., dau. of George W. and Mary Marshall Byrame of Maidstone, Vt., Jan. 8, 1850.

Issue of this marriage:

Mary Fanny Baker 8, b. in Portland, Me., Nov. 19, 1850.

Ellen Stevens Baker 8, b. in Waterville, Me., May 7, 1852.

Charles Edward Baker 8, b. in Portland, Me., Aug. 15, 1863.

158. MARY WALLACE BAKER 7 of Charles 6 of Jonas 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Lancaster, N. H., Sept. 22, 1822; m. Samuel, son of Edward and Mahitable Dodge Longmaid of Chester, N. H.

Issue of this marriage:

Helen D. Longmaid 8, b. July 12, 1847.

Clara H. Longmaid 8, b. Sept. 14, 1850.

159. ELIZABETH DWIGHT BAKER 7 of Charles 6 of Jonas 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Lancaster, N. H., Dec. 8, 1826; m. Benjamin R. Smith of Lancaster, June 9, 1853. Settled in Clinton, Mass. Removed later to Bucksburg, N. H.

Issue of this marriage:

Harriet Elizabeth Smith 8, b. June 27, 1856.

July Rundull Smith 8, b. Sept. 28, 1861.

160. JULIA MARGARET BAKER 7 of Charles 6 of Jonas 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Lancaster, Feb. 19, 1829; m. Servetty Hadley, May 8, 1848. He was b. at Ludlow, Vt., April 4, 1824. They m. in Lancaster and settled in Hastings, Mich. They had no children of their own, but adopted two.

161. GEORGE PAYSON BAKER 7 of Charles 6 of Jonas 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Lancaster, Jan. 20, 1831; m. Celestia W. J. Hibbard, dau. of O. D. and Catherine Barr Hibbard of Sugar Grove, Warren Co., Pa., Jan. 17, 1857. Mrs. Baker was b. at Sugar Grove, April 6, 1835. Her father, O. D. Hibbard, was b. in 1809. Her mother, Catherine Barr, was b. in 1810.

Issue of this marriage:

Charles Baker 8, b. May, 1858.

Edward H. Baker 8, b. May 20, 1860.

Margarett Baker 8, b. July 8, 1866, d. same day.

Julia L. W. Baker 8, b. July 8, 1867.

George B. Baker 8, b. April 14, 1869.

Louis J. Baker 8, b. April 27, 1873.

162. JOHN E. BAKER 7 of Charles 6 of Jonas 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Lancaster, May 26, 1833; m. Francis E. Cheney, Sept. 21, 1864. She was b. Feb. 15, 1842. Reside at Longton, Howard Co., Kansas.

Issue of this marriage:

Harriet W. Baker 8, b. Nov. 4, 1865, d. June 30, 1866.

Edward C. Baker 8, b. Nov. 22, 1869, d. Jan. 17, 1873.

Rufus C. Baker 8, b. Feb. 22, 1872.

163. SARAH WHITCOMB BAKER 7 of Oliver 6 of Jonas 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. Feb. 2, 1836; m. Henry French, Aug. 2, 1857.

Issue of this marriage:

Laura Emma French 8, b. Sept. 19, 1865.

Frank Oliver French 8, b. May 18, 1872.

164. CHARLES HARDING BAKER 7 of Joseph Kilbourn 6 of Joseph 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Phillipston, March 6, 1819; m. Polly Cheney, dau. of Deacon Silas Cheney, Sept. 16, 1843.

Issue of this marriage:

Mary Louisa Baker 8, b. Sept. 4, 1846.

Herbert Charles Baker 8, b. Feb. 28, 1853.

165. SUSAN BAKER 7 of Joseph Kilbourn 6 of Joseph 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Phillipston, Dec. 26, 1820; m. James W. Hagar, a farmer of Phillipston, April 19, 1849.

Issue of this marriage:

Susan Augusta Hagar 8, b. Jan. 13, 1851.

Mary Frances Hagar 8, b. Feb. 25, 1855.

Mima Bush Hagar 8, b. March 20, 1857.

Abbie Janette Hagar 8, b. Feb. 21, 1860.

166. CYRUS BAKER 7 of Joseph Kilbourn 6 of Joseph 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Phillipston, Oct. 4, 1829; m. Mary Ann, dau. of Emory and M. Mary Reed Bigelow Bates of Phillipston, June 22, 1865.

Issue of this marriage:

Mary Ella Baker 8, b. May 2, 1866.

Isabella Harding Baker 8, b. March 20, 1870.

167. LEVI WOOD BAKER 7 of Levi 6 of Joseph 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Phillipston, Nov. 26, 1827; m. Almira W., dau. of Rufus and Thankful Brigham Stow of Marlboro, Mass., April 7, 1853.

Issue of this marriage:

Edward Converse Baker 8, b. Sept. 15, 1858.

Ellen Cora Baker 8, b. Feb. 15, 1865.

168. EDWARD PAYTON BAKER 7 of Levi 6 of Joseph 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Phillipston, Nov. 3, 1830; m. Maude L. Upton of Winthrop, Me. They removed to California in 1872, and he became a settled minister there.

169. HENRY PRENTIS BAKER 7 of John Prentis 6 of Joseph 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Phillipston, Nov. 28, 1829; m. Emma, dau. of Samuel and Charlotte Hunt of Chepachet, R. I., July 5, 1866. Mrs. Baker d. Feb. 28, 1863. No issue.

Mr. Henry P. Baker m. 2 Anna Maria George of Dayton, Ohio, May 16, 1866. She was b. Aug. 12, 1836.

Issue of this marriage:

Anna Hunt Baker 8, b. Aug. 29, 1867.

Alice Tupper Baker 8, b. Dec. 21, 1869.

Nida Scott Baker 8, b. Nov. 21, 1873.

Charlotte Emma Baker 8, b. Sept. 23, 1876.

170. SARAH L. BAKER 7 of Henry Prentis 6 of Joseph 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Phillipston, March 24, 1832; m. Everett A. Denney of Worcester, Oct. 5, 1857. He was b. in Leicester, Mass., Oct. 31, 1836, and d. in Chicago, Oct. 6, 1864.

Issue of this marriage:

Henry De Witt Denney 8, b. July 3, 1858.

Anna Winthrop Denney 8, b. May 12, 1860.

Arthur Everett Denney 8, b. May 20, 1864.

171. MARY JOSEPHINE BAKER 7 of John B. 6 of Joseph 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Philipston, Dec. 18, 1852.

172. EDWARD FARNSWORTH BAKER 7 of William Emerson 6 of Abel 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. Dec. 17, 1865.

173. WALTER FARNSWORTH BAKER 7 of William Emerson 6 of Abel 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. Nov. 11, 1870.

174. CHARLES BAKER 7 of Joseph 6 of Samuel Dakin 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Rochester, Vt., Oct. 30, 1825; m. Carrie M., dau. of Zebediah and Asenith Small Dow of Croydon, N. H., Aug. 28, 1849.

Issue of this marriage:

Edson S. Baker 8, b. in Newport, N. H., May 24, 1853, d. Aug. 11, 1853.

Carry E. Baker 8, b. in Enfield, N. H., June 9, 1857.

Elmer C. Baker 8, b. in Andover, N. H., March 11, 1864.

Willmar C. Baker 8, b. Dec. 4, 1866.

175. ABEL W. BAKER 7 of Joseph 6 of Samuel Dakin 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Bethlehem, N. H., June 12, 1829; m. Mary E., dau. of Eben and Esther Goss Hadley of Plainfield, N. H., Aug. 25, 1853.

Issue of this marriage:

Imogene E. Baker 8, b. in Newport, N. H., June 25, 1854; m.

A. J. Bushnell, son of Luther F. and Sally Cunia Bushnell of Springfield, N. H., Jan. 1, 1873.

Frank E. Baker 8, b. in Enfield, N. H., Aug. 19, 1856.

176. JOSEPH BAKER JR. 7 of Joseph 6 of Samuel Dakin 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Orange, Vt., March 31, 1833; m. Helen M., dau. of Hanison and Louisa Carver Cheney of Barton, Vt., March 27, 1857.

Issue of this marriage:

Nettie A. Baker 8, b. in Enfield, N. H., June 10, 1860.

Gilman H. Baker 8, b. in Enfield, N. H., Oct. 23, 1862.

177. RUFUS B. BAKER 7 of Joseph 6 of Samuel Dakin 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Charlestown, N. H., May 24, 1836; m. Martha S., dau. of Eben and Esther Goss Hanley of Plainfield, N. H., in Sept., 1864.

Issue of this marriage:

Eugene C. Baker 8, b. in Andover, N. H., Jan. 13, 1866.

178. GEORGE BAKER 7 of Jesse 6 of Samuel Dakin 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Bradford, Vt., Dec. 26, 1839; m. Hannah C. Crosby, Oct. 4, 1862.

Issue of this marriage:

William H. Baker 8, b. in New Boston, Aug. 26, 1864.

George W. Baker 8, b. in Bradford, July 2, 1867.

Mrs. Baker died, and George m. 2 Honored D., widow of Ira M. Ross, dau. of Rensalier and Martha C. H. Madison Richards of Chautauguay, N. Y. Settled in Elkhart, Ind.

Issue of this marriage:

Ethel Alice Baker 8, b. in Elkhart, March 11, 1882.

179. HATTIE E. BAKER 7 of Jesse 6 of Samuel Dakin 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Bradford, Vt., Aug. 4, 1842; m. Jacob B. Dole, Nov. 7, 1863, and settled in Franklin.

Issue of this marriage:

Charles B. Dole 8, b. in Franklin, Dec. 22, 1873.

180. BYRON KITTREDGE BAKER 7 of Jesse 6 of Samuel Dakin 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Bradford, Vt., Nov. 4, 1845; m. Laura Wheeler, Aug. 24, 1872, and settled at Scytheville.

Issue of this marriage:

Agnes May Baker 8, b. Jan. 3, 1877.

181. EMMA F. BAKER 7 of Jesse 6 of Samuel Dakin 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Bradford, Feb. 9, 1849; m. Charles E. F. Davis, Feb. 8, 1868, and settled in Franklin, N. H.

Issue of this marriage:

Charles B. Davis 8.

Ethel May Davis 8.

Harry F. Davis 8.

182. MARY ELIZABETH BAKER 7 of Jesse 6 of Samuel Dakin 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. May 9, 1852.

183. ABBIE BAKER 7 of Jesse 6 of Samuel Dakin 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. March 1, 1861.

184. MARY EMILY BAKER 7 of Phila 6 of Samuel Dakin 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. Oct.

6, 1845; m. William S. Corwin of Corinne, Mich., June 30, 1864. Settled in Ann Arbor.

Issue of this marriage:

William Bird Corwin 8.

185. ELLA JOSEPHINE BAKER 7 of Samuel Harrison 6 of Samuel Dakin 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Charlestown, Sept. 10, 1852; m. William W. Smith, son of Capt. William Smith of Charlestown, Jan. 22, 1873. He died at sea, Aug. 3, 1889.

Issue of this marriage:

William Smith 8, b. Dec. 26, 1874, d. Feb. 2, 1875.

Fred Smith 8, b. June 8, 1876.

186. ROSWELL FARNHAM BAKER 7 of Samuel Harrison 6 of Samuel Dakin 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Bradford, Vt., Jan. 1, 1843; m. Sarah F., dau. of David C. and Hannah Goodrich Willis of Charlestown, July 13, 1867. Mrs. Baker was b. March 31, 1843.

Issue of this marriage:

Fredrick Baker 8, b. April 21, 1870, d. Sept. 19, 1873.

Mary Baker 8, b. June 14, 1871.

Martha Baker 8, b. April 13, 1877.

187. EDGAR PEMBERTON BAKER 7 of Samuel Harrison 6 of Samuel Dakin 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Charlestown, Aug. 22, 1847; m. Nettie E., dau. of Daniel and Louisa Maria H. Sherman of Cambridge, June 1, 1876. Mr. Baker was a merchant and settled in Cambridgeport. His wife, Nettie, was b. June 25, 1856.

Issue of this marriage:

Mary Louisa Baker 8, b. Oct. 22, 1877, d. Sept. 14, 1881.

Alice Baker 8, b. Sept. 3, 1882.

188. LOUIS FREDRICK BAKER JR. 7 of Louis 6 of Timothy Minott 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. May 6, 1853.

189. FRANCIS C. BAKER 7 of Louis Fredrick 6 of Timothy Minott 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. Sept. 11, 1854, d. Jan. 13, 1862.

190. CHARLES SANTON BAKER 7 of Louis Fredrick 6 of Timothy Minott 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. Nov. 17, 1859.

191. HELLEN E. BAKER 7 of Louis Fredrick 6 of Timothy Minott 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1. Lack date.

192. JOHN MINOTT BAKER 7 of Louis Fredrick 6 of Timothy Minott 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. Nov. 20, 1862.

193. MARY WALES BAKER 7 of Minott 6 of Stephen 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. May 19, 1838.

194. MINOTT WALES BAKER 7 of Minott 6 of Stephen 5 of Timothy 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Randolph, Vt., Nov. 18, 1843; m. Emma Emelia Fritts, dau. of Andrew and Susan Wales, Jan. 5, 1871. She was b. Jan. 5, 1843.

Issue of this marriage:

Alice Wales Baker 8, b. Oct. 1, 1872.

Minott Everett Baker 8, b. Sept. 16, 1874.

Florence Louiza Baker 8, b. Dec. 6, 1878.

Cora Amelia Baker 8, b. Sept. 1, 1880.

Albert Emerson Baker 8, b. June 5, 1882, d. April 10, 1885.

All born in Randolph.

195. GEORGE CRAVEN BAKER 8 of Eldad A. 7 of William 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Houma, Terre Bone Parish, La., Aug. 5, 1839; m. Mary Enaline Staples, Jan. 29, 1862. She died Feb. 5, 1866.

Issue of this marriage:

William Craven Baker 9, b. Oct. 16, 1862.

Martha Alice Baker 9, b. Jan. 2, 1866.

Mr. George C. Baker m. 2 Ellen McGaw, Jan. 10, 1871. She was born Nov. 23, 1848.

Issue of this marriage:

John H. Baker 9, b. Nov. 4, 1871.

George C. Baker 9, b. Dec. 15, 1872.

Evaline Baker 9, b. Oct. 17, 1874.

196. WILLIAM ANDRUS BAKER 8 of Eldad A. 7 of William 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. April 12, 1843; m. Sarah Harris of Terre Bone Parish, La., Jan. 12, 1867. Settled in Calvert, Texas. They both died of yellow fever, she d. Oct. 12, 1873, he d. two days later.

Issue of this marriage:

William H. Baker 9, b. April 13, 1868, d. same day.

Henry Andrus Baker 9, b. Jan. 9, 1870, d. July 27, 1870.

Allen Hill Baker 9, b. Dec. 20, 1871.

197. ALICE ELIZA BAKER 8 of Eldad A. 7 of William 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. July 24, 1841.

For descent of family of William 8, see chapter on the six brothers.

198. ADELAIDE MARCIA BAKER 8 of George W. 7 of William 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. at Crown Point, N. Y., March 12, 1835; m. Thomas Patterson of North Hudson, N. Y., Feb. 27, 1861.

Issue of this marriage:

Sally L. Patterson 9, b. Dec. 7, 1861.
 Hattie A. Patterson 9, b. March 11, 1864.
 Thomas H. Patterson 9, b. Oct. 9, 1865.
 Gennie A. Patterson 9, b. May 7, 1867.
 Otis U. Patterson 9, b. Nov. 13, 1868.
 William J. Patterson 9, b. Jan. 3, 1869, d. March 27, 1869.
 George W. Baker Patterson 9, b. Oct. 10, 1872.
 Frank Baker Patterson 9, b. Nov. 27, 1873.
 Macomb W. Patterson 9, b. Jan. 1, 1875.
 Herbert J. Patterson 9, b. Feb. 11, 1877.

199. WILLIAM RUSSELL BAKER 8 of George W. 7 of William 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. at Crown Point, N. Y., Jan. 29, 1836; m. Ann Marshall, dau. of Emerson and Emeline Marshall. Settled in Lewis, N. Y. A farmer.

Issue of this marriage:

William Emerson Baker 9, b. in Dec., 1858.

200. ANNETTE BAKER 8 of George W. 7 of William 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Lewis, N. Y., Feb. 6, 1840; m. Henry Clay Abel of Elizabethtown, N. Y., July 11, 1860. Settled in Fayette, Iowa.

Annette dead; her husband is still living at Oelwein, Ia.

Issue of this marriage:

George Russell Abel 9, b. Aug. 11, 1862.
 Charles Earnest Abel 9, b. Jan. 23, 1864.
 Myra Gennie Abel 9, b. Dec. 2, 1873.

201. GEORGE ANDRUS BAKER 8 of George W. 7 of William 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Lewis, N. Y., Jan. 27, 1842; m. Mary J. Deyoe, dau. of Jacob and Mary Deyoe of Elizabethtown, N. Y. Settled in Oelwein, Iowa, where they both died.

Issue of this marriage:

Jacob Elmer Baker 9, b. June 14, 1866.

Eugene Baker 9, b. July 19, 1868.

Amy Bertha Baker 9, b. Nov. 28, 1874.

202. FREDRICK ALBERT BAKER 8 of George W. 7 of William 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. about 1858. He is now a prosperous farmer near Fayette, Iowa, and has a family.

203. ALICE LEONORA BAKER 8 of George W. 7 of William 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. Sept. 27, 1860. Married; and her husband died. Had one daughter, lives at Oelwein, Iowa.

204. AMOS PRESCOTT BAKER 8 of Amos 7 of Daniel 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Boston, Mass., May 20, 1844; m. Ellen Talbott, dau. of Alfred and Ann Maria Talbott Smith of Newport, R. I., May 9, 1870. She b. Sept. 14, 1846.

Issue of this marriage:

Still-born child, in Dublin.

Charles Hamilton Baker 9, b. Oct. 5, 1872.

Leslie Talbott Baker 9, b. Sept. 6, 1875.

Alfred Talbott Baker 9, b. Feb. 9, 1880.

205. HENRY BAKER 8 of Joseph Dudley 7 of Amos 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Reading, Mass., May 6, 1829; m. Lucy Dizer of Reading, Nov. 9, 1857.

Issue of this marriage:

Fred Baker 9, b. June 27, 1860.

Maude Baker 9, b. May 9, 1862.

Carrie Baker 9, b. April 10, 1864.

206. MAUD E. BAKER 8 of Joseph Dudley 7 of Amos 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Reading, Mass., March 10, 1831; m. Joseph D. Coburn, son of Daniel J. Coburn.

Issue of this marriage:

Charles W. Coburn 9, b. Sept. 4, 1853.

Jennie W. Coburn 9, b. April 11, 1855.

207. ALMIRA HARRIET BAKER 8 of Silas Washington 7 of Silas 6 of Silas 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Phillipston, Mass., July 13, 1851.

208. ABBIE MAUD BAKER 8 of Silas W. 7 of Silas 6 of Silas 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Phillipston, Mass., March 13, 1853.

209. SARAH ELLA BAKER 8 of Silas W. 7 of Silas 6 of Silas 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Phillipston, Mass., June 23, 1855; m. William Leslie Woodcock, son of William C. and Augusta Hale Woodcock of Winchendon, Mass., Aug. 26, 1879.

210. LUCY JANE BAKER 8 of Silas W. 7 of Silas 6 of Silas 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Phillipston, Mass., Jan. 12, 1857.

211. IDA LUNETTE BAKER 8 of Silas W. 7 of Silas 6 of Silas 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Phillipston, Mass., Nov. 3, 1859.

212. MARY LIZZIE BAKER 8 of Silas W. 7 of Silas 6 of Silas 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Phillipston, Mass., June 22, 1863.

213. DANIEL WEBSTER BAKER 8 of Silas W. 7 of Silas 6 of Silas 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Phillipston, Mass., Oct. 12, 1860.

214. CHARLOTTE ISABELLE BAKER 8 of Silas W. 7 of Silas 6 of Silas 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Phillipston, Mass., Jan. 10, 1867.

215. SILAS FRANCIS BAKER 8 of Silas W. 7 of Silas 6 of Silas 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Phillipston, Mass., March 16, 1865.

216. LEONARD W. BAKER 8 of Silas W. 7 of Silas 6 of Silas 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Phillipston, Mass., April 29, 1874.

217. FLORENCE AGNES BAKER 8 of Silas W. 7 of Silas 6 of Silas 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Phillipston, Mass., Oct. 31, 1870.

218. MIRA SAWYER BAKER 8 of Leonard Fisk 7 of Silas 6 of Silas 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Athol, Mass., July 5, 1855, d. Aug. 5, 1856.

219. AGNES MARIA BAKER 8 of Leonard Fisk 7 of Silas 6 of Silas 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Hampton, Ill., July 29, 1858; m. Lewis Wells, Oct. 10, 1878.

220. HOWARD GRANT BAKER 8 of Leonard Fisk 7 of Silas 6 of Silas 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Hampton, Ill., Aug. 3, 1865.

221. MARION ELIZA BAKER 8 of Leonard Fisk 7 of Silas 6 of Silas 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Hampton, Ill., Sept. 15, 1868.

222. SILAS SAWYER BAKER 8 of Leonard Fisk 7 of Silas 6 of Silas 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Hampton, Ill., Nov. 17, 1869.

223. CLARA A. BAKER 8 of Jonathan H. 7 of Edward 6 of Edward 5 of Joseph 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Macomb, Ill., in Jan. 1844; m. Charles W. Chandler, in Aug., 1866. He was b. in Macomb, Jan. 28, 1843. Cashier of First National Bank of Macomb.

224. MYRA C. BAKER 8 of Jonathan H. 7 of Edward 6 of Edward 5 of Joseph 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Macomb, Ill., Sept. 30, 1845; m. Edward L. Wells, Oct. 28, 1869. A merchant of Macomb, b. in Bushville, Ill.

225. SARAH ISABELLE BAKER 8 of Jonathan H. 7 of Edward 6 of Edward 5 of Joseph 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Macomb, Ill., Dec. 6, 1864.

226. JOSEPH HASKELL BAKER 8 of Jonathan H. 7 of Edward 6 of Edward 5 of Joseph 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Macomb, Ill., Oct. 31, 1866.

227. SARAH LIZZIE BAKER 8 of Daniel Brooks 7 of Jonathan 6 of Edward 5 of Joseph 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Danvers, Mass., July 11, 1850.

228. MARY ALICE BAKER 8 of Daniel Brooks 7 of Jonathan 6 of Edward 5 of Joseph 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Danvers, Mass., Jan. 6, 1855.

229. GEORGE WARD BAKER 8 of Daniel Brooks 7 of Jonathan 6 of Edward 5 of Joseph 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. June 21, 1852.

230. FANNY PUTNAM BAKER 8 of Daniel Brooks 7 of Jonathan 6 of Edward 5 of Joseph 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. Sept. 1, 1857.

231. ORA ANN BAKER 8 of Charles Hartwell 7 of Charles Jackson 6 of Charles 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Livermore, Me., Oct. 18, 1836; m. Edward Pratt of Livermore, March 26, 1859.

232. MARY ELIZA BAKER 8 of Charles Hartwell 7 of Charles Jackson 6 of Charles 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Livermore, Me., Sept. 29, 1841; m. David Bonney, Nov. 21, 1859. Settled in Livermore.

233. GRACE BIGELOW BAKER 8 of Charles 7 of James 6 of Charles 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. May 31, 1867.

234. CAROLINE ISABELLA BAKER 8 of Charles 7 of James 6 of Charles 5 of Charles 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1. Have no farther history.



HOTEL, AT CHARLOTTE, VT.

Here William Baker 6 died in 1823, and his widow
Marcie Andrus Baker slaved to care for her family

The Andrus Family

OF my father's mother's people I have no record extending back farther than my great-grandfather Eldad Andrus.

The first I learn of them they lived in Watertown, Connecticut, where my grandmother was born. I think her mother's maiden name was Sophia Benadict. Whether Eldad Andrus was born in this country I do not know. He was full-blood Scotch, which my grandmother showed plainly. She was rather a spare woman, a little below the average size, but the family generally was of immense stature. Two brothers were of the largest men of Vermont, and it is from the Andrus that the size of the Baker family was inherited. At the time of Marcia Andrus' marriage to my grandfather, they lived in Cornwall, Vermont. Here, Eldad Andrus was a prosperous farmer. His sons were farmers in Cornwall, and in 1870 his grandson Sam Andrus was a successful blooded-sheep raiser there, but on my last visit there I could find no living representative of the family.

My grandmother passed a very hard and sad life. At the death of my grandfather, she was left with a family of five children, though some were away from home, continued to operate the hotel at Charlotte, keeping her two younger children with her. She afterward married a farmer by the name of Raxford, a very fine man, it is said. He only lived two years, dying of consumption. She was again married to Silas Tappen of Panton, Vt. I well remember the homely old face, kind in the extreme; he was everything that a husband could be to her.

Her supreme exertion had so shattered her nerves, that at about the age of eighty her mind became somewhat clouded, and was quite a care until her death. The old farm on which they lived, two miles south of Panton, Vt., I visited a year ago; there was little to identify it from.

She is buried beside her last husband Silas Tappen at Adams Ferry, about two miles from the farm. A good monument marks the spot.

Below I give such record as I have of the Andrus family:

Eldad Andrus died in Cornwall, Vt., Nov. 15, 1827, aged 80 years.

His widow Sophia died in Cornwall, Vt., May 29, 1843, aged 94 years.

Marcia Andrus Baker was born at Watertown, Conn., Oct. 1, 1781. Married to William Baker in Cornwall, Vt., Nov. 17, 1801. Died at Panton, Vt., May 30, 1866, aged 87 years.

Her last husband, Silas Tappen, died Feb. 29, 1868, aged 88 years.

My grandmother's sister Polly Rugg died at Sangersfield, N. Y., in Feb., 1847, aged 69 years.

Her brother Ransom Andrus died at Middlebury, Vt., Dec. 22, 1848, aged 64 years.

This family, though possessing great longevity, seems to have entirely disappeared, at least so far as the research of the writer could trace.




DAVID CLARK
At 77 years of age



SIBYL ADAMS CLARK

At 75 years of age

The Clark Family

 HE writer has given little research of this branch of the family. The record as given is one in the handwriting of my mother.

My great-uncle Aaron Clark, who was mayor of New York at the time of my birth, made research back before the coming from England, but I presume these records have been lost.

He had the family coat of arms, which was a white swan.

This Aaron Clark was a very bright man. I have before me his address in pamphlet form, delivered before the alumni of Hamilton College (of which he was a graduate), July 27, 1855. It surely marks him as one of the great men of that age.

He was a half-brother of my grandfather, as the genealogy will show.

The first reliable data I have of the family is the birth of my great-grandfather, Aug. 20, 1756. He married Abigail Baldwin; she died at the birth of my grandfather. He afterward married Lydia Benjamin. Of this marriage there were seven children.

My grandfather had a family of nine. I think they were all born in Whiting, Vt., where grandfather did contracting and operated a wagon factory, he being a carpenter.

He moved to Westport, N. Y., when my mother was ten years of age. Here he did general building, had a large wagon factory, and built canal boats. He employed at times a number of hundred men. As the writer remembers him, he was a man of wonderful energy, ready to undertake anything, no matter how large.

Financially he was a failure. As his son Adams said to

him, "Father, you can do up the finest bundle I have ever seen, you put the string around in exactly the right place, and after all your effort fail to tie the string." Grandfather answered that he was as well aware of that as he, but he did not thank him for reminding him of it.

Of his boys, they were about as are the average of humanity, just fairly successful.

Of his girls, the writer has not known six in one family that showed better ability.

With my grandmother and two of his sisters they are buried just back from the main entrance in the graveyard at Westport. There are good marble markers at the graves. On a trip made not long since I copied the epitaph on markers:

David Clark, died Oct. 26, 62

Sibyl Clark, May 27, 66

At the death of grandfather his old home went to his son Aaron of Westport, and though the great old house has been torn down, a portion of the grounds including the dock are owned by his great-grandsons.

The genealogy given, except that as kept by mother, is largely from personal remembrance.

David Clark, b. Aug. 20, 1756; m. Abigail Baldwin, Dec. 25, 1783; d. June 9, 1799.

David Clark Jr., b. Sept. 27, 1784, at Worthington, Mass.

Abigail Baldwin, his mother, died Sept. 29, 1784, when David was two days old.

David Clark Sen. married 2d Lydia Benjamin, b. Aug. 1, 1764. Married David Clark, Jan. 18, 1787. They had:

Aaron Clark, b. Oct. 16, 1787.

Polly Clark, b. Jan. 12, 1789.

Alvah Clark, b. Sept. 25, 1790, d. in April, 1792.

Lydia Clark, b. June 23, 1792.

Alvah Clark 2, b. March 27, 1794.

Anson Clark, b. Oct. 27, 1795.

Minerva Clark, b. Oct. 26, 1798.



Home of my grandparents at Westport, N. Y., from 1827 to the time of their death. Here my parents were married June 20, 1839

David Clark Jr., my grandfather, was born in Worthington, Mass. He married Sibyl Adams, who was born in Paulette, Vt., Oct. 6, 1790. They married at Paulette, Jan. 29, 1810, and soon after went to Whiting, where their family was born. Their family:

Samuel Adams Clark, b. Oct. 22, 1810.

Mary A. Clark, b. July 30, 1812.

David Clark Jr., b. Feb. 18, 1814.

Lucy A. Clark, b. March 12, 1816.

Pamelia White Clark, my mother, b. Nov. 1, 1817.

Aaron Clark, b. March 12, 1819.

Julia P. Clark, b. Feb. 8, 1821.

Mellissa S. Clark, b. Sept. 13, 1822.

Elizabeth Z. Clark, b. June 3, 1827.

My uncle Adams Clark came west in 1838, following his brother David, who had left home after learning the cabinet maker's trade. David first stopped at Grand Rapids, Mich., where he plied the trade, soon after with a company of prospectors came up Mississippi, going as far north as the Minnesota River and up that stream to where Mankato now stands. They were hunting pine timber, but not finding what they were looking for came back to Prairie du Chien, where my uncle left the party. He with my uncle Adams married the two first white girls that settled in that then the farthest west settlement.

My uncle Adams at one time was considered a very successful business man. He laid out the lower town of Prairie du Chien, was operating eight general stores, but like his father whom he offered advice overstepped and failed for a large sum, never fully recovering from his losses.

He had a very large family, many dying in infancy. He married twice. When last I knew of the children, three were living in Menomonie, Wis. Three boys. I called on two of the daughters at Chickisha, Oklahoma, a few years since. Pamelia Smith and Eda, the youngest girl and oldest.

Mina Morsey, another daughter, lived at Moberly, Missouri.

Following soon after these two brothers coming west was my aunt Mary Clark Stevens. Her husband, a fine worker of iron, came west in 1838, and with John Deer started what is now the John Deer plow works at Moline, Ill. But certain acts of his placed him in such a position he soon sold out, and when we came west in 1858 they were living at Garnavillo, Iowa.

They had three children. Eben, the only son, lives at Hull, Iowa. He has two children.

The oldest sister, Mary, married a Mr. Joseph Roberts, at one time a merchant of Winona. They are dead. They had a fine family, a number still living.

The other daughter of aunt Mary married and had one child. I think this cousin is dead.

My uncle David, who came west first, died in the Black Hills, Dakota. He was one of the most generous men, but a natural rover. He had a family of five children. The only two living members, Cornelia and Glendor, are the last of the generation in that family, no children having come to any of the family.

My aunt Lucy Ann Knapp lived at Poultney, Vt. She is buried there. She had a family of five, three only marrying.

Agnes and John had large families, but I know nothing of them farther. One boy went to California, where he married.

My uncle Aaron lived and died at Westport, N. Y. He had a family of five. I think but three of these are living. One, Mary, in Illinois; Dr. Clark of Glens Falls, N. Y.; and Aaron Baker Clark, is missionary among the Indians.

My aunt Julia Smith had four children, two dying at about twenty years of age, unmarried. Of the daughter and son that survived, the son had a large family and moved to Oregon, where I think he died. The daughter married a man by the name of Barton. He died in Oregon, and this cousin Emma Barton I visited at Olympia, Wash., a few years since. She had one child, who married a lawyer by the name of Collier. At the time of my visit they lived at Olympia, but I am informed they have since moved to Spokane.

My aunt Melissa Sherman had a family of six. One died young. The oldest girl married a man by the name of Chase. They had three sons. The second daughter, Addie, married a Dr. St. John and lived in Wichita, Kansas. I have called on them there. The husband died, leaving two children, a son and a daughter. Their mother, a doctor, still practices medicine there.

Two sisters never married and live summers at National, Iowa, their old home. Winters traveling.

The only son, a lawyer, having office at 920 Unity Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Aunt Elizabeth married George Whitman. They had five children, four still living. The oldest son and the two living daughters live in Winona, Minn. They never married. The younger son married and lives at Evaeth, Minn. The writer visited him there a year since. He has a son and daughter. He is a successful banker, George Whitman. For the members of our branch, see the Baker genealogy.

From my acquaintance of the Clark family, would place them far above the average.

The Adams Family

HENRY ADAMS of Braintree, called thus as he was one of the first settlers in that part of Massachusetts, is the first authentic history we have of that branch of the Adams family. That there has been much written as to his having descended from ApAdam and was of Welch origin. The sixteenth generation from ApAdam, the father of John, or Lord ApAdam, who was called to Parliament by Edward the First from A. D. 1296 to 1307. The writer looks upon this as all conjecture and nothing to be relied on. It is quite certain they had no coat of arms, and had he been of the ApAdam family he certainly would have carried that credential.

Henry Adams is supposed to have arrived in Boston with his wife, eight sons and a daughter in 1632 or 33. The colonial authorities allotted him 40 acres of land for the family of ten, Feb. 24, 1639.

The name of his wife is not known. It is believed by those that have investigated that she returned to England with her son John and daughter Ursula, and died there.

Henry Adams died in Braintree, Oct. 6, 1646, and was buried two days later, as by records of Braintree.

His will, as proven June 8, 1647, is as follows:

"first, my will is that my sons Peter and John, and daughter Ursula, shall have the ground in the neck, both upland and meadow, during the term I was to enjoy it, until it returns into the town's hands again, from whom I have it: also the aker in the millfields: my will is that my bookes shall be divided among all my children, that my wife shall have and enjoy all my other

goods so long as shee live unmarried, and if shee marry, then my will is y.^t Joseph, Edward and my daughter Ursula should enjoy all my ground in the fielde y.^t lieth on the way to Weymouth Ferry, and my house and lott, with all the houses and fruit trees and all my movables at the death or marriage of my wife, provided they and their mother shall pay to my sonne Samuel that which is due to him for the ground I bought of him to be paid in convenient tyme; but in case God so deal with my wife that she bee constrained to make use of something by way of sale shee may:—finally for movables my will is that my sonne Peter and John shall have an equal share with my sonne Joseph and Edward and my daughter Ursula.”

President John Adams erected a monument to his memory in the graveyard at Quincy. On this he located his original home in Devonshire, England, but later his son John Quincy Adams repudiated this inscription and located him from Braintree, Essex county, on the East coast of England. There is little reliable information except that from the town records of Braintree, and these do not treat of family history.

The writer descended from the second son of Henry Adams, Lieutenant Thomas Adams, b. in England 1612; m. in Braintree, 1642, Mary Blackmore. Thomas removed with two of his brothers to Concord in 1646. He was chosen chief sergeant of the military company in 1659, but the county court refused to confirm him because of his religious views; but a year later he was confirmed by agreeing to not disseminate his principles contrary to what the church doth confessedly own and practice.

He died in Chelmsford, July 20, 1688, aged 76.

Lient. Thomas made his will March 28, 1688. To his wife, Mary, he gave the use of his house and orchard; his sons Pelatiah, Timothy, and Samuel to provide for her. To Jonathan he gave 16 acres on the east end of the home lot and other lands, and divided other lands among the other sons. Samuel to pay 16 pounds to his daughter Mary Cooper. His widow, “Mary” as per Charlestown record, died March 23, 1694, aged 82 years.

The writer finds in his research of this family that the presidents Adams were descended from Joseph, the next to the youngest brother of Lieut. Thomas, who was next to the oldest of the Henry Adams family.

Descent from Henry Adams 1 Lieut. Thomas 2 and Mary, his wife:

Mary 3, b. in Braintree, July 24, 1643; d. soon after, as by record.

Jonathan 3, b. in Concord, Jan. 6, 1646; m. Leah Gould, Jan. 6, 1681. She died 1718. He was a farmer in Littleton, Mass.; died in Chelmsford, Nov. 25, 1712.

Pelataiah 3 (twin to Jonathan), b. in Concord, Jan. 6, 1646; m. Ruth, in 1670. She died Sept. 18, 1719. He died in Chelmsford, April 29, 1725.

Timothy 3, b. in Concord, Feb. 15, 1648; m. Mary. He died in Chelmsford, July 1, 1708.

George 3, b. in Concord, March 29, 1650; d. young.

Samuel 3 (the one of our descent), b. in Chelmsford about 1652; m. Mary, who died in Canterbury, Conn., March 28, 1718.

The record shows Edith Rebecca Elizabeth Thomas and Mary besides those before enumerated. Most of them died young at Chelmsford.

Samuel, the one we are particularly interested in, was a millwright. He first removed to Charlestown, Mass., and thence to Canterbury, Conn., where he was a prominent citizen and died, Nov. 26, 1727. He sold his property in Charlestown to Joseph Randall in 1697, according to the bond, but the deed was not acknowledged until 1715 at Plainfield, Conn.

He was one of the first board of select men of Canterbury chosen May 31, 1699. Both he and his son Samuel Jr. received each one-half shares of land as original first settlers in the division of April, 1725. He is said to have had twelve children, five of whom died young. His will, made and signed with his mark, Aug. 7, 1727, probated at Plainfield, Dec. 4, 1727, and on record at Willimantic, speaks of his sons as three in numbers.

but names only Henry and Thomas, Abigail and Margaret, the portions of Abigail and Margaret to remain in the hands of the executor.

Capt. Joseph 4 of Samuel 3 of Lieut. Thomas 2 of Henry 1, b. in Chelmsford, Mass., in 1682; m. (1) July 23, 1708, Eunice Spalding, d. in April, 1726; m. (2) April 4, 1728, Mrs. Susan Woodward, dau. of Daniel and Elizabeth Dana Woodward of Preston, Conn., and widow of William Adams, b. 1693, d. 1790. Buried in Baldwin cemetery, So. Canterbury, Conn.

He was the first settler in Canterbury, large land dealer and prominent man, called "Joseph Esq." He died March 3, 1752, aged 70 years.

There were nine brothers and sisters in his father's family, of which he was one. Capt. Joseph had nine children, six by his first wife and three by his second. The descend to my grandmother came through his first wife, Eunice Spalding Adams.

Lieut. Joseph Adams 5, son of Capt. Joseph Adams 4 of Samuel 3 of Lieut. Thomas 2 of Henry 1, b. in Canterbury, Dec. 6, 1715; m. in 1738 Sarah Bradford, dau. of Lieut. James and Edith Bradford, b. Aug. 27, 1720; d. March 20, 1807, aged 86. He died Dec. 6, 1780, aged 65.

Issue of Lieut. Joseph 5:

William 6, b. in Canterbury, Conn., March 4, 1740; d. July 5, 1759.

Samuel 6, b. in Canterbury, March 30, 1742; m. Mrs. Sarah Willisby. He died April 11, 1820.

John 6, b. in Canterbury, Feb. 17, 1745; m. Submit Butts, Dec. 21, 1765. He died at Fly Creek, Otsego Co., N. Y., Nov. 25, 1810, aged 66 years.

Joseph 6, b. in Canterbury, Feb. 2, 1745; m. Elizabeth Chapman, Nov. 25, 1773. She died April 16, 1785, aged 38 years. He married (2) Lydia Chapman (niece of Elizabeth), June 19, 1788. She died Feb. 22, 1852, aged 90. He died Sept. 25, 1824, aged 79. Both are buried in Westminster Parish.

James 6, b. in Canterbury, June 7, 1748; m. Jerusha Knight of Lisbon, Conn., Feb. 16, 1772. She b. March 22, 1748; d. July 26, 1829. He d. June 28, 1805.

Sarah 6 (twin), b. in Canterbury, June 7, 1748; m. about 1770 David Hale Sen. of Canterbury (some say David Hyde). She died a widow, 1834.

John Bradford 6, b. in Canterbury, June 11, 1750; m. Sarah Davenport, dau. of Paul and Elisabeth (Frost) Davenport, April 6, 1780. She b. Oct. 24, 1759; d. Aug. 30, aged 56. He served as a private in Capt. Obadiah Johnson's Co., Col. Israel Putnam's Reg., May 10 to Dec. 15, 1775; d. June 30, 1829.

Jesse 6, b. in Canterbury, Dec. 7, 1752; d. young.

Elisha 6 (twin to Jesse), b. in Canterbury, Dec. 7, 1752; d. Jan. 12, 1753.

Mary 6, b. in Canterbury, Dec. 5, 1755; m. Samuel Barstow, 1774. He was b. in Jan., 1749. She d. 1776 with an infant child.

Jesse 6 (the one from which we descend), b. in Canterbury, July 17, 1757; m. Zerviah Cady, dau. of Abijah Cady, Esq., Nov. 30, 1780. He first settled in Lebanon, Conn., and in 1786 removed to Pawlet, Vt., where he d. 1812, aged 55. Family removed to Nunda, N. Y.

Tryphena 6, b. in Canterbury, July 17, 1760; m. Joseph Safford, son of Joseph Safford Jr., about 1786.

Jesse Adams 6, son of Lieut. Joseph 5 of Capt. Joseph 4 of Samuel 3 of Lieut. Thomas 2 of Henry 1 and Zerviah Cady Adams; Res. Lebanon, Conn., and Pawlet, Vt.

Issue of Jesse Adams 6:

Abija 7, b. in Lebanon, Conn., Oct. 3, 1781, d. unm., killed at Portage, N. Y., in July, 1832.

Olney 7, b. in Lebanon, Jan. 8, 1783; d. July 14, 1783.

Festus 7, b. in Lebanon, May 31, 1784; m. Julia Parsons, dau. of Reuben and Lucinda (Pomeroy) Parsons, Oct. 12, 1813, in Benson, Vt. She was b. Feb. 23, 1796; d. in Oct., 1847.

He settled in Brighton, Monroe Co., N. Y., and in 1845 was drowned.

Prosper 7, b. in Lebanon, Nov. 27, 1785; m. Polly Robinson, dau. of Capt. Ephraim Robinson of Pawlet, Vt., Sept. 8, 1811. She was b. June 15, 1793; d. Nov. 6, 1873. He removed to Portage, N. Y., and died there, April 4, 1839.

Sarah 7, b. in Pawlet, Vt., Sept. 13, 1787.

Lucy 7 (twin to Sarah), b. Sept. 13, 1787; m. (1) Dana and had a daughter Laura; m. (2) John Paterson of Portage, by whom she had four sons. She died in Portage, N. Y., about 1851.

Sybil 7 (my grandmother), b. in Pawlet, Vt., 1789; m. David Clark (grandfather of the writer). See Clark genealogy for farther information of this family.

Jesse Jr. 7, b. in Pawlet, Vt.; m. Mabel Spencer and settled in Gainesville, Wyoming Co., N. Y.

Zerviah 7, b. in Pawlet, Oct. 16, 1796; m. Feb. 24, 1820, Elisha Smith, who was b. in Preston, Conn., May 12, 1784, and d. March 5, 1861, at Portage, N. Y. He d. Aug. 10, 1830.

The writer in his research has found no family so fecund as the Adams, the descendents of Henry Adams being found in every quarter of our broad land.

History of the Baker Family

HARTHER back than the landing of William I and Mary, his wife, with one son, we have no authentic history. We know that William the first was the son of William and Johanna Baker. They married in Old England in 1590. This in the time of Elizabeth, and Cromwell, brings us to that period of unrest that drove the enterprising from England to our shores.

We do not know what portion of England they came from, hearsay history William Baker was from Yorkshire, and Johanna, Welch. We have no means of corroborating this.

The coat of arms would lead one to place them as agriculturists in England, but like all that came to this country at that time, they learned a trade. Many of the Bakers were masons, and shoemakers, some farmers, and some business men.

There were few families in the surroundings at Concord, as one can trace by the names in the cemeteries, in fact not more than a dozen names in many of them. They did not travel much, but married among their neighbors. This made an entire neighborhood related.

Joseph Baker was no doubt an important character in Littleton, as his title (Capt.) would indicate. He perhaps stands more conspicuous before us than any of the early generations.

His son William, though living at the time of the Revolution, we find nothing to couple him with being in the army. He may have been, but we have no record.

Of his son William the fifth there is no doubt was in the army of the Revolution, and that his father-in-law, Major Daniel Fletcher, was major during the Revolution. I have not traced the Fletcher genealogy, but think he certainly was a revolutionary soldier.



GRAVEYARD AT LITTLETON, MASS.

The slate nearest you on the left has the inscription: "Capt. Joseph Baker, died Sept. 3, 1761, aged 66 years." On the right nearest you: "William Baker, died March 13, 1793, aged 74 years." At back of this slate: "Amos Baker, son of Daniel Fletcher Baker and Elizabeth. Born in Concord, Nov. 20, 1798; died in Boston, April 12, 1886. He was for 40 years deacon of West Church, Boston, and 42 years a successful and beloved instructor of the young of Boston.

To those of the family branching off since that generation, I would recommend looking up the Fletcher record, if they desire to join any of those patriotic societies of the Revolution.

Of my great-grandfather I have the following history:

Born in Littleton and married Sarah Fletcher, daughter of Major Daniel Fletcher, of Acton, a small town about five miles from Littleton.

I find on visiting these places that the Fletcher family was a leading family of that town. From the town record we find that after they were married they went to live with Daniel Fletcher. We find in the town records an order out of town. (The laws of Massachusetts made it necessary that if such notice was not given, the town would have to support them if they became paupers.) Here we find bonds given for their support by Daniel Fletcher. From Acton he removed to Templeton, where he lived for some years. In 1777 he removed to Acton, lived there six years, then moved to Concord. He was deputy sheriff while there. His wife died of smallpox. (The laws of Massachusetts at that time would not permit burial of any dying of contagious diseases in other than the potter's field, and she was buried outside of the burying ground proper.) My great-grandfather then removed with my grandfather to Rutland, Vt.

He spent the last years of his life with his daughter at Rutland. This his oldest daughter Rebekah (as they spelled it) married a man by name of Claghorne.

My great-grandfather was a shoemaker by trade, and I have heard my father speak of his spending his last years in making up loads of shoes and distributing them among the poor. A monument marks his grave at Rutland.

My grandfather learned the mason's trade. He became a large contractor. He had the contract of the dome to the old capitol in Washington, D. C. The picture of him, shown in this work, was from a painting while on that contract.

He built Middlebury College. At one time he was considered a wealthy man, but his generous nature ruined him.

He built the large glass works at Salisbury, and never received any pay for it. He signed notes for supposed friends and had so much to pay that he was obliged to sell his property and move to Charlotte, where he operated the old hotel shown in this book. He died from taking a large dose of salpeter in the place of salts as prescribed by his doctor.

Of the younger members of his father's family he educated at Middlebury College Dr. Baker and Susan in particular.

This Susan was a beautiful woman, as were most of the girls of the family. She was stopping at the hotel with grandfather, when a southern planter by name of Carr came through with a retinue of negroes and hunting-dogs, going to Canada to hunt. On meeting her he let his hunting-party go on, and he stayed until he induced her to marry him, and moved to his home at Thibadeauville, La.

This man Carr was a judge there and had a fine family. I have been through the town, but have not stopped. I presume all traces of the family are gone before this. It was this aunt that induced others of the family to Louisiana.

Of Doctor Baker in the history of my father I will mention.

In the history of Pittsford, Vt., I find the following history:

Doctor Aaron Baker was the sixth physician who settled in Pittsford. He was a native of Rutland; studied medicine with Dr. Kittredge of Walpole, N. H.; married Amelia M., daughter of Col. Thomas Hammond of Pittsford and located at Chester, but removed to Pittsford in the summer of 1819.

He resided about two years in the family of Col. Hammond, and then bought the house which had been built by Gorden Newell in the village. He resided here until his death in 1825. He is reputed to have been a man of great energy and superior medical attainments. After his death his widow married Joseph Eldridge of Bridport, N. Y.

That those who may read this may have a better impression of the distance in the territory where these forefathers lived, I give a table of distances.



WILLIAM BAKER 6

From a painting done in Washington when he was 28 years of age
He was the contractor for the dome of the old capitol there



MARCIE ANDRUS BAKER

At 80 years of age, after passing through more hardships than falls
to the lot of the average mortal

Rutland to Pittsford, ten miles. Rutland to Leicester Jct., twenty-two miles. Two miles from this junction is Whiting, where mother was born. Rutland to Middlebury, 33 miles. From Rutland to Charlotte, fifty-five miles. In this short distance, 55 miles, were married and lived two generations of the family.

At the age of nine father went to live with his uncle Aaron at Pittsford. He did not like his uncle, and just across the way was the family of Col. Hammond; with these boys he found life so much more pleasant that he made his home there until he became of age.

When of age, he went with the Hammond's John and Charles to Crown Point, N. Y. Here for a time he worked for them. He then started for Louisiana, where his brother had secured him a position as government surveyor, he having learned surveying under an instructor Caleb Handy of Pittsford.

Taken sick with typhoid fever in Cincinnati, he spent some \$800 that he had accumulated, and was advised by his physician to return to New York.

He again worked for the Hammond's until they became involved. (They at that time were operating seven sawmills and a blast furnace, and employing most of the help in Essex Co.) When they became involved, the business was taken over, running in the name of Baker, Dikes & Co.

At 32 he met Pamela Clark, my mother, at his sister's hotel in Westport, N. Y. At that time she was teaching the school in that town, she being educated at the Methodist school at Poultney, Vt.

After a few months of acquaintance he insisted they be married, and against her wish she gave up her school. She would not enter the business as it was then operated, but insisted that they start in life without other partners. The company owned three hundred and ninety-two acres at the end of the point surrounding the old forts at that point.

This he settled on. When mother moved to the place, she found he had provided a negro woman, a white woman, and

was to have a sister of mother's for company. Mother's first orders were to turn off all help in the house, and that she would operate that part of the place.

This was the history of her through life. No work too heavy for her to undertake, and by her wonderful calculation her work was always done.

In the northwest room of this house on the farm the writer was born. Here for nineteen years was their home made. It is a beautiful location in summer, and a portion of the place is now a state park.

After living on the place fifteen years, the year the writer was born, a Mr. Hamilton of New York became interested in the blue or dove colored marble found on the place. Finding that it polished beautifully, he bought the place at \$14,000, paying \$10,000 cash. Father rented the place for four years, when finding that the marble was so full of seams that no good blocks could be had, the place came back for what was due on the sale. He again sold to a neighbor for what was coming from Hamilton.

The year he sold the place, 1854, he saw in the New York Tribune a notice of sale of lands reserved for railroad building, and as they were in the locality where mother's brothers and sisters were living, came west and purchased a number of tracts at the sale, at that time never thinking of becoming a western farmer. After making a final sale of his eastern home, he decided to move to Prairie du Chien, Wis.

It was a great sacrifice to leave those old and tried friends. The Congregational church, where they had sung in the choir for years, and move into new surroundings, they knew not what.

How vivid in my childish memory is implanted that last visit to those grandparents, the earnestness of that last good-bye!

Father had shipped his household goods some days before. On the first day of May, 1858, we left Westport for Buffalo, where we took the old propeller Kihauka for Milwaukee.

It was a long and tedious trip. Out from Cleveland the rudder broke and we drifted helplessly for some time, until a



WILLIAM HENRY AND PAMELIA WHITE CLARK BAKER
Taken at the time of visiting the Crystal Palace at New York City, 1853

friendly boat came to our assistance and towed us in to Cleveland, where after three days repair we continued our journey. Reaching Milwaukee, we found that spring freshets had washed out seven bridges on the Milwaukee and Prairie du Chien railroad. This compelled us to stay for a time at Milwaukee, but the railroad company finally hired farmers' teams to carry between bridges; we walked on the stringers over the swollen streams.

There were ten of us, father, mother, six boys, my uncle Aaron Clark and Lucy Morse, a girl that had come to live with us when I was born and when we came west insisted on coming with us. She was a splendid girl, and lived with us until her marriage to one Frank Dean. She became almost as a sister, living with us thirteen years. We had nine trunks, and I can see father and uncle Aaron now as they carried on their backs those trunks across those many bridges. We arrived in Prairie du Chien June 1.

At the station to meet us was uncle Adams Clark, mother's brother. I can see him now as he appeared at that time. He was dressed in a light suit with white stovepipe hat. What a warm reception! His first words were: "Where have you been the last month?" It had been just a month since we left Westport.

No houses could be rented in the town and we spent some weeks at uncle Adams. Finally three of the oldest boys hired to a brother of my uncle Sherman, and the rest of the family moved over to National in Clayton county, to our aunt Melissa Shermans, where we stayed until father was able to locate a home, which he found in an empty store building in Garnavillo, about six miles from where we were stopping.

Mother's sister Mary Stevens and her brother David lived in this town. Here in this store building, which had a number of finished rooms outside the store proper, we spent the winter.

Father was desirous first of going into the boot and shoe business at McGregor, but mother said, "No, not with this family of boys." What mother decided on usually was fol-

lowed by father. Father then decided to move back to New York and buy a farm at Ticonderoga, which he felt very desirable. Mother said, "No, we are not playing boy at this stage in life." Finally by Judge Williams and William Larrabee they were induced to examine some of the lands which father owned, lying near where these good people lived. When mother saw a piece lying about two miles southwest of the little town of Castalia, she was much pleased and said to father, "Get up a place where we can stay, and here we will make our home." During the winter father purchased three yoke of oxen and two cows. Early in March he commenced hauling lumber from McGregor to the land thirty-two miles west, and on April 1, 1859, with three loads of household goods, loaded on ox wagons with the fourth wagon hauled by a hired span of horses, we trekked our way to Castalia, arriving there that day.

The barn they were building not being ready to move into, we spent a few days at the hotel at Castalia, then kept by one Albert Mooney.

How beautiful that morning that we moved to the farm! Reaching a spring about a mile north of the farm, all of those in the wagon alighted, and each one with a musical instrument, consisting from a Jew's harp to a guitar, in hand, marched single file to the beautiful haven, free from contaminating influences, where they were to grow to full manhood and receive that instruction in industry, thrift, honesty, and perseverance, which should fit them for the great battle in life.

Brothers Frank and Andrus had stayed at the barn to prepare the dinner, and well I remember that cornbread of their making, made of unbolted cornflower for lack of a sieve. The barn, twenty by thirty-two feet, was our home for the summer. The blackened hazel brush from the prairie fire on all sides made rather a gloomy surrounding, but outside of this, what a country to rear a family! It has been the pleasure of the writer to have traveled over much of the globe, and he yet has not seen a more inviting surrounding. That virgin soil so rich that it only had to be tickled with the hoe to make vegetation smile.



WILLIAM HENRY BAKER

At 90 years of age
Whom to meet was to respect



PAMELIA WHITE CLARK BAKER

At 62 years of age, — she who sacrificed all the pleasures life gives,
that her family might have a place in the world

7



On the farm of 440 acres were thirty-six beautiful bubbling springs, the water as pure as nectar. The rippling brook running across the place filled with fish. The prairie in summer a bower of flowers, and the tall grass so high that it would tie over the head. The prairie hen crowing on every knoll, thousands of them everywhere. Quail in abundance. The wild pigeons in flocks miles long, almost darkening the sun. All kinds of game in abundance. What a place for a family of boys! It was on this farm that the writer with his father spent thirty-nine years.

Though but 5 years of age at that time, so many vivid remembrances linger with me. That night when the wolf stole my red rooster from under the barn floor, while father with a drag tooth in hand followed him, making him release his hold. Those nights when that old black mooly cow with that bell on neck, this cow owned by a bachelor neighbor a mile away, each night coming to our door and tolling that bell to the discomfort of the family, and when driven away, only to return to keep up the night call.

During that summer father built the large wandering-house, in which we moved about the first of December. Broke considerable land, on which the following year he raised a thousand bushels of wheat, a cellar full of potatoes, in fact quantities of everything that entered into a living.

Father had crossed the Mississippi with more money than any person that I knew of at that date. With this money he put up such improvements as he felt to desire. The great difficulty was that everything had to be brought to market 32 miles away, and everything bought for improvement hauled back that far, which made it very laborious. He was a man who had experienced a business life better fitting him for public service than those among whom he had settled. Without notice, in 1862 he was elected to the legislature of the state. He filled many public positions, but never sought them. Had he desired at that time, he could have been constantly in office, but spurned such notice.

Father was never a moneymaker. Except for mother's advice and extreme effort, he would not financially have succeeded better than the average of humanity. He would not make his money by any speculation, but much preferred to milk cows and furnish the Nicolet hotel in Minneapolis with butter (which he furnished for some years, he and his boys pulling the pickles studiously to supply).

Father had a most wonderful constitution, and had he taken the care of himself he should, he would have lived far beyond a century. He was indifferent of his health, but still lived to the age of ninety-three.

His living with me the last of his life, I knew more of him than others of the family. He was a wonderful old man. Austere, but kind. He belonged to that old school of fathers whose word was the law. Of anything earned in the family he felt it belonged to the head of the family, and it used to hurt me that of all my unceasing efforts he claimed to be giving to me. He could not endure pain, and when he had even a hard cold, was so complaining that I used to think he surely was to die.

How often as a child, following that puritan instruction of my mother, I knelt down by the sofa and implored the Giver of all to save my father, as I could not believe that one groaning as he did could long survive.

Father was a poor farmer, doing the work on the farm in the most difficult way, neglecting to do in season and always ready to husk corn out of the snow and do his threshing after it had frozen up for winter.

I wonder that these things did not drive all his boys from the farm, but he was so good to his family, and with that mother who was ready to sacrifice her life for them, it induced the writer to stay at home rather than enter more extensive and inviting fields.

Father was a great user of tobacco, but otherwise temperate. He was constantly industrious, up to the last year of his life took great pride in his extensive garden. When the writer de-



HOME AT CROWN POINT

It was in this house our parents lived for nineteen years,
and under this roof were born the six sons

cided to leave the farm and built in Decorah, he seemed pleased, but thought that I was doing too large an improvement. Knowing that it would be a sad change from the farm to the new home in Decorah, we induced him to visit at George's home at Ridgeway and then at Frank's in Decorah, and when he arrived in Decorah we were living in the new home to his surprise.

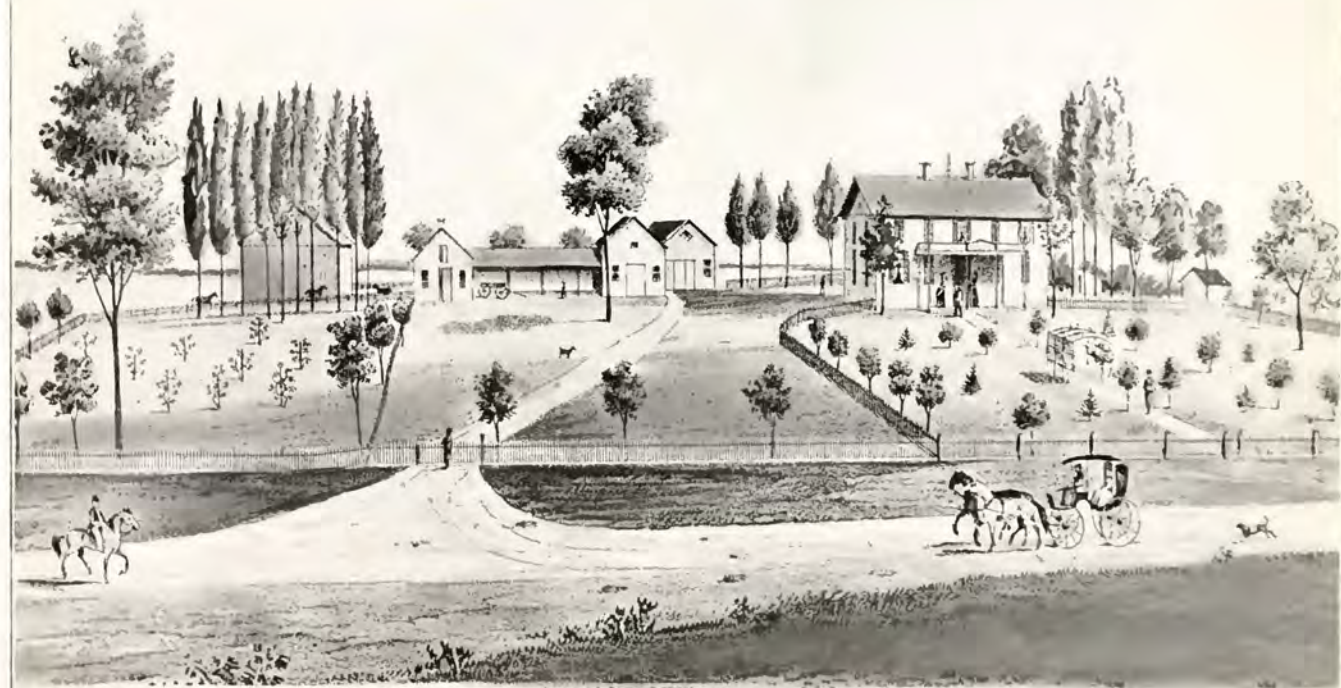
On Thanksgiving Day he came up to eat turkey with us, and though we had not yet purchased furnishings, desired to stay. He caught cold, but not apparently more than those he often had. He was an early riser, and on this morning, about the tenth of December, 1897, I found him sitting leaning against the hot-water boiler in the kitchen. He was coughing, but I noticed nothing unusual until he leaned to fall from his chair. He had a stroke, and from this he never recovered, though he lived until the following May. His last words were: "O Lord, receive me! I know he will."

* * *

What shall I say of that mother, she who sacrificed every comfort that her family should fill a station in life above the common laborer. A frail woman, after my first remembrance never weighing over 120 pounds, and in her latter years less than 100, she accomplished more work than any woman the writer ever knew. Seldom having help, she did the work of the place alone. The home on the farm we called the summer resort, as all the cousins would come to spend the summer there, often there would be twenty, yet our meals were always ready at exactly the hour. I never knew them ten minutes late. Coupled with this making on an average of a hundred pounds of butter a week, she skimming, washing the pans, and working the butter. Doing all the sewing for the family, knitting all the socks, and spinning the yarn. Instructing her family evenings in their different studies. Proud, refined, with all the attributes of a puritan mother. While financially like all the girls of her family miserly, yet as a liver nothing was too good. From the little savings that came to her at her death she had

accumulated over \$9,000. It was from her that financial success in the family was due.

I never heard her complain. When sick, her only reply was, "Let me alone, I am all right." I sat up with her the last night of her life. During the night she insisted that I go to bed, that I place a bell where she could ring it if she desired anything. The only word that could be construed as complaint was that night when she said, "I am so weak." She died of pneumonia at 70 years. She was buried at Castalia, but after father's death removed to the Phelps's yard adjoining my place in Decorah and buried by the side of father. A bronze monument marks the graves. Fortunate is that soul that comes into existence through such parentage.



RESIDENCE OF HON. W. H. BAKER, SEC. 32, BLOOMFIELD T^P, WINNECHIEK CO., IOWA

It was here the writer received that instruction in industry, economy, and thrift which so kindly lead him to a generous competence for old age



FORT ST. FREDRICK AT CROWN POINT

The old home in the distance. It was over these fort banks we played as children

THE SIX BROTHERS

Introductive

ON the following pages the writer will try to give the life of the six brothers with the inherited tendencies. In doing so, he feels to be touching on a hallowed history, but hopes not to offend. He does not intend, as in the average obituary, to make an angel out of a criminal, but to hew close to the line, not noticing where the chips fall.

From descent largely our being is formed. In animal life there would be no high-priced sires did they not beget their like. The same with man. That he inherits largely what he is cannot be disputed successfully.

That early training and environment may somewhat mould the crude mass is acknowledged. Even under the most stringent rules it cannot make another man from the material as ushered into life.

As the writer has observed, he gives the natural characteristics and tendencies of the families from which we descended.

Of the Bakers, they were extravagant. High liver. Not oversuccessful in business. Fine in appearance. Their women being among the natural beauties and of feminine grace.

Of the Andrus family. Of immense stature, great strength,

great energy. With longevity such as is found in few families. Religion, though, seemed almost entirely lacking. While the Bakers were English and Welch, the Andrus were apparently full Scotch.

Of my mother's forebears. They were in the Clark family ingenious, inventive, industrious, frugal, economical to the verge of being penurious, and inclined to be roving. They were largely English, though I think there was some Irish blood.

Of the Adams. They were direct descendants of the presidential Adams and had the same general traits as their forebears, intellectual, vindictive to an extreme, religious.

My grandmother's mother was by name Cady, the name Celt Irish origin.

In our family of six brothers can be traced all of those characteristics as found in their forefathers.

As to our early training, father and mother were of that old puritan stock that insisted on strict morality. How often have I heard mother in her earnest expression say, she would rather bury one of her sons than see them stray from the path of perfect rectitude.

As children mother used to instruct us in our different studies, on Sunday she read Bible stories, and on Sunday evenings, father and mother would sing to us those old gospel hymns. I can now seem to hear that fine bass voice of my father, and that sweet soprano of my mother, as we sat encircling the warm fire in that old sitting-room.

Always after breakfast we knelt in this circle, and father offered thanks that we were allowed another day of life. It was while kneeling at morning prayer that I saw the first deck of cards that had been so unfortunate as to come into that puritan home. Mother was kneeling between Andrus (who was then about fifteen years of age) and the writer. Noticing him playing with some pretty pictures, I became so interested that it attracted mother's notice. I remember how she took those cards, and how, after the morning prayer, she put them in the fire, and how she gave Andrus a lesson as to where he

was tending. We were instructed that billiards and cards were the instruments of the devil, and yet in after-life I found a billiard table in my home a great source of amusement, and an evening at five hundred a most pleasurable way of passing the time.

At our meals we must always be present, and father asked a blessing so penitent. Few families lived as well as we did. It is common for humanity to extol the cooking of their mother, but in this instance it was not her children only, but all that sat at her table. She was an unusual cook. Though close in many things, she never scrimped in her cooking.

While there were church services held at the Castalia school house, yet the superstitious ignorance as there exposed was rather deteriorating than instructive. We seldom went to hear the harangue. Often at the protracted meetings then held, they got what they called the power, and the most outlandish behavior was practiced, as rolling over seats and trying to climb the walls to heaven.

Our school was at Castalia, three miles by the public road, but only two by a bridal path. Our teachers were the most ordinary, having little to recommend them. We had usually six month's school during the year. During the winter period, usually the snow was so deep that, except for the older members of the family, it was difficult to reach the school. This induced studying at home with mother as instructor. In the summer all that were of an age to work on the farm were occupied there.

As to environment. South of the farm for six miles every family was ignorant Catholic Irish. West, for miles, Stavanger Norwegians. Good people, but not speaking our language. In other directions, largely a mungrel amalgamation, with but few families of a better type. Mother never called on them, except in cases of sickness, when she was always ready to assist. Under these conditions we grew up largely a family by ourselves. None of us married those of the community in which we lived.

We attended the spelling schools, but only that we became more proficient in spelling. Lice in the schools were common, and sometimes there would not be, outside of our family in the school, one who did not have itch. By not mingling, we kept clear from this condition of filth.

When I was eleven years of age, a school building was erected in a field about a mile from the home, and here we attended when they had a teacher that could instruct.

Father's and mother's example was certainly good. I never knew of any serious differences between them. Mother's even disposition seemed to still any troubled waters. I think it safe to say that not one couple in ten thousand pass through life with so little friction.

With the influences thrown around us, we surely would have been of the naturally vicious had we estrayed from the path of rectitude.

To this good father and mother the family owed a debt they were never able to pay.

Brother William Henry

IT is seldom that a family of six brothers is found with less physical imperfections. With an average height of nearly six feet. A weight of over two hundred, in itself would establish this assertion. I will describe them as I have known them.

My brother William Henry Adams was like the oldest son of all families, that I have come in contact with, the oracle of the family.

He was a natural leader of men. Fine in appearance, and physique, and a mature man at sixteen. He was a natural leader of those of his age. At sixteen he wore a goatee, and presented the appearance of a man far past his majority. Before leaving Crown Point he attended at the village school. At Garnaville he attended school taught by one Mr. Porter, a brother of the president of Yale College. This man taught a



WILLIAM HENRY ADAMS BAKER
At 40 years of age

superior school. After we moved to the farm, he attended a private school in Decorah under the instruction of a Mr. Page. This school was held in the building now known as the St. Cloud Hotel, and was operated by Page and Roice. He then entered the Upper Iowa University at Fayette, where he attended three years. As a business education he took a course at Eastman's National Business College in Poukeepsie, N. Y. His school opportunities were far superior to any of the family. At 24 he married Eliza Webster, who was attending the school in Fayette at the time he was in attendance. She, the daughter of Brinton Webster, a merchant of West Union, while not a strong-looking girl, survives him.

Soon after his marriage, with his brother Andrus opened a small store in the town of Ossian, at that time a new station on the Milwaukee, Prairie du Chien and Western Railroad.

This was in the spring of 1866. At this time father divided such money as he had, also giving two hundred acres of land adjoining the home farm, to the three older boys. Frank purchased this land from Henry and Andrus, and with the means from these sources, commenced their business life. From the first it was a success. They were popular in business. Their business soon outgrew the building then occupied (a small building still standing on the north side of the track on the Decorah road), and a larger storeroom was erected for them, over which Henry lived. Soon this building was not large enough for their growing business and a larger one was erected, to be followed by the brick store on the corner still known as the Baker corner.

Financially they had been successful far beyond those of that period. Had they continued in this location they would have accumulated far above a million each, but enterprising as they were, they looked for larger fields, and in 1886 sold the store. Henry's wife being in poor health, they went to California, where they spent much of the time for a number of years, they having a winter home at Lamesa Springs, just out from San Diego.

While living in Ossian, he was recognized as a leader. He was twice elected to the State Legislature, and finally, to the Senate. Seemingly he could have any position he desired, without effort. Always retiring, public notice seemed to be forced upon him. He could have had most anything he might ask, but never asked.

In 1893 he came to Sioux City, Iowa, where he soon started a factory for manufacture of clothing. This he continued in to the time of his death, when his oldest living son, Dike, continued it to its present flourishing condition.

While apparently enjoying most robust health, he received a stroke from which after lingering for some time he passed on, at the age of 66. He had a family of four sons. Perhaps four more sturdy men could hardly originate under one roof, yet the older, Hal as we called him, with all his vigor was stricken, just as he reached his majority. The only death among the grandchildren of my fathers, the youngest of whom now is 23 years of age, 21 out of 22 living. This boy Hal was near to me, as for years he spent his summers on the farm with me. He was a fine boy, and I think he thought more of his uncle than is common among nephews.

They are buried in Sioux City, where a monument marks their graves.

In type Henry had much of the Baker looks and disposition, but more of the Andrus size. Intellectually more of the Adams.

WILLIAM HENRY ADAMS BAKER 8 of William 7 of William 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, m. Eliza, dau. of Rev. Brinton and Ellen James Webster of West Union, Iowa, March 26, 1866. She was b. Feb. 24, 1848. William Henry Adams Baker d. Oct. 22, 1908.

Issue of this marriage:

William Henry Baker 9, b. April 13, 1867; d. in Sioux City, Iowa, June 11, 1892.

Frank Dike Baker 9, b. June 15, 1870.

Earnest Albert Baker 9, b. March 21, 1872.

Bertie Webster Baker 9, b. March 2, 1875.

FRANK DIKE BAKER 9, oldest living son of William Henry Adams 8 of William 7 of William 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, m. Myrtle J. Reed, Jan. 4, 1899.

Issue of this marriage:

Marion R. Baker 10, b. May 28, 1900.

Ruth P. Baker 10, b. Jan. 17, 1904.

Gertrude M. Baker, b. June 18, 1906.

Helen Adams Baker 10, b. Oct. 14, 1908.

Frank Dike Baker was educated at the public school and took a course at Carlton College, Northfield, Minn. Graduating from there, he entered his father's factory in Sioux City, Iowa. At his father's death he took full management of the large clothing manufacturing plant there, increasing the size of the same and adding a branch factory at Lemars, Iowa. He has increased and built up a very prosperous manufacturing business.

EARNEST ALBERT BAKER, third son of William Henry Adams 8, m. Adelaide Colburn of Hinsdale, Ill., dau. of Walter and Sarah A. Colburn, May 6, 1896.

Issue of this marriage:

Dorothy Jesa Baker 10, b. March 30, 1898; m. Walter William Tuttle, April 30, 1918, in Seattle, Wash.; removed to and settled in Honolulu, Hawaii. He is a soldier in Government service there.

Earnest Albert received his education at the public school, afterward graduating from Carlton College, Northfield, Minn. He entered his father's factory in Sioux City, Iowa. Selling his interest there, he removed to Hood River, Ore., where he was interested in a large orchard and operated the Oregon Hotel at that place. Afterward he removed to Sioux City, but retained his orchard in Oregon.

BERTIE WEBSTER BAKER 9 m. Lillian G. Grimes, dau. of L. R. Grimes of Plainview, Texas, Dec. 25, 1910.

Issue of this marriage:

Donald George Baker 10. b. Sept. 25, 1911.

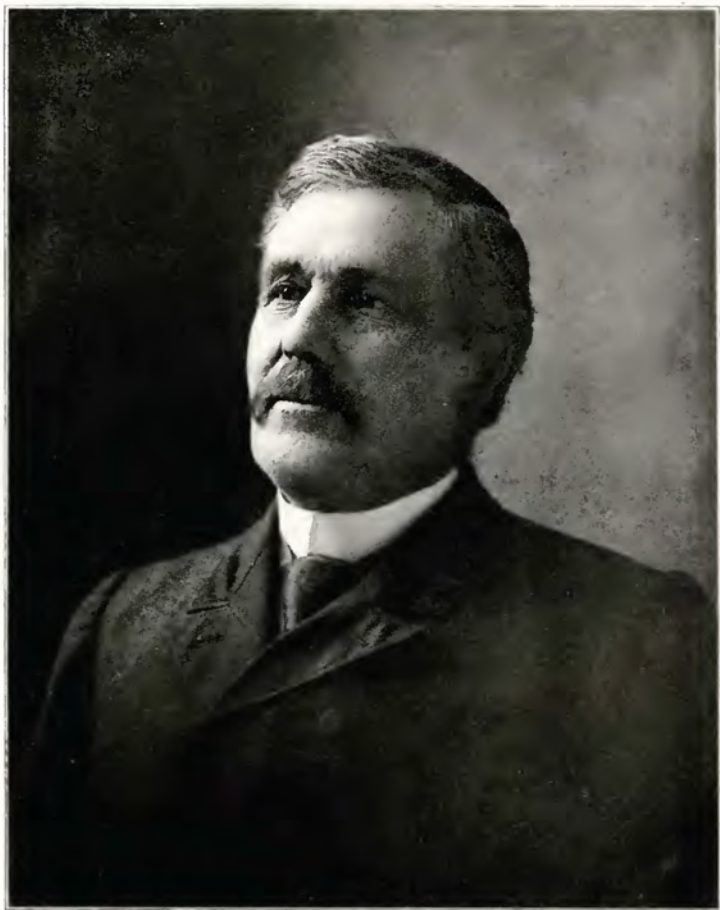
Alice Baker 10. b. April 5, 1913.

Bert Webster Baker was educated at the public school, at Carlton College, Northfield, and Ann Arbor, Mich. He worked for his father for some time, finally investing at Plainview, Texas, in lands from which he secured a competency. From here he entered into the oil industry at Casper, Wyoming, where he is now located.

Brother Frank

THE treatment of one as a child always linger with you. From my brother Frank I always received a kind word. When but a child, when I can first remember, he would beg mother to let me ride on the buckboard with him, and if she objected, would say: "Oh, he will hang to it like a puppy to a root." Under these conditions, how could one but have a tender spot for him. He attended the public school in Castalia, and was two terms at the Upper Iowa University, teaching a term in the home district afterward. At 21 he purchased the interest of his two brothers Henry and Andrus in a 200 acres that father had given them, and commenced farming. He was a man that could have entered any life occupation, but poorer fitted for a farmer than anything else, and though he was successful, it was not that he was a farmer, but that he was naturally thrifty. He had the Clark thrift and ingenuity. He would have been a grand builder, and it would have far better fitted his adaptability, than turning the stubborn glebe. He could fashion from wood anything, and he had a vision for architectural pursuit.

At 26 he married Cornelia Davis, a daughter of Deacon Stephen Davis, living just out of Lewiston, Maine. He that year built on his farm, and for about twenty years farmed. His family requiring better school advantages, he sold his home and removed to Decorah, where he still resides.



FRANKLIN HAMMOND BAKER
At 65 years of age

From his thrift he acquired a generous competence for old age. He was not speculative, but followed that slow but sure road that leads in paths where thorns and brambles are not found.

Under the care of a superior mother, they reared five children, two boys and three girls. Were the world peopled with their kind, laws would be unnecessary. During the last fifty years, each day we have looked for his calls, and seldom been disappointed. Surely, these would be missed.

FRANKLIN HAMMOND BAKER 8, second son of William 7 of William 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Crown Point, N. Y., Jan. 18, 1844; m. Cornelia Waldron, dau. of Stephen and Catharine Field Davis of Lewiston, Me., Oct. 18, 1870.

Issue of this marriage:

William Franklin Baker 9, b. Dec. 17, 1871.

Fredrick Davis Baker 9, b. April 1, 1873.

Florence Amelia Baker 9, b. Dec. 28, 1876.

Kate Field Baker 9, b. Sept. 6, 1880.

Grace Elizabeth Baker 9, b. Feb. 8, 1885.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN BAKER m. Clara Francis, dau. of William and Isabel Porter Brown of Mason City, Iowa, Oct. 5, 1898.

Issue of this marriage:

Lillian Mae Baker 10, b. March 2, 1901.

Dorothy Francis Baker 10, b. Aug. 19, 1902.

Lucile Rosslyne Baker, b. Sept. 13, 1905.

Stanley William Baker 10, b. Feb. 24, 1908.

Carleton Porter Baker 10, b. Jan. 5, 1912.

All born in Decorah.

William Baker 9 was educated at the public school in Decorah. He afterward graduated from the Upper Iowa University in Fayette, Iowa. He soon after entered the National Bank of Decorah. Here he has been the moving spirit for nearly twenty years.

He is a man much respected in his town, having been mayor and held other positions of trust in the place.

FREDRICK DAVIS BAKER 9, son of Franklin Hammond, m. Mary Helen Carter of Hesper, Iowa, dau. of Elias Mills and Margaret Cameron Carter, May 18, 1898. Mrs. Baker was born Jan. 1, 1871.

Issue of this marriage:

Margaret Cornelia Baker 10, b. Sept. 2, 1899.

Catherine Endocia Baker 10, b. Oct. 6, 1901.

Winnafred Mary Baker 10, b. June 12, 1903.

William Henry Warren Baker 10, b. July 24, 1905.

Fredrick Davis Baker was educated in the Decorah high school and the Upper Iowa University in Fayette, Iowa.

He first took up the ice business, but later removed to Ogenia, Minn., where he purchased a farm adjoining the town. He has an attractive home just outside the village.

FLORENCE AMELIA BAKER, oldest daughter of Franklin Hammond, m. James B. Schermerhorn of Chicago, June 29, 1903.

Mr. Schermerhorn's parents, Harvey Rogers and Mary Neilly Schermerhorn, were of the early missionary instructors of the Choctaw Indians in Oklahoma.

Issue of this marriage:

Margaret Baker Schermerhorn 10, b. Dec. 11, 1904.

Robert Franklin Schermerhorn 10, b. Nov. 2, 1907.

Edwin James Schermerhorn 10, b. Dec. 24, 1911.

Florence received her education at the public school in Decorah and at the Upper Iowa University. After spending some time traveling, she married.

Mr. Schermerhorn was in business in Chicago up to the fall of 1919; then he moved to Minncapolis, where they have a beautiful home. He is interested in the oil industry in Oklahoma and in the large Schermerhorn farms about fifty miles east of Fargo, N. D.



DAVID ANDRUS BAKER

At 27 years of age

KATE FIELD BAKER 9, dau. of Franklin Hammond 8, m. Norman Philip Curtis. June 20, 1908. He was an instructor at the University of Wisconsin. He died April 11 1911, and was buried in Decorah, Iowa.

Issue of this marriage:

Jean Baker Curtis 10, b. April 20, 1909.

Norman Philip Curtis Jr. 10, b. April 4, 1911.

Kate Field m. 2 Willis A. Hawkins of Americus, Ga., a son of Judge Hawkins of that state, June 20, 1916.

Kate Field, after receiving her education, traveled considerably; met her first husband while wintering in the South, and her second at San Antonio, Texas.

GRACE ELIZABETH BAKER 9, dau. of Franklin Hammond 8 of William 7 of William 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. Feb. 8, 1885; m. William E., only son of Edward and Mary Adams Beard of Decorah, Iowa, March 21, 1914.

Issue of this marriage:

William Edward Beard Jr. 10, b. July 22, 1915.

Barbara Beard 10, b. May 8, 1917.

Franklin Hammond Beard 10, b. Dec. 27, 1918.

After taking a regular course of study, Grace Elizabeth graduated from a kindergarden school in Chicago. She married a very progressive farmer, having a large farm adjoining the city of Decorah.

Brother Andrus

MY brother Andrus was purely of the Andrus type. At his zenith standing much more than six feet, and weighing over 250 pounds, not fleshy, but a pattern of physical development, he surely had a figure to be proud of. As a boy at school, apt, always at the head of his class. I think he absorbed his books easier than any of the family. In temper aggressive, to the extent that he would fight his teacher when punished. He

was the only penman in the family, he wrote equally well with either the right or the left hand. After two terms at the Upper Iowa University he taught school at 19, and soon after entered the store of Holton and Roberts at Postville. He was a natural salesman, always on the alert, saving, thrifty. At 20 he entered business with his brother Henry in Ossian.

He was not a natural farmer, and had he continued on a farm, could not have made a great success. Had he been an accountant, he would have been a whirlwind. In the store he was a model, and nothing in the business escaped his notice. At the time of his marriage at 26 he was without doubt the most prosperous man of his age, in the county in which he was living.

After disposing of the business in 1886 he looked elsewhere for a favorable location for wholesale trade, and finally settled upon Sioux City as such a point. Here he entered into the wholesale hardware trade with a partner by name Bissell, under the firm name Baker & Bissell.

The business seemed to prosper until the panic of 1893, when the town, which had every value inflated to the bursting point, crumbled, and with it his business became involved. The writer in attempting to help him became involved, and on a mortgage took over the business, and for five years it was operated as A. C. Baker, Wholesale Hardware. From this failure he never recovered.

He married Louisa Hall, daughter of a farmer adjoining the town of Ossian. They had three children, two boys and a daughter. While I know less of this family than of any other of our immediate family, I know the two boys to be fine business men, and much respected where known. One son lives in Sioux City, also the daughter, who married there. The other son lives in Des Moines.

ANDRUS DAVID BAKER, third son of William 7 of William 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Crown Point, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1845; m. Louisa, dau. of McKenzie and White Hall of Ossian, Iowa, Nov. 13, 1871.



EDWARD WASHINGTON BAKER

At 19 years of age, soon after he lost the sight of one eye

Issue of this marriage:

Roy McKenzie Baker 9, b. June 16, 1874.

Claud Andrus Baker 9, b. July 8, 1876.

Edna Francis Baker 9, b. April 4, 1882.

ROY MCKENZIE BAKER 9 m. Kate Smith of Sioux City, Ia. She the dau. of Geo. M. and Matilda Smith.

Issue of this marriage:

Margarett Louise Baker 10, b. Dec. 26, 1901.

Doris LaSalle Baker 10, b. April 22, 1905.

William McKenzie Baker 10, b. July 18, 1906.

Roy McKenzie Baker, after receiving a course at school, entered his father's hardware store in Sioux City, after which he went on the road as a wholesale salesman for building material. He has proven a popular salesman, and made a success of his business.

CLAUDE ANDRUS BAKER 9 m. Alice Edna Jandt, dau. of Geo. Henry and Mary Elizabeth Maudesley Jandt, Sept. 12, 1901. They have no family.

Claud A. Baker is a successful business man of Des Moines, Iowa.

EDNA FRANCIS BAKER 9 m. James B. Trenchard of Sioux City, Iowa, Dec. 28, 1910. Mr. Trenchard is the son of Frank and Jennie Trenchard. No family.

My unfortunate Brother Edward Washington

OF this brother I know much more than does any other of him. Living in the old home together, and in company carrying on the farm, taking care of him for two years after he became insane, and since then being his appointed guardian, it is natural that I should be in the position as first stated.

He had much of the Andrus type, but none of the Adams. As a boy strong, with a fine open countenance, he was good to

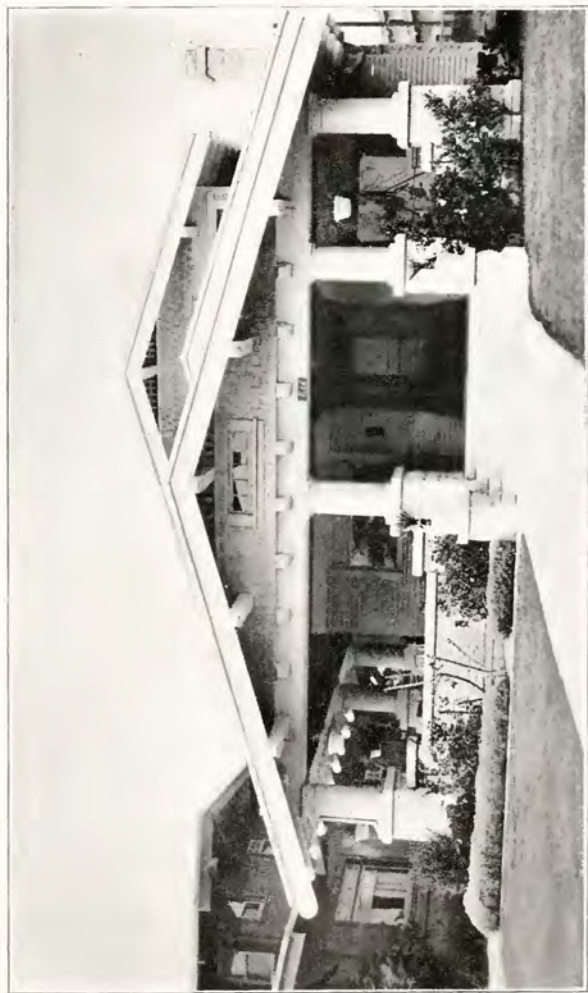
look upon. In school he was not a brilliant scholar, but just ordinary. I think he attended school less than any member of the family, unless it were the writer. His being so well physically developed at an early age, he was placed in the field in summers when he should have been in school. He was a great worker. At 18, while repairing grain bins preparatory for threshing, a six-penny nail thrown by his hammer entered the sight to his right eye. It only left a least appearance of a scar, but he never regained his sight. This injury affected the sight of his other eye to that extent that he could only see with great difficulty to read very indifferently.

He never went to school other than at the district school. With the writer, we carried on the farm in company up to the time he became insane at 28. He was a wonderful man at work, and though it may seem egotistical, I do not believe that in the years that we worked the farm together, that there were two other men in the state that accomplished as much work. After he received the injury to his eye, for some years he complained of its paining him, and at 28 it showed such an inflamed state, that doctors said it was affecting his mind and should be removed. On its removal a blood tumor was found extending into the brain; this could not be removed, and for forty years he has been an inmate of the asylum at Independence. After the removal I took care of him for a year; at times he would be very violent, at other times passive. Finally he seemed quite improved and insisted on moving onto a half section of land he had in Lyon Co., Iowa. Here during a summer he did much improvement, but in the fall was found alone, very much demented. After this I cared for him another year, but becoming very violent, it became advisable to place him where he could be better cared for. At present, standing nearly six feet, and weighing about two hundred pounds, though seventy years of age he presents a fine type of manhood. He never married. This misfortune was the saddest blow the family ever experienced.



GEORGE ROLLIN BAKER

At 40 years of age



HOME OF GEORGE ROLLIN BAKER

At 811 N. Mariposa Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Here he expects to spend his declining years

Brother George Rollin

IT was this brother I always looked to for protection. Three years older than the writer, he always in youth defended me. Though I was decidedly wrong, he always insisted that I were right. Though I fell behind in the race, he insisted I had won. We slept together, and while I was never aggressive and occupied only the rail in the old rope bedsteads, we never had any serious disputes. He was of the Adams type more nearly than any other of the family, generous, vindictive, and religious. He was the only one of the family endowed with a religious nature. Perhaps his musical tendencies lead him more into channels where religious thought held sway, but it is undisputed he was of the family the one most religious.

He had more schooling than any of the family, except it were Henry. First attending the school at Clermont for a term, he next spent a winter in Prairie du Chien at school, and a year at the agricultural school in Ames. He taught one term.

He was a poor farmer. I never saw my brother Henry harness or unharness a horse. He always, when the day's work was done, walked straight to the house. George would harness a horse, but very carelessly, and in all farm work was a pattern of awkwardness. It was not for him to farm. I well recall one expression of his after he had spent his vacation from the store in the harvest field at home. When mother said, "George, how nice it would be if you would stay on the farm, you feel so sharp." His answer, "Yes, mother, sharp pains in every joint." He was not a farmer, and chose wisely when he left the farm early in life.

At 19 he entered the store of his brothers in Ossian. Soon after, he had a serious attack of typhoid fever, but after fully recovering, again entered the store. About this time the little town of Ridgeway, some twenty miles up the railroad, offered an opening for a general store, and in company with his brothers opened a store there. From the first he had a large trade.

He was a poor merchant, but successful. As his business was done strictly on friendship and through his friendship with the traveling salesmen, he bought much more than was required; but with this defect he was very successful. He had become quite independent, having bought out his brothers, when a fire destroyed most of his stock, with but small insurance.

He again entered business, to have his health fail him, and for a time it looked as though he must pass on. Later the death of his wife, leaving him with five children, the youngest only a baby, was perhaps far the saddest of all his misfortunes. For forty years he persisted in staying by business in the little town of Ridgeway, and with a competence moved to Los Angeles, Cal.

At about 27 he married Estella Bolles, whose father was a druggist in the town.

He again married Sarah Evans. To this kind woman the family owe very much, for no mother could have been more thoughtful of her own children.

The family have more of the traits of the mother than of the father. They were scholarly and successful. Three boys and two girls.

He has a fine home in Los Angeles, and his life seems much wrapped up in church work there.

GEORGE ROLLIN BAKER, fifth son of William 7 of William 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. in Crown Point, N. Y., June 1, 1851; m. Estella Bolles, dau. of George Bolles of Ridgeway, Iowa, May 26, 1879. She was b. Sept. 6, 1860, d. April 30, 1892.

Issue of this marriage:

Rollin George Baker 9, b. May 9, 1880.

Clair Andrus Baker 9, b. Sept. 3, 1882.

John Clark Baker 9, b. Aug. 11, 1884.

Helen Baker 9, b. Aug. 17, 1887.

Ruth Baker 9, b. June 14, 1891.

ROLLIN GEORGE BAKER, oldest son of George Rollin 8, m. Henrietta M. Stensland, dau. of Knudt K. and Mary Thronsen Stensland, June 30, 1906. She was b. June 16, 1882.

Issue of this marriage:

Sibyl Gwendolyn Baker 10, b. Sept. 26, 1908, d. Oct. 8, 1908.

Rollin Karl Baker 10, b. Sept. 20, 1910.

George Woodrow Baker 10, b. May 27, 1913.

Rollin George Baker was educated at the public school, at the Upper Iowa University and at the agricultural school in Ames, Iowa. He entered his father's store after receiving his education. Upon his father retiring he continued the business in Ridgeway under the name Baker, Johnson & Co. He is a very successful merchant.

CLAIR ANDRUS BAKER, second son of George Rollin 8, m. Erma Evangeline, dau. of George Ashword and Margaret Evans of Kingsley, Iowa, Oct. 19, 1906. She was b. Feb. 19, 1883.

Issue of this marriage:

Cleone Baker 10, b. in St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 8, 1909.

Clair Andrus was educated at the Upper Iowa University in Fayette, Iowa, and at the State Agricultural College in Ames, Iowa. From this he entered the bank of his father in Ridgeway, going from there to the First National Bank of Thief River Falls, Minn., of which the writer was president. From there he put in a bank at Ogema, Minn., and handled many thousand acres of land. Selling the bank at Ogema, he entered the Becker County Land and Loan Co. of Detroit.

He has been the promoter of many enterprises, and a very successful business man.

JOHN BAKER, third son of George Rollin 8, m. Elizabeth Wimber of West Union, Iowa. She was a daughter of Henry Thomas and Anna Gibbs Wimber, and was b. June 5, 1888.

Issue of this marriage:

Elizabeth Anne Baker 10, b. in Geneva, N. Y., March 13, 1917.

John Clark Baker was educated at the Upper Iowa University and at the Columbia University, N. Y. He became an expert chemist and professor of chemistry at the University of New Mexico in Las Vegas. Then he accepted a position as chemist for a firm in Geneva, N. Y., and finally he became head experimental chemist for a firm in New York City. One of those dreamers that the world depends on for its discoveries.

HELEN BAKER 9, oldest daughter of George Rollin 8. Not married. Educated at the Upper Iowa University and in the schools of Heidelberg, Germany. Returning to this country, was preceptress in a ladies' school at Danville, Ohio. Afterward entered the University of California in Berkley; graduating from that school became a teacher in Los Angeles.

RUTH BAKER 9, youngest daughter of George Rollin 8. Not married. Graduated from the Upper Iowa University and from the University of California, and is a teacher in the schools of Los Angeles.

George Rollin Baker 8 m. 2 Sarah Evans of Cresco, Iowa, dau. of Nathan Evans of Ridott, Ill., July 3, 1893.

Albert Clark Baker

OF the writer, what shall I say? It is said: "It is wise men that know themselves." The writer does not claim to be wise, but no one else would write his history, so why should he not write his own? This is a book published without expense to others, and for free distribution to those of the family. And who should not have the privilege of being personal and writing his own history. Those who do not feel an interest can pass it, as it is more particularly intended for those of future generations, and the writer's immediate family. A wise man poses in his own clothing and before his own mirror.

Nothing could be of more interest to the writer than to have been able to absorb a history of his forebears a thousand years



ALBERT CLARK BAKER
At 25 years of age

back. It is hoped that copies of this book may be with my descendents for many generations.

In the ground-floor room, in the northwest corner of the old home at Crown Point, on the 28th day of February, 1854, the writer came into existence. I am told on first seeing me, my grandmother Tappen said: "Is it possible he is the shakings of the bag? He looks bright." Ushered into life at the time when mother was much concerned as to selling their home, no doubt had a marked impression on her offspring, this implanted in me forebodings as to the future.

As we moved west when I was four, I can from this trace back to my first remembrances, when I was about three years of age. The trip west is vividly before me. At five I had the whooping cough, followed with lung fever, leaving me, as it were, a runt. While recovering from the fever, father offered me ten cents if I would learn my letters in three days, and well I remember how instead of ten cents he brought me a quarter's worth of candy, how I hid it to keep, as was my natural inclination, and mother's command that I divide with the rest of the family, much to my discomfort. How vivid to me now comes back those three packages of candy and raisins brought to us by cousin Mary Forsyth, for the three younger boys, and while George and Edward were at school, how I traded all my small raisins for their large ones, and when they protested, I insisted that they had as many as before the exchange.

My mother instructed me in my primary studies up to the time I was eight, when I first attended the school in Castalia. I remember that fright as I was called up to recite the first lesson. Having committed to heart the book, I repeated each lesson as it was pointed for me, and how the teacher instructed me to tell my parents to get me a higher reader. How vivid that stage fright when first called to declaim before the school. I had learned some patriotic verses, it being during the Rebellion. Commencing, "Kiss me, Laura, ere I go." At this stage a little bold girl, by name Laura, jumped out in front of me with the shout, "That means me."

The long walk to the Castalia school was more than I could endure, and up to the time I was eleven attended but little summers and never in winter. At this time the schoolhouse nearer the farm made it more convenient, but our instructors were largely of that kind not capable of instructing, and after I was fourteen never attended the public school. I think three hundred and sixty-five days would number those school days.

At seventeen I attended the Upper Iowa University twelve weeks. It was my first being from home any length of time, and a more homesick boy I think never lived. That other generations may know of the economy of that period, it cost me \$44 for the twelve weeks.

Mother had promised me that I should have an education and read law, and on my return from these twelve week's schooling, I expected to enter Michigan University, for which at that time I was fitted to enter.

The spring of my return from school I found George just ready to start for school at Ames, and Edward threatening to go west, onto his own land. Father asked me to stay until the school year commenced in September, and he said he knew by that time Edward would decide to stay on the farm with him. During the summer we built the large hay barn with full basement, and by fall I had become so much interested in farming (father having now promised me a share in the wheat crop for the coming year) that I never thought farther of schooling. It no doubt was a fortunate escape from passing my life as an indifferent pettifogger, or a country squire.

I have often been commended at my wonderful memory. In this they have been entirely mistaken. It has been one of the greatest disappointments of my life that I could not retain better than I do.

I was a great reader in early life. Before I was fourteen I had masticated most of my father's library, which was quite extensive, including the Bible, the Alkoran, histories such as Rolins, Thomas Dick's work, and others of that type. I read some stories at that time, but after I was seventeen, never. I would

much rather a child of mine would work his own imagination by telling his own lies, than read the foolish imagination of the half-wit as doled out to the public. That imagination in which there is nothing true to life, and only makes one dissatisfied with his lot.

Father was a great reader, and evenings used to read Horace Greely's *Tribune* aloud to the family, reading everything in it that was of interest. We had good magazines, and from these he read much aloud. All this was entertaining and instructive. My evenings were always spent in reading and study, and though I say it, there were few boys better informed in the events of the day, or who had more fully mastered their studies than I had.

In the thirty-nine years that I lived on the farm, I think that I did not spend that many evenings in town. It was at home I spent my evenings, storing up information. I should have been well informed.

I was by nature fully Clark, and the ruling characteristics, energy and economy, to these two my whole nature seemed to bend. No load was too heavy for me to attempt to carry, and in economy I carried that to such an extreme that had not the woman of my choice redeemed me from it, I would have become a confirmed miser. It was the extreme of the Clark traits.

Father was not a hard master with his boys, but when he assigned me a task all my energy was fastened upon it. By the time I was eight, with my brother George were to get the cows, which ran without restraint on the wild prairie, sometimes estraying miles from home. After George was strong enough to work in the field it became my duty, and with my constant companion, old Rover, the great Newfoundland dog, each evening used to be early at my task. Not an hour during the day that the finding of those cows was not on my mind, and when evening came, not walking, but running I would start the hunt, listening for those two bells they carried, the sound of which still rings in my ear, so could now still distinguish from a thousand others. While I tried to hear them, my

heart away up in my throat beating so loud, drowned all other sounds. Naturally timid, often far into the night I traveled through the wild country. Often the rattle of a snake startled me, or a wolf jumping across my track drove old Roger whining back for protection. The cows never laid out when I went for them.

When about twelve years of age, my mother brought me a book by Carlton, "How to make money and how to keep it." This absorbed easily in my system, and from that hour I commenced saving my pennies. I allowed none of the other boys to enter the race earlier than I. Often when the wind would blow at night I would be in the hickory grove at two in the morning, and by moonlight pick the nuts, and at breakfast have gathered more than a bushel of nuts. These I sold at \$2 a bushel.

It is one of my greatest pleasures to this day to match my wits with the animal life. I have never seen the animal that I could not capture. The wolf and the mink were my delight; often I have brought in as many as two dozen prairie hens in a day, and I remember one day having brought in from my traps sixty-eight. I used to get twenty-five cents each, and these with quail, and pheasants, of which I was an adept at shooting, at fourteen years had lain by funds sufficient to enter from the government two hundred and forty acres of land.

My brothers Henry and Frank going west to take land, I sent this money with them and they purchased this amount of land in Lyon county, Iowa. A few years since, the funds from this first investment, having followed in a rut by itself, showed to have increased to \$102,000. After this first purchase, at 17 made another, and at twenty-one years of age owned 1,000 acres of the finest land near which is now situated the town of Hiwood, Iowa. Had I kept these first purchases, would now sell for \$400,000, but I sold at from twelve to twenty dollars an acre. I continued to purchase land, and when I married, had I known it, had property that could have retired with a competence. I married at twenty-nine.

There was about two hundred of acres on the old farm still in a state of nature at the time I left school. Father offered Edward and myself one-fourth of all the wheat we raised on this land if we would grub it out, at the same time farming the rest of the farm for him. It was covered with large buroak trees and small brush. To clear this was a heavy task. Often in the hot summer mornings we would be on those oak ridges grubbing at daylight. No two boys ever lived and worked harder. I think I make no idle boast in this statement. I seldom walked, but ran to and from the field. Not more than ten minutes were consumed in getting our meal, and no rest between. As I look back on that time, it now appears to me like a nightmare. At sixteen I had weighed but seventy-six pounds, and now a slim pole of a man with nothing but bone and muscle to carry. My brother being of the same build, we never tired. Wet with perspiration our clothes so they should be wrung out, hot from the day's work, often from the intense heat to lie on the floor, where our bones seemed to vie with the hard boards as to whom should control.

At twenty-three, my brother having been committed to an asylum, I was left alone on the farm, father giving me half of all raised. In summer I kept but one man, in winter none. Usually I had about a hundred hogs and the same amount of cattle. Often of the different kinds of grain raised over ten thousand bushels a season. We had our threshing machine, but the work of threshing with the difficulty of getting help was always a nightmare.

I had become interested in many outside ventures, and with the farm could plainly see that my health could not long hold at so near a breaking point, and at forty-three decided to leave the farm, which to me had become a hallowed spot. As I often remarked, "not one inch of which my feet had not trod."

In the fall of 1896 I purchased the location in Decorah where built, and in the following year erected the home there. It was twenty miles from the farm to Decorah. I took supervision of the building, and during the summer drove in the night seventy-three times over this road.

In early manhood there was a disappointment in my life, but my meeting the girl who after became my companion through life fully compensated for the gloom then experienced. It was no doubt, as it has all terminated, proven to have been an act of providence.

The girl who finally became my wife, I became acquainted with while visiting her aunt, my brother Frank's wife. On meeting her, perhaps there are few more sudden changes from the gloomy forebodings of a bachelor's life than took place at that time. From the home in Decorah have gone out into the world, after enjoying such opportunities as seldom fall to one family, five children. It is the hope and dream of the writer that their kind may increase and not disappear from the earth.

At the age of sixty-five, after passing through a maelstrom of hardships and three times lying very near death with sickness, still cherishes the hope of many years of life.

As I look back on the injustice as loaded upon those who shirk no responsibility, and whose greatest effort is to honorably pass through life, that passing vision of a dishonesty passes before me. I can but remonstrate at the conditions of life as at present, encouraged by government, and largely by public men. I consider myself one of the fortunate of the world, but as I look about me and witness the thousands who in early life, like the writer, saved their efforts, placing the credit checks in safety for old age, to find in old age that the efforts as lain by have been, by government inflation of currency and other means, so depreciated that those efforts expended when the railroads and other comforts were placed in reach of the masses were constructed, will now only return to those who did that labor only a fraction of the labor as then expended. That a government can long exist which does not protect the old, who have lain by a sufficient effort if they received the same amount in return as expended, seems to me very uncertain.

Finally, in writing and hunting up the genealogy as presented has been a source of pleasure, and I feel fully repaid for my effort in the discoveries made while traveling in new fields to locate objects of interest connected with it.



FAMILY OF ALBERT CLARK AND MAUDE ALICE DAVIS BAKER



THE HOME OF ALBERT CLARK BAKER, DECORAH, IOWA

It is from this home he has trained and sent out into the cold world a family with such advantages they should be able to conquer all difficulties



The Wife of Albert Clark

ALBERT CLARK BAKER 8, born at Crown Point, N. Y., son of William 7, married Maude Alice Davis of Lewiston, Maine, April 30, 1883.

MAUDE ALICE DAVIS was born in Lewiston, Me., Oct. 12, 1862. She was the daughter of Otis F. Davis of Lewiston. Otis F. was the son of Deacon Stephen Davis, 1801 to 1891. His wife, Catharine Field, 1808 to 1858. (The Field genealogy extends back to England and finally to France.) Deacon Stephen Davis was the son of Aaron Davis and Mary Wilkins. Aaron Davis was the son of Amos Davis Sen., who was born in 1741 and died in 1815. He came to Lewiston, Me., in 1774. Was of a Quaker family.

Maude Alice Davis Baker's mother was Sophiah Garcelon. She was the daughter of Asa Garcelon, of Lewiston, who had a mill on the river there. There was a line of Garcelons, the Garcelon Davis Fry and Field families being intermarried.

It would have been quite unnatural had not Maude Alice had a more than ordinary looking family if like produces like. I think the family group bears me out in this assertion.

As to her desirable traits of character, I leave that to those that know her. I think they will speak of her in no unfavorable way. It would hardly be allowable for a husband to eulogize his wife's character, and I fear at best would be unable to fully do justice for lack of adjectives.

Descent from Albert Clark Baker

ETHEL DAY BAKER WATERMAN 9, dau. of Albert Clark 8 of William 7 of William 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. at Castalia, Iowa, July 1, 1884; m. William Thomas Waterman, son of Judge Charles and Anna Lowry Waterman of Davenport, Iowa, Oct. 24, 1907.

Mr. William Thomas Waterman was b. Aug. 21, 1878.

Issue of this marriage:

William Baker and Richard Houston Waterman 10, twins, b. Aug. 25, 1908, at Davenport, Iowa.

Ethel Day Waterman 10, b. June 28, 1915.

What shall a father say of a daughter from whom he never received a frown nor saw her loose her temper. Educated first at the public school in Decorah, she entered Saint Catharines Episcopal Ladies' School in Davenport, Iowa, at sixteen. Having been gifted with a charming contralto voice, she took up music under the instruction of Louis St. John Westervelt. Graduating from Saint Catharines, she continued her musical instruction, followed by giving recitals through the West.

She accepted a position as instructor in vocal music at the Illinois Conservatory of Music in Chicago, at this time singing at the day service of the First Presbyterian Church of Lake Forest and at the evening service of the First Congregationalist Church of Oak Park.

Marrying at this time. She still keeps her music to the pleasant entertainment of all that hear her.

Mr. Waterman is a recognized attorney of Davenport, of the firm of Lane & Waterman.

ALICE PAMELLA BAKER DAUBNEY 9, dau. of Albert Clark 8 of William 7 of William 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. at Castalia, Iowa, Oct. 11, 1886; m. Morris Daubney, son of Dr. Francis W. and Edith Strayer

Daubney of Decorah, Iowa, Jan. 14, 1910. Mr. Daubney was born Jan. 13, 1884.

Issue of this marriage:

Gail Daubney 10, b. May 18, 1916.

How should one express his affection for such a daughter. As I have always expressed it, "she that would smother one with kindness." She who as a child used to clasp my limb and looking up say, "I love you, papa."

Graduating from the public school in Decorah, she then attended the National Park Seminary in Washington, D. C., spent a year in travel and married, making her home in Centralia, Wash., where her husband was with the First State Bank up to a year ago, when they moved to Long Beach, Cal.

HARRIE ALBERT BAKER 9, third child and oldest son of Albert Clark 8 of William 7 of William 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. at Castalia, Iowa, March 20, 1889. Not married.

Graduating from the high school in Decorah, he was for a time at the military school in Culver, Ind. Taking a course at the University of Wisconsin, at which place he was president of the Scabbard and Blade. He entered the bank in Ogema, Minn., of which the writer was president. Later he entered the auto sales business in Detroit, Minn. From here he entered the oil industry in the Heaton field, Oklahoma.

Recognizing the lowering clouds of war approaching, he gave up his business and returned to Detroit, where he organized a military company, and when war was declared, entered the training school at Fort Snelling, Minn., where he received a commission as captain of cavalry. A captain of mounted police at Camp Dodge, Iowa, from where he went to the Argonne front, where he was provost marshal. He returned to this country in July, 1919.

ARTHUR ANDRUS BAKER 9 of Albert Clark 8 of William 7 of William 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2

of William 1. b. at Castalia, Iowa, April 3, 1892; m. Erva Van Camp of Detroit, Minn., Oct. 15, 1915.

Issue of this marriage:

Arthur Clark Baker 10, b. March 12, 1917.

Arthur Andrus Baker graduated from the high school in Decorah and entered the University of Wisconsin, where he was two years. On his vacation, with his sister and father to the west coast, stopped in Ogema, Minn., with his brother until school opened a month later. Wrote his father three weeks later he was driving an auto for a land man and had learned more in three weeks than in three years in school, and begged to try for himself a year. At the end of the year he had been so successful that he entered the business with his employer. He entered the auto sales business with his brother, to finally return to his first venture. He is now one of the Becker Land and Loan Co. Few as young men have been as successful.

RUSSELL DAVIS BAKER 9 of Albert Clark 8 of William 7 of William 6 of William 5 of William 4 of Joseph 3 of William 2 of William 1, b. at Castalia, Iowa, Dec. 13, 1896.

Educated at the public school in Decorah. Graduating young, took a business course at Valder's business school. Entered the University of Minnesota, taking a law course. At the end of his third year the fraternity to which he belonged all enlisted in the army, but he, though an athlete, was rejected because of a heart murmur. Through his brother he was finally received into the service as adjutant to the commandant at Camp Dodge. Soon he was passed into the training camp for second lieutenants, where out of six hundred he was second in the class. Served in the military police while at Camp Dodge. Was not across the water. Received a commission as first lieutenant just at the close of the war.

He now entered the employ of the Green Bay Lumber Co. and is in Guthrie Center, Iowa, manager of the yard. He is but 23, and for his age his advance has been phenomenal.

Of my boys, I can only speak of them as fine boys.



Births



Andrew, James ?

1847 - 1897

James, James

James, James

James, James, James, James, James, James

James, James - 1888 - 1914



Births





Births





Births





Births





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Births

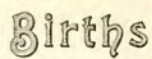




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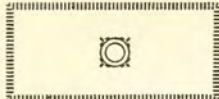




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Marriages



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Deaths





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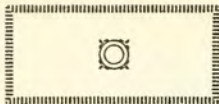
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TRAVELS OF THE AUTHOR

A Trip to Old Mexico

WHILE convalescing from typhoid fever, the germ of which I think I got in the low lands of southern Mexico, my mind wanders to my trip there. I often wonder if others would not like to make one of these imaginary trips with me. I hope I will not tire the reader with detail, but I feel to do the trip justice would require a book.

Our company, consisting of Mrs. S. W. Matteson, Miss Lou Hughes, Sumner Matteson, Mrs. Baker, and the writer, left Decorah, Jan. 15, over the Milwaukee road. We arrived at Davenport at 9:00 p. m., where my daughter joined our party. The following morning finds us in Kansas City. Max Matteson and a Mr. Lock of St. Paul joined us here. We are to have accommodations in the car of Mrs. McCumber of Des Moines, a lady who for years has taken excursion parties all over the world. This is her ninth trip to Mexico.

It is excursion day and we find our car will not go until the third section, so we are obliged to wait in the then more than usually crowded depot.

While waiting and wondering where all these people are bound, I meet some with whom I am acquainted. They are bound, as they inform me, more than half of the excursionists, out into the Panhandle of Texas and the plains of New Mexico. The advertising of railroads and the labor of land agents has lured these people into that country.

But while I have diverged from my subject, we have crossed Kansas and are at La Junta, where I have notified my niece and daughter to meet us as they are on the way to California. We find them waiting; we are wheeled on to Lama, the junc-

tion to Santa Fé, where our car is sidetracked, and the following morning we are wheeled up to Santa Fé. There is nothing to visit this place for. We went into the oldest church in this country, saw a very pretty capitol, but I would say it was not worth the time. We get back to Lama and the first train on the main line pulls us down to Albuquerque. Here the pretty adobe depot with its fine Harvey eating house, accompanied with its curio rooms, attracts the tourist. Here we leave our California girls and get an increase of four California excursionists who join the McCumber party. We get into our car and early in the night observe we are moving.

This is the first time the writer has traveled over this portion of the Santa Fé system, and his curiosity awakens him early. After washing I seat myself in the smoking-room and look out. We are following the Rio Grande; near the stream we see bunches of what I take to be ranch adobe huts; there are a number in a place, almost forming a village. I look out on each side. What is this desert country good for except to graze a few cattle on? As I ponder over the amount of poor country I have seen, my thoughts wander back to Iowa, its rich soil, its healthful climate, its abundant rainfall. Farmers of Iowa, do you know that you can raise more living with the same amount of labor on an average Iowa farm than in any other part of our country? Do you know that had the money taken from Iowa farms been expended at home in improving the farm surroundings, this would have been the finest improved farming country in the world? Do you know you have earned your money so easy that you are ready to invest in desert land, mining stock, Mexican plantations, and a thousand other foolish things from which you will never draw a dividend? The writer has traveled in every corner of our broad land and he feels that he is competent to give intelligent advice. I have stopped on my different trips with many farmers I had known as such in Iowa, and I have yet to find a farmer who owned his farm here and had settled elsewhere who had improved his circumstances, while I have stopped with those

who with tears in their eyes told of their foolish move. You, farmer, who have your farm paid for, put your money into comforts surrounding you where you will draw a dividend every day; it is the best you will get this side of the line of heaven. I have again diverged; but my advice costs nothing and may set some poor deluded soul to stop and ponder.

We are nearing El Paso; our train is three hours late, the train on the Mexican Central has already left; we must rest a day here. All cars entering Texas must be fumigated, carpets taken up, so we are obliged to find quarters in the city. As I pass through the depot, I am reminded that my folder had recommended getting my American money exchanged here for Mexican. I step up to the agent, hand him a \$100.00 bill and receive \$196.00 Mexican. It looks like a good exchange. I look it over; it is made up of all sizes of bills, some of the fives not much larger than our war shinplaster half-dollars. I could not place a value on it, and could spend a five with less thought than fifty cents in our money. We go up into the city; soon Mr. Matteson comes around and says he got \$198.00. I afterwards went to the banks and always got two for one; there was 1 per cent profit then. We are told all the hotels in the city are full; we visit two and are turned down. The third the Orindorf; the clerk hesitates, calls the proprietor, and after conferring for a minute they give us rooms with a bath; you could have knocked the writer down with a straw, the dirt of the desert could at last be removed. In the afternoon we run about the city and make a trip to Juarez (pronounced Waraz), a little old town across the Rio Grande on Mexican territory. Here we saw a bull ring, cock pit, market, and an old church. It took us but a short time to take in the scenes, and we return to our own country. As we ride through El Paso we are impressed with the amount of improvement and life of the city. They now have 42,000 people, ten railroads reaching into the richest mining country in the world, most of the ore of which is smelted at this place. We are impressed that within twenty-five years this city of the desert will have 150,000 people.

On schedule time we are at the depot the following morning. We find our car. Soon the train Pullman conductor, a Spaniard, comes in. I am the last in the car and when he gets to me the custom house is open. In a hurry I ask him the amount to Mexico City for three lowers. He tells me \$34.20 American. I pay him and hasten out to open my trunks, so nicely roped at home. I get off the ropes, the inspector says "they are all right," without examining. I carelessly put round the ropes, check them through, and enter the car, I pick up my folder. My eyes fall on sleeping car rates, \$34.20 for three berths, Mexican. I had paid double. The conductor again comes in, I tell him the mistake. He says I have paid right. I hand him the folder; he looks bold and says he has never seen it before, refunds my money, and says he can only take fare to Zacatecas, which will be \$22.80, and each night thereafter we shall pay \$11.40 Mexican. He gives me no receipt, nor puts me on the plan of the car as having berths in the McCumber car. The Pullman Co. are no doubt no wiser.

I mention this to show the perfidy of the people I am now to travel among. While I have spun this unnecessary to repeat incident, we have traveled over the Rio Grande and are far down into Mexico.

From the Rio Grande to the city we travel over a high table land from 5,000 to 10,000 feet above sea level. The altitude makes the climate generally temperate. The soil is mostly gravel, though you occasionally come to a fertile irrigated tract. The people, when this franchise was granted, were so full of superstition that they would not allow them to build nearer than one and a half miles from town, so we see the towns only at a distance.

It is 1971 miles from Juarez to Mexico City. On all this long distance not a tree is seen except it grows on an irrigating ditch or set out in their cities. Not even a brush grows. We saw at some of the stations bales of twigs with leaves on, which we were informed had been brought in from far back in the mountains to be used for fuel.

While I have been writing, we have reached our dinner station, by name Moctezuma (named, I am told, for the father of Montezuma). We look into the dining-hall; it is operated by Chinamen; the table looks very good, but Mrs. B. advises that we have our lunch served on the train from a small dining apartment in one of the cars. A large number of boxes holding about five bushels of coal each and hung in handle bars are piled one above another. The natives, one at each end of a box, carry them up a plank incline, empty into the tender and return by another plank. We are soon moving again; we run perhaps thirty miles by a shallow lake full of waterfowls, a sportsman's paradise.

Chihuahua is reached at 8 o'clock. The last two hundred miles we have been traveling over one man's land; he is now governor of this state, Chihuahua. He brands 70,000 head of cattle a year and lives in a palace five miles north of the city, and his order seems to be the law in this state.

At Chihuahua Mr. Lock and Max Matteson leave us; they are going into the mines 300 miles west. Lock to ship to the smelter a car of oar and Max to gain a fortune in the mines. My wish is that his hopes may be more than realized.

I am out early the next morning. We are now in irrigated country, the ditches finely kept up, at each intersection cement gates as permanent as rock are built. Let me say here everything in Mexico is built of cement or cement lime except the homes of the very poor; bridges, seats in parks, houses, all alike and not a crack in them, though some of them are known to have stood for four hundred years.

As we travel on we see strings of well sweeps; men are pulling them down, raising water and filling the ditches. Again we see a lone ox traveling in a circle and raising water with an endless chain of buckets.

The soil looks rich; ox teams are everywhere plowing with the same old crooked stick of Bible times, though they have a steel point on them. One handle is all they use. I saw a few American plows, but they had sawed off one handle, the other

hand had to swing the whip, so the handle is of no use. I did not see a wagon in Mexico outside of the cities. The poor little burrow and mule are the beasts of burden. You see droves of them, loaded so they stagger under the burden, being hurried along by drivers on foot.

Later in the day we are in an alkali desert. The dust finds its way into our car and we gasp for breath. No living thing is seen, but the giant cactus which are seen in bunches sometimes as tall as twenty feet. We pass a number of important towns during the day, and at night seek our dusty berth, expecting to find our car on the switch at Zacatecas in the morning. Morning comes, and I look out; squads of beggars are about our car. Large churches are seen in the distance. I crowd by a blind harpist who is at our door; what a sight of misery meets me! Mexico is a land of cripples and beggars; you are confronted with them at every turn. Here before me is more misery than can be found in all Iowa. This degenerate race seems to be almost ready to die from lack of vitality.

But our train is all there, and the sign on the depot says Cartenas. I see an Irish face and ask him what it means. He explains an engine has blown up down the track, but that our engine will soon return from the wreck, as the track is nearly repaired. We run down to the wreck, the boiler has been blown from the trucks over three hundred feet into a corn field, and five are killed. My curiosity gets the better of me. I raise the sheet covering the remains. The largest piece, the trunk below the neck, was not over a foot long, the rest of the five were only fragments. The engineer was an American, the rest natives. They are put in our train and we move on to Zacatecas, thirty miles ahead.

We pile into one of the little street cars at Zacatecas and are moved by three-mule power. The driver hisses, whistles, cracks his whip, blows his horn. We are whirling through narrow alleys at an electric speed. I had never supposed the mule had so much electricity in him. We are soon at the plaza. Mrs. McCumber goes to engage our dinner. I look

up the character of the town. It has 35,000 population, is the nearest like Jerusalem of any other city in the world; is a great mining city and the largest manufacturer of the Zerape, the national blanket, of which I will later explain, in the world.

We take another car for Guadalupe, four miles down the valley. Our car is let down by gravity as it is all down hill. I will say here, it was the pleasantest ride of my life. I have no language to describe it; go take the ride, you will then appreciate my situation. Our car comes to a halt in front of a large church; we enter the grounds, oranges, lemons, bananas, beautiful roses, yes, the grounds are fine. We enter the church; it is an immense cement affair, but it is not the church proper we are interested in, but a chapel connected with it. This chapel, built by a maiden lady, is said to have the richest interior in the world. Its cost was \$12,000,000. We pay \$2.00 to a keeper and are admitted. To the left is a cast of our lady of Guadalupe, ahead the altar of solid onyx, the surrounding rail of solid silver, the entire sides and top of the room covered with hammered gold thick as a knife blade. I do not care to look longer. I am filled with disgust that in this country of ignorance \$12,000,000 can so lightly be spent for superstition. What could have been done with this money in enlightening these people; what is it doing now?

Perhaps a word as to the superstitious condition of this country may not come out of place here. After Cortez landed in Mexico, a wave of religious enthusiasm swept the country. All the energy of the people was expended in building churches and religious pastimes; the people became so poor that the more intelligent demanded the destruction of the church power. Laws were passed confiscating all church property; and no priest or nun could walk the streets except in citizen's clothing. These laws are still in force, the churches being the property of the nation, and only used as they may permit.

But I am going again too much into detail. Adjoining the church is a government orphan asylum. Here is shown what can be done with these people. The instructor brought out

about forty of these boys to play for us. I did not consider the Kilties in it at all with these boys; they are certainly susceptible of the finest training. Adjoining this is a government Zerape factory. We were taken through and afterward to the salesroom, where our party, or the McCumber party, loaded up with a stock. My daughter secured three; but I was slow, and when I got to the counter the best were gone, so I was obliged to content myself with a cheap one. The Zerape is the national garment of Mexico. They are worn by all except the richest class. In putting them on they throw one end over the shoulder, fold the other round, covering the mouth, the fringed end reaching about or a little below the knee after throwing over the back. They are all prices, from \$1 to \$100. These with the sombrero, which often cost \$35 to \$50, on those who go barefooted and with scant other clothing, is their principal clothing.

We go down to where we were landed. A street car is awaiting us and we are hauled back by mules that are driven down. In an hour they have delivered us back in the city. We get our dinner, visit some more old churches that must have cost millions in their time, visit the stores with a view of buying me a fine Zerape, but find they have so much higher price than the others have paid I will not gratify them.

Near sundown Mr. Matteson and the writer climbed to the top of the LaBuffa (or in our language, Buffalo) mountain overlooking the city. On the very highest point is an immense cross; a little lower are the extensive forts of years since. Inside these walls is a large church. We arrive at the summit at sundown, walk through the fort, look out to get a view of the city, but it is dark. There is no twilight in Mexico.

It will require too much space to describe our return to town. I will only say that they have no street lights, and after a most hazardous trip we found our hotel, only to find our ladies had gone to the car.

In front of the hotel is a saloon and in this we found a teacher who had been with us all day to better learn English.

He opened his heart to me after an acquaintance, telling me that the fire was kindling that must unseat present governmental conditions, that the people must be raised from their present ignorance; that he did not dare to have his views known as his head would come off. As we were thirsty and did not dare to drink water, we took a glass of that that made Toluca famous, bid him goodbye and went afoot two miles through the dark streets to our car, finding our ladies just getting in; their car has been off the track. Pulling off our sweaty garments we are soon asleep.

The next morning we look out of the window. Electric cars are passing down the Paseo. On either side are houses of American architecture.

We are at Aguas Calientes, or to interpret, "hot water springs." Here are located the main repair and car shops of the Central road and lots of Americans are employed. The city has about 40,000 people and is the greatest manufacturing town in drawn work in the world. As I look out of the car I wonder who all these people are surrounding our car. They hold up their drawn work, and my curiosity is satisfied. Soon our ladies are out; it is so cheap you fear it is a fraud. While the rest barter I take a walk. On the ground along the Paseo are squatted clumps of natives, eating their morning meal. I venture near; what does it consist of—tortillas, sort of a flat cake, patted out in the hand and fried, and in the center of the group a large bowl or trough filled with a reddish bean cooked to a slimy soup. All the group ate from this same trough. My stomach is about to fail me as I see other stuff, and as I wish to retain my breakfast which is ready at the Chinese eating-house, I only glance at another group and find they are having the same luxuries. I look down the Paseo, farmers are leading their hogs to market. It is a novel sight; I had never presumed a hog would lead, but they have on a kind of halter and the hog behaves well. I do not believe our Iowa hog would associate with these very distant relatives, at least they would be justified in not doing so. Running by us

is a stream of milk-warm water, about a foot deep and three wide. It is very clear, it is the stream from the hot springs for which the city is named.

We get breakfast, take the electric car and are landed at the Plaza. Right here let me say a word for the Plaza, or public resting-places of Mexico. In no place in our country are they kept better, spouting fountains of cement, finely kept flowers, large shapely trees, fine cement seats, all make it attractive. The Plaza here is surrounded by very good stores, a number of which are operated by Americans. Our ladies are soon buying drawn work at one of these American stores. I tell my people that the American is not there for his health, and we look farther. We are told of the three sisters, and Mr. Matteson and the writer hunt them out. We follow as directed, but there are no numbers on buildings and the bare cement walls are all alike. I notice a door a little ajar, push it, and sure enough there is drawn work. We are shown into the apartment, and three middle aged ladies are ready to show the goods. Matteson goes to inform the ladies and I seat myself and observe how they do business. Soon a girl enters with a piece of finished work. They examine it, tear off some more linen, give it to her; then another comes in the same manner. These ladies are supplying the workers with material and selling the finished work.

Our ladies are here; they purchase the same patterns at one-half what they have paid at the American store. All are enthused; the writer bought a number of pieces, and could I again have the opportunity, would buy all the custom house would pass. Large table cloths with a drawn pattern four yards long for \$20 in our money; the work could not be done here for \$500. Why did I not buy more?

But you have enough of drawn work. Let us go to the baths, they are finely tiled and we take a plunge; they are all right. At our next stop we are informed there is no place an American can eat, so we have lunches put up by the Chinese cook in the eating-house. Each time he is given an order he

adds the price. When I say "boiled eggs," he adds "\$1.80 a dozen." It makes the cold chills start, but we must eat.

The train is late and we do not move until midnight. It is 240 miles to Queretaro, our next stop. We pass through, or rather by, a number of large towns; at Iraputa, meaning ripe strawberries, we are advised to get a basket; peddlers are plenty, and we buy a basket for twenty-five cents, Mexican, about three quarts with a hand-woven basket worth more than the cost. The berries are green looking, but I have never before eaten berries that were sweet enough without sugar—these were. They pick berries every month of the year here.

We are at Queretaro. This place has 40,000 people and is noted for its opal mines. It was here that Maximilian was shot in 1867. It is this that caused us to stop here. We get out of the car and are surrounded by opal vendors. They look very well, and same as I have seen worn in the states with so much pride. I offer one-half what is asked for two and he shoves them at me. I pay for them, knowing I am sold, and put them away. I see all the Americans buying, and soon learn these are all made in Germany, and the real thing is not peddled. Friends at home, look to your opals and see if you are not wearing a fraud.

We hire five hacks and drive to the Plaza, where we have decided to engage and eat dinner if it kills us. With our young ladies (three of them) seated with the driver, a thing which, from the curiosity shown by the people, had never happened there before, we drive out on the same road taken by Maximilian on his last ride. As we ride through these narrow streets with the open shutters, heads are out at every opening. Let me say here there is no window-glass used in Mexico except in the most expensive houses, tight shutters being used, and when shut at night, and as they are most of the time, light is admitted through rear openings. We are out of the city and driving through an immense field of Manguely, what we would term century plant. (I will later give a description of it, as it is the largest cultivated of any plant in Mexico.)

The road gets steep, our mules stop, the writer gets out and runs ahead. A chapel has been erected on the spot of the execution. I sit down on the steps and my mind reverts back to when this happened; how Secretary Seward sent a note to Napoleon, giving him to understand that a foreign army would no longer be tolerated in Mexico. (It is that note which the Mexicans accept as the cause of their independence and as having paid for the crime of our despoiling their territory in 1848.) It was this note that caused Napoleon to withdraw his troops from Mexico. Maximilian also would have withdrawn, but his wife Carlotta insisted they could not. The republicans captured Maximilian. He was tried by a law not nearly as severe as he had been enforcing, and he paid the penalty. I remember how he stepped down, shook hands with each of the executioners, handed each a handful of silver, and asked them to shoot at his heart, that his mother might look upon his face. He had been told while in prison that his wife was dead. His two lieutenants fell at the first volley; a second was fired at him. Our teams are here. We pay \$2 and are admitted to the chapel. Three markers mark the spot where Maximilian and his two generals, Miramon and Mejia, stood.

We return by another route, following up a stream, where the women are washing. I have not seen a stream or pond where they are not. On their knees, their head far down towards the stream, with a stone for a rub-board, they dip the garment in the stream and rub it on the stone. How they endure this fatiguing poise I cannot understand. It would kill an American. I think there were 500 washing along this stream.

We are back in the city and we visit the museum; here is the order for execution, the pen with which it was signed, the inkstand, the table, the picture of the judge, the receptacle in which Maximilian's heart was put—you have heard enough of this.

We take a ride to the Hercules cotton mills, operated by water power, carried in an aqueduct in many places 100 feet

high. This aqueduct also supplies the city. It is a number of miles long and a massive affair. The cotton mills employ 2,000 hands. In going through I notice it has all English machinery and looked crude compared with what I have seen in our eastern mills.

Towards evening I meet a young man, an American, an electric engineer. Like all Americans abroad, he desires to show us the sights. I show him my opals, he laughs and says he will show us the real stones. He leads us into a shop and sure enough here they have them. Do they resemble the glass ones? Not much. I make a purchase for a stick pin and we go farther, next into an ice cream parlor where we are not enthused, but their sugared sweet potatoes are good. He finds my daughter can sing and insists we shall visit a Spanish home where they have a daughter that plays. It is our opportunity to see a Spanish home and we go. They have a grand piano, the girl of seventeen looking much older, as people mature young in this climate. She played fine. I have not space to describe the home, but anyone could live there. He takes us to our car.

We are to be in Mexico City at 6:00 a. m. We alight from the cars, and on all sides are the pesky natives trying to do something that they may get a tip. They grab your satchel and try to pull it away. If they see you heading for a hack, they run ahead, open the door and hold out their hand for a centavo. You cannot get away from them. To have your pocket full of small change and tip them is the easiest way.

There is nothing you would call a depot in the city. We hunt for a waiting-room, and finally find one about the size of the one in our depot at home. Here we leave our ladies. We are informed not a room can be had in the city; the McCumber party have had theirs engaged for three months, but we must find some place. Mr. Matteson and the writer get a hack and for two hours ride over the city, but find every place full. We are finally informed that we can get rooms at the Landros, a Spanish place. Here we drive, and sure enough

there are two of the best in the house, and look good enough to a hungry soul. We had become acquainted with a young Spaniard, a graduate of Cornell at Ithaca. He had spent an evening in our car and offered his service while in the city. Mr. Matteson drove to his hotel. He looked over our rooms and said we were all right, as they were better than he could get at the Carlos, though he had them engaged ahead.

I shall not attempt to tell all the perplexity I had at this Spanish place; it would take a book. We get our ladies clean up, get a breakfast, very good, but not at our Spanish hotel. I will say that this was a fire-proof building and we had the two best rooms and no complaint could be made, other than the pesky Spaniard's dishonesty.

Mexico City has 550,000 people. It contains the wealth of the republic. Its buildings are largely three stories. There are two reasons for not going higher, earthquakes and the character of the foundation. Their streets are finely paved, asphalt being used on all the best streets; no dirt is allowed to accumulate on them, in fact they have the cleanest kept drives I have ever seen.

When the city was discovered by Cortez it was surrounded by a large lake. I would say the territory between the mountains is 30 miles either way. There was no outlet for the water to escape, so a large lake formed, covering all but a few high places. The city where Montezuma had his wonderful palace could have occupied but a few hundred acres and from the population as described must have been much congested.

Where his palace stood is now an immense church and the national palace. These front on the zocalo, or as I shall term it, the plaza. On the high ground still is built the business section of the city. Follow up San Francisco street with me and look in these jewelry stores. Has Tiffany a finer show of diamonds? Walk on down to the Alameda about six blocks. Is not this as pretty a pleasure ground as is found in any city? Sit down in one of these large cement seats and watch the evening parade as they come down San Francisco street and

pass on down the paseo leading to Chapultepec. Have you seen finer turnouts in any city? Look at those autos, the finest makes, following a solid van; those horses and carriages; no finer turnouts are found than are seen here. The Mexican people like display. They will invest all their money in diamonds, go broke and take them to the pawnshop. Everything is national in Mexico. National Circus, National Theater, National Palace, National Museum, National Pawnshop, and I might continue lines of them.

The National Pawnshop is worth mentioning. Here are brought all articles on which people can get money. Competent appraisers or experts place a value on them, attaching a card to them giving all information to the would-be purchaser, and any defect is mentioned. The owner is given a small part of the value. It is placed in the shop for two-thirds appraisal, and if not sold at a certain time it is reduced in price and finally if not sold it is sold at auction, but not less than has been advanced. Around the cases of diamonds a crowd of Americans are always found. You see them buying by wholesale, still more come in and the cases are never empty. I made one purchase, intending to buy on my return so I would shine in diamonds, but when I returned to the city it was a national holiday and they were closed. I saw a lady from Michigan buy a bracelet and pin with eighteen gems, all of a size that would cost here not less than fifty dollars each, at \$200 Mexican. There is no duty on diamonds in Mexico and they cost but half what they do here. When I again visit the city I shall load up with gems.

Take a trip with me this afternoon into the suburban towns, about forty miles in the street car. We follow the immense old aqueduct, now out of use, out through the American quarters, beautifully built up. Here 10,000 Americans live, and no prettier residence section can be found. On by beautiful Chapultepec, pass the bull ring, through Tacubaya, Mixcoac, Can Angelo, Coyacan, where you are shown the summer home of Cortez, still standing, also the well in which he

drowned his wife. On to San Meto, Portales and return over the lately drained swamp, by short line to the city. All the towns passed through have many attractions.

Come with me up to beautiful Chapultepec. We go to the American subconsul, he gets a pass for us, and we get a carriage. Twenty minutes over the beautiful paseo and we are at the foot of the hill; take a drive in the grounds at the base where are beautiful trees, lakes, and drives. We drive out to the old mill on a height where General Scott planted his batteries and shelled the military school until they and the city surrendered. At the foot of the hill is a monument in memory of the cadets who were killed. We are at the foot of the hill and must walk up. I pay the driver, allowing him an hour to return to the city. He follows me cracking his whip and shouting, and when we get to the first guard who speaks English, I explain the excitement. He tells him he is overpaid and he sneaks back to his rig. I mention this as you will never pay them to satisfaction though you pay twice the legal price, which is 75 cents an hour for the red and \$1 for the blue hack.

Up the steep hill we climb, the president has a tunnel running into the hill and a shaft with elevator that delivers him at the door. We reach the military school, the guard passes us, we enter the palace grounds. Who would not live in this delightful place? From here you can see the entire city and all the surrounding valley; yet with all this beautiful home the president lives in a common cement house in the Mexican portion of the city, two blocks from our hotel, during the winter months, only using this as his summer home. We enter the palace, and at every turn we see the refined taste of Carlotta who planned the palace. The dining-room, smoking-room, billiard, card, and reception rooms, each fitted exactly for what they were intended. The beautiful porches with their expensive frescoed ceilings—I cannot describe it—go visit it.

Take a trip with me to Guadalupe; this is the place where the treaty with Mexico was made with General Scott, called the Hidalgo treaty;

This is the place where all the superstition as to Our Lady of Guadalupe originated. Space will not permit me to give but an imperfect description. A pious Indian, Juan Diego, as he went to mass on the morning of December 9, 1531, heard sweet singing. He looked up, and behold, a lady appeared; she told him to go to the bishop and tell him that it was her wish that a temple in her honor should be built on the hill. Three times this mysterious sweet-voiced lady appeared to Juan Diego, and each time he carried her demand to the bishop that a church be built. Finally the bishop demanded some token that what he said was true. On December 12, 1531, when passing near the same spot the lady again met him, told him to gather flowers which grew on a rock and as fast as he picked them more sprung up. She told him to take these to the bishop. He put the flowers in his *tilma* (a cloak made of maguey fiber) and as he departed a spring of cold water gushed up. When he arrived at the bishop's he poured out the flowers, and behold, on the cloak was a picture of the Virgin Mary. This painting on the *tilma*, or cloak, is to be seen above the altar, built as by the mythical order before spoken of. Where the springs sprung forth is still an immense mineral spring, in taste resembling Saratoga water. Over it has been built a very pretty chapel. We took a glass of the water. Don't take the second, its effect is magical. We walk up the broad stairway reaching to the chapel, and about half-way up is an immense stone sail, planted there by some mariners who in a storm promised the goddess if they were saved to plant a sail there that should always endure. Surrounding the chapel at the top of the hill is the graveyard of the rich. Its beautifully kept grounds and fine tombs show that the Mexican has respect for the dead.

Right here let me visit the burial of the poor peon; a coffin is rented and with the remains is borne on the heads of two men to the place of burial. The remains are placed in the grave and the coffin returned. Rent has to be paid on the ground where buried, and when not paid the remains are dug

up, placed in the bone-yard and the grave is again for rent. We are still at Guadalupe; at the foot of the hill is the finest church I saw in Mexico. This is the church where the tilma is displayed. I can not describe it, but as our guide led us through its many parts we could but pronounce it grand. I think I have sufficiently explained where Mexico reared its fanatical myth.

We are back in the city. As we sit in the plaza, we notice a string of carriages decorated in flowers drive up to the cathedral. Let us see the wedding, for such it is. We station ourselves near the altar. I have never witnessed a prettier wedding; but one fault impresses me, the priest drank all the wine. Let us run down to the National art gallery; the paintings are very old and said to be fine. I have no taste that way, so should not comment. Come to the National museum. As we enter, the immense calendar stone, formerly in front of Montezuma's palace, is first to be seen. This immense dial stands about ten feet high and is about four feet thick. It is carved with eight V's, the point reaching towards the outside in regular space. The balance of the face and outside of circle is covered with figures resembling Egyptian characters. At our right is another immense granite dial similar to the calendar stone in all its carving, but in the center a place is hollowed out that would hold about ten quarts. A crease is cut from this to the outside and down the side. This is the sacrificial stone. It is said at the dedication of Montezuma's temple 800 were sacrificed on this stone, and the year Cortez came there first there had been 2,000 offered as a sacrifice, their blood running out at this trough, and being caught was used to appease the gods. I cannot attempt to describe the thousands of carvings here shown, but anyone who looks upon them and those of the Egyptians cannot but believe this work was done by one and the same race.

Let us go upstairs. As we pass by so much of interest, we see the coach of state of Maximilian and Carlotta's immense silver service, all too far up in the scale for my language to describe.

It is Saturday afternoon and our ladies wish to visit the thieves' market, so we go. This market is so named from the amount of junk that is on sale here, much of which is of doubtful ownership, from the vile class that are always found here. We find the market coming within two blocks of the palace and extending into the poorer part of the city. We pass through the market, it is a sickening sight. Here we see them serving lunches; they pat out the tortilla, fry it, cut off a length of fried intestines of some animal, not cleaned, place it between the tortillas, and the natives have a delicacy for their meal. The stench is sickening; our ladies wish to return; the crowd does not look as congested ahead and I propose that we go to the first cross street where we can get out of this awful place. We turn the corner off this street, Mrs. Matteson and Miss Hughes are about three rods in the rear. I hear a scream, look back, a man is running with a hand-bag and Mrs. Matteson following. I join in the chase, turn the corner; he has disappeared in the crowd. Turning round, Miss Hughes has a policeman; he leads us through the crowd about two blocks. Here are two policemen, one with the thief held with a strap round the arm, the other with the broken-handled hand-bag.

They motion us to follow. For ten blocks we follow, the crowd on either side moving with us. Our culprit, though panting from his run, seems little concerned. He lights a cigarette and shows no uneasiness. We enter a dingy-looking place, I am seated in the office portion; an interpreter asks as to the hand-bag, how long we are to be in the city, says we will be detained three months if a civil trial is undertaken, that there is one way of disposing of the case by a sentence to the army, asks if five years in the army would be satisfactory. I am more than satisfied, the judge comes in from an adjoining room, gives the sentence, tells me no American should visit that part of the city without a policeman, which will be always willingly furnished, tells a policeman to go with him to the plaza and the incident is finished.

Let me say right here that the police system of Mexico is as good as there is in the world.

Come with me this morning and let us take a trip to beautiful Cuernavaca seventy-five miles south of the city of Mexico. We make the ascent until 10,000 feet elevation is reached. Looking back is the great valley of Mexico, looking ahead is Cuernavaca. We must drop 5,000 feet in this distance of twenty-five miles. See the great sugar plantations. First we see the city from one side of our train, then from the other; we are making the descent. The entire mountain in Cortez' time had a teeming population; every acre is inclosed by stone walls. What have they raised? There is no soil, nothing but solid gravel. At each stop crowds of beggars surround the train. We are at the depot; it is two miles to the city; a mule car is waiting, the electric current is turned on the mules, and don't they go! The car sways; it is a wonder how they can make such speed.

We are at the plaza. Our hotel, the Moralus, is just adjoining. This hotel was built by one of Cortez' officers 393 years ago. As you enter, the patio with its tropical plants is very attractive. We are assigned rooms; the room I occupied was large enough to play a game of ball in. The tile in the floor was worn through from their long use. Look out of this door opening out on the street, and as you look over the tiled roofs with the purple mogambelias hanging far over the tops, you cannot help but exclaim, beautiful Cuernavaca! This city has 16,000 inhabitants. It was the summer home of Cortez and Maximilian. Dinner is ready; the dining-room, with its mission furniture, is very attractive. Be seated; put a quarter at your side for the waiter; while waiting try some of this fruit piled on the stand in the center of the table; take some of this green pear-shaped fruit; the pulp is about one-third of an inch thick, the rest pit; chop it up, cover it well with olive oil, pour on vinegar, put on sugar, taste it; would not a pumpkin be as tasty? We eat the dressing and leave the so-called fruit. You break the shell; it is all large seeds; it tastes like a

medicated May-apple. I have ordered iced tea and take a large lemon, squeeze the juice into it; my tea is spoiled, it is a sweet lemon. I might continue this most indefinitely as they have a great variety of so-called fruit; but I would not trade our apples for them all. Our dinner is over; it has been disappointing from the first appearance.

The market is across the street, let us visit it. In every city we find them about after the same plan. We step in, follow round the butcher stalls, look at the meat. Do you like lean meat? I saw nothing else in any market I visited. Take a trip round farther, where they are serving lunch, beans in a soupy state; but tortillas and baked squash were the substantials. Let us go farther in where the peasants have brought in their truck to sell. Here is one with a hen hitched to a chair, two eggs are in another place, little piles on the ground, beans, radish pods, yellow tomatoes, very nearly, blue husk tomatoes, very good; potatoes not much larger than marbles, about a quart in a pile. A vendor is picking the life out of a child's head, this is a pastime in all public places. She does not stop to notice us. We pass along; look at the sugar in cakes that look as though molded in a plant-starting pot that had the earth thick in it. We saw no sugar even as white as that we have eaten in Louisiana, called their open kettle. Look at these dried short ribs; do they not look like a dog's bone, they are as dry as a stock fish. Dried in the open air without salt, but look close, they have a crop of life on the outside.

Let us leave the market and take a walk up to Cortez' palace, built 400 years ago. We enter the yard filled with tropical verdure, pass through the large rooms. (It is now used for a state house for this state.) We go on the roof and look down in this court. Who are all those rough-looking fellows at work. Convicts? Yes. Look down the valley, there is Cortez' sugar plantation, still producing sugar. A little to the right is the bungalow of Maximilian. Let us go out yonder to where that sign is seen at the other end of the street. The sign "Jardin de la Borda" is named for a rich

miner of that name. We pay twenty-five cents and enter. What a scene of beauty must have once been presented. It is still beautiful. Here this wealthy miner invested \$1,500,000. Everything tropical was cultivated; beautiful lakes, walks, and everything to attract. Take a trip over to the wonderful lizard and stop where they are making pottery, Cuernavaca is noted for its pottery. Here they are pounding the clay with a maul, here is a girl kneeding it, there is a man whirling and shaping it and another finishing, while still another is inlaying with broken china. They told me they used all the broken china that could be had in Mexico. We purchase what we can carry in a large basket, have it well packed and carry it home. We are back at the park. Women are at the fountain getting water. They fill their large jars that hold at least two pails, lift them to their heads and you see them walk off with their hands at their sides, carrying them as though they were only bonnets. All the luggage in Mexico is carried on the head. I might write chapters on Cuernavaca, but space will not permit.

We have become acquainted with some excursionists from St. Louis and they want us to visit the wonderful ruins at Mitla, about 400 miles south of Mexico City. We decide to go, leaving the rest of our company. Mrs. Baker and the writer return to Mexico City, expecting the following day to go to Mitla. We are notified the following morning that one of the ladies of the St. Louis party has had a sinking spell from the altitude, and they will return home that day. We decide to defer the trip until another company is formed.

As we go to breakfast down San Francisco street, soldiers are stationed about ten feet apart on each side of the street for about half a mile, and squads are riding up the street. Soon a carriage moves by about ten feet from the writer. It is the president, and we get a good view of him. A heavy man quite stooped, more than 70 years old, and shows his Indian or Mexican origin. His sharp eye shows he is not asleep.

We meet an acquaintance from St. Joe, Mo. He wants our company to Vera Cruz. We are ready. We get our transpor-

tation, and the following morning at six we are at the Mexican railway station. This is the first railroad built in Mexico, and was over thirty years in building. It is 263 miles from the city of Mexico to Vera Cruz. When the charter was granted to an English company, they insisted that they build as fast from the city as from the gulf end, as they feared a foreign enemy and must meet them half way to the coast. Imagine the labor of transporting all rails and ties 263 miles over these mountains, but they did it. The ties are all covered with a case of iron about one-fourth of an inch thick, reaching into the ground to protect them from the insects. The engines are built with two stacks and boilers, one ahead and one in the rear, the engineer standing between them. This is done to get power to make the heavy grades, many of them being ten per cent. We have three cars: first, second, and third class. Few ride first class, there are not half a dozen. The Mexican rides third class, and that car is always so full I do not see how the conductor collects the fares.

We pass out along the great drainage ditch, of which notice should be taken, along a level country not thoroughly drained yet. We are out twenty-seven miles, still the level country extends, though we are approaching the heights. What is this we see to the right; it is the pyramid of the sun and moon. That of the sun is 760 feet at the base and 220 feet high, the other of the moon is not so large; a giant causeway connects the two. They have tunneled into the sun and found as in Egypt only the remains of two persons. We move on; we are on the plains of Apam. Here the Magua or Century plant may be seen cultivated as extensively as corn is in Iowa. For miles we see nothing else cultivated. The rows are set about ten feet apart, the plant grows about seven feet high. At from eight to twelve years it is ready to blossom. When the blossom starts it is dug out and a cavity made in the top of the plant that will hold about two quarts; into this the sap percolates. This sap is called pulque, and from it most of the intoxicants are made. When fermented it produces a most beastly drunk

or intoxication. In gathering, the native has a gourd with two stems. He puts one stem in the plant and sucks through the other. Over a mule he has a number of hog skins, skinned to the hoof, and sown up tight, mouth and all but the nose. Into this he pours the pulque. As soon as full they are hustled to market. Extra trains entirely loaded with pulque are run each day. The plant dies after about three months and from the fiber in the leaves is made a cloth and many articles. At Apam we are told to take a drink of pulque, as there is none better than there. We open our cup, pay two cents, our cup is filled, drink about one-fourth of a cup, take the cup from my lips and the nasty slime strings the full length of my arm. In taste it resembles soured buttermilk. O ye gods! Where does the Mexican get his taste? I throw out the slime. Did I get the typhoid from that drink?

Our next stop is at Apizaco. Here are made all the canes for Mexico. It is said all the coffee plantations have been despoiled for cane timber. I secure a bundle of nine and we move on for Esphranza, our dinner station. Here we have a letter of introduction to a Mr. Bassett, the Methodist presiding elder for southern Mexico. He is to take the train here, and will travel as far as Orisabo with us. He tells us that he is from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and has been in Mexico for ten years. He could give us much information. For the benefit of those who might be inclined to invest in southern Mexican ventures, I give some information given by him. He had been requested by some northern investors to look up these companies. He said, out of all the stock companies in southern Mexico operated by northern capital, he found but two that were doing anything to make expenses, and only one that was paying dividends from their plantations; where others were paying dividends it was from stock sales. Millions of American capital have been taken from the American people in stock alone.

At Orisabo are situated the largest cotton mills in Mexico. This city has sixty thousand people. We have a letter of intro-

duction to Mr. Jeffries, an English gentleman who is superintendent of the mills; at the station before we arrive at Orisabo he and his wife get on the train and we are made acquainted by our missionary friend. They have had a strike in the mill, terminating in an insurrection. Two hundred natives have been shot. Our missionary has a native preacher whom they have placed in confinement, and for sixteen days no word can be had of him. Our missionary labored two days while there to find if he were alive, and if so, what charges were preferred against him, but the judge would not see him. The city is under martial law. The next day is Sunday. Jeffries and wife invite us to their home. We go to the La France hotel, it is said to be the best hotel in Mexico. The rooms were scrupulously neat, and here I will describe what is called high living in this country. Breakfast is served at twelve to one. If you desire an early lunch, small tables are set around the patio, and coffee and French rolls are served. The coffee is the same as is made all through the country, one cup strong enough to make twenty. The waiter comes with two pots with side delivery, one with coffee, the other with hot milk. He says "coffee coffee conleche," meaning with milk. If you stop him at a half and have con leche, you have bitter milk. I could not get them to fill it with water. The rolls are so hard that our traveling companion, after soaking in coffee, had a broken tooth to remember them by.

Our breakfast is not much improvement on the lunch before described, only it has lots of meat. A description of dinner, which is served at seven, will suffice for both. Our first course is ox tail soup, next calf brains with a dirty slime over them. Each course has some (to me) disgusting dressing. The next course is fried kidneys; this is followed by hot tomares, then fried chicken, but it is not warmed through the skin, we can't eat it. This is followed by some unnamed meat; six changes of plates, and we have had nothing. Not much else is served. I soak a French roll and call the meal off. I did not see any bread in Mexico. We are invited to Jeffries, the manager of

the cotton mills. We spend the afternoon with them. We take a trip through his flower garden; the roses are beautiful, but what are those pesky ants doing? A string of moving leaves; there will not be a leaf left by Monday. He keeps two men constantly at work in this garden, but Sunday is a holiday and the vermin are getting in their work. Our Iowa frost would work wonders on much of the vermin. Let us be thankful we live in a country of frost, and not in one where the vermin will eat even the railroad ties. The machinery in these mills looks twenty years behind that used in our mills. It is all English make. The mill has a private street car line to the city. The mules are harnessed and we go down to church. As we ride I notice two large revolvers hanging to Mr. Jeffries' waist. When we get near the church he tells me there will be few at church, as the natives have threatened to dynamite it. (By the way, the cry with the native here is to exterminate the foreigner.) There are only eleven at church. Mr. Jeffries seats himself facing the door. I remember little of Mr. Bassett's sermon. We go up to the park, it is a moving mass in promenade. What is this tent on the other side? I elbow my way through; in the tent are seated perhaps three thousand people. Men with boxes are passing them through the audience. They hand the solicitor some money, take hold of a string, a number is pulled up, it is registered on the box, and soon all numbers are sold. Duplicates are placed in a shot-bag. A man gets up on a platform, shakes the bag, reaches in, takes a number, shouts the number and prize. He keeps this up until all the prizes are drawn and then the same thing is repeated. This continues all night. These lotteries are recognized by the government, and they draw a large revenue from them. In the city of Mexico you cannot walk a block without meeting a persistent peddler of tickets.

We return to the hotel. On the way we wonder at the fine decorations in this patio. It is a wreath of roses. They are soon to commence dancing. I heard their music until morning. The following morning we are to go to Vera Cruz. Mrs.

Baker is not feeling well, and decides to stay at the hotel and meet me on my return that evening. It is about one hundred miles to Vera Cruz. We are soon going down steep grades; what wonderful scenery! Far below us is the beautiful city of Cordoba. Is it possible that this train can get down there? We are fast descending, everything is looking more tropical. What fine coffee plantations, filled with red berries. The cocoa for the first time appears in its full height; we are at Cordoba and for the first time are really in a tropical country. Though we have traveled eight hundred miles south since crossing the tropic of cancer the elevation has not allowed real tropical conditions. We pass from the cement to the thatched hut. This hut is built with the floor at least six feet from the ground to avoid the miasma. The roof is covered deep with sugar cane stalks. We are soon in Vera Cruz. This town has thirty thousand people and is the chief port of Mexico. Its buildings are well constructed and much improvement is being made in its streets and street car service. The city is five feet above high tide. We take a trip along its cocoa palm streets and we are at the harbor which is finely improved and will hold an immense amount of shipping. We counted sixty-two ships in the harbor. My traveling companion is a wholesale merchant and desires to visit the panama hat factories. We visit one, where they had hats costing from one to twenty-seven dollars Mexican. These were the American style. The hat that sells to our board of trade man at one hundred dollars, is sold here for twenty-seven. For eight dollars Mexican you can buy the twenty-five dollar hat. There must be a high duty or a great profit somewhere. I did not buy one, the fungi sticks too many seasons. We get a very good supper for Mexico and get into a Pullman. As we enter, the name (the Vinton) makes us feel near home. We get out about fifty miles when the conductor comes in and tells me the train will run in two sections from Cordoba, and that my car will be on the back section. I go forward, knowing that my wife will get on that train, and I am not anxious to lose her. She is at the train. We wait

an hour, our car arrives, and in the morning we are in Mexico City. It is the national independence day. Everything is closed; soldiers and civilians are parading the streets, but no cannonading is heard, neither did we see a fire cracker. The government post office is opened for inspection. The postmaster at New York says it is the finest in the world. Its fine bronze interior is very attractive. Adjoining this building is the National theater, which is to rank with the post office. Its immense steel beams convince one that it is to be all they say of it.

Not feeling well, I decide to start for home. Notify my daughter at Cuernavaca that we leave that evening; engage our berths, and we move homeward, arriving in Decorah in six days.

A Trip to the Mediterranean

OF THE many (to me) interesting scenes abroad on my late trip I had to stop and consider, as I felt that others now are taking in these same scenes and to do a tour of this kind justice, requires a book on each country traveled and a ready pen to describe intelligently. In the articles that will be furnished, I will try not to tire with detail, but only give a passing glance at Madeira, Spain, Algiers, Greece, Turkey, Palestine as far as the land of Moab, Egypt, up the Nile to Assuan, a trip to Naples, Pompeii and Rome, Nice and Monte Carlo, with a description of the gambling there as experienced by the writer, Milan, Luzern, Switzerland, Paris, and London.

The writer with eight hundred and forty-one others steamed away from the Holland-American dock at Hoboken, New Jersey, on the steamship Rotterdam, on the morning of February 2d. It was with pleasant anticipation that we entered our stateroom in the bowels of this great leviathan of the deep, the sixth largest ship afloat, a ten-story floating palace which was to be our adopted home for seventy days.

Nothing of particular interest took place on the seven-day journey to Madeira, lectures were furnished in the evening, and shuffleboard and other games were indulged in during the day and the time passed swiftly.

The writer was up and on deck early on the morning of the ninth, as our scedule time was up that morning, to see our first land. We had not on this seven-day trip seen other than one Italian ship, not even a floating reed. This morning land was to be seen, and soon we were steaming into the harbor of Funchall, the principal city, and in fact the only place worth mentioning on this volcanic upheaval.

Madeira lies almost directly east of northern Florida and is off the African coast about 500 miles; the ocean currents carry to it a desirable winter climate and many take advantage of climatic conditions here in the winter season.

As we approached Funchall, large numbers of small boats come out to meet us; as they approach we are informed they are divers, who, like those of our own Catilena Islands, are on hand to beg and dive for the silver that their more fortunate brothers may desire to relieve their pockets. They will only dive for silver, and it is said that at this point has been thrown over copper cents sufficient to make the foundation for one of the world's greatest copper mines.

Our boat at eight is brought to anchor, the stairway is dropped down its sides, and the Portuguese official (this island being owned by Portugal) boards our ship; our papers are all right and soon lighters are coming out to carry us to the landing. (I wish to say here that our ship drawing so much water, thirty-seven feet, that but once on our cruise were we able to dock, but anchored usually a mile from the dock.)

Soon the American hog is in evidence, crowding and respecting no other rights than what he imagines his. As the writer stood on the upper deck and witnessed this entire disregard for others, he blushed for his countrymen. Why this rush; are we not all finally to land?

Soon sufficient boats are present, and we are landed at Funchall. Here a great reception was in store. No sooner than landed we are surrounded with a mob of beggars. As we crowd our way past them we wonder why all this poverty. Soon we are at the center of traffic. There are no horses on the island of Madeira, the ox being used for nearly all heavy transport, and the long sled both winter and summer. These sleds have a canopy top and seat four persons and are seen on all sides. The streets are paved with small stones, about half the size of an egg, placed in rosette shape and in varied colors and very pretty, and over these pavements the oxen haul their burden. A driver and footman are with each yoke,

and to make the sled slip a greased rag is carried which is dropped under the runner by the driver and picked up by the footman, greasing the tire and relieving the friction on the stone. One would be surprised to see how well these sleds serve their purpose as they use them.

A number of automobiles have come to the island, and as we looked about, our first to view was a Mitchell and the second an Overland. We preferred an auto to the ox cart of our childhood, so took our first ride by the more modern conveyance.

A cog railroad of four miles takes you up to the top of the mountain, where a fine view of the harbor may be had; a fair hotel will furnish you a lunch and, should you desire, the ever present ox sled will be detached from its propeller, and with a push from the driver you will seem to sail down the mountain. This novel experience is indulged in by many of our excursionists.

Finally the writer took a five-mile tramp through the narrow streets. Our first visit to the beautiful hostelry, Reeds Palace hotel. Here we found a homelike place not surpassed by any of those in our home resorts. Its beautiful tropical patio and surrounding park attracted my admiration, and the writer felt it would be a pleasant place to spend the winter.

As we wandered through the winding streets, we took the liberty of intruding into many beautiful patios and parks. We passed through their well-kept grave yards, and it was a pleasure to see the respect they showed their dead. We have seen in no yard of our country, in so small a city, better kept grounds. We wandered into their shops; in no shop that we entered did we fail to see the ever-present Madeira wine; it is their greatest article of export and used by all the islanders. The writer tested some, said to be twenty years old, and it did not appeal to me; our California wine is far superior.

The grape season was over and in many vineyards squash and other vegetables were planted, and hanging high in the trellis were the ripening squash. Irrigation is used here and

wherever water can be supplied, tropical fruit and sugar cane especially are grown, but little of the mountain has either water or soil and only small oases are cultivated. We purchased a bundle of beautiful mogandbelia which winds its way over walls and buildings, and are satisfied we have not found that better land than our own.

Our ship is to sail at six. We stand on deck and awaiting its departure, witness the beggars, divers, peddlers, and over all its poverty we wonder if the average American could see this if he would not more fully appreciate that country that should only contain the happiest of homes.

Two nights and one day and we will be where more of interest will be met with.

Visit to Spain

IN the morning of Wednesday, February 11, we are up early and can notice from the motion of our ship are near harbor. A prettier sight than the white walls of Cadiz, Spain, seldom meets the eye. The morning is beautiful and all are ready for a trip through Spain. We anchor out over a mile from the dock, and in many small lighters are soon conveyed to the wharf where some two hundred teams are awaiting to transport us over the city.

Cadiz is an ancient city; was founded by the Phoenecians about twelve hundred years before Christ, and during the many raids made by the Spanish on the newly discovered America, was the seat of their excursions. It is still an important city of about seventy thousand.

We are first driven to its two cathedrals; we find them large, cold appearing buildings, and as we enter, a chill goes over us. To one that had not before visited many of these dungeon-like places, without heat, it might be considered as important, we were not much impressed. We were shown one piece of jewels that is said to be worth more than one million dollars. We pass out into the sunshine, and with beggars on every side, we wonder if the money placed in these dungeons could not be better used in supporting their paupers. On every side we hear the cry of *Baksesh* and it seems to be the national hymn of the Mediterranean countries.

We drive around the city, see its ancient walls, its forts, hospitals, and business places, and are driven to the awaiting train to be taken to Seville, about one hundred miles north.

Our train consists of about twenty cars of seating capacity of about twenty persons each; they are divided into small com-

partments with side doors, and one enters his apartment direct from the side of the car. The cars have only four wheels and are altogether a shiftless truck. Soon a boy goes by ringing a bell and we get to our seat, but the train does not move; we alight and soon a boy passes the length of the train blowing a horn, and again we get to our seats; we hear the conductor crying something, and feel sure we are about to move, but no, again we wait, but finally the station agent pulls a bell over the door to the depot and we start.

There is bell on the engine, runboards follow the length of the train and the conductor from these directs the train. Our little engine groans, we move on through the salt marshes, on either side are piles of salt heaped in pyramids. This is the chief industry for some miles out, when we rise higher up and out into a very fine farming country.

Over one-half of southern Spain is set to olives and we soon are in these groves. The groves are all cultivated and the country looked fine as one sees the many large tiled roof cement homes.

We are at once surprised to see their crude method of farming. A cow and an ass are usually hitched together, the old crooked stick plow stirs the soil. This plow cuts a scratch about five inches wide, it has a tongue reaching to the yoke from which it is drawn, the yoke is about eight feet long, and as one looks on this crude rig he asks where these people have been for the last thousand years. Goats are seen everywhere; they seem perfectly at home in the farmer's house and are the most numerous of all animal life. Their cattle are small and look like an entirely different specie than ours.

A five-hour ride and we are in Seville. Seville, an ancient walled city, has made much history. For many generations it was the seat of government for Spain and still is the winter home of the king. It has about one hundred and fifty thousand people; excepting a few ancient buildings, its appearance is not imposing, its streets are narrow and dirty, its people about one-third beggars; we do not wish to make this place our winter home.

We first visit the cathedral, the finest in Spain, its painted windows are of the finest in the world. Its tower is 350 feet high. Seville was the home of Murillo, the great painter, and much of his work is in this great cathedral. Its organ has 5400 pipes and altogether it is an imposing waste of effort.

We visited the Alkazar, the new home of the king, and for hundreds of years the home of royalty. The beautiful garden below this in which the queen and children were seen was an Eden of beauty. We visit many other places of ancient beauty and are driven to our hotel; our room, a cold, cement, damp place, would not be even appreciated by an inmate of our jail.

Our dinner, a nine-course meal, had nothing about it to create a desire to make it our home.

In the office are bills for a fandango, and we decide to see the Spanish dance, and as the hour is near, wind our way through the narrow streets, and after winding up some rambling stairs are in a dilapidated hall, we secure seats and soon most of our excursionists are with us, and the dancers appear.

He is an unnatural man that does not admire grace and feminine beauty, and in Spain nature has painted its maidens as in no other country we have seen. What complexion, no paint can improve it; those eyes, can you imagine more beautiful; what wealth of hair; surely nature has heaped her wealth on these Spanish girls.

Soon the hurdy-gurdy commences, and with other music the pace is set, with high combs in their hair and draped from this comb lace shawls, their hands in the air with castanets clanking in them, keeping time with the hurdy-gurdy and gliding step up and down the long hall, like butterflies they fairly flew; there was nothing improper or carrying with it the indecency of our own bear hug maudling. We left the dance hall with the sad thought that at 35 these same once beautiful girls will have the shadow of old age cast over them, and instead of beauty, premature old age.

At eight to-morrow we are to start for Grenada, ten hours

distant. At the hour we are at our apartment in our little car and soon moving through a fine farming country, as before spoken of, about half set to olives and all well cultivated with crude tools. As we ride by the stations and read Santa Fé, San Diego, San Francisco, and are pointed the Sierra Nevada mountains, we almost dream that we are on our west coast. It was from this section that went out those early missionaries that built those still remaining missions on our west coast and carried the olive and the vine there.

As we near Granada we come into the first rolling, stony country we have seen in Spain. We rise higher and higher and soon are in the modern city of Granada. As we ride through its streets to our hotel, we are impressed that here is an improving condition. The streets lighted with electroliers, new cut-stone buildings being erected, good pavements—this seems like a new Spain. We are driven to our hotel, the Alameda, and when shown to a fine steam-heated room with eiderdown puffs on our bed, feel we are in a place we could make home for a time. A fine ten-course dinner, served by pleasant waiters, a walk after through the fine shopping district, and we retire with the thought that to-morrow we are to see that wonderful Alhambra, of which in childhood we read.

Granada has a population of about 70,000. It was the seat of government of the Moors during the time that they maintained supremacy in southern Spain; the city built along the bank of the river Jenil, has a beautiful location.

On the morning of February 13, we drive first to the great cathedral, a splendid structure decorated with jasper and colored marble. The high dome, supported by 22 great pillars, contains the remains of Ferdinand and Isabella in the beautiful tomb, and we went down under and there saw the beautiful carved marble coffins of these dead. Here rests all that remains of the powerful rulers that drove the Moors out of Europe. We drive to a beautiful monastery where again is piled a wealth of labor and material. We passed into rooms where the great doors were made entirely of ebony and ivory,

put together so as to look of solid material; again we saw entire rooms finished in like material.

Our team is headed for the great Alhambra. This wonderful culmination of Moorish architecture is located 2700 feet above the valley and inclosed by high walls; our road serpentine around the mountain, up a grade by the only timber of size we saw in Spain. Finally, we are beneath the towering walls of the great palace; we are disappointed, and can hardly understand how these walls have stood so long, as they were built in the 12th and 13th centuries. The material used is brick, cobble-stone, and mortar, and is fast disintegrating; it shows none of the durability of the other ancient palaces we visited. As we enter the grounds, on the right we see the great palace erected by Charles V. We alight and are allowed entrance to the Alhambra; its architecture is different from anything we have before seen. There are two large courts, the court of the fish ponds and the court of the lions. Though one would not imagine this spouting fountain was intended to represent lions, the Mohammedan religion does not permit the making of any graven image, and these lions have been made so that one could hardly confound them with that beast.

The slender elegance of the columns, the draped canopy above the beautiful mosaic work, all are pleasing to the eye; all is frail and perishing and fast being replaced, so one is confused to find the original beautiful coloring, but surely where remaining it is a wonder.

Here is the room where Washington Irving lived and did his writing. In another Ferdinand and Isabella received Columbus after his discovery of our favored America. We pass out on a lookout, overlooking the beautiful valley far below us. To the right is the gypsy settlement now living on the site of what was once a city of 400,000 people; back of us is the modern city. One's eyes can feast on the scenes from here, but lest we tire our patient reader, will not further describe. The writer lacks language to do justice to this work, and leaves it to the readers' imagination.

We are driven to the Alhambra gardens, still beautiful, but showing they were once grand, see many other sights that we leave to the readers' imagination.

On the morning of the 14th, we again take our train. This time for Gibraltar, that famous rock—the greatest fortification in the world. It is a nine-hour ride from Granada to Gibraltar and most of the way a similar country as before described. As we near the sea we come into a scrub timber country; the trees, much like our prairie burr oak, these are the cork tree of commerce; the bark has been peeled down to the exogenous and far up into the limbs. The tree still lives, to at some future time again receive the same treatment. From the depleted state of these trees we were shown the cause of so many new inventions to retain liquids.

At 5 p.m. we are at Algecirus and soon are on a transport to the great rock. We look out into the harbor and there is at anchor our good ship Rotterdam ready to carry us to the many other interesting scenes. We are landed at Gibraltar and soon have a permit from the guard station to enter the tunneled mountain. This mountain is fairly rat-holed with passages for armament. You ascend through them at short distances and see great disappearing cannons pointing out through holes drilled so as to command the narrow strait. From every side you look out through these openings; no ship could pass through with warlike intent and stand the plunging fire from this location. These fortifications have cost \$175,000,000, and under the enlightened English government secure the peace of all Mediterranean countries. We dismiss our carriage as we get into the city and wind our way to the wharf and are soon on our good ship, ready for other scenes, this time to Algiers, Africa.

Visit to Athens

DOES our reader realize the size of the Mediterranean? The writer did not. As we travel over this great inland sea, the reader will notice the number of days we are moving to reach its limits.

Sunday morning, Feb. 15, we are on deck at seven. Far to the south we see the desert of Morocco, to the north the snow-capped Sierras in Spain. As the day advances we pass outside of the African side and though sighting many vessels see no islands, only distant Spain.

On the morning of Feb. 16, we find on going on deck that Algiers is in view. As we enter the harbor a very pretty picture could be made, as the front of the city is attractive, being almost entirely French and resembles Paris; but farther back you see for the first time the home of the dissolute freebooter, sons of Hagar, those terrors of both land and sea who, up to 1814, had known no restriction on their piracy, and received their first instruction in civilization from our own navy, after having for years defied and pillaged the vessels of all nations.

Here again we see the diver for money thrown over, and a squad of peddlers. Soon we are taken ashore and land among beggars and filthy people; we soon get carriages and are driving up the bay; our horses—small Arabians—lend little esteem for their kind, in fact I think our own proud horses would hardly degrade themselves by associating with this runt species. We are drawn through dirty streets, finally through what, if properly kept, would be a beautiful tropical park, but badly neglected. We ascend by degrees; our little horses not being sufficient for the load, we alight, and for perhaps a mile walk,

often helping by pushing; finally we are on the height above the city. The writer has never seen but one view more pleasant than we now are presented (that view was from Point Lomo, Cal.). I will not attempt to describe it here as I will not squander much space on this African city, only do describe as a city of about 100,000 people, the great trading point for all northern Africa, where the wandering Bedouin brings his scant products to trade for those things that enter into his life.

We stop at the governor's palace, look over the museum, drive down through the Bedouin quarter where one sees all the squalor of the filthy sons of Hagar. Here one sees them in their white covering, or rather what had once been white cotton, made like our night dresses; they lie in the dirt and all life is a passing pleasure to them from the way they seem to take to their filth.

We will not tire our reader farther with Algiers; there is nothing here except one looks for degradation; we make a few purchases to remember the place by and at 4 p. m. are again in motion, this time for Athens, the city with a history.

Three days will land us at Athens; we pass Mt. Aetna, Sicily, the 18th. On the morning of the 19th we are rounding Laconia, the southernmost point of Greece, pass by a point of ancient Corinth and steam into the gulf of Aegina, and anchor out in the harbor near Piræus. Athens is the largest city of Greece with about 120,000, and Piræus, the second city, with about 50,000. They are about five miles apart and have a fine four-track electric railroad between them, and cars operate every 15 minutes—very fine train service.

We are soon lightered ashore, and our teams awaiting we soon are driving towards the Acropolis, seen about three miles from us. We see no beggars. Say what you may of these Greeks, they are a high-minded people, and though living in one of the poorest countries we have seen are well dressed and we did not see any of those signs of poverty we had before witnessed. This mountain desert of Greece only has about thirteen inches of rain, and the soil is of the poorest. Had they favor-

able conditions with their ideas of progress they would be a very prosperous country.

We are driven through that territory that once was the city, now mostly in field except a few poor houses and ruins. Ahead of us the Acropolis stands out in bold relief. One is reminded of the many pictures that adorn our homes of this wonderful locality.

The Acropolis is an immense stone that rises perhaps two hundred feet above the general valley. On the side facing the harbor it has been walled up so as to build fully out to the edge of the rock. As we approach this side, we first come to the great theater of Bacchus; we enter and sit in some of the remaining marble chairs as our guide describes its once grandeur. It surely must have been very attractive in its time, as it was all polished marble as were all the grand buildings of Athens. We drive on about a quarter of a mile and here is the Odeon, another beautiful theater. Our reader can get a more perfect description of all these by a few hours reading in any encyclopedia, and space would not admit of fully describing.

We drive on a little farther, and winding up a steep grade we are at the landing-place for all that desire to climb to the top of the Acropolis. We travel up a long flight of stairs, the same stairs that 2,500 years ago ascended the proud Athenian to make laws of his then great and powerful country, not powerful in numbers, but in intellectual attainments. As we reach the top, before us stands the Parthenon. I say stands, this immense marble palace built by Pericles about 400 B. C., the place from which those great orations were delivered which are now used as text-books in our schools; this building has been the object of the destroyer and vandal for years. First, the hoards of the north swept down, tearing as much as could well be destroyed, then the Turk used it as a powder magazine, and whether through accident or otherwise, the powder was ignited and leveled its center to the ground, only leaving the ends to show its former grandeur. Lord Elgin, an Englishman, finding the beautiful Greek statuary being destroyed, gathered

together a great amount of the best specimens from all these Greek palaces, and they now are seen in the museum at London where we afterward saw them.

Lord Elgin has been much criticized for this act, but the writer thinks only patriotic motives prompted him and without this effort much would be ultimately lost.

To the right of the Parthenon stands the ruins of the Erechtheion, once a magnificent pile of marble, and almost all the top of this great rock carries the marble ruins built from 1500 B. C. up to the Christian era. Further over and beyond the Acropolis is the beautiful new stadium, where some of our American boys carried off the prizes during the Olympian games a few years since. This is the finest modern stadium now in existence. It seats 70,000 people: its entire architecture being white marble and in form could hardly be improved on.

Lying just beyond where we ascend to the Acropolis lies Mars hill, the place where Paul addressed the Athenians—a place familiar to all Bible students. The top of this rock has a space of perhaps an acre, and slopes off towards the modern city; the rock stands about half as high above the general level of the city as the Acropolis. This slope continues down to the modern city of Athens, a beautiful modern city with modern improvements going up on all sides. We drove through its many streets, saw the beautiful marble schools which are being patronized by many of our American students, saw the marble palace of the king, drove to its ancient graveyards, to describe which would require too much space, and after spending a day and a half here went away fully satisfied that here had lived a great people, and that their descendants would again be heard from.

At 12 o'clock, Feb. 21, we weigh anchor and are on our way to Constantinople. That afternoon and night following we are steaming through the archipelago, and on the following morning we pass the ancient site of Troy, pass into the Dardanelles. As we pass up to the intake of this great stream, we pass Gallipoli, the point where in all ancient wars the hoards of Asia

were wont to cross to battle with the Greeks and barbarians. We are reminded of that great army of Xerxes, the largest that history records, passing here never to return, but to be cut to pieces by the brave Macedonians. We pass through the sea of Marmora and up to the Bosphorus in front of Constantinople, arriving there at 5 o'clock, the 22nd of February.

Visit to Sultan's Palace in Turkey

THE Black Sea receives all the water from a vast area and all this is discharged through the Bosphorus into the Sea of Marmora. The Bosphorus is about half a mile wide and very deep and flows almost south. On the west side in Europe is Constantinople and across is Scutari in Asia. Extending back through Constantinople about five miles is a bay that is termed the Golden Horn. It is very deep and makes one of the best of harbors; on the south side of the Golden Horn is Stamboul and on the north are Galata and Pera. The entire location is one of the finest in the world, as the control of this narrow strait must have a great influence on all that country whose commerce passes through it.

Our ship, after taking on the Turkish officials, steams up this strait. We have, as we pass by the European side, explained to us many places of interest. We inquire about that beautiful new building that is fast nearing completion and are told it is the ladies' new school that is being erected as a partner in redeeming these people, as Robert College has the masculine gender. We are told that John D. Rockefeller had just given \$500,000.00 towards its endowment. We may kick Rockefeller, but money placed as he has this, will return a thousand-fold, and I ask no questions from whence it came. We pass Robert College, with the American flag at full mast above its lofty steeple and its students lustily cheering us as we pass. A large number of students had secured boats and steamed out to give us a closer greeting.

A little farther up we pass the harems of the Sultan—immense long buildings near the strait. Let me here explain what is bringing about the great change in Turkey. The women

of these harems are largely not Turks but white women, a large number of them the beautiful Circassian women from up around the Caspian sea, others from the white women of lower Europe. As the children of these women grow to manhood the influence of these white women get them into Robert College, and from these have come the young Turk as he is now spoken of. From this new ladies' college will come forth that character of woman that will emancipate the woman from her present degraded harem condition.

Just back from the Sultan's harem is his beautiful palace, surrounded by a park six miles long and about a mile wide; to the north is the summer home of the Shah of Persia.

Our ship turns around near the Black Sea and we take in the Asiatic side as we return. Here is the palace of the old Sultan where he has been confined with his harem since he was deposed years since. A guard is seen keeping watch that he may not go outside of the palace grounds; it would mean sure death to get outside these bounds, but to the average mortal it would be no punishment to be able to live within such a beautiful precinct. Just below is the summer home of the Khedive of Egypt. All along on the high bluffs are seen beautiful homes of the wealthy of all nations.

The one thing that impresses one is the amount of wooden buildings. Before in all the foreign places we have been the buildings are of cement or stone, but here more than half are of wood. This accounts for the terrible fires that have swept this city. This lumber comes from the immense forests up along the Danube in what was upper Turkey before the last war.

We anchor close by where the Bosphorus and Golden Horn connect. Quite early on Monday morning we take the team to drive through the interesting part of the city. First we visit the Mosque of St. Sophia. This great building, once a Christian church, but now a Mohammedan mosque, has many beautiful show places. Before one can enter a Mohammedan mosque he must either wear his own rubbers or put on slippers over his shoes so as not to desecrate these hallowed halls. No Chris-

tian dog enters in his shoes: he can go in stocking feet, which the writer did often where no slippers were to be had. We put on some large slippers over our shoes and shoved them over their beautiful rugs. These rugs are said to be of the finest in the world. There was fine glass in the windows, a high dome 180 feet above the floor with much interesting work, large number of priests were teaching from the Alcoran—that book the writer read when sixteen, much of it to his amusement and little to his instruction—putting on an air of the supernatural, while the ignorant mob fall on their knees and ask of them things that no mortal has been given power to grant.

We pass out, leaving our slippers, and paying our Bakshea, and as we emerge into God's sunlight, with only the canopy of heaven over us, we seem nearer that great Creator of all than in these dungeons built at the sacrifice of thousands of lives and leaving but little in their wake but poverty. We saw no key inside that opened another world to us.

We are driven to another mosque. This is the second largest, though to all appearance much larger, by name the Mosque of Ahmed the First. We donned our slippers again, saw the same damp, cold surroundings, with beautiful rugs filled with the fungi of past ages; we have seen sufficient of this.

We go to the museum, one of the great depositories of relics of past ages, these beautiful carvings in marble and granite where imagination and skill with tools has wrought beauty out of raw material.

Here we see the twenty-six beautiful sarcophagi found in the royal tombs of Sydon. A little farther the beautiful carved sarcophagus of Alexander the Great, a beautiful piece of marble with sculpture work on the outside that must have required the most painstaking care and the most trained mind.

One could ramble through this museum for weeks and gain information that to the average would be of great intellectual value.

We are driven to the bazars. In fact, the great effort in all these excursions seems to be mercenary, and as the owners of these bazars give a commission on all goods sold through the

efforts of the emissaries of excursion companies, they make special effort that one shall have an opportunity to visit these trading places. We are first shown through the rug department where are displayed all kinds of rugs at much higher prices than one can buy them in our home cities. One man in the party pays \$1,600.00 for a rug to give to his New York club. It might have been worth half that, but his money is easy. We tell our guide we must go where there is something of interest, that we have not come out on a trading excursion.

He is smoother than we and succeeds in getting away from us and we are unable to find either him or our company, so with one friend that was out for other purposes than being taken we walked three miles to the bridge across the Golden Horn, got a team to our ship, tired and disgusted.

In the afternoon, with two other gentlemen, we get a team, and after having fully had it explained through an interpreter where we desired to go and fully having him explain we did not wish to visit these same bazars, we were driven out into the city. First we were to visit the American embassy. We found a very fine old place with a fine location. From the back, looking out into a beautiful park and below, the Golden Horn. Our great surprise was that our Ambassador should not have a valet that spoke the language of our own country, but our cards finally brought the necessary information, and we again took to our carriage. Soon we could see that our driver was heading for these same bazars, and he would drive there, and there we sat while he used every effort to get us in, but failing after about two hours, finally drove us to Stair street, that street better known than any other in the Orient, and here we left him, to see the city without such commission hunting nuisances.

Stair street is a wonderful panorama of Turkish tradesmen, and one from here sees all that is Turkish. We traveled this street about two miles, seeing all from a wedding party to a funeral, and after watching men carrying burdens that we would not load a beast with, and being told that a man had been known

to carry twelve hundred pounds on his back, we were ready to return to our ship. All burdens are carried on the back in this country, and the deformed beasts of burden, as we must call them, are a sad sight to one of any sympathy for the downtrodden.

We have seen sufficient of this great city of over one million people, and we believe the time is close at hand when far better conditions will be theirs. The young Turk will surely be in the saddle and a great future awaits this city. We saw but three dogs, but a few years since this was called the city of dogs, poverty, and filth. I have seen much cleaner streets and have seen on this trip many much worse. All together they are not worse than most European cities.

The following morning we are just out of the Hellespont and passing by where once stood ancient Troy. Nothing but the excavating of late years marks this once great city. The location lies very low on a stream and is almost a marsh. We ride all that day and night, passing the island of Rhodes, and the morning of Feb. 26 we are passing the island of Cyprus, a barren-looking island about one hundred miles long and having a population of about 250,000. It was for this island that Greece fought so many times, and now it is held in joint protection by the three great powers and is neutral ground. We are nearing the coast of Lebanon and can see its barren hills; we pass ancient Sidon, Tyre, and steam into the bay of Acre. We land at Haifa, or rather anchor out from there, and those of our party that are to spend most of their time in Palestine, get off here to go to the ruins of Balback, then to Damascus, the oldest city of the world, and down to Tiberias and Nazareth, so long the home of Christ. We sail on by ancient Caesarea to Jaffa, where we anchor out about two miles in the surf. Soon numerous boats are seen coming out to land us through this, the most boisterous sea and unsafe landing almost to be found. After the great rush we get into a boat with eight strong Bedouins, and to their merry chant are rowed through the narrow passage among the rocks into the quiet little harbor and soon land at filthy Jaffa, once the home of Simon the Tanner.

Visit to Palestine

RIND reader, you will take a trip with us across Palestine, that country in which originated the religious belief of the most enlightened nations of to-day. Palestine, a small country of 12,000 square miles in extent (less than one-fourth the size of Iowa) has perhaps geographically become familiar to more people than any like-sized territory in the world.

We are in Jaffa, its principal seaport. The streets of this filthy city are so narrow that teams are not driven to the wharf, and we will lead you up its filthy alleys. With human filth on your feet, a sickening stench in your nose, and your mouth closed, lest the swarm of flies find a retreat there, you pass by its business houses, glance into this bakery of filth and flies—the flies the most inviting of the two. I cannot stop long with you here lest my stomach is relieved of its burden. Get close to the side—here comes a train of camels, and their burden fills the narrow street. We pass on. Here they are loading one of these ships of the desert, he squats on his haunches as they pile on his burden. After walking seven blocks we reach a street that carriages are driven on; we get a carriage and are soon at the depot of the railroad on which we will travel to Jerusalem.

We are of the last to arrive, two sections of our company are already on the way. Good fortune has favored us by getting in with a United States senator, and when you are with the elect with these parties, you are in a favored situation to absorb that information which is only freely given to one on these excursions, the common herd paying the bills.

Seating myself in a seat with the senator, we have facing us,

in two seats, to give us information. John D. Whiting, of the American colony. This gentleman is one of the managers of this party. (If the reader will get the March number of the *Geographic Magazine*, they will find it largely his contribution, and on this land.) We also had a native guide.

Our little train passes through the clay city out into the orange groves. These groves are different than the writer has seen before; the trees, planted nearly as thick as hills of corn and not standing as tall as our corn fields, are loaded with oranges of immense size and in quality are the finest grown. A little farther on we pass out into the open country. This is the plain of Sharon, the country of the Philistines. We travel over this country for about twenty miles before reaching that country which the Jew possessed. The soil of this country is a rich dark loam; it has a yearly average of rainfall of twenty-seven inches, and with proper cultivation would be a garden. Here we see the dirty Bedouin plowing with a cow, ass, or camel attached to the usual crooked stick, each farm seeming staked out with stone corners, and not containing more than half an acre.

Few trees are seen. The Turkish government places a tax on all fruit trees, and it is so large that most of the olive trees have been sacrificed, as they would not produce sufficient to pay the tax.

As we reach the foot-hills of the mountains we are told that we are at the edge of the country of the Jew, that they never possessed the country of the Philistines though always at war with them. Hezekiah is said to have subjugated them, but soon after they rebelled and at no time were they for any length of time under Jewish rule. We now pass into real Jewish possessions; our train stops at the little station Zorah; our guide points on a high hill above, there is the remains of an old house—it is the home of Sampson; it was from here he made his raids down among the Philistines below. A small Greek chapel has been erected to commemorate the place; our little train curves round the mountains and our guide points to the

cave of Samson, where he hid when pursued from his raids below. It was here he hid after his deceptive wife, Delilah, had shorn him of his locks in which lay his great strength.

We are passing up a very steep grade, on either side the mountains are terraced with stone walls, we see many places where to get a piece of land as large as a table top, that weeks of work in walling had been done, and then the dirt carried from distant wash to cover it. I cannot describe this miserable country to do it justice: there is hardly anything that one could call a soil, the rocks filling in every inch of space.

Our train whistles, we are at Jernsalem, that city of history. Soon a carriage is carrying us up the incline to our stopping-place. The right, as we ascend, is the tower of David, just beyond is the Mount of Zion, about a mile beyond is the Mount of Olives. We pass along the walls, to our left is the German colony with good homes. At the top of Mount Moriah is our hotel or stopping-place. About three hundred of our company are to stop at this place; the cooks have been brought from the ship to cook for us here. This is a large Monastery, built by an order of French monks that we were told were expelled from France. The name of the place is Notre Dame De France, a fine four-story building of cement, just outside the walls of the city.

The distinguishing mark of our brothers was shaving the top of the head. I found them pleasant, and soon after getting there went on the top of the roof where one that spoke good English described the surroundings.

It is just before sundown and we are facing the south. Down to the right and in front of us is the valley of the Hinnon; this drains into the Mediterranean; to the left of us is the valley of Jehosaphat, running into the valley of the Kedron and draining into the Dead Sea; directly south is the Pool of Siloam, just beside the Kedron; above this to the west is the Mount of Zion; to the east of this is the Mount of Olives; between us and the Mount of Olives is seen the great Mosque of Omar, built on the site of the temple of Solomon; above this

and nearly south of us is the church of the Holy Sepulchre; between these two a large Lutheran church, built by King William of Germany. This priest informed us that the king preached in this church when in Jerusalem. Far over on the height of ground to the east of us we see the summer home of King William. Here our informant told us the king's son spends his summers. It is an immense castle, occupying the most prominent location on the mountain beyond the valley of Jehosaphat.

Directly north our brother pointed out to us the American colony and a little to the east the Episcopal church, the grounds which King William gave to the church. This priest told me that King William had received from the Sultan presents of the finest locations in the city, that the Sultan had used special effort to get the good will of so strong a friend.

Soon I shall visit all these places and will give a short description. I might mention here that to the west we could see the Mediterranean, fifty miles distant; to the east, a little south, we could see the Dead Sea; and far above and beyond, seventy miles east from us we see Mount Nebo, the place from where Moses showed the Jews the promised land, and where he died. Above the Dead Sea we could see the Jordan, fifty miles east of us, away down there emptying into the Dead Sea, 1292 feet below sea level, the lowest depression in the earth's surface.

Friday morning, Feb. 27, we start early on a drive to the Jordan. Our little plug horses, three of them to a carriage, rope, tugs, and other equipment to match, we pass around the walls of the city, by the Mount of Olives, through Bethany, where we visit what is pointed out the home of Simon the leper, the home of Mary and Martha, then down two flights of stairs cut out of the solid rock, and crawling through a small hole chiseled in the rock, we are told that the opening before us is the grave of Lazarus. We have no authority to say this is the place where Lazarus was buried, but no doubt it was dug for a burial place. As we drive on down the steep road, we pass boys with slings spun of wool they have pulled from their

sheep's back, of which they are shepherds, and with these slings, while running beside our carriage, they throw stones with such precision as did David when on this same location he threw and killed Goliath. The road becomes more abrupt farther down, but a finer road could hardly be made in this difficult location. Over this road Christ traveled; on this road the Jews were led captive to Babylon. It is the one great road that has entered in the history of Palestine. Farther down we pass the spring of the Good Samaritan; just on a knoll above this was built by the crusaders a large church, now in ruins, a large portion of the stone was used in building the barns at the spring.

We are in the most barren desert, little rain ever falls here and no land is cultivated. As we drive on nearer, we pass a Greek chapel, where is marked the tomb of Moses; no other habitation is seen until we reach Jericho. The day is hot, the roads very dusty, and we are almost famished for moisture. We drive through the town and two miles up the valley to the old town of Jericho. In this little location they have a small amount of water for irrigation, and the finest oranges that ever have been eaten are grown in this small locality; here were ripe tomatoes and other garden truck that requires a hot sun.

The German Geographic Society has done a great deal of excavating here, and far down below the surface have unearthed the walls of ancient Jericho. Just above us on a sharp peak of the mountain is a small Greek monastery, or chapel. It was here that Christ was said to have been tempted of the devil. We return to our hotel at Jericho, get a dinner that would put on a streak of lean, and again we drive out of this little oasis into this great desert valley. In the forming of the earth here the outer coat was thin and the roof fell in, sinking deep down and left this indentation in the surface. Jericho is about 700 feet below sea level, and it is about 600 feet lower at the Jordan. We pass a number of camels hunting for something to fill their contracted stomachs; see two Greek chapels, erected to some superstition; no other sign of human exist-

ence is seen. Far over there across the Jordan can be seen the great desert of Moab, Mount Nebo its most conspicuous mark. History gives this as the place where some 200,000 Jews crossed into Palestine. As I ride down nearer the Jordan, that passage where this is spoken of as the land of milk and honey comes to me, and I feel I can recognize it as true. Here only a goat could live, and from it comes the milk of Palestine. Here in the desert sand blossom those lilies of the field of which Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one, and from these lilies came the milk and honey and nothing else. To gather these it would seem that the goat and bee would starve. We reach the Jordan, a small stream perhaps a little larger than our Oneota. I toss a stone across it. But it is deep, and as it falls 600 feet between here and Tiberias it has a swift current: it is as muddy as the Missouri. Many of our people filled bottles with it for baptismal use.

We drive to the Dead Sea just below, five miles. Rolling our trousers high we wade in as far as they will allow. What a grand place to bathe, but no bathing suit or dressing-room: the water is about 70 degrees, the bottom as smooth as hard sand can make it, the water as clear as crystal and so salty that one could float without effort. Some day they will have a car-line here (the French already have a franchise), and when they do here will be a winter resort.

We have seen the sea, and a drive of ten miles brings us back to our hotel at Jericho where we spend a miserable night in a stench, and only a short distance from the Mohammedan graveyard where the jackalls are digging out the remains and feasting and fighting over them.

We have seen this miserable country, there is nothing in Arizona more forsaken, and as we drove back to Jerusalem we wondered, when Abraham and Lot possessed this land, why they should have had any strife over so little value.

We started back at four in the morning to avoid the heat. As we pass out of the little town, the shepherds are turning their flocks out of the corral where they are all in common

guarded through the night from the hungry jackalls, who at all times are watching to carry off a kid or lamb. These black sheep and goats are so trained that each follow their shepherd as a dog follows his master, and it is a surprise and a pleasure to see these great numbers of herds all together separate and each follow his shepherd with only a call. At near noon we halt at the garden of Gethsemane, where the Catholic fathers have it cultivated in flowers, and the tomb of Christ kept from desecration. Just above on the valley of Jehosaphat is the tomb of David. We get our lunch, for this afternoon we are to drive to Bethlehem, some eight miles to the south of Jerusalem.

The road to Bethlehem leads down to the valley of the Hinnon, past Jacob's well; farther down we pass the tomb of Rachel, of which most all have seen a picture, which perfectly displays it, so one would recognize it without description. We pass into some filthy narrow streets, and we are at the point where Christ is said to have been born. We enter a chapel, and here we see one of those disgraceful conditions that exist in spite of all effort to have it otherwise. This chapel is divided in three parts: one for the Catholic, one for the Greek, and one for the Armenian church. Soldiers of the Turkish army are stationed to keep peace, but in spite of them, these Christian savants get into deadly combat over this sacred spot and kill and maim, and can only be kept from continual combat by these armed guards. This church is built over the place where Christ is said to have been born. We pass through rooms where religious fanaticism holds full sway, and finally are lead to that sacred spot to which so many make a pilgrimage. The place adopted as the stable in which Christ was born is in a grotto about twenty feet below ground. Here we are pointed out a marble manger in which Christ was born. Pilgrims from far north in Russia were kissing this; a little farther we are shown the place where He was first nursed; here was the cradle and lots of other things of modern origin.

It is our sixtieth birthday, and we feel we have seen sufficient to celebrate that anniversary. To-morrow we are to see the inner city.

Jerusalem and Vicinity

GETTING a private guide and team, we are first driven to the tombs of the kings. These tombs, just outside the wall on the north, are hewn in solid rock and are supposed to have at one time protected the remains of the kings of Judea; but they have long since been desecrated, and nothing but the bare rock-shelves remains to tell the story of these proud kings.

We drive around the wall, past the Damascus gate, across the valley of Jehosaphat, up the incline and stop and view from this the highest point in the city. Those walls, when they were built (only three hundred and seventy-five years ago) at the point where we stand, the Jews made their last stand against the Roman general Titus. Here he put to slaughter such a number that Josephus writes that the valley of Jehosaphat ran red with their blood, the walls were leveled, and thirty-thousand of the strongest men taken to Rome as prisoners, to build the colosseum there. We drive on a little farther and we are at the beautiful home of Emperor William. Then on and up a little and we are at the Mount of Olives. It would require a book to describe all, so I pass over with only the most important spot. Over this spot is built a Greek chapel. We enter. Before us they are kneeling, kissing, caressing a stone in which has been chiseled a footprint; this they describe as the stone on which Christ alighted after the resurrection. We pass out under a husk fruit tree from which we gather some leaves and fruit that resembles the pod of our locust (this is the food the prodigal son lived on). We now drive back over our road to the Damascus gate where we enter. First we go to the quarries of Solomon; these quarries are an immense cavern under the city;

the stone is a white, chalky stone, and it is said Solomon cut all his stone in this quarry that no hammer should be heard in the work of erecting his temple. All our masons brought to their respective lodge a gavel made from this stone. Next we walk to the wailing-place of the Jew. Here we saw them reading from the Talmud, and with tears streaming down their faces, mourning that they were not allowed to enter the holy of holies. This wall where they wail is the nearest point they are allowed by the Mohammedans to get where the arc of the covenant once stood; this wall is the old wall, once the outside of this most holy spot to them.

From here we follow the route where Christ is said to have carried the cross. Here we are shown the spot where He fell, and in putting out His hand to save Himself, made a hand mark on the stone wall. Farther on where He fell, the cross making a hole in the stone wall, and again you see them kissing it. It is this way until you reach Mount Zion.

At Mount Zion we see the same wailing and kissing we have witnessed at the Mount of Olives; space will not admit of description. We return through Zion's gate and up to our hotel.

My guide, an educated Arab, led me again inside the walls; this time through the Jaffa gate and directly through the dirty street to the Mosque of Omar. Outside this Mosque are spacious grounds all paved with very large flagstones. We are on the site of Solomon's great temple; beneath us are his stables, of which we will later describe. As we pass on to the door of the great Mosque, a retinue of boys rush at us with bag slippers to cover our desecrating leather shoes. As these boys fight to see who will get the bakshe, we look in. Before us is a very large open room; we enter, and are inside the Mosque built by Sultan Omar about 650 years after Christ on the site of Solomon's great temple. The original temple had been entirely destroyed; the only remnants left are a few columns that they have built in to preserve. The interior has a pleasing Moorish finish, its glass of mellow shades; but it is

not that which interests us most. In the center, surrounded by a protection, is that famous rock of which all Bible students have read. Here, standing a number of feet above the level is a rock—this was the threshing-floor of Oran the Jebusite, and at this place it was that Abraham brought his son Isaac, and was raising his hand to slay him as an offering to the Lord when his hand was stayed. On this rock was kept that sacred Arc of the Covenant. This spot was considered the most sacred spot of the Israelites. Our guide gets permission and we pass down a stair hewn in the rock and into a grotto hewn beneath this rock; here are related to us much of the Hebrew rites of the church; here the Israelites fell down and worshiped that Creator of all.

As we come out of here our eyes rest on those beautiful mosaic designs in the dome of the mosque. One is entranced with its beauty, but one must see with his own eyes to appreciate it. We saw none of the kissing stunts here. Before we entered we saw the Mohammedan washing his feet and hands, that he might enter before the Lord clean. Surely this is one tent of their religion that might be inserted to good advantage in other places of worship we visited.

We pass on to the great Mohammedan Mosque of El Aksa. This, one of the finest mosques ever built, is just adjoining the Mosque of Omar. In it we are pointed out a number of columns taken from Solomon's temple. On these originally were large figures carved, but the Mohammedan religion allows no graven image, and they have been chiseled to destroy any resemblance to any figure.

From here we cross the grounds of the Mosque of Omar, and entering a stairway, hewn in the rock, are in the stables of Solomon. These wonderful stables, hewn out of solid rock and covering over two acres, are a singular feature of Solomon's work. They are about twenty feet high; the pillars are of the original rock, not removed; in the corners of these pillars is drilled a hole for hitching. There are three thousand of these holes, indicating that there was housed here three thousand

horses. The stables are under the court and yards to the temple.

From here we go to the Pool of Bethesda and then on through the filthy street to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

I can describe to you this most curious city as I pass through these streets. The present walls are about two and a half miles in circumference. It has seven gates; one of these gates has been closed with masonry. This gate is called the Golden Gate, and the superstition of the Mohammedan makes him feel that if that gate is closed the city can never fall into other hands. The streets are narrow and filthy, many of them so narrow that one can nearly reach out and touch each side at the same time; in many places they are arched over, looking like a tunnel with an occasional opening to let in light. The houses are usually two stories above ground and about the same below, hewn in the rock. These rooms are filthy in the extreme. Pass through this market with me. Here on the bare dirt street lies a pile of bread adjoining a lot of figs in an old cloth, next a pile of candy; all these things literally covered with flies; up here are vegetables, at the front garlies and onions; in fact, these two have almost full sway; a few squash and you have seen it all. Here is the shepherd with his goats, leading them into each house, where after milking what is desired, goes on to the next customer. This is the way of furnishing milk all over southern Europe. We go to our next stopping-place, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. This is often spoken of as Catholic, by others as Greek, but it is a neutral church, built where it was supposed that Christ's chief event of his last hour was passed, though now this is denied by those that have made a thorough study of location. We enter. Under the dome stands the Holy Sepulchre, of oblong form, about ten by fifteen feet; in front of us are Greeks, Catholics, and Armenians on their knees, kissing that stone on which the remains of Christ were said to have lain when taken from the cross. To us it seems strange that this beautiful slab of white and pink marble should have been there at this time

to have received these remains. What made these elaborate preparations on so short notice? "O ye of little faith!"

Our education has been along different lines and we pass on with only a feeling of pity and sadness for these poor souls.

We have seen this great city and, though a place of only about 40,000, its interesting places will ever be before me. Lest we tire our patient reader we will leave Palestine at this point and you will next hear from us in ancient Egypt, the land of wonders.

A Visit to Egypt

WOULD you become more familiar with Egypt, that country with a history so ancient that one's vision seems to fade, as in the distance, in trying to grasp it.

Before you enter this country of mysteries, let us examine its history and surroundings. We are landing at Alexandria, that city founded by Alexander the Great, over three hundred years B. C. That city which for generations was the seat of learning for the world. Long since all this has disappeared, and as it passed away nothing remained to mark the site of this home of the Ptolemys and its ancient grandeur but one single stone, Pompey's pillar, a shaft perhaps eighty feet high.

A new city has grown up near the old and now numbers over 300,000. It is here we enter Egypt, the new Alexandria.

Ancient Egypt extended south to the first cataract, then called Syene, now Assouan. That portion of the Nile Valley reaching up to Memphis was called Lower Egypt and known as the land of the papyrus, this name coming from that coarse reed or plant that grew in the wet portion, and from which the first paper was made and on which much writing was recorded. All record or sculpture of Lower Egypt had the imprint of this plant, as did the crown of the Pharaohs, that of Lower Egypt being the Papyrus and that of Upper Egypt being the Lotus, and the two combined represented that they ruled both.

Upper Egypt, that country reaching from Memphis to Assouan, is known as the land of the lotus, the leaves of which were carved on all sculpture work in Upper Egypt.

The one great feature of Egypt is its river Nile. Without this river nothing more would be known of Egypt than of the Libbian desert.

The Nile makes Egypt, and it is the bed of this stream for three months of the year that produces the living for all these millions. In ancient times this river had many mouths, in fact, it was always in process of making new openings during its flood time. Now there are but two recognized outlets, these branch out near Cairo and divide its waters. A canal has been dredged through that carries the products to the ocean.

It is 1500 miles from where the last tributary, the Atbara, enters the Nile to where it empties into the Mediterranean, and in all this long distance not a drop of moisture falls to increase its size. At Berber, where the Atbara enters the Nile, it is about two miles wide, while at Cairo, before it divides, it is only a small insignificant stream that a boat drawing two feet of water cannot easily navigate. This is an instance of a river being the largest at the little end. We are told that not a drop of rain had fallen in Egypt for seven years, and at the time we steamed up this river it was said to be the lowest stage for over 100 years.

All along this river water is being lifted by hand to irrigate this valley, which is from one to fourteen miles wide. From this small valley is produced the support for all its millions, and the flood of this stream was worshiped as a god.

Central Africa is a country of great moisture. About the first of June their torrential rains commence and about a month later this water has reached upper Egypt. The Atbara comes down laden with a rich silt and, with the greater flow of the white and blue Nile, mixes its muddy water and covers the entire Nile valley with fertility, that as the water recedes leaves a valley fertilized as no other valley in the world is made rich. The water at its height is about forty feet above its lowest stage. All the valley except a few high points are under water. For this reason no homes are built in the valley, the people living only behind a wind break of palm leaves that is removed before the flood time. This flood lasts until about the first of October, when the people move back from the foothills, sow and plant the entire valley, practicing the most crude and la-

borious methods. The crops from this labor were being harvested in March when we were there.

Outside of this flood territory, on either side, is the Libyan Desert on one side and the Nubian on the other; not a living green thing appears on these vast sand plains. Out at the edge of these deserts, these ancient Egyptians built their pyramids and most of their great castles. These pyramids, built more than 4000 years since, were only to cover the remains of their builder. Each king, as soon as he came into power, enslaved such a number of his subjects as could be spared from producing a living for the whole, and so long as he lived, piled up these great stone pyramids. If he lived but a short time his pyramid was small; if he was long king his pyramid grew to great proportions. From the size of his pyramid could be calculated the length of his rule. It was the belief of these people that if their remains were destroyed that the spirit could not find a home, and to avoid this most awful situation they used every known means to prevent this destruction and to preserve and enshrine these remains to conform to their belief. After some hundreds of years, finding that in these massive crypts they were not safe from the vandal, they changed their mode of burial, and about 1500 years B. C. they began digging back into those solid ledges in the edge of the desert. Great passages were drilled in the solid rock, many of them a half mile in extent. Here on the walls were engraved their history, the remains deposited after embalming, the opening closed with a great stone, and the sand of the desert covered over the opening, this done so perfectly that one would never suggest or suspicion that great work that had been hewn out beneath. These rulers, perhaps more than any other that have existed, seemed to have a greater pride in leaving to the world a history of their achievements, and on all their temples are engraved a history of the life and chief events of their life, with a history of the building of the temple. Up to the time of finding the rosetta stone some hundred years since, all these inscriptions were shrouded in mystery, but the finding of this stone was the

key that unlocked the mysteries of these hieroglyphs, and now as we stand before these obelisks, pyramids, temples, and other monuments we have interpreted to us these ancient secrets; we feel to be looking away back beyond that veil that has seemed to separate us from the great past.

Come along with us; we are at the train, just pulling out of Alexandria. We are going up through this wonderful country. Our train is more modern than any we have ridden in before on the Orient. It has a fine dining car service, its compartments are clean, and officials who speak English accommodating and polite.

We ride up this valley laden with its bountiful crops; on all sides are hundreds of farm laborers, they are harvesting those great crops of alfalfa. The larger portion of the Nile valley is put into forage plants, and nearly everything fed to the millions of goats, sheep, asses, camels, and water buffalo. Here they are plowing with the same old crooked stick that was used in the time of the Pharaohs. Hitched to it to propel is a water buffalo and a camel or an ass; seldom two of the same species. This crude outfit scratches the rich earth first one way and then another; following the plow is an army of men with tools that look like a carpenters' adz, breaking the lumps. Hundreds of laborers are sitting on the ground with sickle in hand cutting the alfalfa and tying it into bundles, while others are loading it on the back of camels to be carried to Cairo or other markets where it is fed without curing.

We are following near the canal where large sail boats are loading with these products of the soil to be carried to Alexandria and farther.

The dry air makes one desire to drink. Shall we indulge in their filthy water? Not if we know it. We buy water that is bottled at Poland Springs, Maine. One cannot drink the native water, it is loaded with fever germs, and to taste of it means inviting fever. You ask what do the natives do? They have become immune to these germ diseases, and should you give them a pint of typhoid germs they would only thrive on it.

We land at Cairo, the largest city in Asia. This city of over 700,000 people is the commercial center of Egypt. Here one sees all the nationalities of the world. In this respect it is unique, but as a great city, it is crude and not attractive except in its odd people and manners.

A large portion of the city is built of stone from the pyramids, they having torn down entirely a number of these great piles of stone. Will you drive with us to these places of curiosity? Let us visit the great mosque of Sultan Hassan, an immense pile with its many minarets, its moorish finish; we will not describe, as you will tire if we describe all these temples. Outside we see the Mohammedan worshiper preparing to enter for worship. A fountain is always connected with these places and basins in which one can wash; here we see the dirty Mohammedan washing at the fountain before he can enter to worship. Surely their religion does one good work, it removes all dirt before they can worship at the throne of their lord Mahomet. We throw aside our slippers, and are driven to the tombs of the Marmalukes. These extensive tombs cover a great territory, and did not one see so much, would be of more than passing interest. We visit the Coptic church where we are shown the place where Christ with Joseph and Mary were secreted when they fled to Egypt. Then we are taken over to Rodah Island, where they point out the place where Moses was found by Pharaoh's daughter, floating in the rushes; the hole in the water where the arc was found floating, looked as though it was filled, though some of our party still saw signs of where it rested. We accepted it as the place, asked no questions, and went on inquiringly.

Friday, March 5, we drive to the pyramids of Gizeli. We are stopping at Shepherd's old hostelry and these pyramids are out about eight miles at the edge of the desert. There is a fine wagon road and a street car line, carrying one within half a mile of these great mysteries. As we ride out we pass many beautiful homes, owned by people from all over the world and in which they spend a few months of the healthiest season.

Here we see trains of camels with two baskets that hold about eight bushels, filled with sand. They are covering this rich soil with this sand to warm it so it will hasten the crop. Each year this is done. We reach the end of the drive, above and a little beyond looms up the great Cheops, the largest of the great pyramids, that pyramid that is so much used in advertising stability and permanency. We must confess we are disappointed in this great mass, not at its size, but at its crude workmanship. It is built of stone from quarries but a short distance from its location; the stone, a very good quality, does not slack as with us, and is enduring. The stone of like thickness are lain in layers, but not cut, and only chipped or broken, and in many places one can insert his hand between them. No mortar was used in laying up this pile. These piles are only remarkable in size. To those of our country who see terror in monopoly, here they could have their fears fully awakened. Surely they made a great effort to monopolize all the limestone. We presume, before the glazing of bitumen was worn off, it must have made an impressive sight as it glistened in the ever brilliant Egyptian sunshine. We attempted to climb to the top; but the miserable Bedouin would insist on lifting us, and as we have never felt ourselves dependent on anyone for support, we fought for freedom, and when we found it impossible to ascend this great pile without these miserable holdup men to guide us and lift us, we pulled away from them and did not make further attempt to reach the top.

Just beyond Cheops, perhaps half a mile, is the Sphynx; its being so ancient is its great feature of interest. From its foundation level it is about sixty feet high; it was a limestone ledge that reared itself above the general level, and with patching in a few lacking corners, made a form that was chiseled into this great image. Vandals have pounded its nose nearly flat, and it bears many scars of ill-usage. The drifting sand has a number of times nearly covered it, and it requires a great effort to keep it from being almost completely covered with drift sand.

Just below is one of the foundations of a pyramid that

have been entirely hauled away in building the city, only the granite foundation and tombs remain. These polished granite, brought from far up Assouan, show wonderful work. We went through the different burial chambers, all of Syene granite, floated from far south Assouan, and as we emerged we felt fully convinced that no marks were being left in our country that 4000 years hence will make so formidable an exhibit.

There are a number of these monuments still standing, and on one the top still retains the glazed covering as were all of them at one time covered.

As we return to the city, we pass over that great bridge on either end guarded by English lions, and as we pass these red-coated English soldiers, we are reminded that the country looks to England for its civilization, and we will see it like all other English dependencies showing the marks of civilization.

We go out to see those fanatical, whirling dervishes. These religious fanatics are seated around a circular room; the music, a humdrum conglomeration, starts. As the music gets in harmony, with fanatical impulse they slowly walk around the circle, then they go faster, turning as they go; finally they spin like a top, their dresses standing horizontal; they keep this up, this whirling, at a speed that would daze the average of humanity; faster and faster the music plays and faster they spin, until finally they sink in exhaustion, to again rise after a pause and go through the same performance.

We visit the great Bullock Museum, where are trainloads of relics of the great past, reaching away back in the early dawn. Here we look upon many mummies; here is all that remains of Seti the First, the father of Rameses the Second, the persecutor of the Jews, the great Pharaoh. This mummy was found a few years since over in those catacombs at Thebes; later we will have occasion, in writing of upper Egypt, to speak of this find. Here lies all that remains, so far as we know, of this man to whom the world bowed. In stature he was a man of over six feet, thin, rather a retreating forehead, bearing on the brutish cast, but showing great decision. In his time his word

was the law; now we can look upon him neither with reverence nor fear, his work is done, and that remaining only an object of curiosity. We only mention this one; we might go on indefinitely, describing the great exhibit of those that have passed out, leaving only a preserved skeleton for the curious to contemplate.

There is material that one could fill a book with at Cairo, but we are going up that great river to the confines of upper Egypt, and we leave Cairo and will try to describe this great valley or river bed.

A Trip up the Nile

THE Nile is so small at Cairo that most excursionists prefer to go by train to Luxor. We traveled by train that far; it is a fourteen-hour ride, about four hundred miles.

As one leaves Cairo he sees those great pyramids in the distance for about sixty miles, when he has passed out of the zone of pyramids, as the building of this kind of burial tomb was confined to the lower valley.

We are passing through a country of great interest to one that thirsts for information. As one looks out of his compartment the animal surrounding impresses one as a menagerie. Never before had the writer seen such a number of odd looking domestic animals in so confined a territory. Look out on this field, not more than five acres, how many hundred goats, sheep, asses, camels, and water buffalo; I would not attempt to estimate lest you think it an exaggeration. They are trained to not tread in the standing feed, but eat it clean, not a green thing left where they stand; it would not seem possible. But outside of the water buffalo, which they stake with a rope, the rest of the herd never tread out into the growing feed. The shepherd stands among them and they seem to follow his every command. What is this we see those women and children doing? Gathering that stubble and dropping from the herd. Here we see them with arms up to the elbow mixing this filthy mess and patting out and spreading in the sun to dry. This is their fuel; we have seen little else for fuel in all our Mediterranean journey. Imagine the flavor of that steak broiled over this perfumed fuel, how appetizing!

Barley seems to have the largest acreage of any crop, but

forage crops seem to cover large tracts and all is fed to the vast herds. Sometimes the valley is quite narrow and again it gets wider, and when we arrive at Luxor we are in the widest portion of the bed of the Nile at overflow season.

In coming up to Luxor we pass many interesting ancient scenes, but around Luxor and Thebes center the most interesting locations on the Nile. It was here that the Pharaohs builded so large that one can hardly believe what he sees.

Luxor is a mud Arab town of a few thousand. It has some good hotels, of which the winter palace is a beauty; its patio and beautiful grounds seems like an Eden in this desert surrounded river bed. Just in the town is the ruins of the temple of Luxor. As this once stood with its beautifully carved sandstone columns and granite statues it must have created awe in the hearts of those half civilized of that age. About seventy years B. C. terrible disturbances seem to have taken place in all Mediterranean countries, and these great temples were shaken to the foundation, and for all those years since the vandal has carried away and destroyed, so far as was in their power, their great beauty. But still as one looks on those beautifully carved lotus columns he is filled with amazement, and those statues of solid granite of Rameses the Third, standing over thirty feet high, so beautifully executed, one is impressed with what these people must have been. After these temples were shaken down the natives built their mud huts within the walls, and as they fell in they brought more mud from the river bed and again built, not removing the ruins of their former hut; and this was kept up for hundreds of years until these ruins were entirely buried. For the last fifty years excavating has been going on, a great number of men digging and removing this great accumulation, and now large portions have been entirely cleared. In many places this accumulation of earth had reached a depth of thirty feet. All of these ancient temples, of which I will describe, were built of sandstone floated down the river over one hundred miles, and the granite for all statues and obelisks was from Assouan.

We are going to Karnak this afternoon. It is about three miles out, and we are in search of a donkey. I wish to inform those that have not been in these foreign countries, that wherever you may ride there you have a footman who runs behind as you ride to care for your donkey. These men, many of them forty years old, will run all day at a speed that an American would not believe possible. These donkey boys were exhibiting their donkeys and desiring you to test them. I was told that Gingerbread was the strongest donkey there. His footman, Joseph, brought him around; he had a recommend from Roosevelt that he had ridden Gingerbread five days, also a recommend from Crocker of California, saying he had ridden him two days and that they were fully satisfied with Gingerbread and donkey boy Joseph.

Though not a rider, I was soon on Gingerbread, and at a splendid speed riding to Karnak, the great temple, my donkey boy keeping at my side and in very good English explaining all passing scenes.

The temple of Karnak, we are told by our lecturer, was commenced five thousand years since and was three thousand years in building, each ruler of Egypt adding a section to it. It covered, when shaken down at the time I have before described by the great earthquake, ten hundred and eighty acres. They now have about one hundred and eighty acres of this excavated. It had an avenue of one thousand ram's head Sphynxes carved out of sandstone facing on an avenue reaching to the great temple at Thebes, and an avenue of six hundred lion-headed Sphynxes reaching to Luxor. The Sphynx, reaching to Thebes, had ram's heads and lion's bodies, and any one of these would be a work to inspire one with wonder at their perfect chiseling and proportions. We are riding up through this avenue of lion Sphynx. The vandal and Mohammedan, who will not allow these graven images, has blasted off the heads and caused as complete destruction as possible; but still the Geographical Society is getting together a large number and resetting them in their former places. The foundation stone

for a large portion still stands in place. They are remounting them, fastening on the great heads to bodies not much injured, and a restored portion will give some impression of what this must have once been. At the time of the great earthquake, the river, which ran on the other side of the temple, changed its bed and cut through the avenue of ram's head sphynx, placing Thebes on the opposite side of the Nile and leaving Karnak separated from their other great religious temples.

As we approach the temple the pylon of the great temple of Kohns stands at the commencement of these sphynx avenues. This pylon stands over one hundred feet high, the immense blocks of sandstone, handsomely chiseled, make a monument of perfect symmetry; on all sides are chiseled hieroglyphs describing the great events of that age. This temple was dedicated to Horus and Aman Ra, Horus being represented by the sparrow hawk and Amon Ra being the god of the sun. At the top of the pylon, above the entrance, was carved the representation of Horus the hawk with the rays of the sun Amon Ra radiating from it. These rays were colored with the full solar spectrum, and though this coloring has been there for thousands of years it still retains a fresh bright tint.

As you enter the temple you see in many places Amon Ra's sun rays. I can occupy space to describe only the work of one, Pharaoh Rameses the Second. This Rameses, the persecutor of the Jews, built during his reign a section containing 136 columns, 66 feet high and twelve feet in diameter is the most impressive. As one enters this hypostile and contemplates those great stones resting on these columns, he cannot understand how such immense blocks, weighing thousands of tons, were placed in position. This portion is entirely excavated and much of the fallen work being again placed in its original position. A little farther back are the great obelisks, placed there by Thouthmes the First, the largest being the greatest obelisk ever put in position, stands ninety-eight feet high. It is of Syene granite from Assouan, and to have transported and erected must have been a great work. We are told that no

hoist at present could handle this great block; it is beautifully chiseled with hieroglyphs; originally the upper half was covered with hammered gold to represent upper Egypt. This has long been stripped off, but the granite shows how far it covered, as it has a different color. The inscriptions are plain and many were interpreted to us.

As we pass back through the work of Rameses. On a large base we see the Jews in slavery, large numbers carved in the base with ropes tied round their arms; across on another base we see the African in slavery with arms similarly tied behind the back. This verifies the Bible in its description of the Jews at the time they fled from Egypt. And a peculiar feature, while they have found the mummy of Rameses' father and his successor, his remains have not been found, which if not found, would corroborate the Bible history of his destruction in the Red Sea. Beautiful granite statues are seen on all sides. Of all the temples visited this impressed me as the greatest.

On our return to the hotel, donkey boy Joseph suggested that I hire a donkey from him and my son's donkey boy Solomon one for the next day's ride that we might see fully Thebes. This I arranged for and the following morning we were rowed over on the other side of the Nile to find our donkeys in waiting. As we rode up through the sandy bed of the stream, we see a great area of melons that by May will be ready for the harvest before the Nile inundates, which will be forty feet deep where they have them planted. We stop at many places, and finally reach the great funeral temple at the other end of the avenue of ram's head sphynx. Here at the death of royal personage they were carried under the protection of these sphynx. Here for days was gone through the last rites; during this service all the servants of the deceased were killed, embalmed and with their most prized valuables were placed in the stone-hewn tombs with them.

From this place we ride about five miles to the great desert burial place. No one would suspect that here were buried those that at one time had ruled the world. The location is in

the great desert — nothing but drifting sand with an occasional rock protruding. Here they have discovered those great hewn caverns where were buried these Pharaohs, and here we saw them as they were buried. I will describe only two of these tombs. We enter the tomb supposed to be the tomb of Seti the First. When this was found, showing his name inscribed on the inside, the natives felt that they would get great riches that were buried with him. They followed those great hewn-out halls, down flights of stairs, and finally came to a great hole chiseled in the rock, perhaps fifty feet deep. This was filled with stone, and the natives, entirely excavating it, found nothing in it. Foiled in their work, they sounded the walls, and digging through where a hollow sound echoed, they found great chambers beyond, with the inscription Seti the First, but though there were the shelves for the remains, nothing was found. This entire work had been done to lead the vandal astray: no one had been buried there, though the entrance had been thoroughly sealed and concealed with desert sand.

A few years since, an Arab vandal brought a gold necklace to Luxor and offered it for sale. It was apparent that this was the necklace of one of the wives of Seti the First, and after trying all other means to get information, put this Arab to torture and forced him to lead them where he had found this necklace. It was located over the mountain about three miles, and here, after digging far back, they found the remains of Seti the First, the one I had seen in the museum at Cairo.

We enter another. This one extended far back into the mountain: going down two long flights of stairs hewn in the stone, we saw the mummy lying in the sarcophagus as it was found. This was all that remained of that once powerful Pharaoh Amenophis the Third, the builder of the temple of Luxor, the son of Ammon, in whose memory he erected the colossi of Memnon, of which I will later mention.

This Amenophis was of the eighth dynasty. Near him on a great hewn-out shelf in the rock lay his servants as they had been placed, to be with him in the great hereafter. Surely these

servants must have felt great concern for the health of their lord, as they must follow him at once. These mummies were well preserved, and one could easily imagine how they looked in life.

Our donkey boy had told us that if we would walk up the cliff he would take us over the mountain, while the rest had to ride some eight miles to reach the same location, which with us would be only about two. We rode over the mountain; we are going to Queen Hattison's tomb. From the top of a cliff we look down some hundreds of feet on this tomb; from this location we are shown one of the grandest views we have ever seen. On all sides are temples; far down in the valley on the road we see those colossi of Memnon, before spoken of. These are two statues, 69 feet high. We pass these on the return. As we look out on this beautiful valley, the widest fertile spot in Egypt, we do not wonder such men as J. Pierpont Morgan had his winter home here. This we are shown. It is a beautiful spot, and the Pharaohs judged well in locating their great city here.

We ride to where the cliff becomes very steep, and Joseph leads Gingerbread and we walk to the foot of the mountain. As we approach Queen Hattison's tomb, we are accosted by one of those venders of curios. Pulling from his pocket the mummified arm and hand of what was once a human being, he insisted it was real, a fine curiosity to take home, then from an outer pocket he produced a foot, the wrappings off, then from an inside pocket he brought out a mummified owl. I said to Joseph, "Do they allow this kind of use to be made of these mummies?" "Yes," he said; "when the train first came in here we sold lots of them for fuel, it was cheaper than coal." It staggers one, the number of these mummies. They mummified the Ibis in great numbers; the monkey was sacred, and hundreds of live creatures, many of which were placed in great jars after preserving.

The tomb of Queen Hattison was once a wonder. I have already filled too much space, but this tomb, with its alabaster wainscoting and beautiful carving, was once a beauty spot.

Tomorrow we take the boat for Assouan, two days up stream on the boat Victoria.

Scenes in Egypt Food for Tourists

OUR little boat Victoria carries comfortably about one hundred people. Its crew is entirely Arabs and Abyssinians. As we are seated on upper deck with a temperature of about seventy and a mild breeze, one feels comfortable and is in a mood to observe intelligently the passing scenes.

About the only trees seen are the date palm, and to the Arab they furnish more than half his entire living, though perhaps less in this valley than elsewhere. To raise the date requires lots of water at its root and a hot dry air above. They commence bearing at about ten years from the graft and bear about thirty years, when they are tapped and from the sap a miserable intoxicant is fermented; soon after the tree dies.

To the horticulturist it was a matter of interest to see the process of producing this fruit. The male tree blossoms earlier than the female, and to have the blossom fertilized they cut the blossom-pods just before they open on the male tree and let the pollen dry, and when the female tree blossoms they climb up and blow this pollen on the blossom. In this way they get perfect fruit, while without it would only produce the naked seed. When we were riding up the stream we saw them as this process was being performed. A grown date tree produces from 150 to 300 pounds of fruit.

From our boat we observe the irrigation as employed in this valley. Two of these date posts are set in the earth and a cross bar placed on top; balancing on this is a lever with perhaps fifty pounds of dried clay on one end, supported there by coarse cloth; from the other end hangs a basket made of goat skin. This basket holds nearly a bushel; this is pulled down so

as to fill with water, the mud ball raises it, and it is emptied into a trough, perhaps twenty feet above, where it was dipped from to run on the next lift, where the same process is gone over until the water is raised to the general level, where it is distributed over the valley. I make mention of this as the living of this valley depends on the raising of this water, and at least one-third of all the population are doing the work. With only a breech clout for clothing, these people labor twelve hours a day, and never did I observe such incessant labor. The laborer of our country would not for one hour keep up that hurried motion. They receive fifteen cents a day, or in their money, three piasters.

Their food consists of dates and barley bread, and they are surely a muscular being; we see no corpulent stomachs here.

As we sit upon the deck looking down on the lower deck, we have the opportunity of seeing the Mohammedan worshiper at his religious rites.

A board, looking much like an ironing board, is brought on deck, stepping on one end of this board with his face towards Mecca, the worshiper throws his hands directly above his head and standing erect (these people have the poise of the American Indian), he falters for a moment, drops on his knees, touches his head to the board, arises, and again goes through this same movement seven times, when he gives place to another of these rough-looking deck hands. Five times a day this same religious rite is gone over; they show no diffidence at appearing before their foreign observers.

The writer took the liberty and had the pleasure of receiving from one of these natives something of his religious belief.

His description of Mecca impressed me much, and I will give a short description as I remember it. From where we are now it is perhaps three hundred miles across the desert to the Red Sea, and Mecca just across. Here he went and here he saw that holy of holies, the Kaaba, and in that singular old building he saw and kissed that great uncut ruby that had turned black by reason of the sins of the world; the kissing of

this stone, as it is termed, the black stone, he felt had freed him of his many inherited sins. He spoke of Mecca as being almost the birthplace of religious worship.

To the thinking man, how strange this religious fanaticism.

As we sit on this deck we ponder over what we have seen: All these temples, what were they built for, in every instance to impress with the religious belief of that age, each of these great piles of stone have been dedicated to the god of that age, and we think we trace the evolution intelligently of man and religion throughout our entire observation.

We will arrive at Edfou at about nine o'clock, and our director desires that we see the great temple there by moonlight that we may be journeying on. The temple of Edfou was built by the Ptolemais, from about three hundred to one hundred and fifty years before Christ, and is the best preserved of all ancient Egyptian temples. This temple, dedicated to Horus and Aman Ra, presents a beautiful and imposing impression. You enter through a door fifty feet high between two pylons thirty-seven feet wide and one hundred and fourteen feet high. The inner court is one hundred and sixty feet; beyond you pass into a most beautifully carved sandstone structure. Inside we saw the place of worship, a beautiful polished syene granite block of immense size. The writer paced a stone on the top of this building, being one of the coverings only, that was fifty feet long and nine wide and at least three thick, and this only a shingle.

The hieroglyphs describe much of interest, and the observer is impressed with the immoral conditions at that time, their chief thought running along these lines.

As we ride up the river the following morning, we pass the great sandstone quarries where all this great mass of material for building all these temples has been quarried, and from whence it was rafted to its place of use.

About noon of this second day, we are at Kommombo Temple. This great temple was another of the works of the Ptolemais, about two hundred years before Christ. I will not

describe this great temple, as you are already weary of so many of these. Great work is going on in repairing this great castle, and after spending a short time, we go on up this now very narrow valley with desert sand close on either side of the stream.

We reach Assouan at about four o'clock, and after anchoring and changing to a smaller boat, proceed through the narrow, dangerous channel. We are now passing through the Syene granite district, where all those great granite monuments have been quarried. Here we see great chiseled figures of ancient kings in the solid granite, some of them of immense size cut in the undisturbed granite. The difficulty of getting out those great obelisks is apparent when one sees the great cobblestone—the granite lies in cobble forms. About three miles above Assouan is the greatest dam ever constructed. We pass up long flights of stairs by the side of the immense locks; there are five of these locks; the top of the dam has two railroad tracks crossing it; in length it is nearly two miles, and costs \$45,000,000. This with four other dams nearly controls the flow of the stream. This dam sets the water back one hundred and forty miles. There are one hundred and eighty gates, and when the season for flooding the valley comes, these gates are opened and all this great flood let down on the parched valley. It is a more wonderful work than any of those ancient accomplishments, but we feel that they have greater mechanical aid than did these ancients with their crude machinery.

We cross this dam and take a boat to the temple of Philae. This great temple was built on a granite island in the river about three hundred years before Christ, and was dedicated to the god Iles, remaining a pagan temple until about six hundred years after Christ, when it was used as a coptic church. The building of the great dam has set back the water and now it is largely under water, except when all the gates of the dam are open, when it drains down to the foundation. After rowing around through these ruins, we are taken to an awaiting train about one mile from the ruins.

We are at the farthest distance we will be on this trip, and it is with feeling of pleasure we retrace our steps from this farthest point.

Assouan is a place of about twenty thousand beings. It has some beautiful winter hotels, and they receive quite a patronage from rich tourists who look for a dry climate for pulmonary troubles.

Arriving at our boat, we have the opportunity of observing the wild appearing natives of this country. We have become acquainted with a young French banker living here, and he spends the evening with us on the boat. He describes the terrible conditions prevailing here most of the year, the terrible heat that would blister one's hand in five minutes in the middle of the day. He says that no work is possible from nine until seven, that they close their banks during the day and open only morning and evening. Insect life is almost unbearable. We found it necessary to wear our veils, as there is a small fly that no persuasion will detract from you. We saw these flies on the natives like cattle flies, and with hundreds around their eyes and mouth, they would not even try to brush them off, seeming perfectly content to let them clean them up.

At the landing came great crowds of peddlers with their strange wares, and our party loaded their baggage with this curious work.

This work, largely made from the inner bark of the date palm, shows much ingenuity. The people doing this work are the natives of Abyssinia and are called Bicharins. They are the dirtiest people I have ever seen. Our informant said they never wash, and from the stench surrounding them I believe it true. They tattoo their entire body, making some fearful marks, wear great ivory rings in their ears and nose; they wear their hair in long curls, twisting in wool and greasing with goat's butter. We have seen nothing called human so foul. We bought some of their baskets, but felt them a menace for some days.

To the mind that thirsts for knowledge, Egypt presents a

great field, and the writer felt well paid for the many hardships endured in visiting these places of interest.

We will not further tire you with Egypt, but in our next will be on our good ship Rotterdam, bound for Italy, that country that for generations ruled all the world. We will try to describe those remains of that wonderful age.

Interesting Places of Naples

OUR ship Rotterdam is 68 hours in making the passage from Alexandria to Naples. We pass the island of Sicily, its ancient Syracuse, and farther up the coast we see the great Mount Etna, then we enter the straits of Messina, passing close to those towns on either side, Reggio, Messina, and other towns and cities that were so shaken and such destruction wrought by the quake a few years since. On the morning of March 17 we are steaming into the bay of Naples, a beautiful harbor, so landlocked as to be secure from storm. Here, the only landing on our cruise, we were landed at the quay.

We are in Italy, a country containing 110,000 square miles of surface, twice the size of Iowa as by comparison. Naples is its largest city, with about the same population as Cleveland, Ohio; but when one compares one of these cities on a par with our home cities, he only does so in population and not in architecture, the few show places only advertising them, and it is these we, the tourists, visit.

We had been informed that Naples was a city of beggars and filth. On landing we found, awaiting our coming, the finest teams that we have ever ridden after, such horses as would put our finest in the shade. As we ride, we see but few beggars, and the streets would compare in keeping with many of our cities. There was an army of fakers and venders of curios, ready and capable of taking in the easy money of the American; the writer has never encountered shrewder tradesmen.

We visit a beautiful aquarium—the finest that we have ever seen, the museum where are shown many curiosities from Pompeii; visit a number of churches and monasteries, the

church of San Francesco Di Paola being the most beautiful and one of the largest in Europe. The precious stones on the high altar and the columns of Egyptian stone attract the most notice. High on the hill above the city is the ruins of the great castle Saint Elmo.

Were one confining his trip to this city alone, he could write a book on its places of interest, but we are bound for that place of greatest interest, Rome, as we are to return to Naples. After spending six hours here we take the train for Rome, about five hours' run. Our train takes us into a beautiful country in the interior of Italy, and though we are riding sixty miles an hour, we get a passing glance at many attractive scenes. The country through which we are riding is of a valley character, mountains are in view in the distance, the soil, a rich black loam, must be productive, the homes mostly comfortable looking farm places. The soil was being cultivated mostly by gray colored cattle of much different form than our cattle. About half of this beautiful valley is planted to grapes. They set out the mulberry tree in rows, string wire, and along this wire train the grapes; the tops of the mulberry trees are kept well headed back so as not to shade the vines too much and still produce the tender leaves, to be picked for the silk worm, while the trunk sustains the vine.

As we near Rome the country becomes more rolling. We are for the last number of miles traveling parallel with the old Roman aqueduct, once an imposing water system, now in ruins. We arrive in the city in the evening and are driven to the hotel Minerva, very comfortable old place, owned by the church of Rome.

Rome is a city of 460,000 souls, about the size of Buffalo, N. Y. It is the third largest city of Italy, Naples and Milan only having a larger population. The city, outside of the church attractions and its ancient ruins, would not impress one, though its location is ideal and said to be healthy, except in the fall when fevers prevail as they do through much of Italy.

It is one of the most historic places in the world, as it was

once and for many years the ruling power of the world. At that time it is said to have had from two to five million people; it is situated sixteen miles up the Tiber from the Mediterranean, and was for many years the greatest commercial city in the world, its shipping coming up the Tiber to the city. Since the advent of the larger steamer this could only be accomplished by lighter, and other ports have taken away the shipping.

The present city has few manufacturies and is largely supported by the Roman Catholic church.

If in your imagination you will ride with us this morning, we will try to get a perfect view of this city, both ancient and as it now is found.

We will first drive to the Pincian Hill Gardens. From here we get a view of Rome on its seven hills within the walls and four outside, making eleven instead of seven as originally. This garden, which was a beautiful spot during the Roman Empire, still retains much of its beauty. Just back from where we view the city, among beautiful surroundings, is the fountain of Moses, its name from the beautiful sculpture of Moses, standing within the fountain.

Looking out on the city just below us is that beautiful obelisk *Parta Del Papolo* of Rameses the Second, taken from the Egyptians by Augustus at Heliopolis, formerly in the *Circo Massimo*, but moved to its present location in *Folk square*, the largest square in the city.

Looking farther on we see the Tiber, and just across the great Hall of Justice; a little farther on, the tower of St. Angelo; just by this is St. Angelo's bridge, a beautiful structure over the Tiber, erected by Adrian. We now view the grounds of the Vatican and St. Peter's. Far over to the left, outside the walls, we see the great church of St. Paul's. Farther to the left we view the beautiful new monument of Victor Emmanuel the Second; a little farther to the left the Forum of ancient Rome and farther to the left the great Appian Way.

Let us visit these places and get such information as is to be had by the traveler. First, this new Hall of Justice, it has

been in course of construction for twenty-seven years and still not entirely finished. By all odds it is the most imposing building of the kind the writer has ever inspected and still has the least space that can be used for holding courts or offices. It covers about ten acres, is all of carved stone and is a labyrinth of open courts and space open except roof, with massive statues and carvings. It seems only a work of art and not for the use which the name implies. We have no public buildings in America as imposing.

A little farther up the Tiber is St. Angelo's Tower. We now enter the territory embraced as the Vatican. I might here state that Rome has 368 churches, and every ninth person is connected with the church as priest or in other religious capacity. The Vatican contains 16,000 rooms, and a reliable encyclopedia describes it as covering more ground than the city of Turin, which city has 300,000 people. One must stretch his imagination to fully encompass such immense surroundings.

That the Pope does not go outside these surroundings does not confine him in any small space.

We pass around St. Peter's, close to the walls which show their great age, and from the outer walls one could not believe the beauty within. We drive a little farther and enter the Vatican. Here is a most wonderful building. We pass through great halls used as museums and places of show and finally reach that one most interesting place, the Sistine Chapel. It was here that Michael Angelo did his most wonderful painting. This work was commenced in 1508 and finished in two years. It is drawn from the scenes as described in the book of Genesis; later he painted that great fresco nearly seventy feet in height, the "Last Judgment." This beautiful picture is over the altar in the Sistine Chapel also. Our guide told us that after he was seventy years of age he lay on his back four years in finishing these beautiful frescos. There is nothing like it in the world in form of fresco, and one could stand dazed in admiration of it.

It is in this room that the Pope receives his crown and all

the cardinals are installed. The writer poorly appreciates the many art galleries we visit, but he could have spent hours in admiration of this great man's art. We passed through many other beautiful rooms, but this one had spoiled all others. We got a peep into the beautiful gardens where the Pope takes his walks. Later we had an invitation to be received by the Pope, but did not go.

We have spent a half-day in these beautiful halls, and to any going to Rome, do not miss these great works of Michael Angelo.

This afternoon we will visit St. Peter's, what we at that time thought the finest church in the world, but after seeing the one at Milan, changed our minds, the one at Milan having cost more than twice as much.

As one enters the piazza to St. Peter's, he is confronted with a beautiful view. In the center of the large piazza stands a large Egyptian obelisk. This is 82 feet high and was brought from Thebes by the ancient Romans. It was later found among the ruins of Nero's circus, and in 1586 it was moved to its present location. Six hundred men and 140 teams and 50 cranes were used in getting it to its present location.

Surrounding this beautiful piazza, the church being in the background, is that great monumental portico of 284 columns and pillars. This work was erected in the 15th century; it makes a grand impression. At the top of the church are beautiful statues of church history.

Entering the church, one is dazed with its splendor. Much of the design, in fact most all its greatest beauty, is the design of Angelo, that wonderful dreamer. It is said he would at no time accept any remuneration for his work, doing it all without price.

On the walls are beautiful tapestries. To describe the dome would require a more ready pen than I hold. Go and see, perhaps you can describe it. Just back from the main pulpit stands the bronze statue of St. Peter. This is the statue of which so much is written.

This church has cost up to the present time \$65,000,000. It is for those that enjoy building those kind of monuments a beautiful work.

We go out to the church of St. Paul's. This church is outside the walls, and said to be where St. Paul stopped. It is a beautiful church, but not to compare with St. Peter's. It has beautiful columns, six of alabaster, given by the Viceroy of Egypt; they are as fine as any I have seen. Had not one seen St. Peter's, this would be a show place.

We stop at many other beautiful churches. As we pass the church of St. Giovanni Lateran, we see the great obelisk that was brought from Egypt some hundred years since. It is 105 feet six inches high and weighs 900,000 pounds.

There is a most wonderful museum. We spent a few hours in it, but one should spend a month to see it all. Near by is the monument of Victor Emanuel the Second. It is an imposing monument, but much stucco work has been used and it will not survive but a few generations.

Just beyond, we visit those ruins of ancient Rome. We enter the Forum via the arch of Titus. This beautifully carved arch was erected after the victory of Titus over Jerusalem in the year 70. This was about the time of the greatest prosperity in the Roman domain. The Forum, lying in a valley, covered a large area; there only remain foundations and marble columns to mark its once beautiful surroundings. The Appian Way terminated here. This road extended about four hundred miles south, was paved with hexagon stone, and was the main artery through those possessions. Along this way we will describe the many ruins. About half a mile out on this way is the Colosseum; this immense place of torture was built by Titus 80 years after Christ; it was 620 feet in length, 513 in breadth, and 160 feet high. It had no roof but a movable canvass, its seats were of marble and the outside was of the most beautiful designs in marble. When Titus conquered the Jews, he brought 30,000 of their most skillful workmen as slaves and they were the labor that for eight years erected this great monument.

It seated 90,000 people; it was here that those blood-curdling gladiator encounters took place. In this arena below were turned those captured in battle, and after torturing, wild animals were turned loose to devour them, while the cold-blooded spectators watched the suffering. It is said that over 500,000 human beings were devoured by lions and other wild beasts in this arena to the amusement of the audience.

Farther up the way are the largest ruins of ancient Rome, the great baths, these contained 12,000 rooms and at one time was a place of gaiety.

We drive out on this way some miles passing many ruins, some still showing pieces of the beautiful sculpture work, but mostly destroyed in beauty by the hordes of the north when they swept down on this once great city. As we pass the church of Quo Vadis, we enter and witness the worship.

Here the fanatic holds sway. It was at this spot that it is said that Christ descended to earth and met Peter and Paul, and the rock, with the print of a foot, held to have been the impression made on the landing of Christ, is shown. A railing surrounds this stone and at all times may be seen these poor, ignorant beings kissing this stone. We got a picture and passed on. A little farther out is the church of St. Agnes. We enter and a monk gives us lights and we are led into the catacombs. These wonderful passages, thirteen miles in length, there being three different levels, one above the other, were dug, it is said, by the early Christians as a place of safe retreat from their persecutors, and afterwards used as a burial place. Our monk guide told us that a few years ago a company of American school teachers with a guide went into these labyrinths, and their remains were found days after, all having perished. It surely is a place where one could easily get lost. We are told a large number of the bones from here were removed to the Pantheon. As we return, monuments half destroyed are seen on either side, and a little farther back that great ruin of the aqueduct, that during Roman prosperity furnished their water supply.

As we return we drive to the temple of Vesta. This little temple was supported by nineteen Corinthian columns. Our guide tells us that it is the oldest remaining Roman building, but history names the Pantheon as the older. This temple of Vesta was always kept with a fire burning, and it was a Roman belief that did this fire become extinguished that Rome would fall.

One day, returning from our drive a few minutes before twelve, I crossed the street from the hotel to the Pantheon; this was closed to visitors, as preparation was being made for the anniversary of the death of Victor Emanuel. I was told no admittance, but as the workmen came out for dinner, I handed a franc to the gate keeper and he did not see me enter, and let me out in like manner. In this way I was the only one of the cruise that saw the interior. This Pantheon was built by Agrippa 27 years B. C. to honor the victories of Augustus over Antonio and Cleopatra. In front of the entrance is the Themes of Agrippa. Entering, it is all in one immense room, lighted entirely from the roof. Beneath it rest the bones of thousands of those who once were a power in Rome. All the kings are buried here and on this occasion there was a carload of flowers from all parts of the kingdom tied in beautiful ribbon and loading the casket and surroundings.

We had secured pictures of catacombs under a church and here we went. This little monastery, situated in the heart of the city, was surely a great curiosity. Entering, we saw no one, but as a door was open at the right, we entered, and going back of the altar we met a monk that showed the door beneath; giving him his tip, we passed into the catacombs. Here we see the bones of over 4,000 monks piled around three large rooms as high as the ceiling. In the center of each side the bones were arched over and a full skeleton standing in these arches, all the skull bones were facing into the room and all together it was a grewsome scene. The remains of these monks were buried in earth shipped from Palestine and were, after the flesh had disappeared, cleaned and piled in these under-

ground chambers. We are told that this has now been stopped by the church, but at present it brings quite an income from the tourist.

We might go on indefinitely describing ruins and scenes that are worth describing, but will here bid good-bye to Rome and next will give a short description of Pompeii and then of Monte Carlo.

Casino at Monte Carlo

POMPIII is situated about twenty miles southeast of Naples, being on the opposite side of Mount Vesuvius. This was a very ancient seaport and little is known of it up to the time of its destruction, only that it was the summer resort of the wealthy of Rome. It was at the time of its destruction a city of about 20,000. In the year 79 A. D., came that terrible eruption of Vesuvius that completely buried the city with sand, ashes, and mud, so completely covering it that even the site was not known until 1755, when the Neapolitan government located the ruins and commenced excavating, which work has been kept up to the present time. This sand, mud and silt preserved these ruins in such a state that upon excavating this about twenty feet of covering one sees a city of the first century almost unchanged, and it is from this condition that it becomes of so much interest. As you enter, you first are shown through the museum in which are a large portion of the curiosities on display. Here we see the casts of both the human and animal as it was suffocated by the sulphurous fumes from Vesuvius. These remains were found encased in a form of mud; cement was run into these forms and they are shown in the same position as found. All articles of house use are shown, giving one a correct impression of the manner of living at that time. Passing through the streets we find them narrow, paved with stone, in which are worn in many places a groove two inches deep by the wheel. As all these vehicles were drawn by men it shows many years of wear. The buildings were low, mostly only one story, the walls roughly laid in mortar and were not attractive. The interior was more pleasing, having many paintings and marble statuary in all the

courts. There was a fine theater, like all those of that time, without roof, its beautiful statuary showing it once to have been a place of show.

In the temple of Juno were found over 200 skeletons, showing that these people looked to the protection of their goddess and fled to her for protection. As one goes through the ruins he is impressed with the immoral conditions of that age, and one must be convinced that the world is growing and improving in rectitude.

The city had its drinking fountains supplied through lead pipes, which one sees in the form they were then made. The fountains must have been used for many generations, as where the water carriers put their hands on the stone tank it is worn below the general level, in some cases two inches, and to wear hard stone with flesh it must have been in use for a great length of time. This city was originally on the bay of Naples and the Saurus river, either of them now a mile back, having been filled in by the debris. As we view the ruins we see old Vesuvius belching smoke, and it is our surprise that other cities larger than this have sprung up nearer its foothills, and that even Naples does not tremble that in some of its eruptions the wind may be right to cover this larger city as well. Should you go to Italy do not fail to visit this city in ruins; we felt well repaid for our effort.

A day more in Naples and we sail for Ville, France, the port of Nice. It is a twenty-four hour ride to this port. We arrive there just before noon, and as we anchor, a pretty sight is presented. A hydroplane from Monte Carlo sails out, encircling our ship, and like a bird lights on the bay; it skips along over the water and finally again rises, encircles our ship and returns to its starting point. No bird could be more graceful; it carried only two. We are soon lightered ashore, leaving our heavy baggage to be taken round by the boat. With two satchels and one trunk we are to cross Europe from this point. A three-mile ride and we are in Nice, a beautiful city of over 100,000 people, a winter resort for all Europe and

many Americans. Investigating reader, have you looked at the location of this city? Here we are among palms and oranges. The climate, this 23d day of March, like June with us and still we are not ten miles from straight east of Decorah on the same parallel line. The warm Mediterranean on one side and the high Alps back, the sun reflecting, makes this beautiful Riviera the winter resort for the world. We are housed at the Westminster, a very pleasant location on the water front. Along this beach are cement walks about 100 feet wide, lined with people from all lands, parading their good clothing, and at the many gambling places, and take in booths, relieving themselves of their surplus cash. Here is a beautiful spot for one to spend a season. We have in our own country nothing superior for an outing of a few winter months. The city is well-kept, its many surrounding attractions desirable for the winter tourist.

On the morning of March 24 we take a sightseeing car for a three-hour ride to Monte Carlo. This route takes us high up into the foothills of the mountains, and from its dizzy look-outs is opened up to us most enchanting views. The road is perfect, the temperature about sixty, and one that cannot appreciate a ride like this will not find in the world those things to his liking. We pass by those ancient fortresses of the ancient Franks and far below we see the ships on the Mediterranean. Coming to a halt we look down on two small cities almost connected. These are Monaco and Monte Carlo. In the latter city we see a very large building with two large cupolas. This is the Casino, the great attraction that all the world has heard of, the place that has driven man mad and to destruction, the place from which thousands have gone out to an untimely grave. These little cities are in the principality of Monaco, a little tract of mountain side containing eight square miles of territory, and practically owned by the Prince of Monaco, who from the gambling rights receives seven million dollars a year, lives in Paris, and is recognized by the royalty of the world. We are going down into this city and visit and become familiar with its attractions.

Locating ourselves at the Hermitage, a beautiful place for refreshing the inner man, we get a fine lunch and go to the one attraction, this Casino. Here are gathered people from all climes and stations in life. One enters, his wraps are taken care of, he presents himself for admission to the gambling-rooms, his name is taken, residence, and a card of admission is given. Entering the room of fate, here princes and preachers, all interested in getting something more than belongs to them in some manner other than that way that leads to certain comfort and fortune. Here we see a large number of large tables, and seated around them are old men, ladies with their gray hair, many of seventy, young men, all with their pile of gold before them, their nerves strained to the snapping-point.

Here I see a young man playing for large stakes, he throws out his money, the wheel is whirled, the little ball falls in a number that he has not placed his money on; again he puts on his gold, again loses until we see him lose \$4000. He has his pile gone and throws himself on the floor, pounding his head, while a policeman takes him, and the rest at the table continue the game undisturbed; one falling out like this is unnoticed. There are many who have never seen a roulette wheel. I will try to describe those at this place. Other Casinos that I have visited were different and this one only describes those of Monte Carlo Casino. In the center of tables about six feet wide and twenty long, on a level with the table, is a wheel pan, somewhat resembling a large dish pan, its sides being reflex; at the bottom are surrounding it thirty-seven cups numbered from zero to thirty-six, the zero number is the profit number of the gambling den, and is marked brown, while the other numbers are alternately marked black and red. This wheel is leveled every morning by government officials and the game is strictly on the square, and if one desires to gamble here there is no question he will get exactly what fate directs. On either side of the table is located a cashier and operator and at either end two police to see that the money reaches its proper place. The director on the side near the wheel whirls the wheel and

skillfully manipulating a small ball spine it in the opposite direction from which the wheel is revolving. It goes round and round the wheel, finally falls to the bottom, and as it loses its motion, rests in one of the cups. If it is the number you have bet on it is your fortune, if not you lose.

The writer, for information, played these wheels for about three hours, not that he expected to gain from it, but for the information he could gain from it. At either end of these tables is the board where the money is deposited; this board consists of three tiers of twelve in a tier, marked to correspond to the thirty-six numbers on the wheel. At the top is the zero number, beneath are three numbers, one, two, and three, twelve to correspond with the three columns; at either side are the black and red.

Placing fifty francs in a pocket, the writer decided to loose this for the information that could be gained from it. When a boy it was my pleasure to play heads and points with pins, and my fortune to get so many pins that many a mother at that time must have felt the loss from her boys' speculations. I played the game to commence that seemed nearest to this old matching pins. Placing a five franc piece on the red, I watched the ball spin around. Would it drop in the red? Yes. I have a second dollar shoved out. I place the two on the black, the ball is spun; sure it falls in the black. Two more dollars are handed out. I place these two in my pocket and again my money is on the black and again get two more, and with little loss played until my pocket was so full that I had to push back to keep it from falling. Then I tried the large board, seven times piling on some number on this board and lost: had that little ball fallen in the number my cash was on, it would have brought the gambler thirty-six times what was played. With varying success the writer played until, when he had seen sufficient of the game, he had only a little over one hundred francs more than when he started. Had he continued the game longer he must pay his penalty, as no man can enter a game where there is a per cent of profit, whether it be in a stock

gamble or at a chance roulette, but that in the end the commission man must get his money. As before stated, the thirty-seventh number, the zero, is theirs, and if one plays thirty-seven times in the natural order of things, he will lose his investment. The same thing applies to any investment other than one like real estate, which has an increasing value. No investor can speculate in a commodity that has a value which is not reaching a higher level, and pay a commission but that the commission will eventually get his first investment.

He who exposes himself to the influences of this game must sooner or later come to grief. The danger is so great that no man, residing within the principality of Monaco, can get admittance to the Casino, as were they allowed to, bankruptcy and defaulting would be the order. Few men have the moral control to withstand and overcome that gambling tendency for which all humanity have an inherent disposition.

The wheels on these tables are spun as often as every two minutes, and the money is piled on the numbers until the ball drops to the bottom of the pan, and often there would be more than \$10,000 going on one end of this table in that time. Occasionally one got a great rakeoff, but he was sure to keep on playing until he lost. The profits of the company last year were over \$175,000,000. They pay all expenses of the principality, pay \$7,000,000 to the Prince, no taxes being levied for any purpose, they paying all expenses. They are more honorable in their dealings than the average commission, in fact from my observation they were more than honorable.

The greatest gamblers are from Russia. Up in the small towns of Russia they organize a pool, often up in the hundreds of thousands, and send a representative who they think has figured out some system by which he can break the bank. Of course he goes home without his money, or is a suicide. They have a suicide's graveyard, and in it are princes and men of all stations. Of late years when one comes there and loses his all, they give him money to return to his home.

Here is a great study for the thoughtful man. Here one

sees the gambling tendency of man fully exemplified, and here he can learn a great lesson.

We might fill in a chapter of the scenes in this gambling den, and we believe that great lessons of instruction could be had here.

We return to Nice, feeling that our day's lesson is well worth the time and effort. If you go to Monte Carlo, put no more money into your gambling pocket than you expect to lose: you will learn a great lesson.

We are going up through northern Italy and through the Alps to Switzerland, and we will give you our impressions in the next article.

In Northern Italy

ON the morning of March 24, we take a train to cross Europe. Our rout takes us around the beautiful Riviera to Genoa, then north to Milan; we are to change cars at Savona, and our director demands of one of the baggage police that he transfer our baggage, but the tip given by the director not being satisfactory, he will not remove our luggage. The director takes hold of him. The laws of Italy make any employee of a railroad a government officer, and taking hold of a government officer is a crime there, so he is arrested, and we find ourselves detained; but finally this is adjusted, and as our director is a Roman citizen, he appears later to answer for his crime.

In traveling in Europe there is no check system, and it becomes necessary for one to claim their baggage and see it is transferred at all places of change. All the way to Genoa we are traveling in a beautiful climate where tropical conditions are found, yet a few miles up in the mountains back are the snowy Alps. It is this combination that makes the Riviera so desirable as a resort. We are nearing Genoa, the birthplace of the greatest discoverer the world has ever known, Christopher Columbus. As we enter the walls of this peculiar city we are impressed that its ships, which fill the harbor, must have enthused this dreamer to start on that great errand of discovery. The city of Genoa has about 250,000 people cluttered within its walls. It is built on a very rough location, its streets so narrow that teams frequent but few of them.

From Genoa we go directly north up a river valley and are soon in the plains of Lombardy, a prosperous agricultural country, of which Milan is the chief city. We are to see this

place thoroughly. Locating our belongings at the hotel Grand Milano, we take a team and are soon at the greatest church it has ever been our privilege to inspect and the greatest we ever expect to see, the Duomo. This marble monument, with ninety-eight gothic marble towers and two thousand statues, presents an outward appearance of grace and beauty. You enter through bronze doors that cost \$200,000 into a floor space of 14,000 square yards. You are inside a church that up to the present time has cost \$155,000,000 outside of the marble, which was all a gift from the king. Here we see windows that represent all Bible history, windows so large and beautiful that I have no language to do them justice. We are told that there are no other so expensive and with such beautiful designs and colors. We took no exception to this, as our imagination can not conjure anything more grand. Visit this one cathedral and all others fade into insignificance.

This city is filled with ancient curiosities and places of ancient interest. Perhaps the one that the excursionist takes home with him more impressed than others is that little church attached to the church of San Maria delie Grazie. This contains that original painting of the Last Supper by Leonardo da Vinci. This was painted in 1497 and still is in a fair state of preservation, though marred. When Napoleon wintered in Milan with his army, he cut a door into this church to use it as a stable for the winter, and this door cut out a place in this painting. It has been so repaired as to only cut into the border. Few have not seen copies of this picture; it was very satisfactory to see the original.

We will not tire the reader with the many monuments, triumphant arches, arcades, and beautiful attractions of Milan. It is a fine city with many railroads and a great canal system and shows enterprise.

Going north from Milan through a broken, but rich country, we are soon in Switzerland, the mountain fastness that has maintained its liberty and independence, though surrounded on all sides by hungry wolves, ready to devour any exposed

portion. This little republic is about one-fourth the size of Iowa, containing about 15,000 square miles; it has about 3,500,000 people, and as one travels over its forbidding surface, he would see more actual fertility in Winneshiek county than in their whole republic. We are traveling through tunnels more than one-third of the distance, in fact, at no time do we travel a mile without passing under ground. The greatest tunnel ever constructed, at least the longest, is soon reached, the St. Gothard tunnel. This tunnel is said to be fourteen miles long, but as we were in tunnels most of the time, we hardly knew where it ended.

On all sides are its snow-capped mountains, and one is reminded of the roughest mountains of British Columbia. History relates that at one time this was a nation of beggars; that when a new ruler came into authority beggars surrounded him and he ordered them all arrested and sent to the work-house, and to-day no beggars are found in Switzerland, but the neatest, most energetic, thrifty people the world knows of. As we ride through their mountain fastness, we see that little nook with its clean surroundings, homes perfectly kept, cattle housed, its people respectful, honest, and industrious, one can not but respect them. Passing through valleys and by beautiful lakes, we are soon at Luzern, a beautiful resort city.

Each move we make in this city we are impressed with this cleanly people. What a dinner at that hotel, what a bed we find, with its puff a foot thick balancing on top. These people live and know how. If you desire a summer outing, go to Luzern, it presents all that one can desire.

Here one can take a boat and as he steams through Lake Luzern and up the Reuss river, see all the beauty of nature. There are many resort hotels, all well kept; but few attractions, other than that nature has furnished, which should be sufficient to gratify the tourist's greatest desire. The only artificial attraction we saw was the lion of Luzern, which is their one carving. This great lion, cut in the solid cliff, is a work of art, worthy of notice. Our one disappointment is that we cannot

stay longer among these people. We shall always have an appetite for their one greatest living production, cheese, as we feel certain that it has been made as clean as is in the power of a cleanly people.

As we pass from Luzern to Basel, we cannot but observe with what industry and economy and cleanliness all the surroundings present. We see no soil that looks good, but still all their surroundings are prosperous.

Basel is the second largest city in the republic. It has about 75,000 people and is only a few miles from the German line where we cross into the province of Alsace. We spent some hours in this city; it is one of northern Europe's most ancient cities, a peculiarly scattered city with no business portion seemingly, its business portion interspersed with homes. We now cross into German territory. We had expected to see a very prosperous people, but as we ride across this province it does not impress us with German thrift, as we see no fine improvements. The soil looked a hard clay, there was much brush land, considerable of the land having a desirable surface for proper drainage and farther towards the French line more broken. As we enter French territory there seemed a more shiftless condition, which surprised us, as we presumed the French a most thrifty people. There was a large amount of second growth brush land that it would seem could be made into good farming land; the land now farmed looked worn and poor. Here we thought we saw a solution for the unrest on our farms. The people here all live in communities, and farm their lands from these community homes. Would not this community manner of life be more satisfactory to our farmers and give them that social condition that would satisfy that desire to leave the cultivating of the soil? It surely would be more social than the isolation of a large portion of our farm homes.

We saw little farm stock, other than farm horses, on our ride to Paris. There were many fine horses. Their roads were perfect. Macadam roads are put in on all main drives and are as smooth as a floor, a paradise for the auto fiend. Our train

is making sixty miles an hour, and it would seem that so light cars would not keep the track, but we are told that accidents are not as common as with us.

We are in Paris, the city of foul men and fallen women, the city that the world apes in its degrading fashions, where character is below par, and trickery and deception are the rule.

Perhaps a few comparisons would furnish the reader food for thought. France and Germany are only a few square miles apart in area, either of them about one and a third the area of Montana. Great Britain is about twice the area of Iowa. Paris is a little larger than Chicago. These two cities have nothing in common in appearance. Chicago, with its sky scrapers, Paris, a five-story city, mostly built out of soft lime rock; while it presents an appearance of solidity, yet it does not impress with grandeur.

This was know as a city before the time of Christ, but it was not made as a modern city until the time of Louis Napoleon. He almost rebuilt the city, cutting through it two main avenues, making many parks, and pulling down unsightly buildings. The Seine river divides the city, it is one hundred and ten miles from the ocean and small lighters bring to the city a large commerce. This river is crossed by many bridges; it is about as wide as the river at Des Moines, Iowa, a very dangerous stream, often flooding the city. At the time we were there it was at the danger stage, and each day it was feared it would inundate the city. Along this river are its most attractive places.

First, we visit the church La Madeleine, built by Louis the Fifteenth, a beautiful place; a little farther down we come to the Colonnade Vendome, erected by Napoleon in 1805, out of 1500 cannons taken in war. It is cast to represent different battles and from cannons taken in these battles; a similar one was erected in Rome at the same time. Just above is the Grand Opera House, said to be the finest in the world; a little farther up this street is the Bourse, the clearing-house for all France, and occupying the place of our Wall Street. Retracing our

steps to below the Madeleine church, we come to the place De Concorde. This is a beautiful circle; in the center is the mate to our Central Park obelisk, beautiful fountains and statuary are on all sides. To one side of this circle is the Champs Elysees, to the other Tuileries; both of these are beautiful parks. Back of the Tuileries is the Louvre, the greatest display of statuary and paintings in the world. We walked for half a day through its halls and our guide told us that we had barely seen one-sixth of it. During the commune in 1870 a portion of this was destroyed, but it has been rebuilt, and one could hardly believe the destruction by these bandits had ever occurred. The valuable library was burned at this time, but the most priceless treasures were saved. At this time all this section was laid waste by the mob. In the place De Concorde, where now stands the obelisk before spoken of, once stood the guillotine, under which was beheaded Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette, his consort, and hundreds of notables.

Farther up the stream stands Notre Dame, the largest church in France. This is a beautiful building of the eleventh century. It is on an island in the Seine, as is also the Palace of Justice, once a church built by Louis the Ninth in the 12th century.

Crossing the river we visit the Pantheon. This was a church until Victor Hugo prevailed upon the government to make it a monument to free thought and descriptive pictures of that belief. Here Hugo is buried, as are all those notable characters of later date.

Go up to the grounds where the Paris Exposition was held. Here many permanent buildings and fixtures are retained. We go up the Eiffel Tower, the highest artificial monument ever constructed, 1200 feet. There are four elevators, each one taking you up 300 feet. At the first landing, this great iron structure is as large as one of our city blocks, and has its stores and eating-houses; the second level is still a place where there were as many as 500 people waiting to go up. It gives one a splendid view of the city and its surrounding chateaus. This

city has more outside surroundings of the middle ages than any other city.

We take an auto and ride to Versailles, eleven miles out. This suburban city was for a thousand years the home of royalty of France, and said to have been during that time the handsomest city in the world. We pass out through the triumph arch; this arch, erected by Napoleon, is 180 feet high and 160 feet wide and costs over \$2,000,000. It was through this arch that Von Moltke entered Paris in 1870.

Just beyond this we pass the home of Anna Gould, once the home of the fool Count from whom she is divorced. It was a beautiful place, built in Louis the XIV style of pink variegated marble. It seems a pity that two fools should have been housed under such beautiful surroundings.

Farther on, we enter that beautiful park, the Bois de Boulogne. It was in this park that took place that terrible battle before the Germans took Paris in 1870. The timber was all cut off at that time and all its beauty destroyed; it has since been fully restored. We enter Versailles through beautiful avenues and are admitted to that beautiful chateau, the palace of the royalty of France. Perhaps no other palace and grounds has ever had expended upon it what this one has. It is said that Louis XIV spent over \$180,000,000 on it, and before that time it was a thing of beauty. Louis XV and XVI continued this extravagance until the national resources were so depleted that the people feared bankruptcy and revolted. The main building is fourteen hundred feet long, built surrounding a beautiful court; back of this are beautiful lakes, the water for which is all pumped far back from the Seine. The palace is all of pink marble. As we pass through we find it is now a museum containing trophies of the victories of France. Here we see the apartments occupied by the Louises, their belongings, their beds and other curiosities. Here we see where Louis XVI came out to see the mob that took him to the guillotine, and here where Marie Antoinette pled for her life before execution. It was in this palace that King William of Germany, with his

crown prince, came during the Franco-Prussian war, and we are shown the rooms they occupied. Here he was crowned Emperor of all the German states. From the middle of September, 1870, until the conclusion of peace in 1871, this was the center of all German operations and the headquarters of General MacMahon under the new republic.

Near by stands the house which Napoleon occupied, and by it the stable in which we saw those carriages that royalty rode in for generations, in their time grand, but crude for this age.

I will not further intrude on the patience of the reader, as to do justice to Paris would require too much space. I will only speak of its people, and then leave Paris to its sure fate.

There is little honor among the French nation. Since my return I read a description of its people in the Saturday Evening Post which describes the tradesmen as spiders with their net out for prey. On the windows of most shops is written "English spoken." Enter and you are confronted by the smoothest shysters that live. Honor is not known; if they cannot beat you in one way they will steal in another. In one place (and one of their largest stores) I bought three pairs of gloves. I was careful to pick Dent's gloves, the name pressed in the fastener; they were taken to the package counter to be wrapped. When I opened them after returning home, I found two pairs of cheap trash inside a pair of Dent's gloves. This is the character of the men; but oh, those creatures, shall we call them women? Come with me at ten in the evening and see these painted angels, whose ways take hold of hell. Shall we describe them? No; it is too nauseating. How long, oh how long, can this Babylon exist with the immoral condition? It must soon fall.

We are going over to London and will give our impressions of this city in our next article.

London and Vicinity

IT is about 125 miles by Nord Railway to Boulogne. It is March 31, and the farmers are sowing their spring crops: their teams, mostly horses (very good ones), with occasionally a yoke of oxen, their tools crude compared with ours. Their plow only comparing and to me seeming superior to ours. This plow, a reversible one, makes no dead furrows or corners. You commence on one side of the field and plow forward and reverse until finished. This looks like a desirable tool for our rolling land. We are now almost on the fiftieth parallel, nearly as far north as Winnipeg, and the temperature is about as it would be the last of April, the ocean current making this difference in temperature. As we near Boulogne, the country grows sandy and poor.

Boulogne is a city of about 50,000. Its people much like the Hollander. In going through their market place we notice the styles of Paris have not impressed their cut on the dress of these huckster women. With padding at the hips, so a child could rest there, and wooden shoes and a rose in the hair, we view them in their common attire. Their love for flowers is as great as that of the Jap. A large portion of the market is given up for the display of flowers.

It is thirty miles from Boulogne to Folkstone, across the English channel: we did not find it rough as it is generally said to be. A train in waiting in two hours lands us in London. This train, like all others we saw or rode on while abroad, was in no respect to compare with our palatial trains: these cars, while the apartments were comfortable, lacked even a lavatory: the roadbed was fine. The green pastures, stocked with fine sheep and fat cows, reminded us of our own civilization.

London spreads out over a great surface. To house these 6,500,000 people in buildings, few above two stories, requires more space than the American will appropriate for such uses; but here, where they have little area, they fail to economize in using the upper regions. Our track is elevated above the buildings, and soon we cross the Thames and are at the Charing Cross station. This is one of their best depots, yet such a company as the Pennsylvania or New York Central would consider it too poor for a freight house, though here it passes as fine. No such fine trains and depots as are seen in America can be found elsewhere. A block from the station is our hotel, the Cecil, one of its best places, but entirely second-class to those better places in New York. We are shown to our room; it is comfortable, no running water; there are few hotels in those old countries that have other than the old wash bowl and pitcher. A telephone is at our service, it really seems to speak our language, but in a mongrel tongue. Perhaps we should not criticise, it is eight generations since our forefathers left this land, and there has been all that time devoted to improvement, while they retained their dowry and remained stationary. We understand them and take off our hat to them as the nation that has never planted a colony that did not carry with it civilization, and they have planted more, and civilized more of the world, than all other nations combined.

Will you follow with us this April morning over this, the largest city in the world, a city that the ancient Romans found when they subdued this island, a city that in the early day walled in 300 acres to protect themselves, all of which has long since been leveled?

We will first visit the law courts, the Lord Mayor's quarters, the banquet hall, all pleasing and of more than passing interest. We now drive to St. Paul's church, the largest protestant church ever erected, built in the sixteenth century, a great, massive affair. Inside we find many monuments of illustrious men. Many beautiful features might be mentioned. It stands, to the top of the tower, three hundred and fifty-six feet above

the marble pavement. We drive on to that most interesting place in London, its tower. As we enter the grounds, our ladies are singled out and all luggage, even to umbrella, taken before they are allowed to proceed. The fanatical suffragist of their own country, with their craze to destroy, makes them suspicious of all of that gender. They little know the loving, penitent, submissive woman of America, who conquers only by her thousand charms. Did they know her as we do, surely they would not force upon her this crown of thorns.

The tower of London is a large, ancient stone structure. Surrounding it is a mass of decaying stone buildings. Entering its court, we are at the point where the rulers of that stricken country for years put to death their enemies, or those that they feared might prove not loyal to them. Here in this corner is a marker showing the place where stood the block on which it is said that 73,000 souls were relieved from their heads. Here of the six wives of Henry the Eighth, at least two departed life. One Anne Boleyn, with those last words to the executioner, "My neck is small, it will not require a heavy blow." Here Sir Walter Raleigh shook hands with the executioner, and kissing the blade of the ax, gave these as almost his last words: "'Tis a sharp medicine, but a strong cure for all diseases." Here, during that half civilized age, went on those tortures, such as are now being perpetrated in poor Mexico.

We pass to one side, and below we see the gate where these poor subjects pushed through as they were snaked to the block for execution. This gate was closed by the lamented Queen Victoria never to be opened again.

We pass up some narrow winding stairs and are in that portion of the tower where were imprisoned and tortured so many. In my childhood my mother would interest me by relating stories of the cruelty of these keepers of Bloody Mary, hump-back Richard, Henry the Eighth, and their bloody persecution and crimes, and as we pass through these rooms here we see it all over. Here, the room where the poor little princes were smothered; here, the place years after where their bones

were found. Oh, wicked rulers, what is your punishment? This is no child's story, but what really took place, and as I try to imagine all this as it was, a shudder creeps over me. At what a price have we finally arrived where we do not expect to be snatched from our bed to be thrown under the ax of the executioner! Here we see the ax used, and here the block, with the form in which to place the neck. On all sides are instruments of torture, armors worn by knights and different leaders of its time. In a glass case is shown the crown jewels. Here are the different crowns down to the present king. Here is the scepter of the queen and in it the largest diamond ever found, though the part of this diamond shown in this scepter is only one-sixth the weight of the stone found; its irregular form made it necessary to cut it down to this dimension to get a satisfactory form. It is considered worth as it is \$30,000,000. Before it was cut it weighed 3,000 carats, after cutting weighed 510. The jewels in this case, belonging to English royalty, are worth \$125,000,000.

We visit the British museum. Here one can get a very perfect impression of the art of all ages and parts of the world. Especially is it desirable to look over the Lord Elgin collection from Greece of which I have before referred. The collection of Grecian art as seen in this museum is perhaps the best in existence. One only visiting England can here get great information without going farther.

From here we drive up Oxford street, one of the best in the city, in a business way. Here are its best retail stores. We cross Regent street, the most fashionable street. Do these compare with Broadway or Fifth Avenue, New York? We saw nothing in the same class. The people are well dressed, but none of the extravagance seen on Fifth Avenue. We drive on to Hyde Park, their largest play ground. It is a very pretty park, but natural location and surroundings did little for it. Farther on we visit Buckingham Palace, the home of the king, an immense establishment, covering acres; then to the Prince Albert monument, erected by his noblewoman wife, Queen

Victoria. This is a beautiful monument and worthy of hours of study by the excursionist.

We will next stop with you at Westminster Abbey, the most historical church in the world. This church, or on the site of this church, was built a Catholic church in the seventh century. The principal parts of the existing Abbey were built by Henry the Third in 1220; continual improvement has since been made.

During the Reformation it became the seat of the Episcopal church. In it all the kings of England are crowned. Here we see the chairs in which they sit while crowned. Under one of these chairs, enclosed within it, is the stone brought by Edward the First from Scotland on which the Scotch kings were crowned. As one passes through this great edifice he is impressed with its ancient grandeur and at present with its beauty. A vicar of the church unlocks that portion used for burial, and here we see the marked grave of all those of royalty mentioned in English history. One of the first tombs to meet the view is the life-sized cast of Queen Elizabeth, with her high frill collar, carved in marble. Here is the grave of the two little princes smothered in the tower; the marker shows them clasped in each other's arms. Far to the east side is set off for the poets of England. There monuments are erected to Chaucer, Beaumont, Cowley, Dryden, Milton, Gray, Shakespeare, Addison, and Ben Johnson, and others. We doubt if in any other place can be found the burial places of so many men of history.

A visit to this place is more than satisfactory, and as you pass out of this place of death and they lock the gate behind you, there is a feeling that death is the great conqueror, for here lie those of power, both by birth and intellect, all on one level.

Just back, nearer the Thames, is the house of Parliament, the most expensive government building ever built. On the exterior it is a massive building. Visitors are only admitted on Saturdays, and as we were not there on that day, did not see the inside.

The streets of London are narrow, and it was necessary to

put the car lines under ground, where they have a very fine system put in by our Chicago promoter who this country considered such a crook, and who died with that stigma hanging to him. One sees strange sights on these streets. Here comes an engine belching smoke much like our threshing engine, and making a fearful speed with a load of many tons. Much of the hauling is done in this manner. The streets are crowded with two-story omnibuses of which there are over 5000 in the city. They make regular trips over certain streets the same as though on a track. They are operated with steam and carry about one hundred passengers. Their heavy weight makes a terrible noise and disturbance, and as you look down from above, each moment you expect to meet with disaster. I saw the city better from the top of these cars than in any other manner.

Should you go to London, hire a guide, and from the top of these omnibuses let him point out the places of interest in the city. It is the best way the writer discovered.

The writer did some shopping in London. The prices on most all articles of the same quality he found just as cheap in New York as there, having some suits made of cloths that he found cheaper and apparently more durable than those in America, with a price a little over half that charged here. Yet when the suits are fully examined, you are convinced that one of our home tailors would not disgrace their trade with such a finish. Nothing is saved in trading here.

I wish to say for the English people that our Americans can learn a lesson in manners. They always meet you as a gentleman and treat you as one desires to be treated.

On Saturday, April 4, we take the train for Folkstone. As we ride through their pretty farms, with their silos and stock, one feels they have something to call home, but few places elsewhere have we seen that we would call home, with an atmosphere surrounding it that one could feel to live in.

Crossing to Boulogne we find our ship Rotterdam in waiting, and soon we are on the broad Atlantic. We had seen no uncomfortable rough sea, but the fourth day out we awoke

with a tempest trying to roll our boat over. For thirty hours we battled with the waves, not trying to make progress, but cutting square with the troughs. Standing there in that secure glass deck and looking away down in those troughs with mountain waves beyond and a wind blowing at a velocity of eighty-five miles, was a grand sight and worth the great risk that seemed apparent.

Finally, a little over a day late, we awaken at the quarantine station at Ellis Island and soon are released, to pass by the Goddess of Liberty, and as we cannot reach out and clasp her by the hand, unfurl our handkerchief in recognition.

Friends, should you go abroad and take a trip like the one that I have imperfectly described, it will make a better American citizen of you, if that be possible. We have some unsatisfactory features and conditions here. The filthy muckraker is allowed to pull down the noble life work of the enterprising citizen, and the mob applauds him. The shiftless failure, as a last resort, fills many of our most important offices, but with all the defects we have a country with the average of our citizens patriotic and progressive that furnishes more comfort and protection than any the world has known.

The Great Builder placed within the bounds of the United States more material to finish and furnish this republic than in any like section of the world. With an air so healthful and invigorating that the man that breathes it has the energy to develop even though hindrances are placed in his path. In the center of this great republic was placed Iowa, the grandest piece of soil the Creator had ever compounded. Right here in this Mississippi Valley will eventually be the most attractive farm improvements in the world in proper time.

Through Central Eastern Asia

THE early part of this diary will necessarily be rather uninteresting reading, but when I shall have reached the flowery kingdom and lead you through halls where no Caucasian, before the Boxer revolution, ever trod or had a passing view of Peking the mysterious, Manchuria and Korea the unfortunates, and Japan the inviting.

The writer had been wintering in sunny (cloudy) California. In February went north to San Francisco, stopping at the Palace Hotel, where the company, of whom he was to be the only member from outside the confines of the state of Ohio, was to congregate.

Our company consisted of fourteen, mostly business people of Cleveland and Akron, the company headed by D. J. Collver, a retired member of the passenger service of the New York Central Railroad, and a person exactly fitted to get the accommodations necessary for railroad travel in the countries we were to visit.

Our transportation took us over the Japanese line the Tekye Kaisan Kasia, perhaps the largest carrier on the broad Pacific. Our ship, the Shinye Maru—Shinye meaning shining, and Maru meaning rolling—is the largest ship on the Pacific, but even then it is not in the class of those great Atlantic liners.

For two days before sailing I visited Pier 32 to watch the loading of this great iron monster. I saw them unload sixty cars of sole leather for the Russian army, sixty cars of cotton for the mills at Kobe, one hundred and fifty cars of rolled steel for ship building over there, one hundred cars of coal to push us over, and piles of miscellaneous freight.

I could but wonder at the appetite of this monster, and was

reminded of the description the writer gave of the "Minnesota" a few years since. He spoke of standing on the deck and seeing them let down into the hold in the ship fifty-six locomotives for the Trans-Siberian railroad as a part of that cargo. Surely, if one were to describe fully the capacity of these floating monsters, he would be classed as the prince of liars.

We were to have sailed at one o'clock the afternoon of Feb. 21, but a delay until five gave us the opportunity to receive the last greetings from those dear to us before passing out upon waters so extensive that our imagination had never expanded to fully comprehend.

The San Francisco papers reported the storm of Feb. 21 to be the heaviest wind on the bay in 21 years, and when we reached the Golden Gate they dropped anchor, and here we lay until the following morning. I was the first on deck that morning, and as we steamed out on the boisterous waters from our safe haven, there seemed to come a general upheaval, though I think that within me was far more impressive than that outside.

Could one have heard the crash of false teeth as they crashed into that washbowl, broken as they were, and seen the smiling expression on the face of the writer, perhaps he could more fully appreciate what had taken place.

Misery loves company, and upon visiting the dining-room found that few frequented this place, that most were passing the time along similar lines with the writer.

It is six day's journey from San Francisco to Honolulu, and on this trip we saw but one ship and no living thing except a few albatros that followed our ship across, resting at night on deck.

On the morning of February 28 the writer was up at five to get the impressions of the surroundings of Honolulu.

A long line of lights assures us that we are nearing land; we swing round the fortified crater for the protection of the city. The quarantine inspector comes aboard, we held up our hands that he may pronounce them clean, then he examined

our eyes lest there may be a moat there, and finally we are allowed to steam into dock, and as we do so we see seven interned German ships, the *Protheus* being on the other side of our dock. This ship had its engines ruined, and when we landed here on our return trip it had with three others been towed to the Union Iron Works at San Francisco for repairs, preparatory for entering the American service, the other three were in dry dock being scraped of barnacles.

We are on our islands, the islands that when a school boy I was instructed were the most isolated land on the globe. They are almost exactly west of the city of Mexico, on the same line. These islands were discovered by Captain Cook, January 18, 1778. Here on the island of Oahu and Discovery, he landed and took possession in the name of Great Britain, named the island after the first lord of the admiralty, the Earl of Sandwich.

As we land, autos are on all sides and we are informed there are 3,500 in Honolulu, a city of about 50,000 people, the most of the machines being of the more expensive makes.

We took auto to the Alexander Young Hotel, where we met a number of world wanderers, who had before met in other climes.

It was my birthday, and for the first time I found awaiting me a wireless, that mysterious means of communication. As I read this message it came back to me how three years before, with the sender of the message, we had ridden from Jerusalem to Jericho on the anniversary. One is amazed at the means placed within the reach of the present generation to know of the world.

An auto ride over the island, both on our going and return trip, gave us pleasant impressions of many beautiful homes, great pineapple plantations, immense sugar plantations, and seemingly a very contented people. We went out to Pearl Harbor, where our government is building permanently to protect our navy.

Went across the island to Pali, that great precipice where

Kamehameha drove the Oahuan army over the awful precipice, 1200 feet high. Here you look down on beautiful pineapple plantations beyond which you view the broad Pacific, on either side of you rise the mountains abruptly over 3500 feet. Outside of a few tree ferns there is little vegetation. The valley, as we ride back to the city, is the most complete bramble I have seen, the brush being called haw, a brush seemingly to delight in its crooked growth. Other than this crooked tree we see little of timber, other than that for beautifying yards, except the algeroba, a tree apparently of the locust family that was brought there from South America by a Catholic Father in 1828, and has now scattered over the island and found a very useful material.

The temperature was just about satisfactory, and were it not for the loneliness of the location, would be a very satisfactory place for a winter home. I noticed with regret many saloons and many debauched natives, but no doubt these will soon have to go.

Our stay, both coming and going, at the Young Hotel was most pleasant, and one could not fail to appreciate its management.

On these islands are about 200,000 people, about 115,000 being Japanese and a large number of Portuguese. It was these Portuguese that introduced the instrument now so popular and credit for which is given the Hawaiians, into these islands, that now charms so many, the ukulele. This instrument is not Hawaiian, but Portuguese; but the Hawaiians have mastered it as they do all music.

I am not going to dwell on this island, but travel to less frequented places. Our ship was loaded with Japanese when we were ready to sail, and the scene on that wharf as they bade goodbye to their departing friends, made a lasting impression and an attractive picture.

It is about 3,500 miles from Honolulu to Yokohama, Japan, and the trip requires eleven days. Deck sports, cards, and swapping stories take up the day, while evenings the Japs have

a list of entertainments, much of which is very novel and interesting, especially their wrestling, which for skill and strength would put an American to thinking.

One of the strange experiences to us was passing the correction line, the 180 meridian. It was my surprise to go to bed Saturday, March 3, and to wake up Monday, March 5; and on my return in crossing this line to have two Thursdays, as we passed the line on that day.

To those who may not have thought of this correction line, I will say that should a man start Sunday morning and go west as fast as the sun, the following morning, without any place to change the day, he would be still traveling Sunday morning when he should arrive round the world and find his wife breaking the Sabbath by doing her Monday's washing. This 180th meridian, just half way around the world, was chosen, as they have to make but one small turn around an arm of New Zealand to avoid all land. Think of how unpleasant it would be to have this line separating your kitchen and dining-room, so that your Sunday dinner would be the washday lunch.

We are nearing Japan and Saturday the 10th we are up to see Mount Fuji in the distance.

Japan

AFTER being seventeen days at sea, perhaps nothing could be more interesting than the sight of land, and as we steamed into Tokyo Bay that morning, Mount Fujiyama (meaning Peerless Mountain) or Fuji as it is dubbed, was as welcomed a view as the traveler could have had presented, and he felt with the Japanese, that it had a sacred side, as this mountain, the largest in Japan, 12,365 feet high, is recognized and worshiped by the Japanese as sacred.

Tokyo Bay is a beautiful body of water and a safe haven from all storm, and would house all the shipping of the world. On this bay is situated Yokohama, the port at which we land, and Tokyo, the capital of Japan and the largest city in Asia.

When a boy, studying Mitchel's old geography, this city was called Yedo, and great mystery seemed to surround it, but now it has no mysteries that one can not approach openly.

The city has no landing harbor; when the city was built, the ships of that time drew 6 to 10 feet of water, and as this was the depth of their landing, they easily and safely carried on their commerce, but now this is all changed, and their shoal harbor is no longer used, but everything is landed at Yokohama, twenty miles farther up the bay, and transported by rail to Tokyo.

Yokohama is a city of about 400,000 people. It was three o'clock before we had passed quarantine and allowed to land.

The wharves were a moving mass of humanity down to welcome the hundreds of Japs our boat had returned from America and Honolulu, but not a face that the writer had ever before seen, and such strange faces! Soon we have made our way through this strange company and to that human drawn vehicle,

the jinrik, or as we shall call it, the rikisha, the vehicle in which we spent many days during our travel through Eastern Asia.

The jinrikisha is a light, usually pneumatic rubber-tired vehicle, about the weight of a light racing sulky; they are found everywhere, and one only has to get in wherever he may be and will be transported at about four miles an hour. The rikisha man usually dresses in blue, with pants so tight that it was a study with me how he ever gets them off, cloth shoes with rubber soles, a hat looking like an inverted butter bowl, a short coat, and handkerchief in his belt. He will start off at a dog trot gait and keep it up by the hour uncomplainingly. There are said to be 60,000 of these rikishas in Tokyo, and wherever you may go you only have to get in, as they are standing everywhere. The usual fare is about one hundred and fifty sen a day, or seventy-five cents in our money.

Our rikisha man was directed to the Grand Hotel, the best place in the city, and as we rode through the streets, so narrow, no sidewalks, all the people walking in the middle of the street and always turning to the left instead of right, all on wooden shoes that held them up some four inches from the foundation, with their funny dress, all seemingly dressed as women, though the women could be distinguished by their elaborate hair dressing and the enamel on the face. You look into small shops on either side of the streets, places looking more like children's playhouses than business houses, but in such is the business of Japan transacted. The one thing that most impressed me was the great number of children in the street and the general appearance of poverty, but this later wore entirely off after traveling in China.

Children were more numerous in the streets than chickens in the road of the automobilist. You would see the old grandfather and grandmother with an infant on their back, then you would see all the children from about the age of twelve to five with one on their back, and younger children where they could not get a baby had a big doll in its place. One reason for this great display is they have no back yard, no potio or space in

the house, and the street is their home. They are always smiling, and if you greet them with a loud *ohio*, meaning good morning, they all repeat to you and are overjoyed at the notice.

One cannot help but be pleased with their hearty greeting, and were it not for their dirty noses, worse than a calf's, no children could be more interesting.

You never hear these children cry, though the one carrying an infant on the back may be skipping the rope and the child's head hanging limp as though it would twist off.

Arriving at the hotel, we found it a most comfortable place. One needs no sympathy, as it is seldom in America you get better meals and beds than at the Grand in Yokohama.

Located on the bay, in view of all shipping, with strange crafts passing, loaded with cargoes so different from anything seen in our ports, the hotel supplied with servants at every turn, the pretty little Japanese waiter girls with their odd dress with the obi so prominent that for weeks I could not believe they would carry such an impediment on their back, except it had some other use than to deform them. Their genteel bow and pleasant smile helped to make one feel that he had not fallen in the most uncomfortable surroundings.

It was from the porch of this hotel we saw the funeral procession of our minister Guthrie a few days later. In this procession were all the royalty and diplomats of Japan.

We arrived at Yokohama Saturday and we found invitations to drink ceremonial tea and take afternoon lunch on Sunday with Mr. Asino, the president of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha line we had come over on. Mr. Asino, having one of the finest homes in Japan and being one of the wealthiest and most influential men of the country, made it of great interest to us to learn of their customs.

His home in Tokyo is seventeen miles from our hotel. There are no Sundays in Japan. They have two days as holidays each month, and all business progresses the same as other days, except the European banks, which close. We had been rikisha riding in the forenoon, and after tiffin (the 12 o'clock

meal in all Asia is called tiffin) we went to the railroad station and at three, the time of our invitation, were met at the station by rikishas and driven to the Asino home. The surroundings of the place were most pleasing, the grounds laid off with a landscape showing fine perception of the beautiful. The place of our reception, a five-story house of full Japanese architecture.

We were met at the entrance by interpreters and servants, shown over the place, which to describe would require too much space: but will say that the teak, camphor, ebony, and other wood surfaces were rubbed to a perfect natural finish, and the wall decorations were of the most perfect Japanese type.

After viewing the place and surroundings, the home being on the height just back from the once great forts that protected the city now overgrown with grass, we were ushered into the room where ceremonial tea was served. This tea, to those who may never have seen or read description, is a finely ground powder of tea leaves, on which some water is poured, making a green looking soup out of it. It is served in bowls. On this occasion the daughters and granddaughters of our host served, and surely they did it in oriental form, pausing, bowing, with many a curtsy. Candies of many forms were served with the tea, and while this took place a moving picture was being taken of the scene. We were now invited into the reception room where we shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Asino; shaking of hands is not common in Japan and never practiced among their own people, neither is kissing ever indulged in, the natives speaking of it as nasty.

We were now served with afternoon lunch. The room was a beautiful room and we were furnished chairs, a thing not known in the ordinary home of the Japanese, as they all sit on the floor and have no furnishings in their homes but a single brazier with a few embers of charcoal. In this room was gas ranges warming the room to a comfortable degree. First was served tea and cake, peculiar ones, decorated with chocolate; also at this course was served sandwiches. The cake had a filling much like whipped cream. To each person was served

two packages, looking the form of chicken's legs. These were done up in lotus leaves and tied with bamboo. On opening they were filled with a clear gelatine appearing preparation very pleasantly flavored; with this was served a glass of fine wine.

The next course was something of a custard preparation. After this different kinds of liquors were served, cigars passed, also small cakes on lacquer trays.

We then passed out through double doors and into the yard, while a moving picture was again taken. We then returned to the entertainment room where we were entertained by very clever magicians, during which native music, if we may call it music. The writer heard much of what they call music in Japan, but his ear is not tuned to receive the many weird sounds with no harmony. A native girl gave us two selections in vocal at this entertainment, the best of anything we heard on our stay in Japan.

The expense of this entertainment must have been considerable, as the writer saw a check given to the one taking the pictures in amount \$1150. These pictures were shown in Tokyo and we saw them on shipboard at an evening entertainment.

On our return to our hotel, of these passing views we got from the train, one was an immense crematory. On inquiry we learned that the Japanese cremate most of their dead. About 1870 a law was enacted forbidding cremation, but two years after annulled and now it is the manner of disposing of the dead. The price for incinerating is from fifty cents for a small child to three dollars and fifty for a grown person. Cremation followed Buddhism into Japan about 700 years after Christ, and at the present time is almost universally adopted there. The system is quite simple, wood only being used. The remains are placed in a wooden coffin, and is consumed in about three hours, except a few pieces of bone and teeth which are placed in an urn and buried.

Monday morning, the 12th of March, we hired autos, American makes, for a ride of about forty miles, which for the first time took us out through the country districts. The roads of

Japan are merely alleys, so narrow that at few points can one safely pass another vehicle. The government, suspecting some of our party to be German sympathizers, insisted on our taking a secret service man in one of the rigs, that we might not take pictures on forbidden territory. We are bound for the great Diabitsu, or in other words, the great Buddha at Kamakura. Our ride was most interesting. In the streets were children everywhere, and to dodge them was an art. Here men carry burdens so large one wonders and marvels at these little men's strength. There are no animals to speak of in Japan; seldom do you see a horse, ox, or mule. They eat no flesh, only fish and chicken. They make no butter, and milk is unknown among them. Their diet being cereal and vegetable entirely. You see vast fields of yellow flowers, perhaps one-fourth of the cultivated land into this plant, looking like our mustard. This is rape and from it is extracted the oil they burn and do their cooking from. All along the way we see the ever-appearing rice paddy. This peculiar form of cultivating plant life is most interesting. Embankments of earth are built up high enough that a level piece, back perhaps only a few feet, and in others some rods, are secured, the embankment being about a foot above the level of the plat. These plats reach to the very top of many of the mountains, the water falling is all held in these paddies. Japan has over sixty inches of rain and most of it falls in the months of June and July. These rice paddies are completely submerged, the cultivators stand in this mud and work each paddy as though in a mortar box, working it with their hands or with forked hoes until it is a thin mud. About the first of May they sow a small piece to rice and about the first of June they transplant into these paddies, setting about eight inches each way. It is kept flooded until fall; if not sufficient rain, water is carried in pails, and no weed is seen or allowed to trespass. In fact, in traveling through almost all parts of Japan I did not see one weed and do not presume that there is any weed seed to start that kind of plant life.

The rice is harvested about October, the straw saved for

many purposes, the rice hulled and sold, as the peasants cannot afford so extravagant living, they living mostly on millet and barley concoctions. This millet and barley is mostly raised before the crop of rice is transplanted and on the same ground.

The labor of raising all crops is done by man power, only a few times did I see a plow used and then more crude than the ones I have seen in Egypt, looking like the old single shovel I used in the corn field when a boy. To this would be hitched a number of men and women, the women often being perhaps more beasts of burden than their supposedly stronger partner in life.

All hauling of every kind you see passing you with human beasts hitched to them wear web harness, galling the bare shoulders in such a manner that were it on one of our work animals the owner would be arrested by the humane society, but received only a smile when attention was called to it. Bare to the waist with perhaps a cloth wound round the brow to keep the sweat from flooding the eyes, bare-legged, with perhaps wooden shoes, these beasts of burden—human beasts—spend their life without a murmur.

We are nearing the point to which our trip was undertaken.

On the hills you see great images of devils and buddhas; the first thought of the Asiatic is to appease the wrath of the devil, and immense images of devils are found at all places of worship, whether it be shinto or buddhist. These people think if they get away with the devil the rest is easy.

Kamakura was once a great city of a million people, but a tidal wave almost completely obliterated it in the year 1495 and no city worth mentioning remains.

We walk through between two immense pillars with a cross bar. I shall often mention these entrances, they are called torii and are always at a shinto or buddhist temple; on either side are two immense images of devils, perhaps thirty feet high, their devilish scowl, their teeth perhaps ten inches long, sticking out like the tusks of a hog, perhaps gives one who has no vivid imagination an impression of a full grown devil such as he otherwise could not picture.

Back from this torii about forty rods stands the great Diabitsu. This bronze image was cast and erected in the year 1252 A. D., by the celebrated artist Goroyeman at the request of the Shogun Prince Munetaka, to carry out the dying injunction of one of his wives, Minonioto.

It has withstood tidal waves, earthquakes, and 800 years of natural deterioration, but looks, I presume, as perfect as when erected. It is cast in sections, the metal about two inches thick, brazed together. Like all casts of the great Buddha, its head is covered with snail shells, which those who are familiar with Buddhism will be familiar. We went through an open door in the image and the fifteen of us ascended to the head. It is fifty feet high, ninety-eight feet in circumference, face about eight feet six in length, eyes four feet eight, breadth of mouth three feet two, length from knee to knee thirty-six feet, circumference of thumb over three feet. Inside would safely house over one hundred people.

Standing high up in this monster, one must acknowledge that at that early period a state of culture existed far in advance of what we see in Caucasian countries.

On our return trip we ran over a native, severely cutting him, and for a time we feared trouble with the natives who gathered around us, but soon our driver gave bonds to appear for trial and we were allowed to proceed.

As one rides he gets an impression of the outside of a Japanese home. Country houses are usually built with a rice straw roof, this thatching being done so perfectly as to keep out all rain; the straw is about two feet thick, put on in mats with a holder at the ridge pole, and the edges trimmed perfectly square. The sides are of light boards not over half an inch thick, movable or of mud; usually in the country houses no floor.

Cellars are unknown in Japan, as are chimneys. The city home usually has a roof of black tile, but like the country home, no chimney and no furnishings within, only bare floors with mats and lone brazier in the center of the room.

Central Eastern Asia

IT is not my intention to start as a lecturer on religion, but to those not familiar, perhaps a few words as to the religious thought that induced the building of these places of worship. I will just touch on the three religions that have swayed these parts of the world.

The oldest of these religions, the Shinto, was brought over from Korea in the earliest history of Japan and came to Korea from China. I might say here that all religion, art, and science followed the same route to Japan. The Shinto teaches complete subserviance to the Emperor first, then to the head of the family. All the descendants in a family paying obiesance to the oldest progenitor of the family, the oldest being the law for other younger generations. The place of worship of this sect is called the Shinto Shrine.

Confuciasm came from Confucius, who lived in the sixth century before Christ. Born of Chinese parents he was endowed with great intelligence, his life was spent in instructing the masses their duty to one another, and the whole as to their duty to the state; he never put claim to having any supernatural gift. One that has studied his teachings must feel that they were of the wisest instruction. After his death he was revered as supernatural, and had many disciples that taught of him and temples were erected throughout China and many in other countries. No doubt his teachings had a fine moral influence on the Chinese, and was a great factor in that wonderful civilization for a number of centuries.

The birthplace of most religions was along the Euphrates and Tigres valleys. From here Northern India seemed to get its inspiration, and many beliefs originated there. In the sixth

century before Christ, in Northern India was born the being whose doctrines covered all east Asia; this was the great Buddha. According to the buddhist belief or theory, a buddha appears from time to time and preaches the true doctrine.

The great Buddha was of one of the best families in northern India, an only child, the family name being Gotama. He had married and had one child when a religious fervor took possession of him. He left his family and became a wanderer, begging his living. It is related that while lying in the sun, almost dead from hunger, the snails covered his head to protect him, and his many statues always show him with this crown of snails. Disciples gathered around his faith, and after his death carried his belief into China and from there it reached Korea and Japan. The buddhist temple and pagoda is found in every city of China, Korea, and Japan. In China all religious thought has subsided into an entire indifference, and as has been the history of all nations losing all religion, a general decadence has taken place.

In Japan my observation convinced me that there still exists a very high degree of religious sentiment. Those of the older generation, at about the age of fifty, leave off all business and turn their attention to religion, making every effort to reach the state of nirvana, meaning extinction of sin.

The Shinto and Buddhist religion in Japan have been merged nearly into one religion; they live a Shinto life and are buried a Buddhist.

The evening after our visit to the great Buddha of Kamakura, we attended our first native Japanese theater, securing an extra first class ticket, the first class being in the pit with a mob of about 3500. We found our location in the first gallery, well front, where we had the view of both the putting up and taking down scenery, while we viewed from front the play, if we may so name it. The performance is on a moving platform, and when a scene is through, like a turntable they turn on the new scenery from the back and that of former scenery is taken down.

The changing of the scenery was far more interesting than the play. The music—I should not degrade real music by entering this in its class—was nothing but a jumble of discords. The scenery was fine and the only part of the entertainment worth mentioning. I saw a number during my trip and pronounced them all of one family of misfits.

After the show we were taken to see the geisha girls dance. We had heard much of these as being of a vile cast of humanity, but so far as our observation the average American ball with its half-dressed entertainers surely would get the prize for immodest appearance. To the geisha dance there was little but gestures and curtsies. They were neatly dressed, going in a circle with some weird musical instruments. There is little to Japanese music.

The tourist is an interesting study. Often on these trips I have wondered why this wanderlust. With a small few it is for information, but only a few. Usually you find them reading some light novel, with no special interest in anything connected with their travel. About one-half may always be found lounging in the hotel lobby, drinking cocktails and killing time, hardly knowing whether they are in Europe, Asia, or Africa. These return and tell of being abroad; but what advantage it may have been, other than killing time and spending wealth not accumulated by their own exertion, is all that the writer could discover.

We are on our way to the Philippines, and on our trip only stop at coast cities, as we are to return later and see Central Japan. On the morning of the 14th of March we sailed for Kobe, 358 miles south. It was a cold, rainy day. On the 15th, at 7 a. m., we arrived at Kobe and, as our ship drew too much water, anchored out in the bay and were lightered in. We take rikishas over the city, and finally go to the Lor Hotel, the larger Oriental being closed for repairs.

We spent two days in the city; had that same impression of the great number of children and the poverty of the people with their wooden or rice shoes and uncomfortable surroundings, but these surroundings to them are not poverty but comfort.

On Saturday, the 17th, we sail for Nagasaki, 300 miles distant. Our route leads us through the inland sea, spoken of as one of the most picturesque trips on the sea. It reminded me much of the surroundings of the inner passage to Alaska. This inland sea divides Japan; it is from one to ten miles wide and filled with small islands. Many manufacturing towns along the coast, the mountains coming entirely to the water in most places, but terraced to the very top into rice paddies and the towns in the little nooks where the mountains had failed to encompass all the space. I will say right here that Japan is of volcanic origin; earthquakes are so common they have no fear of them. There is but 12 per cent of the country that can be cultivated, and the entire area of the country (before they absorbed Formosa and Korea) is only about twice the size of Iowa, and Iowa, if cultivated as is Japan, would produce four times as much as all that country; yet they support from this mountain island over 60,000,000 people.

One must not blame these proud little people for asking for territory where they may expand and earn a living, for none of them shirk work.

At five a. m. we pass through the narrows on the morning of the 18th. These narrows are so close we could throw a stone to either side; pass by Shimonoseki, the port we will land at on our return from Korea; pass out into the sea of Japan, about where the Russian navy lies at the bottom of the sea; steam out into the Pacific, and at 5:30 land at Nagasaki, where one of the most interesting processes of coaling a ship on the globe takes place.

As we lighter over to the city we pass by immense ship yards, where ship building is being crowded to the utmost extent.

Landing, we go over to the city. The city has about 160,000 people. It was here that the early discoverers of Japan disembarked, and here were the early Portuguese missionaries tried to ingraft their faith, only to be persecuted and slaughtered by the early Shoguns, who used every effort to keep out

the foreigner, and it was here that those treaties were made that finally opened up this country to the world's trade.

A rikisha ride through the narrow streets gave the same impressions of poverty as we before had felt. Many of the small shops exhibited fine wares. We rode to a large shinto temple, erected 250 years since. The torii is the largest ever erected, of solid bronze, being 24 feet wide, 33 feet high, posts over three feet in diameter, all cross bars being of bronze. A poor dinner at the Belvue Hotel, and at 9 we are returning to our boat to see the coaling process:

Perhaps nothing in Japan has been written of more than the coaling process at Nagasaki, it seems to make a deeper impression with the tourist than any other surrounding.

Our ship had 24 portholes; to each of these was located a sampan holding about 25 tons of coal, and to each boat there were about 25 persons, men, women, and children; we were to load 3200 tons. An improvised staging is hung to the side of the ship, this staging having platforms about every three feet, and on each of these platforms was stationed one of those who was to pass coal. When they first commenced, the women had taken special precaution to cover their so much prized hair with a white cloth and a straw hat outside.

The coal is shoved into rice straw baskets that hold about 25 pounds. These baskets cost three sen apiece (one and a half cents in our money); they soon wear out, and the harbor was floating with them when they finished. The coal is passed from one to another, never stopping until it enters the port and the basket thrown back where it is placed in position to be again filled. Each boat is manned by a family and relatives, and they work as a family and use every effort to get their loads unloaded. It was raining all the eighteen hours they were coaling, and a more bedraggled looking lot one could not imagine.

Sweating and filthy the one at the top would light a cigarette, take a whiff, pass it to the next woman, she would do the same, and so on down the line, and by the time it reached the bottom of the line it was consumed. Perhaps one would

drop out for a moment, bolt down a bowl of rice, no sugar or salt on it, and again return to the fray. Not a word of complaint, smiling under these awful conditions, these women with their hardened faces met their fate without a murmur. Including those inside the ship shoveling the coal back, there were about six hundred at work, and yet their wages were so small that it is said this ship is coaled here cheaper than any place in the world.

The coal we loaded is dug under the sea only a short distance away; it is very poor quality and costs about four dollars a ton.

Nagasaki is located nearly at the south end of Japan and about the 32nd degree north. Japan extends nearly to the fiftieth degree. It is supposed to be warm here, and oranges and citrons and other tropical fruit are raised.

It is 1330 miles from here to Manila, and in going a portion of the way, we are on the broad Pacific and the balance in China sea. At twelve noon, the 20th, we weighed anchor and steamed south. Two days later we were steaming along the east side of what I learned as a child to call Formosa, but since the Japs have taken it from the Chinese they have named it Taiwan. It is from this island we used to get our Formosa tea, and it is from this island that most of our camphor is secured. This camphor industry is fast depleting the great forests of that tree, and we will some day have to substitute other drugs to take its place.

Perhaps it may not be amiss to mention the manner of their securing this gum. These camphor trees are no doubt many of them thousands of years old; they are chopped down and all cut into chips, put in a still and the volatile camphor steamed out and secured the same as is whisky or turpentine distilled.

We are all day passing this island, and as we reach the southern point the temperature becomes very warm and we resort to summer clothes. A little later we see at our left the island of Luzon, on which is the city of Manila, our city of over 300,000 people. I am up at 4 a. m., Friday morning, the

23d of March, and find our ship at anchor just outside of Manila, and near Corregidor Island, the fortified entrance to the harbor. It was through this strait that Admiral Dewey steered his fleet during the Spanish-American misunderstanding. This island has been a fortified location for hundreds of years to defend the entrance to the harbor, but the rotten government officials of Spain had stolen and purloined all appropriations made for its defense, and when he sailed in, their old cannon would not throw a shot out into the strait. We steamed through the straits, it is thirty miles from Corregidor to Manila, and as we steam past Cavite, we are shown the place where our fleet met the rotten old hulks manned by the brave Admiral Montogo, who had been ordered out with ships so rotten that the first shots from our ships sunk them, while their old cannon would not carry a shot half way to our ships.

To our right as we come near our dock, we pass 14 German ships that were interned at the commencement of the war, now covered with barnacles and their engines badly destroyed by the German orders.

We are now about twelve degrees north of the equator and nearly on a line west of the Panama Canal.

After passing quarantine we land and go direct to the Manila Hotel, said to be the finest hostelry in the far east.

It surely looked good to me, and to hear our own tongue on all sides gave the pleasant impression that we were under the protection of that nation which to-day stands out like a one star as a guide to those unnatural, rotten, oppressive monarchies of the world.

Manila

PERHAPS in the history of our country we have made no more seriously unfortunate move than when we acquired the Philippines. The taking over of about 8,000,000 people of entirely different character than the Caucasian in a location where to defend from the greed of other nations was one of the most difficult and remote, a people in no sympathy with our manner of government, an entirely inferior race, so inferior that they have no conception of what our civilization means, nor do they desire to accept it.

The Filipino is the only Asiatic race that have as a whole, outside of the Moro, who are Mohammedans, accepted the Christian faith. The people are supposed to have embraced the Catholic religion, but the religion as they accept it would be entirely foreign to the Catholic religion of civilized countries. Had their religion been pure Catholicism, it no doubt would have exerted considerable influence along the lines of Caucasian civilization; but it had degenerated into that superstition which is so common among Asiatic races. To regenerate either their religion to a pure Catholic belief or to improve upon their former rotten government was obnoxious to the principles of the ruling class there.

When we took possession, some of the brightest minds of our country were induced into the task of raising these people to a higher civilization, and had they the Caucasian mind it would have proven a permanent success; but not with this degenerate race of mongrels.

The University of the Philippines, the finest school in the territory of the brown race, had it been among Caucasians would have been a permanent fount of light to the race.

Fine hospitals were established, the surroundings of Manila were cleansed of all miasmatic diseases, fine streets and drives established, country roads of the finest built, and all the surroundings of civilization established, and up to about 1912 you see the dates on buildings erected and improvements made. Since that, native instructors, native officers and natives generally have been taking the places of the American, and every tendency is to retrograde, and in fifty years after we shall have returned them to the entire control of their government. I doubt if there will be a mark of the once great civilizing influence that was forced upon them.

I will say right here it was a misfortune when we acquired these islands, and the sooner we may honorably get out of them the better, except that we maintain the original thought of Caucasian supremacy.

The Philippines comprise over three thousand islands, much of the territory only rocks sticking out of the ocean with no vegetation. The island of Luzon is nearly as large as our state of Iowa. With intelligent agriculture and energy it could produce a large amount of material for the comfort of the world, but with a climate so weakening as to sap all energy, it can never be a great factor in civilization.

They are exporting considerable sugar and a great amount of jute, or hemp, as it is called. The plant from which this is taken is much like the banana plant, growing about ten feet tall. This is cut about once a year and makes this growth from the root. The plant is chopped down and run through a machine that separates the outside from the core, the outside having the lint from which the rope and binding twine is made. Our ship loaded a very large amount of it. I was told eight thousand tons of it, which our farmers will be tying their grain with this year.

When the writer landed in Manila he had not the cash funds to buy a postage stamp, and the first thought was, Where can I get gold for my bankers' checks? I had found it impossible to get gold in Japan for them, and to get Japanese money there

was a discount of four per cent, and Japanese money would be of no account here.

I at once walked to the United States subtreasury, as I could hardly hire a conveyance with nothing to pay with. Presenting my passport as an American citizen, I was assured that I could have all the eagles I desired, and soon, with a lighter heart and much heavier pocketbook, found myself in position to secure a public conveyance where desired.

Autos are very common in Manila, but a small horse in a light carriage does most of the carrying. The heavy hauling here is all done by the water buffalo, or caraboa, as called by the natives. This clumsy monster, with a body like a rhinoceros and twisted horns often three feet long, presents about the humblest, awkwardest beast of burden found; poor, with their tongue hanging out, their great clumsy forms present an odd appearance. The plowing and all farm work, as well as all heavy hauling, is done with these the same as in Egypt.

One afternoon we took a ride to Fort McKinley. The fort is about five miles from the city on a rise of ground on what would seem a very favorable location. Here Uncle Sam maintains his largest army post. All the surroundings were well cared for, showing American spirit.

Returning from the fort, we travel down the Pasig River. The city is built on the delta of this stream and numerous esteros, the river making a very valuable location for commerce.

To the south of the river is the walled city, enclosing nearly a mile square; between this and the bay called the luneta is the modern city, built large on made ground.

Here are situated the fine schools and hospitals, and it is here that the greatest improvements were made, as was riding on one of the best streets; noticed it bore the name of Taft, no doubt from his being governor general at the time these improvements were being made.

On Wallace Court, facing the luneta, are the imposing buildings of the carnival which has for ten years been held here in February each year. In front of the carnival entrance stands

the beautiful granite monument erected to the memory of José Rizal, the greatest patriot and statesman that these islands have produced. This martyr was executed on Bacumbagon field, Dec. 13, 1896. He was no doubt the brightest light ever produced by these people. I noticed the name of Taft as one of the committee of erection.

Visited a beautiful aquarium, the fish having most delicate colors; but the most interesting was the pythons as they lay dormant shedding their skins. I was informed by the native collector that they fed them once a month, a live kid, and that for about two weeks of the four they lay as they did while there.

The population of the city is about 15,000 Europeans; 150,000 Chinese and Spanish half-breeds, the balance of native stock Negrotos and that mixture.

At this far north of the equator the earth turns at just about 1000 miles an hour, while where we live 800 miles would be much nearer the movement.

My advice before we sail from this land, to the young men of America is, don't think of making your home in this southern clime. Deterioration is the natural condition of this weakening climate, and civilization seeks a more bracing atmosphere. A southern climate is sure to get you and your energy.

Hongkong

AT 12 noon the 25th of March, we sailed out of Manila for Hongkong, 635 miles across the China Sea. This China Sea, which had always looked to me like a small pond, we sailed on nearly 2500 miles. Our trip to Hongkong was through a very rough sea, as this sea is usually rough, subject to typhoons and destructive storms.

Tuesday morning, the 27th, we are entering the beautiful harbor of Hongkong, on which is situated the city of Victoria. As is commonly thought, there is no city of Hongkong, but the island is Hongkong and the city Victoria. The entrance to the harbor is only a few rods wide, but it is fifteen miles from the entrance to the city of Victoria, and one of the most beautiful harbors, as is Victoria one of the most beautiful cities of the world. As we steam up the harbor this beautiful city, high up on the mountain, presents a view seldom seen in travels anywhere.

The city has about 450,000 people, largely Chinese, 6000 Caucasians, but its affairs entirely managed by Great Britain, who owns the island, it having been ceded to them in 1841, its location being desirable for commercial pursuit. At that time this location was the center for pirates who infested this portion of Asia and still, as I shall explain, are a dreaded scourge except where British influence has overawed them.

Ordinarily there are few restrictions in entering this city, but the present war has changed all this. Inspection is now the most rigid and painstaking, and it was a long time before we were permitted to land, not until noon of that day.

As to collecting revenue, that cut little figure, as the only article on which they collect any amount of revenue is liquor,

but on this they are very strict and collect a very high import duty. I will say here that this is one of the best supported colonies in the world, their principal revenue coming from rents, they receiving 31 per cent of all rentals on all homes or places of business, and as I understand it, if one owned his home the same assessment is made as to what rental it would bring. With this enormous, easily collected income, it is the best improved and kept up city I have ever seen.

On landing, we take rikishas to the Hongkong Hotel, where we had engaged as our home, but when we arrived there we found those occupying the rooms refused to vacate, and as we were to go from here to Canton, we decided to go on that day and have our rooms reserved for our stay on our return. Before we could leave the city we were obliged to go to the chief of police and report our arrival, what time we would leave, and for what point, and after getting a permit to leave the city, we turned to enjoy the surroundings of this wonderful city.

This Hongkong island is about ten miles long and from two to five miles wide and has a surface of about thirty square miles. It was one of the Ladrone group, so named by the Portuguese, Ladrone meaning thieves, and these islands were the center of perhaps the greatest pirate infested location the world has known. The island lies like a great sugar loaf, the highest point 1825 feet, and the sides of this steep mountain, once a solid mass of granite, now terraced out, earth hauled on, and covered with the most beautiful tropical verdure. It was on our return from up the river that we took in the town, but before describing the upper river cities of Canton and Macoa (pronounced Macow), I will fully describe Hongkong, as we spent a number of days here on our return, and it was with a feeling of sadness we left its inviting surroundings.

The city of Victoria has a business district almost entirely built of granite, and the cutting shows the work of men educated in their line. Their parks are surrounded with beauty, their botanical gardens and cemeteries showing all the ear-

marks of the highest civilization, their places of amusement on a broad scale. An auto drive around the island impressed one with roads finer than any Southern California can boast of, and the beautiful surroundings of the harbor, with island peaks bobbing up at every point where it would be a means of beauty, with ships, sampans, dahows, and junks passing through the straits that separated them, make the untiring surrounding ever inviting.

A cable line takes one to the top of the mountain to the Peak Hotel, and as it is terrible hot during the summer months the wealthier resort to these heights, where there is a breeze and beautiful surroundings. Great terraces have been blasted in the rocks, and palaces of homes erected all along these heights. All the valleys are cemented, and the water falling is carried to immense reservoirs from which it is filtered and supplies the city with healthy soft water.

The rainy season commences about the first of May and it rains every day for about ninety days, and during that time the most of the year's rain falls, about ninety inches.

Down in the native quarters of the city it is very much congested, in fact one of the most congested locations in the world; but in the districts occupied by Caucasians, the grounds are large and in all cases beautiful.

Hongkong is the point from which the great surrounding cities of Canton and Swatow and other cities, with their great population, manufacturing in their slow but most perfect manner, find a market for much of their goods, they having here trading places to dispose of to the many foreigners that visit this place. It was here that the writer secured many beautiful pieces of the industry of these unpaid for their labor human beings.

The money used here has for its standard the Mexican dollar, the Mexican dollar being the only money used throughout China and accepted at its face value. American gold that I was carrying they discounted here 8 per cent, and American bankers' checks, or express checks, about the same.

On the water front of the city is a beautiful square, beautified seemingly to perpetuate royalty, which we as free American citizens have about as little respect for at this time as we have for a skunk. On the four corners of this square are bronze statues of the Prince of Wales and King Edward and consort and in the center of the square Queen Victoria in a beautiful monument. While the writer must acknowledge these rulers did rule with little autocracy, he must insist that the being who does real things for humanity should be honored before those who gain their supremacy and honors by their birth and no particular other mark of distinction.

Ninety-one miles above Victoria on the Pearl River is Canton, one of the greatest cities of the world, with over 2,000,000. There are two means of public conveyance: by water or by rail. We chose the water route, secured accommodations on a river steamer leaving late in the evening and arriving at Canton at six in the morning. As I went to my stateroom that night I saw seven rifles standing in the corner, and my curiosity getting the better of me went on inquiry. I soon learned that pirates infested the waters of the rivers surrounding Canton. I was shown to the deck of the boat, and surrounding it was barbed wire, so placed that it would be very difficult to climb on from outside, but was told by the captain that their greatest fear came from within, from the steerage passengers, who often numbered many hundreds. Among this mob would often be a band of pirates who, overcoming other passengers, smashed the hatches and murdered those on the upper deck and robbed the boat. It was with this flavor in my system that I retired that night. To add to one's knowledge of the situation, I was shown by the captain, who was a Scotchman, a picture of the trunks and heads as they had fallen from them of a large number of these pirates who had robbed the steamer a few months before and had been caught and at once beheaded.

Awakening at four the next morning I was soon on deck to pass on the surroundings, as this river is said to be the most interesting stream in the world, writers placing the number of

human beings who live on the water in front of this city at a million. We found our guards pacing the deck with arm akimbo and ready for trouble at any time.

All kinds of river boats were moving hither and yon.

The temperature was so cold that chills crept over me, though I had heavy clothing and overcoat on and this at only twenty degrees above the equator. I was told that Canton is the coldest city in the world at sea level that far south.

On all this long trip we saw but three times the American flag on an American steamer, and now we pass it for the first time on the cruiser *Helena*. Twice we saw it on an American cruiser and once on the Yangtze River on a Standard Oil boat.

It makes an American, who prides himself in living in the most intelligent, wealthiest, and greatest country that has ever existed, blush with shame and disappointment to travel and find nothing—no ship of American registry—all because of a lot of such small minds that as public demagogues stampede sufficient of the American suffrage to place them in position where they pass such bills as the LaFollette bill that has driven all the shipping and enterprise from the seas. As an example of this I returned on the *Korea Maru*, until last October belonging to the Pacific Mail, now owned by the Japs, built at Newport News, Va., owned by American capital, and driven out by a demagogue.

Canton, China

WE are steaming to our landing at Canton. On all sides are strange crafts,—sampans, dahows, and junks. Here we see crafts with their chickens and garden on board. They have a raft connected in which they dredge the rich mud from the bottom of the river and on this raise their vegetables. It is said that many of these people are born, live, and die on these odd floating homes and never put their feet on land.

They drink the filthy water from the river so full of germs that a spoonful would infect a city, yet they are immune from any germ disease.

We are passing the European settlement of Shameen (from the Chinese Shamien, meaning the flats). In 1841, when the English forced the Chinese to give the island of Hongkong, they found their trading places at Canton demolished and forced the concession of this sand island in front of the city. They built a retaining wall around it, beautified it with banyan, camphor, tamarind, and other trees, erected substantial buildings, and it is a pearl in this surrounding of quagmire and filth. Shameen island is only 2850 feet long and 950 wide. On the two sides adjoining Canton there is a canal, the two bridges connecting without a pass. Iron gates are at each end of the bridges and guards to keep out this mass of diseased humanity.

We are near landing and can look over the city of red tile roofs, mostly not over one story, and the highest—the pawn shops—towering up like our grain elevators. These pawn shops are common in China, the people take their goods there for safe keeping until disposed of, draw money on them and are charged a certain per cent for insurance and accommodations. In these

pawn shops, as they are called, are stored the most of the valuable goods made in China.

We are landed at a wharf in Canton proper and take rikishas to Shameen. When we reach the bridge crossing over the canal to Shameen, our guide who had come up with us from Hongkong, had a pass for us, the gate was opened and we were soon at our hotel, the Victoria, a place, no doubt, which has seen much more prosperous conditions, but since the war almost deserted, as there are no English traveling. We found the service very poor, in fact as poor as any place on our trip.

After this poor breakfast we take 15 sedans with 45 coolies to carry us and are carried through the dirty city.

Canton is the city from which most of our Chinese come. It has never been in sympathy with the Manchu government and at all times has defied the government by reviling it. It was here that the insurrection, which finally terminated in driving out the Manchu dynasty and forming the republic, was started.

The Chinese here are as we see them in this country, small, quiet, and inoffensive, but as one goes farther north he finds great large men, much larger than the American.

We cross the bridge and enter the walled city whose gates are as in all Chinese cities closed at nine o'clock. These walls are six miles in circumference and inside this small space are six hundred narrow streets, so narrow we are obliged to take sedans, as rikishas could not pass through them. We went through streets not thirty inches wide, with reeking filth beneath and the air foul with stench, and yet we are in that city that furnishes the finest silks known. Look into this place they call a factory. Here in an ill-constructed bamboo loom are being woven silks so perfect that you cannot discover an imperfection. A dirt floor, all surroundings filthy, yet wrapped as fast as the hand loom turns out its beautiful finished product it is folded in this cover that it may not come in contact with the surrounding filth.

One must hold his nose as he approaches these shops with the sewer above ground in the center of the street, with all kinds of filth putrifying, you wonder how these beautiful goods and embroideries, worn by royalty the world over and prized as perfect, can come from such surroundings.

The signs in the streets, announcing the location of a place of business, create a color scheme which is the despair of painters. Hung from brackets extending from the shop fronts with every gaudy hue in the solar spectrum, with a great amount of gold leaf in barbaric characters, they are a study for the tourist.

Each district has its specialty of goods to manufacture, so if you wish to buy a certain line you find each line in its district, making shopping easy.

We go to the temple of 500 Geni, built about 400 years since. Among its 500 buddhas was one of Marco Polo, revering him as a god, which the Chinese have, since his coming there, the first white man to have visited the sons of Han in their then unknown home. He was a Venetian traveler and went through China about 800 years ago, being shown by the Chinese more than any white traveler ever was before the Boxer revolution, and in their many buddhist temples his statue, resembling the cuts we see of him in his memoirs, are found. While his own people in Venice disbelieved his stories and put him in jail, one only has to visit the buddhist temples in China to be convinced he saw what he represented.

We go to the great temple of the Chin family, costing over \$1,000,000, built forty-eight years since and twenty-eight years in building. Here one sees the reverence paid to ancestors, as this great family of hundreds of thousands living in Foo Chow annually visit this temple to worship their ancestors. Tablets to each one of their eldeds are seen in the great temple.

We visit their highest buddhist temple. Our guide says it is 375 feet high, we think he exaggerated the height, but it is very high, nine stories, has eighty-eight buddhas. In the entry at either side are the most horrid images of demons or devils possible to imagine.

All these immense old pagodas in China are going to decay. They are built of brick and covered with cement outside and on top the birds have dropped the seed of trees in the accumulation on the top, they have taken root and forced their roots down into the brick and quite large trees are seen growing with leaves, showing vigorous health. Wherever we went through China these old pagodas tower skyward from locations on high ground, you are never out of sight of some of them, but most of them are deserted, as all religious thought in China has resolved itself into the worship of ancestors.

We go to the top of the wall of the city, and as one looks down into its narrow streets, with stinking ponds and filth on every side, he wonders how humanity can become accustomed and have the constitution that will allow him to exist under such surroundings.

There are no animals allowed in the streets of the city, and one sees all kinds of conveyances hauled by men, their shoulders calloused from the web wearing into the flesh, but as though dumb, they plod on, putting in every nerve in the terrible effort to move loads that a horse would balk on.

As we travel back through their markets we see offered there for human consumption dressed rats, lizards, cats, dogs, and all animal life, by Europeans discarded as unfit, but to them called delicacies. In the fish market there were vast quantities of snails and all kinds of wiggling life. Anything that will sustain life is eaten.

As we pass through its narrow streets, our coolies, 45 of them, shouting Hi, Hi, Hi, Hi, it left an impression never to be erased.

Like every successful, and where perfection is found, these men of Canton have traveled that sure road, one generation after another, following the same trade, and as near perfection has been reached in the line of each as human skill can accomplish.

If you talk to a wood carver, he will tell you that for hundreds of years his family has followed that occupation, until

those black chairs and other furnishings have a carving not found elsewhere. This applies to the ivory carving, silks, and many other industries.

It would have been my greatest pleasure to have been able to have spent a month here, but with so extensive a trip ahead, we were obliged to move on, so on the afternoon of the 28th of March (as we are to go to Macao from here, a Portuguese colony), we must have our passports viséd by the consul at Canton to enter there. He kindly wrote his name on the back of our passports, charging each one \$2.80 or \$39.20 for about five minutes writing, and we were ready to take our boat at 4:30 to arrive there in the night, but sleep in our staterooms until morning.

As we steam up the river among the living throng of humanity, we notice the remains of destruction of the typhoon of 1915, which made hundreds of thousands homeless and 100,000 are said to have perished. These typhoons are prevalent from Japan to the equator and the destruction in their wake is perhaps greater than any of the destructive agencies on the planet.

This conglomeration of different form of river craft is a sight not soon forgotten. Here you see perhaps a dozen stepping in the buckets of a water wheel and walking up the wheel as it turns, furnishing the power to operate a large junk; again you see men rowing with their feet and hands at the same time; then you see little children, not over five years old, sculling a sampan while the mother is doing other duty on the boat. More of the sculling of these sampans is done by women than men and their hardened faces present a pitiful appearance.

Towards evening you could see fishing with cormorants. This ingenious way of getting fish is worth describing. These great, awkward birds are caught young, and being natural fishermen, are easily trained to their work. A single individual handles twelve. After dark a bright light is thrown on the water from the boat when the location for fish is reached. The birds have around their neck a ring so close as to not allow of their swallowing, but not to interfere with their work. While

two other men splash the water and handle the boat, the fisherman handles his twelve birds. When one has filled the large sack below the bill and above the ring around the neck, he pulls in the bird, disgorges the sack through the bill, again sends him adrift to pull in another bird who has his receptacle full. It is wonderful that a bird can thus be trained, but such is the fact and to a great source of profit.

As we pass up the river, we pass many pagodas deserted looking, but one of great grandure nine stories high. The Buddhists always build their pagodas an odd number of stories.

A smoke stack protruding from the river, we are told as we pass it, is all that is to be seen of a German cruiser that was on this river at the time the war was declared, and rather than interne, the commodore scuttled it in mid stream, where it will no doubt remain a menace to shipping.

On the following morning we find ourselves at anchor at Macao, the oldest Caucasian settlement in east Asia.

In 1557 the Portuguese, who at that time were the greatest world's traders, established themselves on this beautiful island. It is 35 miles south of Hongkong. The city has about 80,000 people, though claiming more. Of these about 5000 are Portuguese, the rest Chinese mixture.

The island has been beautified; surrounded with banyan, camphor, and tamarind trees, with a beautiful bay indenting into the center of the island, wide streets well kept, it is a very desirable location.

Our hotel, the Macao, once must have been a very good place, but now in a very run-down condition, with little patronage, the most of the European business going to Hongkong.

While riding to our hotel, we found even the man-propelled rikisha was not entirely safe. One of our ladies, who was always known for a good appetite, was too heavy a burden for the coolie to hold down a steep hill, and in spite of all his efforts, got the best of him and running against another, loaded with one of our party, upset both, but very fortunately no one was seriously injured, though very much shaken up.

We take a drive around the walls still in a good state of preservation. Our first stop is to see the process of making opium, as they have an immense factory here.

The leaves and gum raised in India is secured from the poppy, the gum by gashing the side of the seed pods and scraping the juice from it after it dries. These are put in large copper pans, boiled to a thick syrup, or paste, and when cooled cut in small cubes, rolled in papers and put in cans about like the small talcum powder can. For each of these cans they get \$24. The Portuguese government put a tax on the manufacture, which brings them \$1,156,000 Mex a year. The work of manufacture is very unhealthy, as is shown by the complexion of the laborers.

A visit to a large tobacco factory, where children not over four years old were employed in stripping the leaves, and a visit to the places where our fire crackers are made, was a very interesting process until we saw one of their number covered with smallpox, when our interest seemed to subside without any desire to see more. But as we had been vaccinated on our trip, it caused no particular worry to us.

We rode through beautiful parks worthy a full description.

Drove to the once home of Camoens, the great Portuguese poet, who for years lived here in beautiful surroundings, the place now used by the Portuguese government, and finally we drive around the walls, where the smell of acres of fish drying in the sun sends out a stench that will satisfy the appetite of the writer for life as to dried fish.

Macao is the Monte Carlo of east Asia, and one going there, if he desires to see that which most interests the Chinese, must visit the gambling houses. It was the pleasure and purpose of the writer to do so and to understand the game of Fan Tan, which is the gambling practiced here and the greatest gambling game of the Chinaman.

The gambling house is built with a court reaching up some stories above the tables, a railing surrounding the court, down which you can look onto the table, which is so much like a

roulette table of Monte Carlo. The ones frequenting the place are furnished drinks and cigars free. A seat surrounds the railing and attendants take your money, letting it down to the table. On the table is a pile of Chinese cash, the operator with a wand scrapes out a pile of this cash and you send down your cash with the number you bid on. The numbers are: nothing, one, two, and three. If you bid on one of these numbers and when he counts over the pile he has separated before the bets are made, and after taking four at a time there are the number left you bid on, you get four times the amount you put in, less 15% for the house. If you do not guess the number, you lose. The writer tried the game that he might understand its charms, and after losing three times, doubling his stake each time, and the fourth time won ahead of the game he quit, fully satisfied that the way of the fool leadeth to death and that the old way of earning ones way through life was far more honorable and gives better satisfaction.

The Chinese laborer will at one of these gambling dens put in all his earning, always hoping that the impossible may happen to him.

As we go to the chief of police that we may get a permit to leave the place, we pass the oldest Catholic cathedral on the east coast of Asia, built in the 16th century, destroyed a few years since, but the wonderfully carved front still standing, a mark to the sacrifice of those whose duty to their faith led them into these then little known places.

In the evening we return to Hongkong, and a few days later steam for Shanghai, and after a very quiet trip on the China Sea of 818 miles we find ourselves safe on the Yangtze River opposite Wangpoo. Having made the trip in shorter time than the schedule, our rooms at the Astor House, Shanghai, were not vacated yet, so were obliged to spend a night on the boat here.

The Yangtze River is the largest in China and the Chinese claim the largest in the world. It is certain that it carries more lives and freight on its bosom than any other stream.

Shanghai is not on this river, but fourteen miles up the Wangpoo River and at the junction of the Soochow Creek. Here on the morning of April 5th, we are landed from a small river steamer at the great city of Shanghai, the greatest commercial city of Asia. A city of over 1,200,000 people, the most cosmopolitan city in the world.

We are taken along its fine bund to the Astor House, the best place in the city, but a place that could be greatly improved on, though we felt well satisfied that we had a place to lay our head, though our pillow was so full of thorns we were obliged to cover it.

The Bund in Shanghai

A WALK along the Bund in Shanghai would convince anyone of the cosmopolitan population of this city. All shades and styles of dress and faces of every nation, but the Chinese predominating. The Bund follows the Whangpoo River; along its bank are monuments of Sir Robert Hart and other men who gained a name from Caucasian enterprise in China.

On one side of the street one sees as fine buildings as you find in European cities. The English, French, and international settlements making of itself a modern city. There are about 20,000 foreigners in the modern city.

Here you see the tall Indian policemen, as you do in all places dominated by Great Britain in east Asia, his shaggy beard sailing in the wind, his air of authority always the most noticeable feature.

The streets in the European part of the city are wide, and autos are readily used, but the throng of men hauling and wheeling loads make progress very slow.

Taking a Cadillac auto we ride out on the Bubbling Well road. Here the dust, as in all China, is so thick it almost smothers you. This road is about three miles long, and from here we find some grandee is to pass that way, and for miles we drive between soldiers lined on either side to do honor to others, not us.

We are going to a large temple, and as we pass along these streets we see nothing but the mounds over graves on all sides where the territory has not been occupied by buildings. The strangest sight was to see the immense coffins standing in many places within ten feet of a house, and what surprised me more,

was to be told that human remains were in the coffin. Hundreds of these can be seen all over this portion of China.

I was told that the timber of China had been depleted by using it for these great coffins. They are made of the heart of the trees, cut about six inches square and put together firmly, making a coffin about five feet high and eight long. The coffin industry is one of the greatest in China. When a Chinaman dies, his remains are placed in these great arks and carried out on his land to some spot where they think luck will spread its generous mantle, and here the coffin is left until the astrologer shall pronounce it a lucky day, when the covering process takes place. Sometimes it is years before such a time is named and these remains lie here to poison the air. I saw literally thousands of these during my trip through Central China, sometimes a dozen on a plat of not over an acre or two. I presumed where such a number had died in a few years that it must be that smallpox or some virulent disease must have carried them off, but the coffins were there to carry the germs to all that came that way. Were it not that quicklime is placed in the coffin with the remains, it must be impossible to live under such surroundings. It is said that one-seventh of China and Korea is graves and I think this would not cover the space, as to look no matter where you may be you see what looks like from the size of haycocks to stacks that are ten feet high covering every field and in every door yard. Once a year all the relatives of the deceased gather round the grave to worship their forebears and keep the mounds in perfect order, and woe to him that does injury to a grave.

Passing through such scenes as this, we visit the temple and ride through those surroundings where an auto can travel the streets. On our return we visit beautiful parks surrounded by homes that were as inviting as any in our American cities.

On another occasion we enter the native city—the walled city. Would that I had the language that would describe the awful poverty of this place! Here we found ourselves surrounded by men and women almost perfectly naked, women

carrying naked children. Women naked to the waist, carrying these naked children with hands out pulling at you and with imploring faces that bespoke their hunger and poverty. Here we saw crawling on all fours a creature human with a bundle on its back; this bundle was a human being with hands eaten by leprosy, the stench of the surroundings such that one must feel to hold his nose. Our rikisha man could not move ahead, and there we sat while they pulled at us, and had we given them anything we no doubt would have been pulled from our seat. There are 80,000 beggars in Shanghai. As I sat there thinking how I was to escape from these surroundings, a feeling of pity came over me such as I had before never experienced.

O you poor sons of Han, what can be done to relieve this awful condition? Is there not some great mind that will arise and find a way to lift these people, the most industrious on the globe, to that situation where they will at least have labor to earn sufficient to sustain them?

After extricating ourselves from this theater of poverty, we again rode into the outer city, taking in the Bankers' Buddhist Temple, an edifice in which an ordinary person could pass a day in new discoveries. We understood it was the gift of the bankers of Shanghai, the reason for the name.

The throng of men harnessed to heavy loads, with galled shoulders from the rough ropes from which they hauled their loads, the poverty of dress, their quilted clothing so worn that the cotton with which it was padded made them look like a dirty roll of cotton; the general poverty had fully satisfied the writer that here he was not to find that land of flowers and beauty he had so often read of, but rather that place of awful poverty.

We had rooms engaged for our party at Nankin some months before, and now when we are ready to go, get word that no accommodations could be provided. Five of our company decided to risk going even though we were obliged to sleep on the walls of this city of history.

It is 193 miles from Shanghai to Nankin. It is not often that in traveling in these countries that one gets a first-class car except that he has a special, which we had at all times except on this trip; but fortunately there was a car with a white stripe along the side, a first class, second being blue, and third red. As we ride out of the city, we are soon traveling among countless graves like stacks of hay on all sides with many coffins not yet given the lucky day by the astrologers. Surrounding many of the graves we see a circle of earth in horse-shoe form, placed there to bring good luck.

We are now traveling through great China, twice as large as our country, having an area of about 5,000,000 square miles and about 400,000,000 people.

Our route does not follow close to the Yangtze, but back, touching the important city of Soochow, a walled city of over 500,000 people, having a most interesting ancient history. The city is situated at a point on a large lake and back from the Yangtze nearly fifty miles. Here is the most thickly populated part of China, humanity on every side cultivating with crude tools the fine silt soil. You see them making fertilizer as you pass each canal (canals are the only means of transport in most of China). Besides these canals you see large holes filled with mud from the canal and the rubbish that can be gathered, into which they put quicklime and other digesters of the mass that they may fertilize their so long cultivated lands.

Great earthen jars of water, in some places covering acres, the country is subject to drouth and these are kept filled to be used in time of lack of moisture.

There are no wagon roads in China, only wheelbarrow tracks about two feet wide, and along these we see them wheeling their products to the canals, to be from there transported to the river and thence to foreign ports.

Here you see men hitched to a crude plow hauling it, and others hitched to rollers made of stone or cement that weighs tons, rolling down the lumpy soil. No animals are seen, the man being the beast of burden, and his appearance bespeaks of his hard life.

Traveling through these surroundings brings us to Chin-kiang, another very large city on the Yangtze and an hour's ride from there, and at 2:15 we are in Nankin. The meaning of the word Nankin is South Capitol, and Peking, North Capitol; these two cities have always striven for the seat of government, and it has been around these places that insurrections have taken place.

On arrival we are met by three one-horse rigs that were owned by the small hostelry we stopped at. Upon arrival at this hotel we were given such accommodations as they could provide and fairly comfortable. It was kept by a lady from Australia, her husband having been stabbed and killed by one of the servants. Securing a guide who spoke English, we ride through one of the most historic places in Asia.

The city has a population at present of about 350,000. Many times it has had a surging population, but wars have destroyed and driven out, leaving it at this number.

Its wall is the largest I have ever seen, and I doubt if any other city in the world has one of such dimensions. It is twenty-two miles long. I measured it on top and found it 40 feet wide, and it was fully sixty at the bottom and eighty feet high. In many places the bottom of the wall is cut stone, but the most of the wall is of burned brick, fourteen inches long, six inches wide, and four thick. This is the usual size of brick in their walls and other undertakings built of brick. These brick are laid in a very hard mortar and this wall will stand until the end of time unless blasted down. The clay from which it was made was taken from the moat which surrounds the city on three sides, the river being on the other. The moat is three hundred feet wide and twelve deep, and on it much of the traffic is carried by water.

Our first ride is to the tombs of the kings, erected by the first Ming kings. These tombs are seven miles from the city.

As we ride through the city towards its gate, we pass hundreds of those heavy wheelbarrows, loaded with brick from the Mongolian city which they are tearing down and using the brick in other places. These men, staggering under their load,

presented one of the most pitiable sights the writer has ever seen in human existence. Again I could not help but bemoan the fate of these poor sons of Han.

We pass the wall dividing the Mongolian city from the Chinese, thence through the ruins of the Mongolian city out through the great wall and over the moat and are in the land of graves as far as the eye can reach. Looking back at our wall, we notice many irregular corners, and asking our guide for an explanation, he told us that to turn the devil from his course the geomancers had made these many turns. O mortal man, you poor superstitious creature!

Passing through these mound graves we soon come in sight of the avenue of stone animals. These carvings are of elephants, lions, camels, horses, and finally after all animals, men in armor. These carvings in stone were in pairs facing each other, and the writer's picture was taken, standing holding on to the trunk of an elephant, and it was considerable over twice his height. In my eyes' measurement it was fourteen feet high and eight in width, and one piece of stone. Others corresponded with this size, the avenue running between about twenty feet wide, and through this was carried all the remains at death of the fool that enslaved his people to carry on this work. I should think this avenue was about a mile long and the animals about forty feet apart.

Following this avenue for about a mile, we first come to a temple containing an immense bronze turtle. The turtle is the longest lived of any living thing. This is the creature used by the Chinese to represent long life. Our route leads to another of these immense bronze turtles.

At this point we were followed by so many beggars that it was almost impossible to proceed, and noticing one of those begging, a girl perhaps fifteen, we asked our guide to have her show her feet, which had been subjected to that torture which for generations the women of higher caste inflicted upon their children. An offer of a quarter was sufficient. She unwrapped the bandage, and what a foot! The heel had been broken forward to the center of the instep; the toes, except the

great toe, broken in under the foot and this wrapped for years, constantly binding closer until there remained only a foot about five inches long, with a large ankle above, but the foot so deformed that with the most difficulty she could walk.

From the second turtle we pass down a long decline line with worship stones on either side, then into an immense marble court with very heavy carvings, enter a tunnel, pass through, and you are on the upper side of a temple 100 feet long. This was mostly destroyed in the insurrection a few years ago, when the great porcelain tower was, which was situated on this drive out. These were destroyed in the tapping rebellion.

Going on top of these ruins we look out upon the tomb of the first Ming. From the ruins you see a large mound, covering about forty acres and built up like a pyramid, but now covered with chestnut trees. Under this mound is buried the first Ming, the one that caused all those surroundings we have described. Around the mound is a wall of stone, about thirty feet high, in a fine state of preservation.

These Mings ruled China for about three hundred years, from 1260 A. D. They were driven out by the Manchus, who ruled until 1911, when the present republic was established.

Back from this mound of earth over the first Ming stands Purple Mountain, and it is from this mountain that all attacks are made on the city. The army getting possession of this, mount their cannon there and fire down onto the city until it capitulates. It was from this mountain in the uprising in 1911 that the Chinese bombarded the city, and the lady keeping our hotel described as destroying their hotel, which was a good one, and she was obliged to resort to the private residence, which was not torn down, but had cannon ball holes in it. She told me that when the Chinese got possession of the city at that time, that they either killed or drove out the entire Manchu population of 35,000, and pointing down one of the streets lined with chestnut trees, explained that where the many limbs had been cut, human heads were stuck until the trees looked as though they bore that kind of fruit.

There are thirteen gates to the city of Nankin, and at the time of the burial of the first Ming, a coffin was taken out of each gate. After burial all the coolies were beheaded, that there might be secrecy as to which coffin contained the remains that it might not be located.

On the following day we visited the tower with the great bell, which weighs 48,000 pounds, and was cast in the year 1500. A fabulous tale of three sisters is told in connection with this bell, having sacrificed their lives that it might be cast.

Their casts are in the temple and those of their father and mother and nurse, also casts of the good and evil man. Casts of the good and evil man are common in these temples.

We visit the great examination hall where the students used to compete for scholarships that would allow them to hold office, no one holding office in China who has not one of these scholarship diplomas.

There were 25,000 of the little cells, four by six feet for the students, and 2500 for the examining board, those for the examining board being large enough to live in.

Of all these 25,000 applicants but two hundred could get diplomas, many went crazy in their great effort to secure the prize. If one cheated in making his report, he was taken in front of the examination hall, his report burned, he degraded, never to be recognized by the public. It was from these students that all viceroys and public officers were chosen.

From the top of the examination hall we could see over this great area of cells now fast going to decay. In their time no doubt the greatest contest and effort for supremacy in learning the world has ever known.

From here we visit the first temple of Confucius, built 600 years before Christ. It was here the dynasty used to worship the 72 disciples of Confucius and the 3000 who afterwards converted China. There is no doubt that his teaching of the duty of one individual to another, of the individual to the state, not as a religion, but as to its moral effect, had much to do with the great prosperity of China in that age.

Pekin, the Wonderful City

AT half past five, Sunday, the 8th of April, we meet our company at Puckow, on the north side of the Yangtze river, where we have a special first class car for Peking. As we have sixteen lower berths, have taken in Frances Wilson and wife, the actor of whom many will remember him in the "Merry Widow." The writer well remembers, when a hayseed, taking stock to Chicago and in the evening seeing this play at McVickers' with Wilson the leading man.

As our train speeds north from Puckow, we ride by rice paddies and a very level country, but on the following morning we are in a valley with high hills, on either side terraced for rice. The country is generally very poor, resembling New Mexico or Arizona, entirely denuded of timber and the dust choking one.

At Tsing Kiangpu we cross the Yellow River as it once ran, but now it has its mouth at or near Tientsin. We are following the great canal through which a large portion of the products of China reach the coast. This most wonderful canal was dug for two purposes: to carry off the floods from the Yellow River and furnish transportation. It has done wonders, but still this river comes down with such a wave of flood that it carries away everything through a great expanse and often drowns thousands.

The railroad we are traveling on was built south of this river by the British and north by the Germans, but now is all under Chinese government control. On our car was written "Schlaf Wagon," showing plainly its origin.

We reach Tientsin at half past four and are transferred to

the Pekin line. We pass out of the city among fields of graves, then over water on trestles for about fifteen miles, and then through farming country and get to Pekin at eight. Since leaving Shanghai we have traveled in China over 900 miles.

We are taken by rikishas direct to the Wagon Lits Hotel, as fine a place as can be found in this far country, where one expects very little.

On Thursday, April 10, we take autos to the summer palace of the queen dowager of China, built with funds that had been appropriated to build a Chinese navy.

Perhaps there is no more interesting city than Pekin on the globe. As long ago as 1200 years B. C., there was a city here called Cambaluc.

For over 900 years it has most of the time been the capital city of China. During centuries of imperial residence it has been beautified by erecting palaces, temples, altars, typifying the barbaric splendor of Tartar rule of China.

The city, entirely walled in from the outside, presents but few buildings reaching above the walls, it is on a level plain about the same latitude as Chicago.

Very seldom do they get any rain between October and April, and as the soil has all accumulated from the dusts as driven from far interior China, the desert of Gobi, and farther west, the dust is almost unbearable, often being so thick that they have to light street lights in the day time. I wish to say here that all East China has originated from the dusts as blown from Central China, and a territory many times the size of Iowa has been built up by these winds, bringing in this dust in the millions of years it has drifted to the East.

The city has a population of about 1,000,000. Its walls are not as imposing as those of Nankin, but has a heavy wall.

Those of the Tartar portion are fifty feet high, forty at the top and sixty feet at the bottom; the walls of the Chinese city are thirty feet high, twenty-five feet at the base and fifteen at the top; there are sixteen gates.

During the Boxer revolution much damage was done to the

city, and most of the foreign consulates were burned together with many historic places, but of those remaining it was our pleasure to see, and many of the places visited had never before this Boxer revolution been visited by a Caucasian.

On our ride to the summer palace, we passed out through the gates, and a ride of about twelve miles brought us to the wonderful location. Before the English and French took Peking in 1860, they destroyed the old summer palace and carried away to their own countries many of the treasures which one sees in their museums in Paris and London. The present summer palace was started by the empress dowager in 1860, with funds that were appropriated to build a navy. At this time \$10,000,000 were appropriated and after that all appropriations for the navy were used in building the surroundings of this place.

Arriving at the entrance we secured tickets, which are on sale there, and walking about a mile on marble walks with a carved marble rail, along a beautiful artificial lake, this lake perhaps a mile wide in the center, an artificial island with a beautiful marble bridge with seventeen arches spanning the lake to the island. On the island a beautiful palace. It was in this palace the emperor was confined by the dowager empress who was his aunt, up to the time he died, a date we do not know, but it was announced he died the day before his aunt, but no doubt this is not true, but that he was poisoned some time before. It was from the reforms that this emperor tried to introduce that brought about the Boxer revolution.

Kuung Hsu was the nephew of the queen dowager. In 1898 he was placed on the throne. The reforms were so rank of European civilization that it incensed the dowager empress, and the empress deposed him and confined him on this island before mentioned.

Walking along this lake we are under a roof beautifully decorated with different views of the lake, the work done by most noted painters. This roof is about three-fourths of a mile long, on either side were marble blocks on which were stood

at the time it was occupied jardinières filled with flowering plants. The palace itself, like all other Chinese buildings, is a succession of one-storied halls, built around central courts. These halls are raised upon marble terraces and approached by broad steps.

The curling roofs are tiled with imperial yellow or bright green; on each corner are perhaps a half dozen curious little devils which our guide explained was to keep off all evil.

The paintings, much of it in vermilion, Chinese dragons appearing everywhere, present an interesting picture of Chinese character.

In the lake is the only appearance of a navy which was built from the appropriations for that purpose. Here is a marble boat 125 feet long and 26 wide, built on a solid foundation in the lake. It has two decks and on the upper deck we ate our lunch which we had brought from the city.

It was from the misuse of the many appropriations made for a navy and used here that caused the failure of the Chinese in the Japanese war of 1896. Their navy having rotted to such an extent that when they were fired upon their rotten ships easily became the prey of the Japanese, and after sinking them they levied an indemnity of 20,000,000 taels, or about \$30,000,000 in our money, and it was with this that the Japanese were able to commence the war with Russia that brought them recognition as a first-class power. Had the funds used around this lake been placed where the Chinese people supposed they were, the Chinese would have driven the Japanese from the seas and they would have been rated a third-class power.

The summer palace is called the palace of 10,000 ages; the wall surrounding this is about four miles long and twenty-five feet high, of broker ashler, very fine work.

From the summer palace we took rikishas to the Jade Fountain about three miles, but excepting seeing a beautiful marble pagoda from a distance, we could not get in, as a dispute between the government and the keeper had closed it.

Returning to our autos we are soon in the city and first

visit the Lama Temple, known to the Chinese as Yung Ho Kung, or "Lamsery of Eternal Peace." This temple, built some 250 years since, is the most perfectly equipped temple in China.

The courtyard is flagstones of marble; surrounding it are the homes of the 1500 priests who attend upon the temple.

As you enter, on either side are those images of devils found in all buddhist temples. Farther inside is the chief object of interest, the great image of Maitreye, the Buddhist Redeemer, over 70 feet high and 25 broad and made of one tree. It is certainly a very imposing piece of carving; where such a tree was found we could not learn, but a close scrutiny could not detect but that it was one piece. Our attendant said it was brought from Tibet.

A huge prayer wheel in the same temple as high as the Buddha was another curiosity.

From the Lama Temple we go to the Imperial city within the walls of the Tartar city. The walls of the Imperial city are 20 feet high; passing through this wall and farther on is the forbidden city, surrounded by a reddish pink wall, 30 feet high and 30 feet thick at the base, as well surrounded by a moat 120 feet wide. Within this wall are the palaces and royal residence apartments for eunuchs and concubines of the Manchu royal family.

This forbidden city was built in 1410, and up to the Boxer revolution in 1900 no white man had ever entered. At that time the different legations congregated here and with such protection as they could muster, defended themselves until succor arrived from Tientsin.

As we enter the grounds we are surrounded by marble courts, bridges, canals, and all surroundings of marble except the palaces ahead. We pass from one building to another, always passing up stairs to reach the next in going from one to another. I measured three blocks of marble with dragons carved the length; they were each 35 feet long and 10 wide; over these the emperor was carried by men on the stairs either side.

In front of one of the temples were two bronze kettles nine feet wide and five high. From this location I counted 32 of the same size. Inside the audience hall we measured the building was 100 by 200 feet. It was in this audience hall that the treaty of peace after the Boxer revolution was signed.

Farther back of this audience hall is the home of the young emperor, now thirteen years old. He is kept confined here by the republican officials and given a pension of \$4,000,000. It was this young prince that the Manchus, in the uprising just put down, were going to reinstate in office.

As we return, we pass through many of the imperial buildings. In some of them are shown the Imperial treasures. Here one sees what must have been an era of splendor. Vases of bronze surrounded with rows of diamonds and rubies set around the vases, inside representations of flowers so real that one could not believe they were not living plants, yet they were made of gold and silver formed into this beautiful deception that would never fade. Here were solid gold pagodas and other things of great value. They have so large a collection that they are not all shown at the same time, but every two years those on exhibition put away and others put in their place. It surely was the most interesting exhibit and one never to be forgotten. Perhaps what attracted us most was some large bronze vases, made six hundred years before Christ, in which was shown the most perfect workmanship.

I might write a book on this alone, but we must hurry on to the Temple of Heaven, the Altar of Heaven, and other beautiful surroundings in the Tartar city.

It is some distance from the Forbidden City to the Altar and Temple of Heaven, and in going from one to the other a Chinaman ran into our auto, and from all appearances was dead when we left him. They arrested our driver, took our auto, and we were obliged to wait until our guide could get another auto.

The walls surrounding the Temple of Heaven, Altar of Heaven, and Altar of Agriculture are three and a half miles

long and I would say forty feet high. Inside this inclosure was kept the greatest secrecy. At these temples the emperor for centuries prayed annually to appease famine, drouth, or other great national calamities. This worship by the Son of Heaven, as the emperor was called, is older than Taoism or Confucianism. The worship was not alone to Heaven, but to the four imperial ancestors, the sun, moon, clouds, and rain.

Securing our permits we enter the grounds. It was in these grounds that in the Manchu uprising, just put down by the republic, made their last stand. At either side are the rooms where the emperor dressed, in front of which are beautiful flower gardens. As we go farther on, we enter a great forest of cypress trees, looking much like junipers. These trees were set many hundred years since, and I took pains to measure one great gnarled trunk which was twelve feet in diameter. Emerging from these forests we are in full view of the Altar of Heaven. One can hardly explain the beauty of this white marble circular monument. It consists of three circular terraces with marble balustrade and tripple stair cases at the four cardinal points to ascend to the upper terrace, which is ninety feet wide, the bottom being two hundred and ten feet. Holes were drilled in the marble where marble posts supported a blue silk awning which covered the Altar. In the center of the circular top is a large marble flagstone about ten feet across. This was called the center of the universe, and in the center of this the emperor, the Son of Heaven, knelt during this one night of the year to offer up his supplication to the many deities of their choice.

In the front of the Altar in one corner of the grounds is the furnace of green tile on which the black bull was offered at this time as a sacrifice. On either side of this furnace are a number of great bronze urns in which the finest silks in the empire were burned as an offering. The whole surrounding was very impressive and will linger in my mind's eye as long as I live. A little above this is the Temple of Heaven. This is built in the same manner as the Altar of Heaven, but many times

larger. I paced the top, and it was over 100 paces or three hundred feet. In the center of this is a very large audience room and a high tower. I might fill a whole book in describing the many other wonders of Peking, but lest tire the reader will hasten. To the right of the Temple of Heaven is the Temple of Agriculture, where all tools and implements and other material used in agriculture were displayed. The great bell tower in another part of the city would be of interest; it weighs 120,000 pounds. The Hall of Classics, the Astronomical Observatory, the site of the old examination hall, with many other places, especially those of trade so strange, where the writer bought many curios and beautiful silk garments, including four mandarin coats which once graced some wealthy mandarins. Their beautiful handiwork would be the wonder of the ladies of America, years being spent on single garments and sold at prices which thoroughly convince one of how little labor is prized in China.

We are going to the great wall of China, forty-three miles north of the city. In going to the wall we first go to the school built with the money returned the Chinese government from that portion of the indemnity awarded those injured by the Boxers in 1900, our portion being wisely returned to the Chinese government for schools to educate them. I wish to say here that this was one of the wisest gifts and use ever made by this government, as it made for us friends of 400,000,000 Chinese, while all other nations are looked upon with suspicion. They now have in the school 500 students and are doubling the capacity, and no doubt it is the opening wedge to a great system of education which will lift these people to a higher standard of life.

We pass in sight of the Summer Palace, the railroad taking us to within twenty minutes' walk of the great wall, the greatest work ever accomplished by man.

The railroad on which we go to the great wall is purely a Chinese undertaking. Now finished from Peking to Kaligan, 124 miles, and being extended to Urga. Before the building

of this road it was a matter of considerable hardship to reach the great wall, but now only three hours' ride.

The railroad traverses Nankow Pass, the route through which the products of Tartary were transported to Peking for hundreds of years before the white man knew of that country.

It is twenty minutes' walk from the little station where we leave the train to the great wall, the greatest undertaking ever accomplished by man. This wonderful undertaking was brought about by the inhuman Tartar and Mongolian, making their unprovoked raids into China proper. The Chinese, a quiet, inoffensive people, industrious, without a fault, would accumulate fine surroundings, when these sons of the devil would come upon them, killing, robbing, and taking away into slavery their people. To protect themselves from these incursions, this wall was undertaken. In the third century before Christ the work commenced and was kept up until the twelfth century after Christ.

Its main line of wall is 1500 miles long and it has laterals of about 1000 miles, making it longer than from Iowa to San Francisco. It commences at the seashore at Shan-hai-kwan, extends west, following the crest of mountains 4000 feet high, no place so difficult but that it has been overcome, in some places built on the side of cliffs where it would seem impossible for it to be anchored.

At the point where we visited it there was a great ravine and the gate through which all traffic between all that great territory north of Peking passed through, and while the traffic has largely been transferred to the railroad, yet we saw caravans constantly passing. In one of these I counted 127 camels that no doubt had come from more than a thousand miles west, as they come in from all central Asia and Siberia.

At the point where we examine it, the wall has granite sides out to a very close joint, the blocks of granite about six feet long and eighteen inches wide, laid in splendid mortar. It is forty feet high and about twenty wide on top, the rampart

above extending above the space between about six feet, with openings for cannons about every hundred feet.

The walk on top is built of burned brick laid in mortar; about every thousand feet is a tower for lookout, and stairs that one can get down on the Chinese side of the wall.

About 3 miles over in Mongolia are watch towers, in which they kept watchmen with material for kindling fires to give notice of an enemy approaching to these on the main wall.

How this wonderful work was accomplished becomes a great study, but it is said that for hundreds of years every second son in every family in China dedicated his life to this work.

Where this lime could have been burned, where the clay for these bricks came from, and lastly, where they got the water to mix the mortar, is a mystery, for none except the granite is to be found there.

It has been the pleasure of the writer to have seen all that is to be seen of the seven wonders of the world, but all others fade into insignificance beside this; seen beside the Sphinx or the Pyramids of Egypt, one would not think of comparing. In fact, the latter would be only a work of children compared with this gigantic work.

A few of the old cannons used on the wall are seen near the gate to the wall, but they would make little impression with those now in use. The most of them were of brass and have been subjected to the melting-pot hundreds of years since.

Returning to Peking we spend a day visiting other surroundings, and trading. In the evening see the sunset from a location on the wall of the city and take a last view of that city which I wish we might spend a winter in.

On Thursday, the 13th of April, we leave for Tientsin, stopping at the Astor House. Tientsin has a population of over one million, and since the Boxer revolution, has undergone many changes that have much improved the city. At that time, as a punishment for the many crimes committed, they tore down the walls, using it for railroad ballast, and where it stood have put in a fine city street, so one can ride round the city in com-

fort. Along this street the principal business is now done. All nations have concessions, and it has lost much of its former appearance. Its location on the Pehio and Grand Canal made it the port of entry for a great interior country. It is 47 miles from the sea.

That which most interested me in our ride over the city was the tomb of Li Hung Chang, the great man of China, who made his home here. His tomb, an immense Buddhist temple with a principal marker mounted on an immense bronze tortoise, will give notice of his great work in making of this a most modern city.

The Buddhist temple in which he is buried was built to his memory and is the finest in the city. It has fine grounds just in the rear of the Viceroy's Yamen.

Our train leaving in the night, we get in our special sleeper in the evening, and the following morning on getting out, find we are at Peitaiho, one of the great summer resorts of China and the home of many of the Americans interested in the flowery kingdom. It is 240 miles north of Tientsin.

During our trip through China, our greatest trouble was the exchange on our currency, American money, whether gold or silver or bankers' or express checks at a great discount, and in each place where we went at a different value. The Mexican dollar only having a fixed value, not even their own money having any stability. You could get \$1.20 for a Mexican dollar if you took it in small change.

We are traveling now through a country where they have some animals to do their hauling, usually donkeys, which you will see hitched to a single shoveled plow, with one handle driving the donkeys and a man between the donkeys holding the tongue and regulating the depth of the plow. The country is very level and fertilizer in piles all over the fields. This fertilizer they dig out of places where it has at some time been a great amount of animal life and covered for thousands of years, but they dig down and haul the portion that has this surrounding as fertilizer for their own worn fields.

They plant a crop and cultivate, leaving the wheat rows far enough apart that before harvest they may plant another crop between, and when the wheat is secured the other crop is so far started that it will ripen before winter.

Everything is sown in rows, and I did not see a weed in all my trip growing between the rows. They were sowing the crop between the rows when we were traveling through this part of China. A small stone roller was used, either drawn by a donkey or man to cover the Káfre corn that was being planted between the wheat rows.

At 8:30 we reach Shan-hai-kwan (pronounced Shan wan). It is here we see the end of the great wall where it comes down to the sea, our train cutting through it. It has largely gone to decay here and not as imposing as where we visited north of Peking. The walled city of Shan-hai-kwan lies about four miles from the railroad, its wall towering above its mud huts.

Manchuria

WE now enter Manchuria. That our reader may get an impression of its size, it is about seven times as large as Iowa, mostly a high level plain like western Kansas. We ride through many towns, showing little thrift, the country a dry desert-looking one, the dust almost smothering one.

The country is mostly now cultivated to beans, and at each station are great piles of bean cake, looking like overgrown grindstone. From these have been pressed the oil which is largely sold in China, the bean cake going to Japan for fertilizer. From Moukden alone are shipped 13,000,000 pounds of bean oil and 100,000,000 pounds of bean cake.

The nearer Moukden we get, the more desert-like and sandy it becomes, and we wonder why this is spoken of as such a rich country. We arrive at Moukden at 7:10 and go direct to the Yomatto Hotel, a Japanese hostelry, very well kept. The station and hotel are about four miles from the walled city of Moukden; a city of about 200,000, I will not say souls, as I much doubt this one attribute.

In the morning we look out of our room and our first view was a one-horse streetcar line, such as we remember at the stockyards in Chicago, fifty years since. The dust is so thick one can see but a short distance, but through it you see what the Russian and Japs have done in making a modern city.

Going on the street, you find small ponies hauling a two-wheeled wagon, with a prairie schooner cover, in which you will see sitting on the bottom the Manchu women with their high headdress, their faces painted or enameled red, and far surpassing the American Indian in their gaudy attire.

We take one-horse carriages to the city, but before we have gone a mile most of our company turns back, as the dust is almost unbearable, one hardly being able to breathe and cannot see any distance. As we reach the gate to the city and enter, it cuts off the terrible wind, but dust still fills the air. The gates are very ornamental, but the wall is of adobe and fast going to decay. It is about 11 miles in circumference. About a mile inside this mud wall is the inner wall, about a mile square, walled in with a brick and stone wall forty feet high and thirty wide.

As you ride through this city, what will most impress you is the barbaric signs, the most hideous dragons and devils that one could imagine, to advertise their business.

On all this railroad coming into Moukden there are stationed twenty Japanese soldiers to the mile, and in the city 400 Japanese soldiers and about 30,000 Chinese soldiers.

I will not mention the many places of interest, but what most impressed me was the degraded condition of the people.

I here met a young man from Massachusetts, a Dartmouth boy, sent here to take charge of loans for Boston banks. He told me of the wretched condition of these people. Steeped in disease, he said, about eight months before that the government gathered 960 leprous ones, put them in a ditch where a feast was served, and while they were eating, a company of soldiers were ordered to shoot the entire mass, and they were buried in a mass in the ditch. To make the degeneracy worse, Japan sends all her prostitutes to Manchuria to further the already degraded animals. They can be easily distinguished, as they are obliged to wear their obi in front instead of on the back, and surely the city was alive with them.

Like all western countries, they here pad their clothing with cotton to keep warm, as fires are almost unknown for warming purposes, few chimneys being seen in the city.

This man Marsh told me that last winter the mercury was down to 60 below, and that over 1000 people froze to death. He also told me that he saw from his room a girl of about

three, as dogs caught her and killed her on the spot and ate her; there were throngs of natives passing. These great Russian wolf dogs are seen at every corner, and he said it was common to throw girl babies to them. He said at times the dogs get so hungry that they kill other dogs and eat them. Only the fittest survive here, and one sees great men standing much larger than any people we have in our country.

The Japanese are now in full control and fully realize it, as their word is the law.

It was from this city that the rulers of China came for many generations, and from Manchuria came those that filled the most important positions in China, so many of them moving south that they almost depopulated large portions of Manchuria, which at that time had about 20,000,000 people, but now much of which is not cultivated.

There are many interesting monuments of the Manchu dynasty, monuments to both the Russians and Japanese who fell here in the terrible slaughter in the war of 1905.

Our stay in Manchuria was not satisfactory, the terrible dust storms forbade our seeing what we desired, and we left with a feeling that it was not a place for civilized man.

Korea

THE railroad running to Seoul, Korea, and thence on to Fusan is entirely equipped with full guage Pullman passenger coaches, built at Wilmington, Del. It was a pleasure to get into one of these and wind our way south to Seoul, the capital of Korea.

It is 288 miles from Moukden to Seoul. Leaving Moukden in the night, the following morning we awake to see a miserable barren mountainous country. At 7 in the morning we reach Antong, a large city on the Yalu River, the boundary between Manchuria and Korea. Korea is now called Chosen, the Japanese changing all names to suit their purpose. We now see the stolid Korean in his white dress, the seat of his pants hanging below the knees, his "Happy Hooligan" horse hair hat on one side of the head, smoking a pipe fully four feet long and about as shiftless a being as one could imagine, though looking fairly clean.

The married women here have their white dresses open at the breasts, that portion uncovered; but the young girls have a loose flap that drops over that portion, their skirts coming up almost under the arms and no waist.

We see them in the rice paddies, working in the mud with this white clothing, using the most crude tools. Here we saw more and better cattle than in any portion of our trip. The cattle, red, well formed, looked well taken care of. They ride these as we would a horse; have a wooden saddle on which they pile great burdens. They are the one beast of burden in Korea.

Few roads are seen, and when we were there they had taken out all bridges, because if they do not remove them before the

spring floods, they wash away, so they are taken out until September, when they are again put in place.

At 7:30 we arrive at Seoul, now Keijyo, since Japan has it. We go directly to the Chosen Hotel, a very fine hostelry newly built by the Japanese. The hotel was erected on the grounds of the Korean Temple of Heaven, the main temple being left standing back of the hotel. From my room the following morning I had a full view of this temple. Built mostly of carved granite, with carvings of bears on each post surrounding the temple, it presented quite a novel and imposing appearance.

On going upon the streets, we found ourselves in entirely different surroundings than we had allowed our imagination to picture. First we found good water to drink, then the air as pure as the mountain air of Colorado. This, in a city with so many American surroundings, made it more like home than any place I had seen on my long journey. Of course, the natives, with their stolid gaze at you, often dropping down in circles around you, sitting on their haunches like a dog, seemingly entranced in examining the newcomers' attire, is not entirely pleasing.

The streets of Seoul are broad. They have an up-to-date streetcar line, the Edison Company having put in a full lighting and streetcar system. In fact we saw American enterprise everywhere, but not at the high tide it had shown before the Japanese got possession.

We take a ride in rikishas to the Imperial Palace, called Kyong Pak Palace. It has fine grounds, carved granite surroundings. The granite rails surrounding it mortised into granite posts, and on each post the national carving of bear, well chiseled in granite. The palace is 100 feet long and 78 wide. Beautiful bronze incense burners at each corner, of immense size; this with its granite makes an imposing appearance.

The first building, the home of the king; the next the place where he went each morning to look up the day's work, and the last, the place of audience.

To either side were the homes of the eunuchs, and farther back the houses where he kept over 100 concubines. I might say here that concubinage is permitted in Korea, and it is not uncommon for the master of the household to introduce a new concubine at any time in spite of the protest of those already installed under his roof; but it is said that storms are frequent under these roofs, and quarrels often result in murder.

We went to the pagoda, over 1000 years old. This pagoda is of solid granite, and shows that at that early period it was possible for these people to work granite to perfection. The Chinese, as a punishment, pried off about ten feet of the top of the pagoda and placed it on the level with the base of the pagoda, with orders not to replace it, and there it still stands.

Mr. Morton of Chicago, a brother of our once secretary of the treasury, who was with us at this place, wanted us to put in an afternoon witnessing a native dance called the Kesan dance, which he hired given in the grounds in front of the Temple of Heaven. He was getting moving pictures of such performances of the natives. The costumes of the dancers were grotesque and odd in the extreme, the dance only a ceremony of bows and gestures, and nothing that we would consider the name dance as applicable. Their orchestra of five instruments something entirely outside of anything that the term music could be applied to, but the whole gave us an impression of these simple people.

We go to the East palace where the recognized prince lives, the old king being deposed and kept in confinement in his palace on the other side of the city.

This is again an instance of a man being born a fool, but a prince. When going through the palace, I asked the guide if he could not arrange so that we might see the prince. His answer was that he had never seen him, though living in the city; that the prince was an idiot, but surrounded with all the pomp of a real man. He has 700 servants, lots of concubines, but no children. The palace has very large surroundings, and the park is one of the most beautiful seen on our trip; adjoining

it, beautiful botanical gardens, and near by well stocked zoological gardens, where we saw a very fine display of the animal life of the world, in fact better than is found in more civilized countries.

In our rides over this city of over 300,000, we felt that it presented to the wanderer surroundings that, had he months to spend within its precincts, would not tire; but we must move on.

It is April 18th, and as our train runs south from Seoul, we see the natives at their spring work. We travel most of the way to Fusan in a valley about the center of Korea. It is 288 miles to Fusan where we will take the boat for Japan.

It is 8:30, and we ride out into the valley and see the natives in their white garments, their horsehair hat and long pipe, either walking straight like the American Indian or stolidly staring into our coach.

Perhaps a few of their peculiar characteristics might be desirable to mention.

A large number of them you see with hats made of bamboo, hats as large as a washtub and looking like an inverted butter bowl, their clothing other than hat, is white. These are mourners for their dead; they wear this kind of dress for three years after a death among their relatives. Their hat covers far down on their face, so you cannot see the upper part.

So inquisitive are they that they will stand so close to the train that in coming into one station the car struck one, knocking him so hard that he lay dying just out the window of our car as we stopped at the station.

They are like the American Indian, of whom they no doubt are the original stock, as in Korean history they relate of over 200 boats that left for a far east land and never returned, and all characteristics point to these as being the progenitors of the American Indian. Like our Indian, they will enter into any foolish undertaking if so advised, and the Japs prey upon their weakness in that respect, influencing them to fool undertakings.

They have great pride in their birth, and forget any qualification other than an inherent one from their birth.

An unmarried man must leave his hair hanging, and if he never marries must continue this manner during his life.

The birthday of Buddha is celebrated about the first of May. In a household where a son had been born during the year, immense paper fish, some of them twenty feet long, are hung on poles near the house, a bow inserted in the mouth to keep it open that the fish may constantly be inflated. Many of these fish are seen in every community and, as we were just in season for the exhibition, saw them both there and in Japan where the same practice is in vogue.

They sit upon the floor, the same as the Japanese, having no chairs. Their houses are roofed, first with a covering of earth and above that either tile or rice straw. House snakes are very common, living in this dirt under the upper covering, and seldom do you find a house not infested with them.

The people use for conveying water the kerosene cans that are shipped in there by the Standard Oil Company. I have seen these same Standard Oil Company cans in every oriental country; they are the principal water bucket.

A most interesting way of digging a trench, or lifting irrigating water, is the three-man shovel as it is called. From three to a dozen men will operate one of these shovels. One man pulls it back and a number with two ropes, one on either side, pull forward with a jerk, throwing the water or earth far ahead; by keeping up this motion an immense amount of earth or water can be lifted.

You see the women mangling the cotton suits that they may have the luster of silk, and they do it so thoroughly that one would be deceived and think it really silk.

Their dishes are largely brass, they cast it and afterward turn it in a lathe smooth.

They never use milk, though they have very good looking cows.

Where there are many sons in a family, one is often made a eunuch, and is employed in the home of the wealthy. Where there are a large number of girls they are trained for Gesong

dancing, these girls usually become the concubine of some married man and cause lots of trouble in their household.

Beggars are not as common as in China, but more common than in Japan. We saw few cripples among them and none that had discernable disease.

The most common bird in the country is the magpie, this member of the crow family is a pest all over these countries, and is treated as sacred. When food is taken to the graves of their dead, these birds eat it, the natives not interfering.

The great squeaking wheelbarrow is used the same as in China, and its squeak has fully as loud a tone.

You see the natives with a heavy club pounding the bark of the mulberry tree into a pulp mixed with spring water and ashes; they roll it out, ironing thoroughly, and paper you cannot tear is produced.

Their greatest pride is to be noticed officially, and to get an office they will sacrifice all else.

The light coming into their houses is mostly through white paper doors; but in their temples, the same as in China and Japan, especially the older ones, clam shells polished are used as window lights, letting in some light; these were the only means of lighting for all early periods.

The Korean is not the farmer the Chinaman is, being very shiftless. They cut off all the timber along the coast hundreds of years since, that their country might look desert-like, so none would desire it; but since the Japanese have it, they are reforesting it with pine and oak; thousands of acres are now in beautiful groves. I have never seen reforesting done on the scale it is here and in Japan. I think one-fourth of the land is now set to timber.

I had read and heard from lecturers as to the work the missionaries had done in christianizing these people, and while they have done a great amount of good, it is nearly impossible to bring about that kind of conversion that does not carry with it the superstition so natural to them. Any religion that does not have much form, cannot be popular with them.

After leaving the walled city of Seoul, this wall being about ten feet thick and twenty high, we see no walled cities on our journey south. Often we see a shinto shrine, some of them not ten feet high or ten feet long, and all worship in the open in front.

Lastly we have to speak in praise of our fine railroad of American material, American cars, and all equipment. This railroad building was first undertaken, building a road from Chemulpo to Seoul, and finally it has all gone into Japanese control, and nothing within their own islands compares with it.

As we near Fusan, we find the country growing poorer, but no less of it is used for graves. It would almost seem that the entire rises of ground were used for graves, and the astrologer's superstition has controlled the burials.

The most conspicuous objects were the great straw roofs of their homes. These roofs are continually repaired if they leak, by braiding straw mats and putting on like thatching, and they become the most noticeable portion of the house.

We reach Fusan at 7 and find our ship ready to steam us to Shimonoseki, 122 miles distant. Our ride there was one of the smoothest, and I can recommend our ship, the *Kama Moru*, first class.

Again in Japan

LANDING at Shimonoseki seemed like returning home, as we felt more at home in Japan than in other countries. This place carries quite a history, but a ride through its narrow streets did not impress one with any particular charms in its surroundings.

It is a five-hour ride by train from here to Miyojima, the place of our next stop. This is a summer resort of an island in the inland sea. Its surroundings are very fine for summer, but this early in the spring, April 19, it was too cold for comfort in the little paper cottages without fires.

These cozy cottages, with their light frames, movable, filled with paper, in summer must be delightful. They were made with two beds, a bath and wash room. As I put myself in one of these damp beds that had not been occupied for months, I felt it a risky experiment, though they had fine covers, sufficient for our coldest weather, but none too much for this chill condition.

The partitions can all be taken out in summer so as to be free for air circulation. Like all Japanese houses, no heating except a braisure, not even a chimney, as all this east country is without chimneys.

Great clyptomaria trees surround the resort. The walk of about half a mile to the temple follows the coast, and is lined with stone lanterns about eight feet high; these lanterns are found in all parks and pleasure grounds in Japan.

The torii to the temple is one of the most sacred in Japan, and is shown on all their advertising, as is Mount Fuji.

At high tide we rode through this torii in a boat, but at low tide it is open to footmen. Another torii of granite nearer

the temple is 30 feet high, the main columns four feet in diameter, with the cross bars of granite mortised through these main columns.

As you enter the surroundings of the temple, you are impressed with the superstition of these people. You are lead to the sacred horse, a very common looking animal in a fine stable. It is thought by them that the spirit of God rides on this horse at night. It is considered a favor for them to buy feed for it. This feed is kept for sale at the stable. A large bronze statue of a horse is near by, which is also sacred. The main temple is very large, covering some acres. Along the walks are many relics of the Chinese and Russian wars, some immense cannons taken at that time.

In its season this resort would compare favorably with our American resorts: the hotel meals were fair, but we were out of season. The strangest, and what most surprised us when ready to pay our bill, they would not accept gold, bankers', or express checks, but would let us go on promise of sending Japanese exchange, which we did some three weeks later from Tokyo.

It is 223 miles from Miyojama to Osaka, the railroad like all in Japan, a very narrow gauge, the cars with seats running around the car, the Japanese usually sitting on these seats with their limbs curled under them, it being more natural to sit on their limbs than let them hang from the seat.

We ride through a valley most of the way, the mountains on either side reforested to the top. In the valley we ride through long stretches of marsh grass, made marsh that this grass may be produced to make mats for their floors; in some of the towns the industry of making these carpets of grass has built up large factories for its manufacture.

About one-third of the cultivated portion of the country is in rape seed; from rape seed they make their oil for cooking and lighting. As they have no animal oil, this is their substitute. It was in blossom and the country looked like a flower bed with all this rape, yellow with its blossoms. You see the

natives along the way with their wooden footgear or rice sandals. As they butcher no cattle and have no hides, they are obliged to wear this kind of protection to their feet.

We arrive at Kobe at 7:27, take rikishas and a twenty minutes' ride and we are at the Oriental Hotel, a very fine place.

The following morning we take the train for Kyoto, passing through the great city of Osaka and arriving at 11:50 at Kyoto, one of the greatest and most historic cities of Japan, with a population of over half a million. Autos are awaiting us at the depot, to take us to our hotel, two miles from the station.

Our hotel here, a native place, was very comfortable, our beds good. In the afternoon the great Tayu procession took place, and as we had before secured seats for this native show, we were prepared for the novel affair. It was held at Shimabara, some miles from our hotel, and was witnessed by 60,000 people.

It seemed very simple to us, not understanding its significance. It is sufficient that a long procession of beautifully dressed women, decorated to an extreme, with enameled faces, wearing great blocks on their feet for shoes about eight inches thick, passed by for about two hours, moving so slowly you could hardly observe motion. That these women were of a vile cast could be traced from wearing their obi in front, which the law enforces on such in Japan.

I think in my writing I have not described this article of dress decoration as worn by the Japanese women. This is a broad sash about ten inches wide in front, and on the back having what looks like a knapsack, but which is only folds of expensive silk goods, the whole making what to us would look like a deformity, but what the Japs say hides the form. This article of clothing usually costs as much as all the other wearing apparel. In women of low caste this obi must be worn in front and at this parade it was so worn. This Tayu parade is one of the great features of Japan, coming once a year. The

description as given us, being in Japanese characters, we are unable to give further description of what it is intended. From the enthusiasm of the Japanese, it must have had more to it than we could discover.

In the evening we went to the Cherry Blossom dance. This dance is given for one month at this season of the year and is looked upon as one of the great events of the year.

It was held in a large theatrical room, most all seats being in the floor surface, only a few other seats being provided and these sold as extra first class. These seats gave a fine view of the parade, as I cannot name it a dance. The dance is performed by geisha girls, 32 dancers and 20 musicians. The entire performance was to us very childish, but pretty. It was only a parade with bows and gestures, coupled with fine scenery and music so odd that to the last day of my life I shall remember its dull thud. Before the performance, ceremonial tea and some odd glutinous cakes were served. The daughter of the king occupied a seat near by, and it seems that all the aristocracy of the country were there to see the performance. I will have to say it was very pretty.

One day we went to the imperial palace, as this is yet recognized as one of the capitols of Japan. When they removed from here to Tokyo they still kept their summer palace here, and it is here the king is coronated. We had secured special permits from Tokyo to go through the palace, as one can only get permission through Tokyo.

The park surrounding the palace has a number of hundred acres and is kept beautifully. On entering through the gates to the palace grounds, that are very roomy, a guide escorts us through buildings and rooms so entirely different than we would look upon as comfortable, but we had to acknowledge the rolling paper screen paintings as fine; they were described as the finest artists in Japan executed them. As in all Japan there is no furniture, but only long halls with sliding doors from one to another, with decorations on all sides, the floors kept polished. Before entering, as at all places in Japan, we were

obliged to take off our shoes, overcoats, and hats, and in air at a temperature of about forty degrees, enjoy ourselves as we might.

In one room are the coronation stands, one for the emperor and one for the empress. It was in this room that three years since the emperor and empress were coronated. The emperor is now 44 years old. The thrones are located about forty feet apart. To the north of this palace is the main palace of cedar and cypress and having many paintings by their greatest artists.

For over 1000 years, up to 1868, this was the imperial residence, when the capitol was removed to Tokyo; but this still remains the residence of the emperor for a portion of the year, and is still termed the western capitol.

A half-mile ride from the palace took us to Nigo Castle, an immensely large building, the interior decorated with much gold leaf, and having the finest paintings we saw in Japan, most of them over 400 years old.

A twenty-minute ride from here took us to the largest temple in Japan, the Hongwanjii temple. The original temple, built in 1692, was destroyed and the present one built in 1895. This temple covers 45,000 square feet. The decorations are massive, especially the lotus flowers on the great gold panels either side of the altar wherein the founder is enshrined. Built by contributions, by far the most impressive is the great coils of rope made from human hair. Five million of the women of Japan sacrificed their hair to make this rope. There are 29 coils, 90 feet long and nine inches in circumference; at the time of construction, these coils were used to lift the great beams to place. Hemp rope would have served the purpose, but sentiment and superstition is natural to the Japanese.

As the Japanese ladies prize their hair above any other adornment, it will easily be seen the sacrifice.

In this temple we saw great throngs worshipping. As they enter the grounds, they first go to the fountain where they wash their faces and hands and wash out their mouth before repeating their prayer before the buddha. As they enter the temple,

they clap their hands loudly together to frighten away the devil, drop on their knees, repeat their prayer, throw some money over the rail and retire, seemingly greatly relieved in mind.

We are informed that the Japanese, in their desire to imitate the American, are now singing to the tunes of our Sunday-school hymns in their temples.

As it is raining, we put in much of the balance of our time shopping in Kyoto, where we secure many desirable articles.

We have been very fortunate on this trip in not having rain to interfere with our travels. Statistics show that it rains 144 days in the year, and that there is such a moist tendency that all articles are liable to mold, that matches will moisten so they will not ignite. In some parts of the island snow falls four feet deep. We are convinced when they tell us of the terrible heat in summer that we have not yet found that perfect climate.

Pleasure Grounds of the Japanese

IT is only 26 miles to our next stop, the sacred city of Nara. This is a small city of about 40,000. It was one of the early capitols of Japan, and its original surroundings and beautiful parks make it the delight of tourists and pilgrims. These pilgrims come in a uniform that represents their mission.

Japan is a great country for tourists of the Japanese race. I think no other people see so much of their country as do these people; over half a million of Japanese tourists visit Nara each year. These comprise largely the children still in school who, with their teachers, come in train loads and you will see perhaps five hundred in a company not over 10 years old. Perhaps here it would be well to describe how they reckon their age. If a child is born Dec. 30, the next year it would be two years old. It is called one year old when born on the first day of January, they always count as another year, so these ten year olds are in fact less than nine in the average.

On our arrival at Nara, we took rikishas direct to the beautiful Nara Hotel, a place so pleasant that we stayed longer than we otherwise would. The hotel, owned by the Japanese Imperial Railroad, is surely an advertisement for that system.

We ride through their fine park, a park having over 5000 acres in it and the finest we saw in Japan. In this park are over 1200 stone lanterns about eight feet high, donated by the wealthy men of Japan.

There are in the park over 7000 deer, so tame they follow you, eating from your hands and fumbling your pockets for feed. They are sacred, and what pleased me was to see the kindness shown by the Japanese children to these animals. Not

like our American children, who would amuse themselves by throwing stones at such innocent creatures, these children treat them with the gentlest kindness.

In this park are many temples, but the Shinto Temple of Karuga and the great Buddhist Temple of Todaiji are of most interest. In this Todaiji temple is the great Buddha, or as they call it, the "Daibutsa." This image of the great Buddha is 53 feet high, made of bronze, and is a wonderful image, but not as imposing as that at Kamakura but larger, which I described in a former article. It is a wonderful piece of construction, and if in America it would be looked upon as a delight of architecture.

This great statue was erected in the year 749 A.D., and is a reminder of what their skill must have been at that early date.

In a walk of twelve miles I took around the mountain in the park, the great burial mounds, Missasagi, as they are called, many of them covering an acre, convinced me that at an early period there had been the system of burial in Japan that still exists in China.

They have a great museum at Nara, the finest in Japan, and in it are relics of the past military age of this country.

I will here describe how you discern between the Shinto and Buddhist temples. Before you reach the entrance of the Shinto temple, you must first pass through the torii; sometimes there are a row of these toriis. When you reach the temple, you will see papers cut into angular forms pinned to trees, ropes, and other surroundings. The temple is always thatched, there are no sacrificial fixtures, and no show of furniture or fine finish.

In the Buddhist temple you find it filled with religious properties, a great cast of Buddha, and gaudy decorations.

Of the throng of tourist children, we see many with scalp disease looking like barber's itch. Doctors say it can be easily cured, but they refuse to interfere with nature, and later in life it leaves them. It no doubt is caused from shaving the tender

scalp. At seven days old the child has its head shaved, and this is kept up until he is about five, never letting the hair get but a few day's growth. This makes the children of this age look like a bald race.

One feature of the people that impressed me was the insane. There are 150,000 insane in Japan and no asylums where they can be cared for, but their religion demands that you shall take care of your own, which relieves the situation from what it would be in our country with like conditions.

On the morning of April 26, we take the train for Yamada Ise, 73 miles. The scenery along this route is very fine, but what most interested me was the tea and silk industry. Here we saw much tea roofed over with light covering, that the leaves might not be frosted and the sun not toughen them. The pretty little tea bushes are about two feet high and bright green. They pick the first leaves about the first of June and a second picking in July.

In the silk culture I here first learned the difference between pongee and other silk. The pongee is made from the leaves of the oak tree; in many places they place the caterpillar on the oak tree and he spins his cocoon, hanging it to the stems on the trees from which it is gathered; in other instances they gather and feed the leaves. In the fine silk they pick the mulberry leaves, feeding in cases where they spin their cocoons. The mulberry bushes, covering a large territory, are kept down so as not to be much larger than raspberries as they grow here.

Reaching Yamada Ise, we are taken direct to the Gōnikai Hotel, a Japanese place on a high hill out of the town. Our room, the door to which was so low we had to stoop to enter, was very cozy. Its light sliding paper doors and braisure was a sufficient notice we were in a full Japanese place.

After tiffin we rikisha to the Shinto shrine Naiku, about five miles distant from the hotel. It is here the emperor must come every year and worship. Here he came both before the Chinese and Russian wars, and he attributes his great success in these wars to his having worshiped at this shrine. This is called the

Temple of the Mirror. This mirror is covered with crepe, new every year, and no one allowed to see into the mirror. It is one of the three sacred objects every person in Japan is supposed to make a pilgrimage to during their life. Over 500,000 each year find their way to this sacred location. They enter the shrine, kneel down, slap their hands together, and unfold their desires to the god behind the mirror, whom to them controls all. They throw their money over the rail and leave all to this god of luck.

A large number of Shinto priests are seen in a building at the side of the temple.

The Shinto religion is largely the worship of ancestors. Through it all marriages are made, but at death they are buried Buddhists, so one must be a Shinto and a Buddhist, which all are.

No one ever enters the room of the mirror except the emperor and priests. This room is torn down each year and the entire temple every twenty years, and the material sold for keepsakes, it being considered sacred. It sells at fabulous prices. The temple is situated in a beautiful spot surrounded by great pine trees. A little farther up the walk are large cannons taken from the Chinese. As we pass back, we see multitudes of Japanese washing out their mouths at the fount, and we are wont to exclaim, "How foolish is mortal man!"

A ride by rikisha and streetcar of about an hour took us to Futami, the picturesque sea resort. This is the Mecca where the married come to renew their marriage vows. There are two rocks out in the bay called the wife and husband rocks, the larger called the husband. These are tied together by an immense rice straw rope; on this rope are pinned many paper prayers for continuation of conjugal affection.

In the bay are the clam beds where they produce the cultured pearls. They dive down (all the divers being girls), bring up the clams and boring a hole through the shell insert a grain of sand and fill up; this produces an inflammation, and nature surrounds this grain of sand with a cover to separate it from the

rest of the flesh, and within a few months they again dive down where they have placed these clams thus operated on and open them, taking out the pearl formed around the sand grain.

Though not a particular admirer of pearls, they are very pretty and can hardly be distinguished from the pearls grown by natural means. They have their salesrooms in Tokyo and some of our party fitted out with a fine selection of fine pearls.

While at Futami we visited the public school and were shown through by the superintendent. Their system looked to the writer fine, and the thoroughness was sufficient to convince that these little people will be among the most enlightened nations on the globe within the next few decades. A pleasing feature of a visit to any of their institutions or stores is the entertainment furnished. You are quite sure to be treated to tea and cakes or a candy. At this school we were entertained in this manner.

Their school graduates the children at about fourteen, but they graduate at about our eighth grade. If they desire after that, they can have at their own expense a course in English and other high grade studies. English is being largely studied. With over 60,000 characters to learn, it surely is no picnic, the spoken and written language having nothing to connect the impressions. Had these people the Roman alphabet they would become the scholars of the world.

A five-hour ride on the train brings us to Negoya, a city of 500,000. Here we found poor hotel accommodations, especially our meals. Some of their dishes were not what we were used to, but we managed to eat their bamboo sprouts and such dishes, though we prefer asparagus to bamboo, the latter being too much like hazel brush cooked. I might mention this bamboo. It enters into the life of the Japanese perhaps more than any other article produced. They use it for almost everything, building fences, furnishings, in all plumbing in place of iron pipes, carrying water for miles in its hollow stalk, and finally pick the young sprouts and cook; these are used very extensively for this latter purpose. All together we could not recommend

the Nagoya Hotel, but we have stayed in much worse in our own America.

A trip to Nagoya Castle was of special interest while here. Built in 1610, this great wooden fortress stands without a flaw. Built by twenty feudal lords to serve as the residence of the first Shogun Ieyasu's son, it will no doubt stand for other centuries. Its clyptomaria walls lasting exposed like cedar; its roof of copper and gates covered with iron. The timbers, as seen in going to the top, of immense size. We counted the stairs in going up, the rises were a foot and we counted 123 steps, making it about 123 feet high; on top are the features of greatest interest. Two gold dolphins, eight feet eight inches high, of gold, made from old coins, called "Keicho Koban," the gold used being worth in American money \$1,750,000.

One of these dolphins was sent to the Vienna Exhibition in 1873. The French steamer Nil, on which it was being transported, sank and it was some time before it was recovered and placed on its old perch, the castle.

Surrounding the grounds of the castle are fine walls, two tiers of them, and a wide moat between each wall, so that it would be easy to protect the castle. Within the grounds are the residence of the rulers of that time, with very fine paintings on wood by the best artists of that early period.

It has been a very rainy day, but we have not let it interfere with our sightseeing. We take train at one, the 28th of April, for Miyanoshita, arriving there at 8 and go direct to the Fatuma Hotel, a beautiful place. The last twelve miles from Kodzu on the railroad was made by auto. This beautiful summer resort in the mountains was the most pleasing and comfortable place we had stopped on our travels. We had met the proprietor at the Glenwood, at Riverside, Cal., and he had been on the same ship in crossing from San Francisco. He surely knew how to entertain, and to any that may visit Japan do not fail to patronize the Fatuma Hotel, as you will find few more picturesque and comfortable places in any country.

The hotel is built where mountain streams dash over high

precipices, the streams being both cold and hot water, the hot water being used in the bath rooms. In this part of Japan they often have this hot water so arranged that the people, who all take a bath each day in warm water to keep up their temperature in winter, as they have no fires and it gets quite cold.

Before describing the surroundings of Miyanoshita, will give some of the characteristics and manners of the Japanese.

I did not discover how they relieved an over-excited condition, as they have no words representing or imitating the curses and swear words of the English language. These words surely cannot be necessary, or they would have something of that character in their language.

Like all mankind, they have their stupefying drink. Here it is made from rice and called saka, and while we saw few under its influence, we were constantly reminded by our rikisha men of a tip to get saka. This drink is made only in winter, and has about 14% of alcohol and is drank warm like tea.

It was strange to see in all these countries the abacus used in calculating numbers; even the most simple process they would bring out this little calculator and manipulate its wooden numerals. I would mentally perform these simple additions and they would look upon me with surprise and touch their head and point to mine. They cannot perform the most simple example without this abacus.

In doing all work, they seem to do it backward, or entirely the opposite from what we do. In sawing, the teeth of the saw are made so you do the cutting when pulling the saw towards you. They do all their sawing by hand. You will see a log held with one end perhaps ten feet from the earth with a man mounted on top pulling a saw and one below returning it. All their lumber is sawed in this manner, and they say cheaper and more evenly than ours by other power. It was very interesting to me to see them cutting out boards three feet wide all by man power, each board written on after sawed, giving a full description of what it was and when sawed, so the buyer would have all information as to what he was buying.

These people pull the plane towards them to smooth their lumber, never pushing it. They are very fine carpenters. I saw them at work and our carpenters would blush with shame if they were to compare work.

They never wear their wooden shoes into the home or stores, always removing them at the door.

While we were at Miyanoshita, we saw in their stores some of their sacred roosters, one of which the tail feathers measured 14 feet long. They are kept constantly on the roost, the tail being curled into a bronze receptacle. I was told they had them with much longer growth, but this was sufficient for me.

The manner of self-destruction called Hara-kiri, is very common among the Japanese. This ripping open of the abdomen is done to impress the living that after death they will carry out their desires.

It is the Buddhist religion that forbids their eating meat; before the introduction of that religion, they were great meat eaters, but now with the true Buddhist entirely abstain from it.

Two per cent of the people of Japan have franchise, no person voting that does not pay income tax. The taxes of the country are mostly raised from land tax, it amounting to about 3% on the value of the land; a tax is collected on tobacco and liquor. Geisha girls pay \$2.00 a month tax, the most of other taxes being on incomes.

The manner of marriage is very sad so far as the feminine sex is concerned. It is carried out through the third person who suggests to the parents of some young man that a certain girl of a marriageable age they think would make a proper wife for their son, the two are brought together, and if he thinks it is satisfactory, the marriage is arranged without her consent.

The third part takes the girl to the home of the intended; she takes off the clothing worn, a suit furnished by the to-be-husband is given her, they drink wine three times, and she becomes the slave of the home; the stepmother at any time can dismiss her if she is not obedient to her bidding. If dismissed, she usually becomes the concubine of some other man.

Tourists' Paradise as Found in Japan

ON the morning of April 30, with fourteen sedans, carried by 56 Japanese, we leave Myanoshita for an excursion to Hokone Lake. There is no road where a rikisha could be hauled, only narrow paths which have worn deep into the gravel by the feet of the sedan carrier. They carry you at about a three-mile gait, always good natured they seem to enjoy the experience.

Our route took us through a territory entirely reforested to the top of the mountains with clyptomaria, and along this route were being built many hotel stopping places of native surroundings. No doubt the present prosperity of Japan brought about by the war bringing a great amount of money to Japan from Russia, had encouraged pleasure ground improvements as these were.

By the roadside we see a very ancient carving and beside it in English on a tablet it is described as the Fijo, carved in the ninth century—the first stone carving in Japan.

It is eight miles to Hokone Lake. Here we find a very good native hotel, the Malsuzaka, where we had a good dinner. The lake is three miles long; we took row and sail boats to the farther end, carrying our sedans and men and from there were carried up the mountain to Big Hell, a location much like our Yellowstone Park, having all the sulphurous fumes of the infernal region as it is described. The day gave us many pleasant impressions, but we saw nothing more inviting than the view from the cliff at our own Decorah park, which I must mention as having few superiors, no matter where you may go.

After purchasing many remembrances of this most pleasant summer resort, we are autoed to Kodzu and again resume our

journey north, going to Nikko, about 60 ri north, a ri being two and a half miles, the Japanese reckoning in ri only for distance.

We go direct to the Kanaya Hotel, kept by the father and brother of the proprietor of the hotel at Miyanoshita. It is very peculiar in Japan, these brothers had entirely different surnames. We had met them on ship and become acquainted with them, and they described the reason for their names being different, as one of them had married the daughter of the owner of the hotel at Miyanoshita and gone to live with them, and if you go and live with the wife you take her name. In this instance he had married into an estate and a wife where it was no disgrace to change names. The wife, a beautiful, accomplished girl, who had been educated at a Catholic nunnery and embraced that faith, was entitled to have her husband embrace her name as he had inherited her estate.

These two brothers keep the best places we saw in Japan. They seem to vie with each other which shall keep the finest place; every attention is given to their guests and the Kanaya Hotel deserves a full patronage.

The last thirty miles of our ride on the train is along an immense growth of clyptomaria trees set in two rows, making an avenue about four rods wide. These trees were set by the early Shoguns, hundreds of years since, and many of them from six to eight feet in diameter and hundreds of feet high.

Nikko is one of the most historic cities of Japan and around it has clustered much of the religious sentiment of that country, and their greatest places of worship center here.

On the morning of the 3d of May, we look out of our window on snow covered mountains, reaching almost down to our hotel and reminding us we are now nearly as far north as our own home in Iowa.

On this morning we take rikishas to the great temple, the greatest in Japan as to its general surroundings.

Greenhouses and nurseries are very common in Japan, and in them are found many curiosities; especially interesting are the dwarf trees, these little gnarled specimens are placed in

racks with many hindrances to their growth, and you find them on all hotel tables as decorations and in business places, not over a foot high with a stalk that indicates years of growth. This dwarfing is practiced both in forest and fruit trees, some bearing the larger fruits, like apples, on a tree not two feet high, but no doubt twenty years old.

In going to the great temple, many of these nurseries were growing on the route. The temple is named the "Toshogu" and is consecrated to the spirit of Tokugawa Iyeyasu, the founder of the Tokugawa Shogunate. It was erected in 1616, and in 1639 rebuilt into the architectural wonder as seen to-day. The expense was so great as to nearly bankrupt the Mikado.

For centuries this location had been recognized, and the great avenues of clyptomaria set out and many of the surroundings improvised. Among them the red lacquer bridge, which no one ever crosses except the emperor once a year. The only instance when it was opened to another was when Grant traveled around the world the emperor issued a special permit that he should cross, but he refused to break the precedent so long recognized.

The beautiful stone torii, as you enter the grounds, impress you with the grandeur of the surroundings. You first view the pagoda, though it is not very high, 116 feet, in symmetry with its five out-reaching cornices—a thing of beauty.

The front gate roofed with copper tile and finished in black lacquer is the most beautiful building in Nikko.

At either side as you enter are two Deva Kings, 12 feet in height, watching the front, and at the rear two Fo-dogs. It is a very attractive piece of carving.

It would require a book description to do justice to the Toshogu, which would tire your patience. Will just mention a few of its surroundings and beauties.

The Yomei-mon gate perhaps in decorations and architecture is the most pleasing of all buildings. This gate costs over 600,000 yen. To this masterpiece of architecture there can be no words of praise that will overestimate its original beauty.

The beautiful paintings with colors blending to please the eye, the carving being so perfect to nature, the gold and colored lacquer strikes one with admiration. This gate deserves the Japanese name "Higurashi-mon," or in English, "The gate where one spends the whole day."

I was impressed with one of the precepts of the Toshogu, which I will here quote:

"Life is like unto a long journey with a heavy load. Let thy steps be slow and steady that thou stumble not. Persuade thyself that imperfection and inconvenience is the natural lot of mortals, and there will be no room for discontent, neither for despair. When ambitious desires arise in thy heart recall the days of extremity thou hast passed through. Forbearance is the root of quietness and assurance forever; look upon wrath as thy enemy. If thou knowest only what it is to conquer, and knowest not what it is to be defeated, woe unto thee! It will fare ill with thee. Find fault with thyself rather than with others. Better the less than the more."

I quote this that you may recognize that these people have thoughts along the same lines as our own people. From the above quotation, one can get a lesson that is desirable to remember.

Everything you might study in these temples was so true to life that they made an impression that will never fade in my memory, and be an inspiration in life.

To any that may visit Japan, do not fail to see the Toshogu. It is to Japan what St. Peter's is to Rome. The Japanese are sure, during life, to make a pilgrimage to the Toshogu.

On the morning of May 4, we take sedans for Lake Chiczenji, about nine miles up the mountain, the lake being over 4000 feet above sea level. To carry our sedans we require 56 men, four to the sedan. The trip is one of the most interesting and the resort a place for a summer outing. Our trail winds in going up the mountain, and at one point we could see eight places below us where we had traveled to reach the height. The lake is a beautiful one, and the dinner at the Lake-

side Hotel was eaten with a relish only known to the mountain climber. Just below the lake, where the outlet is, the water falls 250 feet, making a beautiful painting, one of which I secured.

As we return in the evening, we reach our hotel just as a real Japanese rain commences, which kept us in for the next twelve hours, when we resume our journey to Tokyo, the capitol, and greatest city of the empire. We were told that they had no hotel in Tokyo that was desirable for an American, but we found the Imperial a very roomy place and far from uncomfortable; if not modern, it furnished a place where we had no complaint. This hotel has housed most of the royalty of the world, it gives a list of the patrons and it comprised the most noted men of the world, and if such could feel at home there, the writer surely should be able to stay.

The hotel, the only one in the city that Americans patronize, was built over forty years since. They now have plans for an immense hostelry, the plans drawn by a Chicago architect and the contract to erect let to a Chicago contractor.

A ride over the city convinced us of the great advancement taking place over the empire. The streets of the city being widened to an avenue width; a beautiful park, in which we here saw azaleas in every shade of the solar spectrum and in quantities surpassing anything in flowers we had ever seen, and while their cherry blossoms are used to advertise Japan, yet the azaleas were far more beautiful and more numerous. I might mention that the cherry blossom time is called the most beautiful period of the year; but when we were informed that these cherry blossoms produced no fruit and that no cherries grew in Japan, it took away half the beauty of the blossom.

Driving around the grounds of the emperor and prince gave us an impression of royal surroundings as found in this country.

A great wall and moat protect them from the troublesome excursions, but the view we secured would convince that they were not suffering from lack of care and pleasant surroundings. The grounds are very large, surrounded by streets many rods wide, I should think 300 feet wide.

The entire city is being modernized, fine reinforced buildings being erected, and if present prosperity continues they will make it one of the finest cities of the world.

In leaving from their depot the extent and character of building would compare with some of our depots in our largest cities.

On the afternoon of May 6, we go to Yokohama, where we stay until May 10, when we sail on the *Korea Maru* for Honolulu and San Francisco, a seventeen days' journey back to that land where a man can be what he may desire to make of himself without the blighting influence of that autocracy which in these countries we have traveled in has cast its blighting influences upon the brightest minds and energetic race of humanity.

Our ship, the *Korea Maru*, had not the comforts that one living in America is used to. No fires when the temperature was at fifty degrees and rainy most of the trip. The living not of the kind to tickle one's appetite, or satisfy the taste.

Eleven days out from Yokohama landed us at the city of Honolulu, which I have before described, and six days out from there we saw on the morning of May 28 the first land or rather rocks, the Farallon Islands, thirty miles from San Francisco, and two hours later we are steaming through the Golden Gate to our landing at pier number 32, where after a two hours' delay, passing through the custom house, we finish our interesting and instructive travel. In my landing from this long journey, I felt that I was carrying under my hat something that would be an inspiration through life, something that one can not acquire from any written description. Only from taste and coming in contact can one form a fully correct impression.

