Summer 1968

Great day. An edition of Great day : the autobiography of Emma Speed Sampson

John Letcher Fugate

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AN EDITION OF GREAT DAY: THE
AUTobiography OF ETTA SPEED SAMPSON

BY

JOHN LETCHER FUGATE

A THESIS
SUBMITTED TO THE GRADUATE FACULTY
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF RICHMOND
IN CANDIDACY
FOR THE DEGREE OF
MASTER OF ARTS IN ENGLISH

AUGUST, 1968
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INTRODUCTION

I

Other than a reference to Emma Speed Sampson in a sentence of the editorial in a recent Saturday Evening Post and two informative articles about her by Guy Friddell in The Commonwealth and Lillian F. Trimmer in the Richmond Times Dispatch virtually no criticism has been done on this outstanding Southern local colorist. Although she wrote books in the "Carter Girs" series, the "Wolly Brown" series, and the "Campfire Girls" series, the sequence of books for which Emma Speed Sampson will be best remembered is the "Miss Minerva" series, twelve books whose humorous pages reveal the way of life in a small town in Tennessee just outside Memphis.

Miss Minerva and William Green Hill, the first of the twelve book series, was written in 1909 by Frances Boyd Calhoun, a Virginian who had moved to Louisville, Kentucky, by way of Covington, Tennessee. Mrs. Sampson, a native of Louisville who had moved to Richmond by way of points north and west, wrote the remaining eleven books, the first book nine years after the death of Mrs. Calhoun. From Billy and the Major in 1918 until the last book in the series, Miss Minerva's Vacation, published in 1939, juvenile and adult readers eagerly followed the adventures of William Green Hill, Billy for short, and watched how the boy matured from a six-year-old in Mrs. Calhoun's book and Billy and the Major to a handsome fifteen-year-old in the final book. In addition these readers laughed about the escapades and experiences of strict and old-
madish Minerva Estes, of friendly Major Joseph "Minerva" Estes, of pudgy
Jimmy Garner, of pretty Lind Hamilton and Frances Black, of Hollywood-
bound Wilkes Booth Lincoln, and of all the other characters. Here is a
chronological list of the twelve books in the "Miss Minerva" series:
Miss Minerva and William Green Hill (1909); Billy and the Major (1918);
Miss Minerva's Baby (1920); Miss Minerva and the Old Plantation (1923);
Miss Minerva Broadcasts Billy (1925); Miss Minerva's Scallywags (1927);
Miss Minerva's Neighbors (1929); Miss Minerva's Cook Book (1931), a
book filled with southern recipes written in Negro dialect; Miss Minerva's
Goin' Places (1931); Miss Minerva's Mystery (1933); Miss Minerva's
Problem (1936); Miss Minerva's Vacation (1939).

Of the many comical episodes that can be given to illustrate the
humor in Mrs. Sampson's "Miss Minerva" series, the prayer Billy gives to
satisfy Aunt Minerva following his first experience at cussing is a prime
example. Anticlimax, comic similes, and southern dialect add to the
comedy of the prayer. Here is the prayer in full:

O God, please don't let me shock Aunt Minerva no mo'.
Please don't let me forget 'nother time an' do my cussin' fo' folks, 'specialy women folks an' little gals what ain't got no mo' sense than you give a crabapple. Don't let me call Wilkes Booth Lincoln a blue bellied, red bellied, pink bellied, green bellied, yellow bellied gol darned son of a gun no mo'. 'Co'ns, dear Lord, that ain't to say proper cussin' thout no damn in it, but it wa' the bes' I could do. An' Lord, make all of us in this house-
hold better folks. Make us to bear with one another, make us to have eyes to see in the thinkers of others, so, O
Lord, we won't bring sorrow down on any one of us. Make
Maje to stop a shakin' his pipe out on the hearth, jes' making trouble for Aunt Minerva. Make Aunt Minara sen' for Aunt Cindy so she kin git time in the mornin' to fluff up her hair so she won't look so like a skint rabbit. Make Aunt Cindy come off'n the plantation an' be the cook for this sinful fambly. Make po' Tom Collins' father stop
a gittin' drunk an' beatin' up Tom. Tom ain't never done no harm to nobody, an' O Lord, please don't take out no spite on him. An' now, O God, we thanketh thee for Maja, who is a refuge in the time of storm. We will thanketh Thee for the billy-goat when it comes. We thanketh Thee for Wilkes Booth Lincoln, who is ever present in the hour or need an' famine. We thanketh Thee for Aunt Minerva, who hath done what she could, an' we will thanketh Thee for Aunt Cindy whenever she comes to our house to be the cook.

Amen! Brother Ben!
Somebody stole my mammy's hen! ¹

Because of the large following that the late Mrs. Sampson once had and because of the multitude of books that issued from her pen in a few short years, I could not turn down the chance to edit this lady's autobiographical manuscript. This edition is presented in an attempt to make this literary figure better known. It is the first manuscript of this nature ever to become public. I sincerely hope that this edition will stimulate others to enjoy and to study Emma Speed Sampson and her "Miss Minerva" books.

II

As an introduction to a criticism of Great Day, the following words of Richard D. Altick have important value:

Autobiographies, though more polished and continuous than such other forms of personal record as diaries and letters, are the products of sober second thoughts; hindsight, and filtered memory; they vary often represent episodes as they should have been rather than as they happened, and present youthful characters as the mature man chooses to regard it as having been. They are influenced, in addition, by the writer's conscious or unconscious desire to control the

¹Emma Speed Sampson, Billy and the Major (Chicago, 1918), pp. 143-145.
impression his own and later generations would have of him. Often they throw more dependable light on their authors as they were at the time of composition than as they were at the time written about.2

In other words this quotation implies that autobiographical writings cannot always be trusted as expressions of literary fact. This may hold true when applied to, say, Jesse Stuart's The Thread That Runs So True, an autobiography of a novelist and former schoolteacher. Everything seems to fall into place too compactly and too honestly. For example, Mrs. Stuart the older man can recall the first and last name of a troublemaker he disciplined when just a young teacher. In addition, he can recollect, not only the names of his students, but what event each won in a scholarly contest that took place when he was a teacher in his early twenties. However, such is not the case with Great Day. Who can be more honest than to admit forgetfulness of a first beau's last name? Emma Speed Sampson does. Who can be more honest and realistic than to admit that events in his work may not seem to follow a pattern because life isn't that way? Emma Speed Sampson does. Who can be more practical than to admit that life has its ups and downs and that one should abide by life's dictates? Emma Speed Sampson does. While I can tolerate Altick's belief that a gentle nostalgia can permeate a story and turn it into the flattering perspective of rejuvenescence when viewed from old age, I must emphatically point out that a great deal of humor and objectivity forbid this autobiography from becoming mere slovenly sentimentality. I thoroughly enjoyed and received much pleasure from reading Great Day. Now isn't this a prerequisite for an outstanding autobiographical work.

to escape the reader's accusation that I have fallen completely under Mrs. Sampson's influence and personality, I must admit that this autobiography was begun by an old lady of 72 and wasn't finished until two years later, in 1942. By this time Mrs. Sampson had had plenty of time to develop nostalgic memories of her girlhood. Perhaps this is why the manuscript is apparently so uneven. Only two of the twenty-five chapters are devoted to her writing career while the other twenty-three deal with experiences of early life. Nevertheless, I maintain that since Mrs. Sampson did not start her writing career until age forty-five, she has just fairly evenly distributed her experiences as an author in Great Day. There are, after all, twenty-seven years of writing to talk about and forty-five years of youthful experiences to recall. Moreover, Mrs. Sampson's reasons for entering into a writing career, her rules for writing, and the success of her writing are clearly laid out for the reader to follow.

Then why hasn't Mrs. Sampson's Great Day been published? Before her death in 1947 at the age of 79, Mrs. Sampson did send her manuscript to a New York publisher. It apparently was lost because she had to recopy ms. B and send it to the publisher again. The publisher's reader, Mr. E. L. Stewart, wrote this letter to Mrs. Sampson, dated May 23, 1947:

Mrs. Sampson's Great Day makes very good reading, but I doubt if there would be a large enough market to justify publication. The reader likes her and the large family into which she was born, the wholesome Kentucky background, and especially the quiet sense of humor that pervades the book throughout. While a gentle nostalgia throws the whole story into the flattering perspective of youth viewed from old age, there is too much humor and objectivity to permit any sloppy sentimentality. Almost anyone would be proud to have lived Emma Speed Sampson's life and to have written her autobiography. And there is no doubt of the quiet pleasure derived from reading it.
But it seems to take more than that to sell a book. Biographies of people who are so famous that practically everyone knows them may sell only moderately well. And while Mrs. Sampson undoubtedly has a large following that would be interested in her life story, such a small percentage of interested people actually buy a book that recognition by anything less than the whole public is risky. They'd like Mrs. Sampson's book if they bought it, but I'm afraid not enough would buy it. An autobiography, unlike a novel, must be about a person the buyer is very eager to know through his book.

It's hard to say no about such a likeable book; but, especially in view of the present high cost of book production and uncertainty of sales, I'm afraid that's what we ought to do.

This letter is a reflection of Mrs. Sampson's literary reputation. Because she understood the ways, the traditions, and the moves of the South and because she interpreted them pleasurably in her "Miss Minerva" books, Mrs. Sampson was, naturally, more recognized in Richmond and in other parts of the South as a prevailing local colorist than in any other section of the country. For example, Lillian Franklin Trimmer wrote an informative article about Mrs. Sampson in The Richmond Times Dispatch on December 2, 1942. Even today when I mention Mrs. Sampson's name to people of the second, third, fourth and fifth decades, they smile and recall the enjoyable hours they spent reading the "Miss Minerva" books. Because of this large following in Richmond, I believe this edition of Mrs. Sampson's Great Day should be made public at this time. I am sure that those people who enjoyed the "Miss Minerva" books will want to read the autobiography of the lady who gave them so much pleasure. It is a shame that Mrs.

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Sampson's Great Day, brimming with stories about growing up on a big plantation near Louisville, Kentucky, in the Reconstruction South and with various experiences of youth and adulthood, written in a style that everyone can understand and appreciate, never appeared before a large reading public.

III

The same year that Great Day was rejected by the New York publisher Mrs. Sampson died. The family then laid the manuscript aside, waiting for some writer or graduate student to revive interest in Mrs. Sampson. Then in the spring of 1968, Dr. Walford Taylor, an English professor at the University of Richmond, introduced me to Mrs. Sampson by suggesting that I do a short paper about the comic devices found in the "Miss Minerva" series. This thoughtful suggestion triggered a series of events that eventually led to this edition. From Miss Kathleen Frances, a librarian in the University of Richmond Library, I received the name and phone number of Mr. Robert Vincent, Mrs. Sampson's son-in-law. One quick phone call resulted in my getting ms. A of Great Day and much further help from Mr. Vincent. The complete manuscript, ms. B, arrived by June from Mr. Guy Fridell of the Virginian Pilot, who had used it as the basis of a magazine article in The Commonwealth in 1964. With all due respect and appreciation, I could never thank enough Miss Edith Shelton, formerly of the University of Richmond Library, for her delightful conversations about Mrs. Sampson; Dr. Walford Taylor for his unceasing

guidance and interest; my parents, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Fugate, and Miss Judith Butler for their continual reassurance; and my typists, Mrs. Muriel Hoffman and Mrs. Jacki Walker, for their unyielding perseverance.
EDITOR'S NOTE

As the reader progresses through *Great Day* he will notice references to Ms. A in the footnotes. To the best of my knowledge there are only two manuscripts of *Great Day* existent. The first manuscript, Ms. A, seems to have been Mrs. Sampson's incomplete working copy because she made so many internal changes: crossing out words and adding new ones, deleting and adding punctuation marks, experimenting with different titles for several chapters while not giving any titles to others, etc. The second manuscript, Ms. B, was apparently Mrs. Sampson's final draft because she incorporated the changes in Ms. A into it. There are no further internal changes, and every chapter but the last has a title. I feel certain that Ms. B was the completed volume that Mrs. Sampson prepared to send to a publisher.

The reader must also recognize the fact that punctuation practices have changed somewhat since Mrs. Sampson's day. Only for easier understanding have I changed or added punctuation marks. Items like spelling or word order I have left untouched. Every effort has been made to retain the flavor of the original *Great Day*.

John L. Fugate
GREAT DAY
CHAPTER 1
GREAT DAY IN DE Nawlin\textsuperscript{1}

Having just reached my seventy-second birthday, the urge
is upon me to sit down quietly and sanely and review those years
that have slipped by me all unheeded. Every year a birthday cake
with candles! Now it would take a Paul Bunyan cake to hold all
the candles necessary to honor my age. Let's put seven candles
on one side and two on the other and let it go at that! I might
manage to fool myself for a moment and read it twenty-seven instead
of seventy-two.

What an arbitrary ruling was King David's when he announced:
"The days of our years are three-score and ten; and if by reason
of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor
and sorrow; for it is soon cut off and we fly away." Of what
avail to fly in the face of the psalmist? I'll wager this has
taken the zest for living from many a reader of the Good Book.
If David said that three-score and ten is the limit, it takes
courage to keep on bidding. I pray God I have that courage,
the courage not only to bite my thumb at the three-score and
ten jinx, but to put it out of my mind while I am writing this
autobiography.

\textsuperscript{1}Also titled "Great Day In De Nawlin" in ms. A.
I am looking forward with much pleasure to spending days and weeks and months remembering, jotting down things that have happened to me, using as many I's as I choose with nobody accusing me of being self-centered, indulging in a kind of auto-intoxication of egotism.

No matter what sorrow may have been my share in this long life, no matter what tragedy it may still be my lot to face, nothing can take from me the memory of a happy childhood, a childhood spent in the country, where by rights all children should live, a childhood surrounded by other children with the give and take of a large family.

We were seven — three girls and four boys. Our mother and father were ridiculously young. All seven were born by the time Mother was thirty-one years old and Father thirty-three. It was a runaway match: Mother a spoiled, pretty girl of seventeen, Jenny Ewing, the youngest of six girls; and Father a handsome, dashing soldier, Captain George Keats Speed, of the 4th Kentucky Volunteers. The Union soldiers and the Confederates had ceased firing; but the war was not over in Kentucky, a state divided against itself, a state where brothers had fought on opposing sides and cousins had

---

2The seven Speed children were: Jenny Ewing, Emma Keats, Ewing, Philip, Ballie Ewing, Josina Fry, George Keats.
34th Kentucky Volunteers — part of the Fourth Kentucky Calvary, a branch of the First Calvary Division, U.S.A.
been taken to prison by their nearest of kin. The Ewings were
Southern sympathizers and all the Speeds were Union men, so a
runaway match seemed the simplest way to solve the love problem
for George and Jenny.

And so the hatchet was buried in the "Dark and Bloody
Battleground" 4 Kentucky, and the Speeds and Ewings were united
in raising a large family. Not long after they were married
Grandpa Ewing 5 gave Mother a sixty-acre farm called Chatsworth,
just beyond the city limits of Louisville. There all seven of
us were born and raised and there is where my story begins.

I was born on December 1st, 1868. Little Jenny 6 was not
quite two years old when I arrived. Think of Mother, beautiful,
gay young girl of twenty, shut up in an old farm house with two
babies and the old monthly nurse, Aunt Rosanna, keeping a strict
watch over her. In those days the birthing of a baby must be
accomplished with cast-iron rules and regulations, and for at
least four weeks the monthly nurse reigned supreme. Not even
the attendant physician had much say-so in regard to the diet and
behavior of the patient. Aunt Rosanna, the sweetest and gentlest
of maidsies under ordinary circumstances, was an unrelenting
martinetto when babies were born, whether the mothers were black
or white.

4A translation of the Indian word Kan-tuk-se (Kentucky).
5Dr. W. H. Ewing, the distinguished physician of Louisville.
6Jenny! Ewing Speed.
"Great day in de mawnin', Miss Jimny, you listen ter ol' Rosanna an' go slow'some." Great day in the mawnin' was a favorite expression with Aunt Rosanna.

"A 'oman what air brung a soul inter this here wurt' air titled ter a month er rest an' quiet. If she air a lady bawn she air got ter take it if she air layin' off ter keep her looks or ter bawn any mo' babies. An if she air a wuckin' 'oman she'll en' up not fitten for mo' wuck if she gits outer the baid too soon an' goes trapasin' aroun' befo' she done got back her strentch."

"But, Aunt Rosanna, I feel perfectly well. I'm hungry and bored."

"I'm genter fix you some lunch jes' as soon as I put some mo' coal on the fire. I havster be nimble sume trimble tryin' ter keep this big room warm."

The rooms at Chatsworth were enormous. Mother's bedroom was twenty by twenty. It had four windows and an open grate fire with a red brick hearth and a red carpet. It was a cheerful room and warm inspite of that bitter December weather. Aunt Rosanna had pressed homemade soft soap in all the cracks around the window sash, making an effective weather stripping.

"What are you giving me for lunch, Aunt Rosanna? I'm starving. I'd like some of the oysters Pa sent out to me last night by Mr. George. I'd like them fried and —" 

"Lawsummesy, Miss Jimny, air you done gone crazy? You know you can't lve oyscthers — an' yo baby only three weeks ol'. I don't know what Dr. Ewing was thinking about sendin' you oyscthers or what Marse George was thinkin' 'bout lettin' you know he done brung 'em."

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"They were both thinking about me."

"Now don't git ter poutin'. I'm thinkin' 'bout you too an' I'm thinkin' 'bout that blessed lamb, little Emmybaby, a layin' over in her crib as good as gol'. If you eat cyschters you'll sholy make yo' baby sick."

"Shoo — you can't make that baby sick. She's just an eater and a sleeper. You know, Aunt Rosanna, I am afraid this new baby of yours is a very stupid baby, just fat and white and stupid —"

"Now, Miss Jenny, don't you go sayin' sech things about yo' baby. Kase she air a sleepy haid ain't no sign she air a limbercile. What har she got on that sleepy haid air red an' I done took notice that folks with red har ain't never limberciles."

"Let us hope you are right", laughed Mother, "but when little Jenny was three weeks old she was beginning to take notice."

"Hum! So she was, an' she been hollerin' fer notice ever since an' gittin' it. Little Jenny air the lively one an' sharp as a briar, but this little Emmybaby air gontar turn out ter be a blessin' fer yoa in yo' ol' age."

Did I? I wonder. My Mother lived to be eighty-four and the last twenty winters she spent with me. It was my pride and joy to be able to minister to her creature comforts; but now that she is gone, I often think of the many things I left undone that I should have done and the thoughtless things I did that I should not have done. But it may be that Mother loved me for my imperfections. Nobody enjoys living with a saint.
Mother loved to talk about that cold day in December when I was three weeks old and she was so bored and impatient at having to stay cooped up in one room; bored with me for being so dull and sleepy and bored with little Jenny for being so lively and unruly, climbing up on chairs and window sills, in every kind of mischief and talking like a bobolink all the time. It took eternal vigilance to keep her from playing in the fire in spite of Aunt Rosanna's admonitions:

"You know what happens ter chillums what plays in the fire. You needn't wake up in the night an' holler ter me ter come change yo' sheets kase I'll leave you lay 'til masmin'."

Mother was bored with her lunch too: corn meal mush and milk and stewed prunes, but Aunt Rosanna was adamant.

"Cawm meal mush air good fer tooths, an' you know, Miss Jimny, a 'oman loses a tooth with every baby an' there ain't no tellin' how many babies you'll end up with what with this here runnin' start you got."

"But stewed prunes, Aunt Rosanna! Of all uninteresting food, stewed prunes are my abominations. Why must I eat stewed prunes?"

"So this here blessed Emmybaby kin 'fave her functions'."

Then Aunt Rosanna allowed her patient to take a few turns up and down the big room and even stand by the window with little Jenny lifted to the sill to see the lovely frost pictures on the panes. Where, oh where are frost pictures now? All gone with red flannel shirts and drawers, sleigh balls, buffalo robes and wristlets.
Frost pictures within and snow pictures without! The two big spruce trees that flanked the old whitewashed farm house were so laden with snow that the lower branches swept the ground. The tall coffee bean trees cracked with sleet; and the symmetrical flowering crab, our pride and joy forever, a thing of beauty in May, looked like a huge bride's bouquet, covered with tufts of snow in lieu of blossoms.

"Look, look, Aunt Rosanna! Somebody is coming through the big gate up on the pike — a coach and two horses. It's Pa, it's Pa! Little Jenny, it's your Grandpa Ewing coming to see us."

"Goody, goody! Will he take us to town with him?"

"Rush yo' mouth, child! You know Dr. Ewing ain't goiter do no such thing."

The coach came swinging along the winding road from the big front gate to the small yard gate. Uncle Munn, bundled up in layer upon layer of coats and overcoats, was perched on the coachman’s seat, cracking his whip over the backs of the prancing gold-dust mares.

Grandpa Ewing was an impatient man. He could not wait for Uncle Munn to unwind his wrappings and descend from his high seat to open the door and let down the steps of the coach. Grandpa was out of the carriage and half way up the walk to the front door before old Uncle Munn had peeled off the first layer of rug enveloping his ancient legs.
I know very well that a baby of three weeks, a stupid baby at
that, a baby that was always either eating or sleeping, could not
possibly remember what happened on that snowy day in December when
Grandpa Ewing came pounding up the stairs to Mother's room, flung
open the door and enveloped her in a great bear hug, his youngest
daughter and his best beloved, his pet, his baby girl. But Mother
had a way of telling things that made you see the picture in your
mind's eye, and our favorite tale of long ago was this one of
Grandpa Ewing.

"Doctor, you sho did bring in a lot or col' air", grumbled
Aunt Rosanna. "Warm yo'self a bit befo' you cool Miss Jimmy so
you'll give her a wood in her breast."

"Right you are", laughed Grandpa, who believed in agreeing
with his adversary quickly when that adversary happened to be a
monthly nurse. Dr. Ewing had brought hundreds of babies into the
world, and nobody knew better than he the importance of keeping on
the good side of the Sary Gamps?whether white or colored.

"Don't you want a snack, Dr. Ewing?"

"Thank you, Rosanna, but I haven't time. I am taking my baby
and my baby's babies back to town with me. No risk at all. My
carriage is warmer than this room what with foot warmers and the
copper warming pan, buffalo robes and the bear rug on the floor.

\footnote{Sary Gamps - from Mrs. Sarah Gamp, a fussy, gossipy busybody and
unprofessional nurse in Charles Dickens' \textit{Martin Chuzzlewit}
(1843).}
So come on and let's bundle them up. I don't want to keep the
horses out in the cold."

"But Dr. Ewing, Miss Jenny ain't set foot outer this room yit."

"High time she was doing it then. I'm not going to let these
children spend Christmas out here shut up in the house. So pack
their clothes and let's get going. Pack Mr. George's too. I
stopped by his office and told him when he got through, work not
to come to Chatsworth but straight to Walnut Street where he would
find his family."

"And he doesn't mind?" asked the young wife.

"Mind! George is as pleased as you are to have Christmas in
town with the Speeds and the Ewings."

"Air you takin' me in town too, Dr. Ewing?" asked Aunt Rosanna,
who was willing to do anything for her "white folks" but did not
relish being whisked into Louisville with no notice at all.

"No indeed, Rosanna. You must have Christmas at Chatsworth
with your family. Miss Jane's own maid, Matilda, will take care
of your baby and I promise to bring her back to you safe and sound."

"Hump! Air Matilda a ol'-time darkey or air she one er these
here free niggers? I ain't trustin' any nuss but a ol'-time one ter
look after none er my new bawn babies."

"Matilda is one of the best or Miss Jane wouldn't have her as
a personal maid."

\[8\] Jane Butler Ewing, the author's grandmother.
"Ain't it the truf?" And so Aunt Rosanna hastily packed clothes for Miss Jimny, Nurse George and the two little girls, dropping a few tears over the stack of neatly folded diapers. Lewis, Aunt Rosanna's son and our man-of-all-work, was called to carry Mother to the carriage through the snow as she must not put her feet to the ground before the baby was a full month old. Then he came back for Little Jenny, but Grandpa carried me, closely wrapped in his warm grey shawl.

Grandpa Ewing never wore an overcoat. Over a handsome broadcloth coat he wore a thick, soft grey shawl. It had a leather-bound hole in the middle for his head and leather-bound slits for the reins. He sported a high silk hat known as a beaver. It was usually rather rumpled because he had such a wide acquaintance he was constantly having to doff it.

I wish I could remember that trip into Louisville closely held in the loving arms of Grandpa, besides all the bundling Aunt Rosanna had given me wrapped securely in the good grey shawl. Anyhow I remember well the grey shawl (because Grandpa Ewing did not die until I was five years old) and many a ride I had with him in the doctor's low swung buggy as he went on his rounds of mercy. Sometimes he would let me put my hands under his shawl and hold the reins, pretending I was driving. I wore a bright blue coat and hat with an imitation ermine muff and tippet. Somewhere in an old album there is a photograph of me taken in that costume. I like to think of my sitting by Grandpa so shy but so proud in my muff and tippet. I
was shy because my head was red and I had to take much teasing, and proud because Grandpa loved me especially for that red head.

"Hair like Sister White. She was the sister I loved best of all", he would say. "She had a temper but she didn't let anybody know it."

I can remember the big old coach that Grandpa brought to fetch his baby and his baby's babies into Louisville on that cold day in December of 1868. I cannot remember Uncle Munn though because he must have gone where the good darkies go before I reached the remembering age. The reason why I can remember the coach is because when it got too dilapidated for Grandma, Miss Jane, to ride in it any longer, Grandpa sent it out to Chatsworth for the Speed children to play in. He could have received a good trade-in on the new carriage he was buying his Jane, but he said:

"No, I think there is nothing so much fun for children as having an old carriage to play in."

And so the old coach was hauled out to Chatsworth and parked behind the stable under a big maple tree, and there it stayed until it rotted away. What fun we Speed children and our friends had in Grandpa's old coach! We played Injun with our faces streaked with poke berries and wonderful headdresses made of turkey feathers. I am afraid we imposed on the guests, as we usually managed to have them be the ones to be scalped by the cruel red skins. We made wigs for them of shavings or dandelion stems, which curl entrancingly when split and wet. There was one large and battered doll with a loose wig that was very scalable.
The movies of this day have nothing on the Speed children of
the seventies in the way of exciting adventures. I remember when
the horrifying news came in 1876 of the last stand of General Custer at
Little Big Horn and the annihilation of his regiment of two
hundred and sixty-four men. We longed to stage the battle but were
afraid it might hurt Father's feelings as his very good friend
Captain Yates was one of the ill-fated company.

For three weeks every spring we were denied the joy of playing
in Grandpa's coach. This was a ruling made by Aunt Maria, our
arbitrary old cook, and all because she was more interested in
raising chickens than in children having fun.

"That ol' blue hen air gittin' ready ter set an' there ain't
any place so good for settin' as the back seat er Dr. Ewings ol'
coni'ge. She's cuter thar an' kin set in peace an' quiet.
If'n anything happens ter break up ol' Blue's nest I'll know whar ter
put the blame an' you chillums will hear from me."

Aunt Maria, who wasn't a very pleasant person although an
excellent servant and a good cook, always claimed to be part Indian.
We retaliated by secretly speaking of her as Sitting Bull, the
Indian responsible for the massacre of General Custer and Captain
Yates.

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7General George Armstrong Custer (1839-1876), a renowned Indian
fighter; destroyed with his entire force by the Oglalla
Sioux in the battle of the Little Big Horn (June 25,
1876).
Little wonder I love to think of Grandpa Ewing. I remember him as well as though he had been with me only yesterday. I remember the way he talked and laughed, the way he played with us and humored us. He used to say all children would be good if grown people would just let them do and have what they wanted. His favorite lunch was a huge bowl of hot milk with a sprinkling of salt and red pepper and hunks of bread broken in it. I remember how he would take me on his knee; and while he dived into the bowl of milk with a big spoon, he would let me do the same with a tea-spoon. At dinner he insisted on children being served first.

"They are hungrier than grown people, so why should they be made to wait?"

Grandpa Ewing would be one hundred and forty-two years old had he lived. I might say he is a hundred and forty-two years old because to me he is still alive, and I am sure he could give the moderns many pointers on child psychology.

He was the beloved physician, beloved by young and old, rich and poor. Many tales are told of his skillful handling of cases. One of the curing of a man with lockjaw by making an emergency poultice of cabbage and bacon cooking in an iron pot on the kitchen stove. Dr. Ewing had no patience with people who were afraid of dogs, and sometimes very fierce dogs would rush out to attack him when he was paying visits to ill persons on remote farms.
"If you are polite to dogs, dogs will be polite to you," he declared and he would take off his high silk hat and bow low to the fierce dogs who were rushing at him. The astounded canines would turn bow and scrape, not to be outdone in politeness by the good doctor. They would cease growling and yap happily and end by jumping up on him with friendly caresses. It may have been the voluminous grey shawl that intrigued them; but I choose to think it was just Grandpa's personality that appealed to dogs as well as children.

I am writing now at a mahogany secretary that Grandpa and Grandma Ewing always had in their bedrooms. Legend has it that it was brought over the mountains of Virginia and Kentucky on mule-back. I cannot vouch for that; but I remember so well playing quiet little games under this secretary while Grandpa sat at the pull-out desk drawer and scratched with a quill pen, casting up accounts and making out bills; and Grandma sat by the window, rolling and whipping ruffles of crepe lisse for her cap.

Will writing at this self-same desk help me to pass on to posterity a true picture of Grandpa Ewing, give some idea of what a grand old man he was?
We arrived so rapidly that Mother had seven children almost before she knew it. It must have been hard on her at the time, but I think in the end she was glad we were all here and she could stop being in the so-called interesting condition and begin to interest herself in life in general and her family in particular. Mother was never one to enjoy poor health; never did she admire the woman who rested upon maternity as upon a feather bed. She must be up and doing at all times, active, busy and gay.

First was Little Jenny; then your humble servant; eighteen months after me came Ewing; then in fourteen months Philip arrived; three years later little Belle; and then after reasonable intervals, Josh and Keats. A neighbor's son remarked that Mrs. Speed changed her babies so often he didn't see how she could keep up with them. Mother said she had long ago given up trying. She used to laugh about the stern Boston woman who was ever trying to reform the world and declared that there should be a law and severe penalty imposed on any woman who had two babies in diapers at the same time. Mother managed to get by the possible penalty by having two nurses; an old one to do the head work and a young one to do the leg work.

Aunt Hat was the old nurse and Louise the young one. Both of them were gentle and easy going, filled with the milk of human

\[\text{Originally titled "The Walking Doll and Little Gold Chair" in ms. A.}\]
kindness. I often wonder how Aunt Mat could have been so goodtempered when her feet always hurt because she would wear tight shoes, being proud of her small feet.

"Ol' Miss Andrews, my ol' sistus, all time made me wear Marse Andrew's wo'out shoes; an' when Marse Lincoln set me free, the first thing I did was ter git myself some little shoes; an', Good willing, I air goin' ter my grabe with little shoes; an' when I gits ter Heaben I'm goin' ter have some little goldin' slippers."

And so Aunt Mat directed operations from a chair while Louisa fetched and carried for her. Louisa was Aunt Rosanna's and Uncle Abe's daughter and inherited excellent traits from both her parents. She was honest, intelligent, reliable and always cheerful. The nursery at Chatsworth was, as a rule, a happy room where we children were allowed to reign supreme until we quarrelled or fought; and then Louisa was sent by Aunt Mat to report to Mother or Father.

"Then boys is fitten agin. Philip done blooded Ewing's nose."

Then quick and sure retribution followed and there were no more fights until next time.

Yes, the nursery was a cheerful place, but its one drawback for me was when Aunt Mat made me sit on a stool between her knees and brushed and combed and plaited my hair. I was cursed with long, thick, red-gold hair. It must have been my one and only beauty because when family looks were in question, Emma's hair was always mentioned. How I did hate my hair, and how Aunt Mat did love it! She would brush and comb and gouge and then plait it in many plaits, wetting her fingers with her tongue as she pulled.
"That'll make it crimp pretty," she would say. "There ain't nothin' like plain human-bein' spit for crimpin' an' curlin'." Certainly there wasn't. When the plaits were let out my hair would bush out in a glory of crimps and I would resemble the Circassian Beauty\(^2\) in the side show at the circus.

Sometimes while Aunt Mat was engaged in this, her favorite occupation, I would indulge in my favorite pastime: I would go to sleep and my head would flop over so she couldn't operate and then she would give me a yank and I would squeal and grumble.

"Now, Emmybaby, you be-have an' Aunt Mat will git out her walkin' doll an' wind it up for you an' show you her little gol' rocking cheer."

All the children in the nursery would be-have to see the walking doll walk; an entrancing toy, a plaster doll with a prettily painted face and plaster hoop skirts of green and gold. Aunt Mat would wind it up and the little lady would glide sedately across the nursery floor, making a pleasant whirr as she walked. She seemed like a real person to us and we hated for her to have to be shut up in Aunt Mat's tin trunk after the performance.

The little gold chair was about an inch high with rockers and a ladder back and it really rocked. Aunt Mat said she had found it lying in the gutter on Broadway and Third Streets. Broadway in those days was one of the only streets in Louisville with a smooth pavement.

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\(^2\)Partaining to Circassia, a part of the Caucasus denoting rare beauty.
It was paved in what was known as a Nicholson Pavement. In some way we children connected the little gold chair with a Nicholson Pavement; and whenever we were taken into Louisville, we begged to be allowed to walk on Broadway and look for little gold chairs.

Once Aunt Mat went on an excursion to Indianapolis to be gone for two whole days and one night. Such preparations! Her black silk must be sponged and pressed and new whalebones tacked in her basque. Her best shoes, too small by two sizes, must have shiny buttons sewed on them and polished until you could see your face in the toes. Her "gold" watch and chain must be cleaned with prepared chalk and ammonia. Her kinky hair must be "wropped" for two days and then "unwropped" and combed out and confined in a black silk net. Her fine white petticoats with the deep ruffles of embroidery were starched so stiff they could stand "lonesy", and out of the tin trunk came her tilters.

What are tilters? Tilters were the old hoop skirts evolved to half their original size, no front but all back so that the rear of a woman's frock stuck out amazingly and she could take the stylish Grecian Bend much in vogue in the seventies. Why Grecian nobody knows. I am sure Helen of Troy would not have been such a glamour girl had she worn tilters, and the Venus de Milo might have found tilters handy for holding up her draperies, but she would not have been the distinguished person she is.

Wooden blocks set on end on a foundation of boards, the interstices filled with gravel and coal tar.
Anyhow my Aunt Mat went off to Indianapolis in all the glory of high-heeled tight shoes, starched petticoats and a tilted Grecian Bend. We were left in charge of Louisa and a busy young person she was. First: a big cleaning of the nursery. Aunt Mat spent so much time on my hair that cleaning was often neglected; besides her poor little feet pained her so much that she had been known to sit down to sweep, shifting her low rocking chair from one spot to another. When Louisa swept she swept. She would sprinkle the carpet with damp tea leaves to lay the dust and then would wield the broom with the force and skill of a champion golf player.

The first thing I did after waving good-bye to Aunt Mat was to go to Mother and beg to have my hair cut off.

"Mother, please, please! I hate all this stuff hanging around my neck. Besides, Mother, Aunt Mat spits on my hair when she plaits it. She says spit makes it crimp."

That settled it. I was taken to town that very day and a barber shingled my hair just like a boy's. Oh, the joy of it! I never regretted that crowning glory, but poor Aunt Mat grieved over her shorn lamb. In fact, she lost interest in me and soon afterwards decided to return to her former mistress who was old and feeble and to whom she had belonged before Harse Lincoln set her free.

I grieved for Aunt Mat. I wept when I realized that she loved me because of my hair, but maybe I loved her because of her walking doll and little gold chair. I remember once when we had some gentle-
man to dinner, gentlemen who seemed to think the way to make themselves popular was to force shy little girls to talk, one of them asked me whom I loved best in all the world. Of course, he thought I would say my mother and father and so did they. Mother was much chagrined when I came out with:

"Aunt Mat and God."

She wouldn't have felt so upset if I had said, "God and Aunt Mat."

In those days Mother was a good Episcopalian and knew, as an orthodox churchwoman, she should have her children christened when they were babies; but they came so thick and fast she was forced to save up a batch of us and have us brought into the fold at one time. Ewing and Philip and I were christened at the little country church, St. Matthew's, by a good old preacher named Mr. Nelson. All three of us were old enough to walk up the aisle under our own power. I am afraid we did not behave like good Christian children. I was concerned because I was sure the generous sprinkling given by Mr. Nelson would take out my crimpes. Ewing considered it a great indignity to have an old gentleman in whiskers dressed in a night shirt splash water on his head so it trickled down on his clean white piquet suit; and Philip bellowed lustily, "Give me back my new straw hat."

I remember that little church with affection. I remember how we sat very quietly during the service and how I usually went to
sleep. I remember how the acorns would drop on the roof and how they sounded as they bounced and rolled off the eaves. I remember how grasshoppers and ants would find their way between starched petticoats and sheer muslin dresses and the delight the little girls had in squashing them, especially the grasshoppers that had a way of spitting tobacco when smashed. I remember the way the horses hitched in the churchyard would snort and neigh and impatiently paw the ground when Mr. Nelson didn't stop when there was a good place to stop.

One thing that made a lasting impression on me was the arrival of the Brown family. The great low-slung rockaway\(^4\) was full and running over with Browns. Mr. Brown had been married twice and both wives had replenished the earth to a praiseworthy extent. I never did know how many there were. They were like little chicks because they never stayed still long enough to make an accurate count, but the Speed children were a bit envious of the Browns because they had enough children right in their own family to get up a good baseball game and some to spare.

Hid in under layers of Browns was a slim young man who had been brought out to Kentucky from Virginia to tutor the Browns. That made us envy the Browns even more because they did not have to go to school but school came to them. The tutor's name was Tom —

\(^4\)A four-wheeled, two-seated pleasure carriage with standing top provided with curtains to be raised and lowered at will.
Tom Page. Now the Brown household was a religious one and no doubt Tom was religious too; but he was young, only about nineteen I fancy, and fond of the girls. He liked to go calling and Sunday was his only free day; as tutoring so many children, stair-steps in age, kept him busy. Old Father Brown made it a rule that horses must not be hitched up or saddled on Sunday except to trot to religious services. As I have said before my father was ridiculously young to be the father of so many children and he fully sympathized with the desires of youth. Sometimes after the benediction at St. Mathews he would whisper to the tutor:

"Come home to dinner with us, Tom, and I'll lend you a horse so you can go see the girls."

The invitation would be accepted with alacrity so the Browns' rockaway would not be quite so full on the return trip and the Speeds' carryall would have another passenger.

Years afterwards when I was a young woman in the early twenties, I was coming down the front stairs at Chatsworth and saw standing at the open front door a distinguished-looking gentleman who was gazing towards the garden, a rapt expression on his face.

"Oh, please excuse me - I was going to knock, but the garden brought to my mind such memories that I had to pause for a moment. Is Mrs. Speed at home?"

"I'm so sorry but Mother is in town."
"Your mother — I cannot believe it. Then you — you must be
the little redhead Emma."

Redheaded, yes, but five feet nine and a half could not be
classified as little.

"I am Tom Page — on a short visit to Louisville, but I could
not be here even a day without coming to pay my respects to your
mother. I am distressed to hear of George Speed's death. What a
genial soul he was and so good to me! I am so sorry to miss your
mother, but will you please let me walk in the garden? I'll never
forget your lovely old garden."

Neither shall I. Of all the beautiful pictures that hang on
memory's wall the old garden at Chatsworth is dearest to me. On
that day when Mr. Page came to call, the garden was especially
lovely. All the flowering shrubs were heavy with blossoms; daffodils
and snow drops were making a great showing and the ground was car-
poted with wild violets.

At the end of the tanbark walk we came upon my little brother,
Keats. He was playing with a raccoon, a recent addition to the
family of pets acquired by Josh and Keats.

"What is your name, son? You must have been born after I left
Kentucky."

"My name ish George Keaths Thpeed, but they call me Keaths for
short. And our coon with named Hell when Joth an' I got him, but
Mother said that wasn't a very pretty name for a nith coon; so we changed his name to Thomas Nelson Page. He's the guy who wrote "Narth Chan" and "Meh Lody" what Mother hath been reading to Joth and me. What's your name, Mither?"

"Er--or -- my name is Thomas Nelson Page."

Many years afterwards I met Thomas Nelson Page in Richmond and we had a good laugh over Keats Speed and his pet coon. Mr. Page said it was the greatest compliment he had ever received, having a coon namesake.
CHAPTER 3
OUR GAMES

Of course we didn't play all the time when we were children. We had certain chores, girl duties and boy duties, that must be done; but these tasks could not have been very arduous because they did not make the impression on me that the games did. It seems to me, after all these years, that no children ever had so much fun as the Speed children. Always something to do! If "catcher" or "I Spy" or "puss-in-the-corner" or "prisoner's base" or "three-hole-cat" got tiresome, then we could decide to climb a tree or get up a game of "duck-on-the-rock." What is "duck-on-the-rock?" Nobody seems to play it any more, but it was one of our favorites. It required both skill and agility; but above all it required one's own duck, a smooth boulder about as big as a baseball, preferably a bit flattened. Your duck was as sacred as your toothbrush and not meant for lending.

Our best tree for climbing was a great maple with far-reaching swinging limbs that one could skin up with ease. We called it the castle. Under this tree was a square of tanbark and acting bars and this was known as the circus. There was a sturdy horizontal bar and parallel bars because Father believed in plenty of exercise for children, and plenty of exercise was bad by all. I learned to do many tricks on those bars besides "skin-the-cat." I could hang

1Also titled "Our Games" in ms. A.
by my legs and after timely swinging jump off and land on my feet. That was known as "little-swing-off." "Jug-handle" and "knee-welt" were also numbered among my accomplishments.

This is incredible now that I am an old woman who couldn't climb a fence even if a wild bull were chasing me. All these athletic stunts I did dressed as all little girls of the seventies were; ruffled drawers, ruffled petticoats and skirts to my shoe tops. Anyhow in the summer I had no shoe tops, as I was allowed to go barefooted.

My mother resented bitterly that sensible clothes for girls were unheard of when her daughters were little. Not even bloomers! when she was an old, old woman and would see the little girls skipping on the sidewalk clothed in the briefest of garments, she would laugh and say:

"Why begin if so soon done? If I had only known about such things when you were little how much simpler life would have been! I can see you now upside-down on the acting bar, petticoats and skirts enveloping your head so you looked like a big hollyhock. Handicapped as you were you could do as many circus tricks as the boys. Well, my dear, if you had started life without being trampled by skirts, you might have ended up under the big top. Pa used to say some of the Swings were so tall they went in the circus. No doubt it was all for the best, but I do wish that I had known that respectable females could wear bloomers. I would have had my tomboy dressed in them, you may be sure."
A favorite pastime in which Ewing and Philip and I excelled was fighting bumblebees. We called them bumbolybees. We had some neighbors in the country, the Lovings, and they too liked to fight bumblebees. The Lovings were often invited to spend the day with the Speeds and the Speeds to spend the day with the Lovings. If the hosts of the day could not furnish a bees' nest for entertainment of the guests, it was considered a dismal flop. The more nests we could produce, the grander the party. Days before the time for the company we would lie in wait to find where the bumblebees bumbled. Down in soft ground where the long grass was wafted from constant going and coming of busy bees there would be the nest. Some days we would have as many as three nests to tackle, and these we would stake off with switches to make sure we could find them when wanted. The guests would arrive armed with paddles and then the fun would begin.

Ruthless? Certainly ruthless and heartless and we were not cruel children at all, but bumbolybees were our natural enemies and stung us whenever we got in their way. How they did fight when we tackled their nests and what a paddling they would get! A bumblebee is not a proper stinger at all. He does not sting and fly away leaving his stinger behind him. He can sting and sting and go on stinging, not at all like a honeybee whose first sting is his last. However, when we contemplated a blitzkrieg on our foes we always had a pile of fresh plaintain leaves and plenty of salt to rub on
the sting. There is no good place in which to get stung; but I remember the upper lip as being the most disagreeable and painful spot, also the most disfiguring. There was no hiding or denying a bee-stung upper lip.

A high spot in bee fighting was when my brother Philip and Tom Crutcher, a much beloved little cousin who lived with us for several years, got stung in exactly the same place and they declared by the same bee. It was on their upper lips directly under their noses. Such funny looking boys were never seen. Many were the vitriolics at their plight:

"Gimme a ride on your lip!"

"Don't glime any of your lip!"

"Who's that hiding behind that lip?"

Tom, who was ever a cheery soul, took comfort in the fact that Aunt Jenny couldn't tell them to wipe their noses, as there was no getting at the noses because of the mountainous swelling on the upper lips. However, a bee-sting doesn't last very long, at least it didn't with the Speed children, whether because of the plaintain and salt or whether we so firmly believed in the efficacy of plaintain and salt.

Another grand and dangerous game was "catcher on the fence."
The outhouses, composed of the barn, the wash house, the chicken house and the garden house, connected by a high picket fence, formed a hollow square which was the chicken yard. The game was to run along the fence, climb over the roofs of the houses and keep out
of the clutches of the "old man" who was in hot pursuit. If the
unsavory fugitive once touched foot to the ground, he automatically
became "old man".

That picket fence was high, very high it seemed to us. I am
sure it was high enough to give a child who tumbled from its top a
nasty fall; but I cannot remember that any of us did fall; anyhow
all of us lived to tell the tale and none of us ever was impaled on
the sharp pickets. Since it enclosed the chicken yard it must have
been so high the chickens could not fly over it; but it may be their
wings were clipped before they were turned loose in the yard.

The dangerous part of "catcher on the fence" was climbing
from the picket to the wash house roof. The wash house had an
attic room where we kept the walnuts and hickory nuts and the roof
was high and peaked and very steep. The eaves were well above the
fence, and it was necessary for even the longest legged among us
to stand tip-toe on a picket to clamber up to safety. And that
was where the "old man" would seek his advantage by running along
the fence and tapping a dangling foot before the pursued could get
a good "holt" on the shingles and pull himself out of reach. The
barn had a long slanting roof, as all barns should have, and that
was a haven of refuge. Once you reached the barn you could lie
back and take your ease.

Once a year all the buildings and fences were whitewashed by
a stalwart Negro named Mike Turner. We were not like those broken-
down Southern aristocrats who were too poor to paint and too proud
to whitewash. We were proud indeed of Mike's whitewashing and thought it looked like the chewy ice cream candy we always got when the circus came to town. Mike was proud of his work and took infinite pains in the mixing and applying of the wash. I remember how he mixed coarse salt with the lime and poured water over it and how we loved to watch it bubble and steam. When we asked him how much water it would take to mix up a whole barrel of whitewash he would say:

"Cawdin' ter yo' gumption -- cawdin' ter yo' gumption!"

Mike's wife was named Minerva and Mike and Minerva were a problem couple. They were both of them good workers; but between jobs they would get gloriously drunk and then would not only beat each other up but would beat up all the inmates of the Bussard's Roost, the name given the eight-room tenement where they lived. This was a tumble-down frame dwelling which backed on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad tracks and fronted on the Shelbyville Turnpike. When Mike and Minerva got on one of their sprees, as a rule they got into trouble. Sometimes Mike would almost demolish his Minerva, but usually Minerva would come out the victor although her husband was known to be the strongest man in Jefferson County. It may be that Minerva fought with wisdom and brain was more potent than brawn.

Through it all they loved one another with intense devotion. He praised her cooking and her figure (I am sure she weighed at

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2Shelbyville Turnpike is now a part of Interstate 64.
3Louisville is the county seat of Jefferson County.
least two hundred and fifty pounds), and she praised his strength and ability. Except when under the influence of raw whiskey they were an exemplary couple. Whenever they got into trouble they ran to Chatsworth for help. I remember well early one morning there was a great knocking on the back door and a sound of sobbing.

Mother poked her head out of the window and demanded:

"Who is that? What do you want?"

"It's me, Miss Jimny, it's Mike. I need you, Miss Jimny."

Mother hastily got into a wrapper, ran down the stairs and opened the door. There stood Mike, a dejected figure with a bloody rag tied around his head and one eye so bunged up it almost shut.

"Why, Mike, what on earth has happened? I'll get a doctor for you immediately."

"No'm I don't need nothin'. There ain't nothin' the matter with me. It's my Nerva you mu' help, Miss Jimny. They done took 'Nerva ter the lock up."

"But why, Mike? What has she done?"

"Po' Gawd, Miss Jimny, she ain't done nothin'. They jes' took her for lowdown meaness. If I hadn't a bean knocked out they never would er done it."

"But, who knocked you out, Mike?"

"Well, Miss Jimny, 'Nerva done it. Po' 'Nerva she don't know her strenth. She jes' tapped me with a bed slat; but, Miss Jimny, you'll git my 'Nerva outer jail, won't you?"
Mother thought a day or so in jail might be good for Minerva, but Mike was so pitiful-looking and so distressed that she had to promise to help him. This was after my father had died, and Mike sobbed out how much he missed Nurse George and that settled the matter for Mother. She went bail for the erring wife. Besides it was time to begin the spring whitewashing and nobody could make such a good job of it as Mike. He was so grateful that he put an extra coat on the great-house so that even the proudest aristocrat need not be ashamed to own it. We loved it.

All of our games were not like fighting bumble bees and "catcher on the fence". Sometimes we played "lady-come-to-see" under the syringa bushes in the garden. These shrubs had grown to great height and width, forming rooms and apartments as they bent over, their branches interlocking. It was always shady and cool under the syringa bushes, and Father had the men who hauled tanbark for the walks shovel a generous sprinkling on the floor of our playhouse. You no longer see tanbark walks. Many persons have never even seen tanbark or heard of it. I fancy it is no longer a by-product of tanneries, but in my childhood it was used a great deal. I can still recall the strong, fresh smell of the bark as the men spread it on the walks and under the big maple tree where we had our acting bars and which we called our circus. It was there we always had lunch in the summer on a long rough-boarded table.
When we played "lady-come-to-see" we made mud pies, icing them with whitewash scraped from Mike's snowy fence and decorating them with rose hips or red haws. Our favorite concoction was rose cake and that we really ate. We mixed rose petals and sugar together with a dash of water, wrapped it up tightly in grape leaves tied securely with coarse orchard grass and then sat down hard three times on the cake, put it aside for a few minutes and then repeated the process of sitting down hard. Then it was considered edible. I don't know where we got the recipe for rose cake, but that was our method and we considered it delicious.

Jean Wright was a cousin who occasionally came to stay with us at Chatsworth. Jean had infantile paralysis when she was a baby and she was crippled, not helpless but quite lame so that quiet games were the order of the day when she visited us. "Lady-come-to-see", tableaux and pin fairs were our favorite pastimes to entertain our guest, but what Jean and I liked best of all was making fairy lands. How lovely they were! I would gather moss for sod and dig up any small flowers blooming in the garden, and Jean would plant them with care and taste. We made lakes with bits of broken mirror and had ships sailing on them fashioned from paulonia pods that looked like tiny boats. We made pergolas of twigs with dainty vines trained over them and winding walks of fine sand bordered with blossoms in season. A table made of stiff cardboard would be laden with berries and maybe a bit of rose cake ready for the fairies when they would hold their midnight revels.
Just before we would go to bed at night we would creep out to our fairy land and with the smallest dolls we would make footprints on the sand walks and around the little lakes.

"Now", Jean would say, "we must forget we did this and go to bed and dream about the fairies and maybe they will come and dance in our fairy land and eat the feast we have prepared for them."

Jean was four years older than I was and much cleverer; and I would follow her lead in most things, I would try to forget we had made the footprints with a china doll's painted shoes and would do my best to dream about fairies. Jean seemed to have no trouble at all in dreaming about them, but I was such a sleepy head I often did not dream at all. Sometimes I dreamed an ever recurrent dream about a cross-eyed cow — but that is another story.

Early in the morning before the breakfast bell had time to ring, Jean and I would hasten out to our fairy land. Yes, there were the fairy foot prints. They had certainly had a ball there during the night. One morning we found all the raspberries we had piled up on the cardboard table had disappeared.

"See," cried Jean, "the fairies have really been here and eaten the party we left for them! Now, Emma Speed, you must believe in fairies."

"Yes — I reckon I do," I said politely, but being a little country girl I could but take notice of the unmistakable calling card some bird had left on the corner of the table. Fairies surely
would not have done such a thing — not well brought-up fairies — but I said not a word to Jean. I was so sorry for Jean because she was lame and could not do the things I did that I usually humored her — besides she was so much cleverer than I was.

Years and years after I went to see Maud Adams play Peter Pan; and when she appealed to the audience:

"Do you believe in fairies?"

I called out in a loud voice, grown-up, middle-aged woman that I was:

"Yes, yes, I believe in fairies!"

Somehow I believe I do.

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4An American actress (1872-1933) known for her performances in plays by Sir James M. Barrie, notably Peter Pan, The Little Minister, Quality Street, What Every Woman Knows, and A Kiss for Cinderella. Her real name was Maude Kiakadden; she adopted Adams, her mother's maiden name.
CHAPTER 4
MOTHER'S ROOM

Mother read aloud to us almost every night in winter after lessons had been studied and books and slates put away ready for morning, the boys' things in straps and the girls' in bags. How we scorned the child who loitered over lessons because that delayed the reading! Mother never read down to children but often read books that were a bit over the heads of the youngest ones. She read rapidly and clearly with no attempt at elocution but with natural dramatic ability that made one see the scenes and characters depicted. We did not have access to a lending library so she read the books we owned; and when the supply was exhausted she would read them again.

Dickens and Scott were our stand-bys. I think Our Mutual Friend was the general favorite, and Jenny Wrenn and Bella Wilfer were as well known to us as our neighbors or school companions. We choked up over the trials of poor little Oliver Twist and Paul Dombey and hated Mr. Murdstone with an intense hatred because of his cruelty to David Copperfield. We liked the tale of Ivanhoe, but Scott-as a rule was inclined to put us to sleep before Mother finished the evening reading. This reading always took place in Mother's room.

1Originally titled "Our Ambitions" in ms. A.
In this room was a cot that was reserved for the sick child, and in a family as large as ours there often was a sick child. This cot was known as the hospital. I was a very healthy child so I seldom occupied the hospital; and I rather envied the trailer members of the family who were tucked in bed there to listen to the enthralling tales and could drop off to sleep without having to undress or even get up and kneel for prayers, but could, as we expressed it: "Jump to pray."

I can still remember how that room looked from that hospital cot when I had an ulcerated throat and after having it swabbed out with turpentine, the favorite treatment in those days, I had been given a great mug of hot flaxseed lemonade and tucked in to sweat it out. Mother was reading *Little Women*. Father was relaxing in his big chair, smoking a cigar and enjoying the story as much as the children, who were lying on the floor toasting their toes at the glowing grate fire. I can still see Mother's fine profile as she bent over the book. I can hear her voice as she read, stopping now and then to laugh over the pranks of Jo and Amy. It was getting late, but we hoped Mother did not realize what the clock on the mantel piece was telling. Ewing dozed off and then awakened with a shout. He continued to bellow.

"That boy's got the can't-help-its again", laughed Father. Ewing must be lifted from the floor and walked to bed, yelling lustily, Thus the literary evening ended. The can't-help-its just can't be helped and Father used to tell us when he was a boy he had 'em.
The evening was not quite ended for me with my ulcerated throat having been well greased with hot mutton suet and closely wrapped with an oil-silk bandage. I dozed and awoke. I heard Father and Mother talking as Father banked the fire and Mother slipped out of her pretty purple maroon wrapper.

"I think Emma is like Jo in the book", said Father.

It was worth having a sore throat for Father to think I was like somebody in a book. The printed word was sacred to us. We thought that anything in print must be true. There was no disputing it. Neither the printed word nor a rhyme could be wrong. When uncle John Gilmer Speed came back from New York and spoke of having stopped off in Cincinnati, we were shocked at anybody, who had lived in New York, being so ignorant as to call Cincinnati Cincinnati. It must be Cincinnati because there is the poem:

"Cat put his foot in the batter
And splashed it all over Cincinnati"

Uncle John must be putting on airs.

Sometimes Mother did not have time to read to us because of the stocking basket, which was full and running over. So many legs in the family: seven Speeds, and two Crutcher cousins, because at one time Tom's little brother Philip lived with us. All of us, even Father, were hard on stockings. One Christmas Mother said to Father:

"George, I know you want to give me a present that I really and truly would rather have than anything in the world. Promise?"

"Of course -- what is it?"
"I want to give all the stockings in this basket to the poor and start with brand new ones for the whole family. That will be Christmas gift enough for me. I am tired of darning darns. Our son Philip wears out a pair a day. Only look at these knees in spite of the leather kneescaps you got him!"

So Mother went to R. Knott and Sons and gave a wholesale order for stockings, and the poor reaped a harvest in hosiery. However, Father was not content with such a useful present for his beloved and came home with a pair of diamond earrings. Mother had no use for diamonds or jewelry of any kind, but she had to pretend to be grateful. Incidentally, years and years afterwards when lean years came upon her she was indeed thankful for those solitaire diamond earrings because she was able to sell them for enough to send the wolf off with his tail between his legs.

Philip always was hard on his stockings. Even when he graduated from brown-mixed stockings to fancy socks Mother was never through darning for him. I remember after he had begun to earn a living, small wages which he must budget carefully in order to meet the social demands of a popular dancing man, Mother complained:

"You must buy yourself some new socks, Philip. I simply cannot darn these another time. How can you wear them out so fast?"

Philip did not know why it was but Josh did.

"He never gives his socks any rest, Mother. When he takes them off at night he puts money in one and wraps the other around his
throat. Old Aunt Mary\(^2\) says there is nothing so good for a sore
throat as a dirty sock."

"Nonsense!" said Mother. "I didn't know Philip had a sore
throat. I'll make him gargle with salt and water and swab it out
with turpentine. How did he get it? How long has he had it?"

"He got it talking sweet to his girls. He gets himself a new
one every week, but he hangs on to the old ones too and that takes
a lot of sweet talk."

I have often heard my mother tell this story and laugh about
Philip overworking his socks. Mother kept up this darning of stock-
ings almost to the end of her life. When she would visit her married
children the first thing she did was to demand the stocking basket.
She played no favorites but would darn for in-laws as cheerfully as
for her own flesh and blood.

As we sat around the fire in Mother's room we sometimes talked
about what we wanted to do when we grew up. Jenny rather wanted to
have more beaux than any Kentucky belle living, to marry rich and
have all the blooded riding horses she craved. I wanted to be an
artist. This ambition was encouraged by Father because I had drawn
a hen and some little chickens on my slate and he was so elated by
this evidence of genius that he determined to let me have private
lessons in drawing. Ewing and Philip were uncertain what they wanted

\(^2\)Daughter of John Speed by his first wife Abby Lenaster Speed.
to be. They only knew that whatever road they decided to travel must be full of daring and adventure and they would be strong and brave that they would beat up anybody who crossed their paths.

And dear little Nell! Let me say right here that Nell was the flower of the flock. As children we often disagreed. There was not much concession among the speeds, but one thing we were fully agreed on as children and as grown-ups: Nell was the flower of the flock. There was something about Nell that made her different from the rest of us: a sincerity, a charm, a sensitiveness that put her on a different level. She was the Beth of Little Women. From the beginning Nell said she was going to be a writer and was going to write books, many books.

"When are you going to begin?" teased Philip.

"I have already begun."

So she had. The child had taken some letter paper, folded it several times and cut the edges, sewed it along the crease making a little book about two by three inches with some ten or twelve pages. On the front she had printed in very crooked letters: Holly Bibble by Nellie Swing Speed. That was surely a brave start for a budding author.

We were sure Tom Crutcher was going to be a poet and fellow in the footsteps of our great-grandfather's brother, John Keats; but Tom was too modest to harbor such an ambition. This was Tom's poem, the only one he ever made I believe:

" 'Tis a sin to steal a pin,
    But much more greater, a rotten pertater."
I think it showed as much promise as "Mr. Finney's Turnip", at one time attributed to Longfellow; but later research denies this honor to Henry.

"Mr. Finney had a turnip
And it grew behind the barn;
And it grew and it grew,
And that turnip did no harm."

Josh, whose whole name was Joshua Fry Speed, thought he would be a banjo player, a carpenter and an inventor. He loved to whittle and to use his hands. He was the only member of the family who could hit a nail on the head and drive it in straight.

Keats was too young to enter into the conversation when we were planning our lives, but when he was a few years older he announced he would be a Greek professor in the winter and a street car driver in the summer. The desire to be a Greek professor was born in him when I gave him Church's translations from Homer with those fascinating Flaxman illustrations. He was so intrigued by those stories that he saw the Trojan heroes in the clouds at sunset and never tired of hearing about their battles. As for being a street car driver, he wanted to be one because his hero of flesh and blood, whose name was Walter, was a driver on the country mile car. He was a handsome, blond young man who passed Chatsworth every half hour driving the mules hitched to a dinky little car known as The Crescent Hill Street Car. Keats would stand waiting for Walter's car with a little basket

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John Flaxman (1775-1826), English sculptor and draftsman known for his curvilinear designs in Mrs. Hare-Naylor's Iliad and Odyssey; in Cooper's translations of the Latin Poems of Milton (1810), to which he contributed three.
clutched in his hand, a basket with a bottle of buttermilk and a wedge of pie, a treat for his beau ideal. Walter would stop the mules and lift the little boy up to a place beside him and let him hold the reins while he devoured the pie and washed it down with the good buttermilk. Sometimes Walter would let Keats make several round trips if the weather was good. I wonder where Walter is now. Did he drive a mule car until mules went out and trolleys came in? He must be an old, old man by now. Let us hope he is living comfortably on a pension and sometimes thinks of the little Keats Speed who loved him so much.

I remember we were in a dither of excitement when the car tracks were laid along side of the Shelbyville Turnpike, and the Crescent Hill cars began to run every half hour. The street railway in Louisville was owned by the Duponts. The Crescent Hill car was the grandfather of Fontaine Fox’s “Toonerville Trolley”⁴. It had a way of running off the track and then all passengers would pile out, and the men and boys would lift it back on if the faithful little mules could not manage without help. I have seen Coleman and Erman Dupont, great stalwart young men, who happened to be on the car when it jumped the track, get off and calmly put shoulders to the wheel and lift it on with no more ado than if it had been a pony cart. I

⁴Fontaine Fox - born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1824; created the "Toonerville Folks" and "Toonerville Trolley"; the "Toonerville Trolley" attempted to show the indifferent service of the Brock Street Trolley Line in Louisville.
think they were on the road to great wealth, but you never would have known it. The rolling stock belonged to the Duponts and it was up to them to keep it rolling. They did.

When the Crescent Hill cars got started we no longer drove to school in the jersey wagon, but Father bought school checks for us by the peck. We liked the street car, but we hated to give up the old jersey wagon. Going to school in the jersey was such fun. Father had taken out the back seat and had two long low leather-cushioned seats made to fasten to the sides of the wagon, seats low enough for the very littlest child to sit on and have his feet touch the floor, seats long enough to hold five passengers on each side. The jersey wagon was ours and it was our custom to give our friends a lift whenever we chose. The name hitchhiker was unknown at that time, but sometimes we picked up unknown persons on the pike and rode them into town.

Swing and Philip drove, but Jenny usually sat on the front seat with them. Sometimes the boys would have a violent altercation about some trivial matter, but they would decide the only way to settle it was with their fists. The reins would be tossed to Jenny, who was an excellent driver; and then Swing and Philip would go into a rough and tumble fight which usually ended up in the back of the wagon on the legs of those on the long, low seats. There they would pummel away until the under

*Jersey wagon* — Presumably another name for the Studebaker Farm wagon, a popular wagon in Mrs. Sampson's childhood days.
dog hollered: "Ruf." Then they would clamber back to the front seat and take over the business of driving, bearing no malice and the best of friends, the best of friends until the end. The battle merely cleared the atmosphere, although at times I used to be afraid they would kill each other. But I was ever a peace lover, that is until — but that is another story.

There are a few oldest inhabitants left in Louisville who to this good day talk about the Speed children in their old jersey wagon as they romped to school, singing, laughing and fighting. Sometimes the wagon would be so full that an uneasy late pickup would fall over the tail-gate into the road or street and nobody would know of the spill until we had traveled too far to recoup the loss.

When the tracks were laid to Crescent Hill and the country cars began to run a county wag remarked:

"When George Speed came out here to live he had a little red-wheeled buggy; then he got a surrey; then he got a jersey and turned it into an omnibus; and now, doggone, if he hasn't started a street car."

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6 Crescent Hill—presumably a section of Louisville, Kentucky.

7 buggy—a light, four-wheeled carriage with a single seat and a transverse spring.

8 surrey—a light, four-wheeled, two seated carriage, with or without a top, for four persons.

9 omnibus—a horse drawn vehicle equipped with seats or benches for passengers.
I began this chapter with Mother reading aloud to us on winter evenings; and before I know it we are racing and tearing through Butcher Town on the way to school, the boys fighting and Jenny whipping up the horse, glad of the chance to drive. But after all I must write this autobiography as the spirit moves me and put down things when I remember them and as I remember them. If the continuity is jumpy and disconnected that is the way life is. Art must have form, but not life. Life is but a hodgepodge of happenings and not a rounded tale as taught by professors of writing.

10Butcher Town—presumably a section of Louisville, Kentucky.
CHAPTER 5

THE OLD SPEEDS

Life is all too short. It doesn't begin soon enough and ends much too soon. That is the way I feel about it. I wish mine could have begun soon enough to have known those old Speeds who went from Virginia to Kentucky in 1772 and proceeded to people the wilderness; and I wish I could live long enough to see my grandchildren grow up; and I long to know my great-grandchildren, if any, and to see if they perchance inherit some of the characteristics of their interesting ancestors: the Speeds, the Frays, the Keatases on my father's side; the Evings, the Butlers, the Hawkinses on my mother's. My husband, Henry Aylett Sampson, was descended from Patrick Henry. Will some many times great-grandchild have the spunk to stand on his or her legs and demand liberty or death? I wonder.

Well, there is no use in bemoaning my fate that has made it impossible for me to have lived in the 18th century, but at least I can feel that in a measure I am acquainted with one James Speed, who was my great-great-grandfather, because of the pious care of a member of the family who has preserved this letter.

1 The first three pages are missing in ms. A.
and the kindness of my cousin, Philip Speed Tuley, who has copied it for me. I shall put it down as is and not presume to delete it. The letter was written to my great-grandfather John Speed and his brother Thomas, who were then living near Bardstown, Kentucky. They were young married men and I think were engaged in the salt business.

To: Thomas and John Speed
in care of Col. Jas. Lewis
Bardstown, Ky.

Mercer, 13, May, 1797

My sons: I have not heard from either of you since Jewel was up, except Aaron Smith who told me you were both well — Have I offended either of you that you will not write? or is it want of oppy, — or do you lack matter about what to write?

If it is the first, I am sorry for it — if it is the second, there is no help for it — But if the last, I here furnish matter of subject.

I wish to be informed occasionally — Vis. How do you do? How does the girls do? What does the girls do?

Are they sewing and knitting?
Or are they spewing and spitting?

How long since they began to spit?
How long is it since they quit?
Does their br—ding make them scold?
Or are they only sick and sullen?
How do you behave to them in their br—ding sickness?

2Philip Speed Tuley — son of Mary Eliza Speed Tuley and Enos S. Tuley.
Do you soothe and cheer them and call them Honey?

Or do you fret and grunt and swear this shall be the last time?

Are you likely to feed the children when they come?

Would you accept of 15 or 20 fine ewes this fall?

Could (or rather would) you take care of them?

Could you watch them by day and pen them by night, or

Would the wolves take them in the day time?

Again,

Do you read Father Abraham’s advice for the girls?

Do you, or they, or both profit by it?

Will it not make you all grow too stingy?

Will not that be half as bad as extravagant?

Again,

When shall we come to see you?

Can infant Sheperdsville maintain 3 persons 2 or more days?

Will Tommy and Susan go with us to the lick?

Can Johnny and Abby support us all 2 days?

Again,

How do you come on making salt?

How does it sell now at the lick?

Have you been overflowed at the lick?

Do you get sent for all your salt?

Has Bullitt’s lick been overflowed?

Again,

Principally and lastly —
When will Joshua and Craddock be satisfied?

To 31 questions your answer might please —
But answer the last, and it will greatly please —

Your affectionate father

Jas. Speed

P. S. James was well in December — I cannot tell when to expect his home.

Note: The original of this letter was at the time of his death owned by Joshua Fry Speed, son of Smith Speed, son of John Speed, son of James Speed, the writer of this letter.

Now what was Father Abraham's advice to the girls? I have searched Genesis for it but cannot find it. Someone more learned in the Bible than I am will have to inform me.

My mother would have known and quoted it offhand, as she was a deep student of the Bible and had an astonishing memory. It may be it isn't after all, in the Bible. Well, whatever the advice was I am sure it was good or that delightful old James Speed would have not recommended it to his sons and their wives.

If I had not started to write my own biography I'd be tempted to branch off and write about those early Speeds. Thanks to my cousins, Philip Speed Tuley and Fanny Speed McDonald, I really have enough material to make quite a tome and an interesting one at that. I could begin with John Speed, that doughty historian of the time of Elizabeth, and carry down to my littlest grandchild and only granddaughter, Keats Vincent. But I am not
blessed with the patience of the historian and the powers of research necessary for such a work. Sir John Speed's mantle did not fall on me, but the aforesaid cousins could wear it with grace and dignity. There are enough Speeds throughout the United States of America to make a large reading public for such a publication. Cousin Tom Speed, who was descended from that same Thomas Speed of Bardstown to whom the above letter was written, published an excellent and comprehensive history of the Speeds in 1892; but since then much water has flown under the bridges of Kentucky. When Great-grandmother Speed died in 1874 she had seventy-five descendants; and while the tendency to produce large families has weakened in our family as in others of pioneer stock, there are still Speeds a plenty.

I can remember Great-grandmother Speed. I was a little girl of five or six when she died, but her personality then made an impression on me. I was interested in the fact that she had come to Kentucky from Virginia when she was ten years old, riding on a horse for part of the journey and sometimes walking over the mountain trail. When I saw this feeble old lady of eighty-six it was almost unbelievable that she had ever been young enough and spry enough to accomplish such a feat, but now when I read those old letters I realize that at eighty-six she would have undertaken that journey again, had she felt it her duty to do so. Fortunately she was not called upon to accomplish the impossible but spent a peaceful old age carefully
administered to by her many sons and daughters and revered by all
the seventy-five direct descendants, at least all who were privi-
leged to know her. Her maiden name was Lucy Gilmer Fry. She
was descended from Colonel Joshua Fry, one-time professor at
William and Mary College and afterwards the Colonel of a Virginia
regiment, which at his death was commanded by George Washington.
Had Colonel Fry lived, might he not have become the Father of
the Country instead of Washington? Certainly, he did more for
his country in the matter of increasing the population than
did George.

Farmington, the lovely old homestead of Judge John Speed
and his Lucy Gilmer Fry, was built by him in 1810. It is still
lovely, but not so lovely as it would be were it still owned by
some Speed. It was noted far and wide for its hospitality. To
quote from Cousin Tom Speed's book The Speed Family:

"Not only did this hospitality extend to his friends and
kinsfolk in unlimited numbers, but displayed itself to
the magnitude of entertaining an army! When the volunteers
of Kentucky, in the war of 1812, began to assemble at
Louisville, coming in from the interior over the Barde-
town road, he took them to his house, whether they were
passing in companies or larger bodies, footmen and horse-
men, and fed them and supplied them with food to carry
away."

So welcome were the guests made at Farmington that when
once entertained there they were sure to return again and again.
Even the stork was made welcome by this exemplary couple, and eleven times he visited the homestead, and his visits were never regretted. James Freeman Clark\(^3\) and his sister Sarah were frequent visitors, and it is to them we are indebted for an insight into the characters of the host and hostess. Letters from Miss Sarah Clark to Miss Elisa Speed\(^4\) show how much she loved the family. James Freeman Clark in his autobiography speaks with so much feeling of his association with the family at Farmington that I regret more and more that I could not have lived then as well as now.

Abraham Lincoln, who was the intimate friend of Joshua Speed, often came to his home. He had long talks with his hostess and derived much comfort from her philosophy and understanding. She divined the undercurrent of sadness in spite of his show of light-heartedness and his ever present wit. Once when he was leaving she put a Bible in his hands and said: "Read it, adopt its precepts, follow its principles and it will cure your despondency." Years afterwards Lincoln sent her his photograph with this inscription: "For Mrs. Lucy G. Speed, from whose pious hands I accepted the present of an Oxford Bible twenty years ago."  

A. Lincoln.  
Washington, D.C. October 3, 1861."

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\(^3\)James Freeman Clarke (1810-1888)—Massachusetts Unitarian and liberal leader, whose first church was at Louisville, Ky., where he edited The Western Messenger (1836-1839); he also wrote, while in Boston for the following 40 years, The Christian Doctrine of Prayer (1854), Ten Great Religions (1871-1883), and other religious literary pieces.

\(^4\)Elisa Speed—daughter of John Speed by his first wife Abby Lemaster Speed.
The following is a copy of a bread and butter letter written to Great-aunt Mary Speed by Abraham Lincoln. The original letter was presented to the Library of Congress by Philip Speed Tuley and his two brothers, Henry and Thomas. Philip says they felt that the letter belonged to the nation as it is perhaps the most remarkable Lincoln letter out of the hands of collectors:

Miss Mary Speed  
Louisville, Kentucky

My friend:  
Having resolved to write to some of your Mother's family, and not having the express permission of any one of them to do so, I have some little difficulty in determining on which to inflict the task of reading what I now feel must be a most dull and silly letter; but when I remember that you and I were something of cronies while I was at Farmington, and that while there, I once was under the necessity of shutting you up in a room to prevent you committing an assault and battery upon me, I instantly decided that you should be the devoted one.

I assume that you have not heard from Joshua and myself since we left because I think it doubtful whether he has written. You remember there was some uneasiness about Joshua's health when we left. That little indisposition of his turned out to be nothing serious and it was pretty nearly forgotten when we reached Springfield. We got on board the Steam Boat Lebanon in the locks of the Canal about 12 o'clock p.m. of the day we left and reached St. Louis the next Monday at 8 p.m. Nothing of interest happened during the passage except the vexatious delays occasioned by the sand bars he thought interesting. By the way, a fine example was presented on board the boat for contemplating the effect of condition upon human happiness. A gentleman had purchased twelve negroes in different parts of Kentucky and was taking them to a farm in the South. They were chained six and six together — a small iron clevis was around the left wrist of each and this fastened to themmain chain by a shorter one at convenient distance from the other, so that the negroes were strung together precisely like so many fish upon a trot-line. In this condition, their friends, their fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, and many from their wives and children, and going into perpetual slavery where the lash of the master is proverbially more ruthless and unrelenting than any other where, and yet, amid all these distressing circumstances, as we would think them, they were the most cheerful and apparently happy creatures on board. One, whose offenses for which he had been sold was an over-fondness for his wife, played the fiddle almost continually,
and the others danced, sung, cracked jokes, and played various
games with cards from day to day. How true it is that "God
temper the wind to the shorn lamb"; or in other words, that He
renders the worst of human conditions tolerable while He permits
the best to be nothing better than tolerable.

To return to the narrative, when we reached Springfield I
staid but one day when I started on this tedious circuit where I
now am. Do you remember my going to the city while I was in
Kentucky to have a tooth extracted and making a failure of it?
Well, that same tooth got to paining me so much that about a
week since I had it torn out bringing with it a bit of the jaw
bone. The consequence of which is that my mouth is now so sore
that I can neither talk nor eat — I am literally "subsisting
on savory remembrances", that is, being unable to eat, I am
living on the remembrance of the delicious dishes of peaches
and cream we used to have at your house.

When we left, Miss Fanny Henning was owing you a visit, as
I understand, Has she paid it yet? If she has, are you not
convinced she is one of sweetest girls in the world? There is
but one thing about her so far as I could perceive that I would
have otherwise than as it is — that is, something of tendency
to melancholy. This, let it be observed, is a misfortune —
not a fault. Give her an assurance of my highest regard when you
see her. Is little Sis Eliza Davis at your house? If she is, kiss
her o'er and o'er again for me. Tell your Mother that I have not
got her "present" with me, but that I intend to read it regularly
to the truth.

Give my respects to all your sisters (including "Aunt Emma"),
and brothers. Tell Mrs. Peay, of whose happy face I shall long
retain a pleasant remembrance, that I have been trying to think
of a name for her homestead, and as yet cannot satisfy myself
with one.

I shall be very happy to receive a line from you soon after
you receive this and in case you choose to favor me with one,
address it to Charleston, Coles Co. Ills., as I shall be there about
the time to receive it.

Your sincere friend,
A. LINCOLN.

****

Aunt Mary and Aunt Eliza were the daughters of Great-
grandfather John by his first wife. They lived to be very old,
old ladies. I can remember them well: Aunt Mary amusing,
full of fun, almost prankish in a way; Aunt 'Liza more dignified,
so dignified that I wonder we should have had the hardihood to shorten her name to "Liza. These old ladies in the end made their home with Aunt Mary Speed Tuley, but at one time they went to housekeeping in a new and attractive house where everyone thought they would be very happy and comfortable. My father took me to call on them in this new house one very hot day in July.

"You must be happy and contented in this lovely new house", he said. "Nothing to worry about at all."

"Not at all!" exclaimed Aunt 'Liza. "I am worried to death about how on earth Sister and I are to get the snow shoveled off the sidewalk next winter."

"And I hate new houses", said Aunt Mary. "No place to put broken needles!"

I must say I sympathize with old Aunt Mary Speed. I never have known what to do with broken needles.

A story is told of Great-grandmother Speed which illustrates the respect shown her by all members of her family. Her son, Joshua Fry Speed, was one of the directors of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. He took his mother on the trial trip. She was seated in great comfort some minutes before the train was scheduled to start.

"Joshua, I am ready", she said.

"Yes, Mother, we'll start in a few minutes", replied the son, never intimating that she was not in control of the time table.

Mary Eliza Speed Tuley—daughter of Philip Speed, son of Judge John Speed and Emma Keats Speed.
Finally they got up steam and the train moved.

"How fast we go", said the old lady.

"Not so fast as we will when we get outside of Louisville, Mother".

This is fast enough, Joshua. Tell them I am in no hurry.
CHAPTER 6

MY KEATS KIN

John Keats, in a letter to George, my great-grandfather, October 24, 1818, said: "If I had a prayer to make for any great good, next to Tom's recovery, it should be that one of your children should be the first American poet. I have a great mind to make a prophecy, and they say prophecies work on their own fulfillment."

Then follows his poem entitled:

"A Prophecy".

"'Tis the witching time of night,
Orbed is the moon and bright,
And the stars they glisten, glisten,
Seeming with bright eyes to listen,
For what listen they?

Listen, listen, listen, listen,
Glisten, glisten, glisten, glisten,
And here is my lullaby!

Through the Rushes, that will make
Its cradle, still are in the lake—
Though the linen that will be
Its swathe, is on the cotton tree—
Though the woolen that will keep
It warm is on the silly sheep.

1 Originally titled "The Keatsees" in ms. A.
Little child
O' the western wild,
Bard art thou completely!
Sweetly with dumb endeavor,
A poet now or never;
Little child
O' the western wild,
A poet now or never!"

My mother derived great pleasure from this poem. No doubt she would have resented the asterisks that eliminate portions of it as she would have felt the whole poem must be included in this chapter. She would have asked me who was I to presume to pick and choose what portions of a poem by the immortal John should be used and what discarded. I would have had to tell her that after all this is the story of my life and not an edition of the poem of Keats and I only use this bit of the poem to "point a moral and adorn a tale."

Mother herself often laughed over the lines:

"Though the linen that will be

Its swathe, is on the cotton tree."

Perhaps George Keats wrote his brother about the cotton trees that grew along the muddy banks of the Ohio River, and John jumped to the conclusion that in those western wilds cotton as well as money grew on trees. Mother laughed at the poetical license but took the poem much to heart. She told me that before her babies were born, she always that maybe she was to fulfill this
prophecy. Maybe her unborn child was to be a great American poet. Up to that time the numerous offspring, children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren of George and Georgiana Keats, had among them some poetry lovers but no poets. Well, who aspired to be and was a writer, wrote one poem, a lovely poem, but not so lovely that it could put her quite into the class that John Keats foretold in his "Prophecy".

NELL'S POEM

"My thoughts like gentle steeds today
Rest quiet in the paddock fold,
Munching their food contentedly.
Was it last night? When up — away!
Through spaces limitless, untold,
Like storm clouds lashed before the wind
Nor strength, nor will could check nor hold,
Nanies flying — through the night they dashed
'Til the first glimmering sun's ray flashed
Its blessed light, 'til the first sign
Of dawn's awakening stirred the leaves
Then back to quiet fold — the night was done —
Bend patient heeds — the joke — and days begun."

I have been guilty of limicks, but that is as far as I can go in "the realms of gold", although I too am something of a poetry lover. One evening my husband and I had been dining with some friends, Mr. and Mrs. Archer Jones. Archer, who was a widely read man of real culture, in course of conversation made a palpable break in English, using a nominative pronoun
for an objective. This occurred while he was frankly acknowledging himself to be a high-brow and proud of being one. I teased him about this boast; and he was so abject in his apologies and explanations of how and why such a terrible thing had happened and so eager to have me understand that he thanked me humbly for the correction, that I broke out in a limerick:

"When dining with brows that are high
Don't think you can ever get by
With jokes on their grammar,
They're sure to say: "Dear, here!
What's English between you and I?"

Shades of John Keats! That's the crop in our family of Speeds born and raised at Chatsworth. At Mother's instigation I tried the same pre-natal thought control before my own babies were born; but I feel sure what versifying talent they have evinced was inherited directly from their father, Henry Aylott Sampson, who was a poet in his own right, not by adoption.

Always I have had an overwhelming interest in seeing and perhaps shaking hands with interesting persons, men and women who are different whether in the matter of making mouse traps, writing sonnets or lifting great weights. It may be a form of snobishness in me, but there it is. It started when I was a little girl and shook hands with the clown at a one-ring circus, and even now I get a real thrill when I remember how he leered at me and turned a hand-spring for my benefit.

Once at the old Louisville Exposition, which was on the corner of Fourth and Chestnut, two little men from Borneo were on exhibitions along with pictures by local artists and various
industrial machinery. We crowded up close to the platform to see the strange looking little men. They were skinny white specimens well under five feet with long greasy hair hanging in stringy ringlets on their bony shoulders. Their stunt was to lift great weights and to climb up on each other like monkeys and turn jerky somersaults.

"I am going to shake hands with them", I announced.

"What for?" demanded by brother, Dwino.

"So I can tell my grandchildren about it."

"Rats! You haven't any grandchildren."

"But I'm going to have some."

The poor little creatures from Borneo, who may not have come from that distant island at all, but as a child I had no doubt as to their native land; but whatever may have been their place of birth, they certainly had horrid little monkey-paw hands, bony and unpleasantly damp. When we got home the other children told Mother how Dora had pushed up and shaken hands with the little men from Borneo so she could tell her grandchildren she had done it.

I was made to wash my hands very thoroughly with the kitchen soap and had to submit to such teasing about my grandchildren, but no washing could take away the sensation that is still with me when I think about that clammy hand shake; and in spite of the teasing, I have my grandchildren; and no doubt they think it amusing and interesting that I should have pushed up to the platform and grasped those monkey-paws just so I could tell them about it.

Feeling as I always have about wanting at least to look at the great or near great, I am still a little resentful that
when Oscar Wilde\textsuperscript{2} came to Louisville I was not allowed to
even peek at him through a crack in the door so I could tell
my grandchildren about it; but not a least little bit of peek
did I get at him in his velvet knee breeches, looking for all
the world like Dunthorne in Gilbert and Sullivan's opera:
\textit{Patience}. This is what Oscar Wilde has to say about his sojourn
in Louisville:

"During my tour in America I happened to find myself in
Louisville, Kentucky. The subject I had to speak on was the
"Mission of Art in the Nineteenth Century", and in the course
of my lecture I had occasion to quote Keats' "Sonnet on Blue"
as an example of the poet's delicate sense of color harmonies.
When my lecture was concluded there came around to see me a
lady of middle age, with a sweet gentle manner and a most
musical voice. She introduced herself to me as Mrs. Speed, the
daughter of George Keats, and invited me to come and examine the
Keats manuscripts in her possession. I spent most of the next
day with her reading the letters of Keats to her father, some of
which at that time were unpublished, poring over torn yellow
leaves and faded scraps of paper, and wondering at the little
"Dante" in which Keats had written those marvelous notes on
Milton. Some months afterwards, when I was in California, I
received a letter from Mrs. Speed asking my acceptance of the

\textsuperscript{2}In America publicizing the New York production of Gilbert and
Sullivan's \textit{Patience}, which paralleled the English aesthetes
of which Wilde was the leader.
original manuscript of the sonnet which I had quoted in my lecture."

Written in answer to a sonnet by his friend, J. H. Reynolds, which ended thus:

"Dark eyes are dearer far
Than those that mock the hyacinthin' bell."

"Blue! 'Tis the life of heaven, — the domain
Of Cynthia, — the wide palace of the sun, —
The tent of Raspeaus and all his train, —
The bosom of clouds, gold, grey and dun.
"Blue! 'Tis the life of waters — ocean
And all its vassal streams; pools numberless
May rage, and foam, and fret, but never can
Subside if not to dark-blue nativeness.
"Blue! gentle cousin of the forest green,
Married to green in all the sweetest flowers,
Forget-me-not, the blue-bell, — and that queen
Of secrecy, the violet: what strange powers
Nast thou as a mere shadow! But in an eye how great
When in an eye thou art alive with hate!"

Now this is where we come into this story: When Grandmother
Speed invited Oscar Wilde to have luncheon with her, she got word
to Mother, by hook or crook, as there were no telephones in those
days, to have us children get some of all the blue flowers Blooming
at Chatsworth as she wished to decorate the table in honor of the
"Blue Sonnet". We found forget-me-nots, Scotch blue-bells, violets,
wild hyacinths and I hope love-in-the-mist; but I am not sure
of that last flower. I hope we found love-in-the-mist as I
have always been so intrigued by that name; and besides its
soft delicate foliage would have made Grandmother's centerpiece
so very lovely, even though Keats did not mention it in his fam-
ous sonnet.

Now why, why when we took the flowers to Grandmother
Speed could not I have been given just a peep at the man who was
afterwards to write Reading Gaul? I can only read about his
visit to that old home on First Street and see him with my mind's
eye as he pored reverently over the torn yellow leaves and the
faded scrapes of paper. I was named Emma Keats for my grandmother.
I am sure if I had not been such a shy little girl and so afraid
of being noticed, if I had only had the courage to ask to let me
get a glimpse of that remarkable figure so that I could tell my
grandchildren about it, she would have understood.

I, too, in the last few days have been poring over some torn
and yellowed letters, letters written by my grandmother to her
daughters, and I feel now that I know this woman for whom I am
named better than I did when she was alive. A rare personality!
I realize more and more how much I missed because of an inarticu-
late shyness that overwhelmed me as a child and young girl.
Well, I got bravely over it, but too late to know Grandmother
Speed well enough to ask her to let me look through a crack of
the door and view for a split second that sad and sorry man.
CHAPTER 7
THE BUTLER GREAT-UNCLEs

The time has come when I must face the fact that I have said enough about my childhood. I seem to have drifted into a kind of second childhood in these memoirs. I hate to grow up. I hate the thought of letting my hair grow long enough to tuck up. I hate to get so old that I must put on my shoes and stockings when company comes and nobody must catch me hanging by my legs on the acting bars. Before so very long I must put on a corset too. All young girls wore corsets in those days, boned corsets that pushed you down and pushed up up and pushed you in, a chemise under the corset, a corset cover over the corset; in the summer, two starched ruffled petticoats tied around the waist; in the winter, a warm flannel petticoat and a fleece-lined alpaca balmoral. Our legs must not be mentioned in mixed company, but they must be kept very warm at all times. Certainly there is nothing that will keep out the cold like a red flannel petticoat and a fleece-lined balmoral.

But before I put away all childish things and grow up enough to have to wear those abominable corsets, I must tell about the old Butler uncles who lived at Carrollton, Kentucky, where the Kentucky River flows into the Ohio, a beautiful spot and much beloved by those delightful old Irishmen, the Butler brothers, Uncle Tom, Uncle Dick and Uncle Will. When Mother

1Originally titled "The Butlers" in ms. A.
would go to visit her uncles she always took some of us with her. How did she love the trip on the steamboat! We even liked the food although Mother, too polite to turn up her nose at it, did not do more than pick at it.

"Uncle Dick will have a big supper for us when we get to Carrollton", she would say. So he would, but that prospect did not deter us from tucking away all of the dinner the obliging waiters could carry. Even if we had not liked the food, we could not have disappointed those Negro waiters and all the style they put on for our benefit, we thought.

I can see them now carrying great trays of food on one palm, using the other arm as a balance and cake-walking from the cook's galley down the long dining saloon. With what a flourish they would land those trays and deal out the innumerable side dishes six or more to every guest: potatoes, macaroni, canned corn, peas, stewed prunes and goodness knows what besides, all served in little thick china dishes that looked like bird baths. Then there would be hot rolls, large soda biscuit, bumpy and hot, corn meal muffins and maybe crackling bread. And the desserts! I wonder how we survived those desserts. They would have several kinds of pies, rice pudding, with a slimy green sauce, layer cakes, pound cakes and horse cakes: huge gingerbread cookies cut in the shape of horses. Then they would serve pink and white ice cream to fill up the cracks, if any. I must not forget the thin little pounded steaks, highly seasoned and cooked until they were almost black. The waiters used to tell us they
were "bar" steaks. Maybe they were. At any rate, they had plenty of chaw and were, in our opinions, very tasty. I'd like once more to take a trip on an Ohio River steamboat and see if I could eat right through the menu, pink ice cream and all. I did taste a bit like tooth powder, but we used to think tooth powder tasted pretty good.

When the steamboat finally nosed its way to the landing at Carrollton, there would be a grand scramble collecting bundles and baggage so as to be the first passengers to run down the gangplank. The uncles would be there awaiting us, the uncles and some of their progeny. A right royal welcome we always received from the hospitable Butlers. Was not Mother the youngest daughter of their beloved sister Jane, who had married Dr. Bling of Louisville, and were we not the grandchildren of Jane? Butler kin was Butler kin to those old Irishmen, and nothing was too good for their kin.

In those days, as I remember Carrollton, it was a sleepy little country town. The excitement of the day was the arrival of the steamboat coming around the bend; and then when the roustabouts unloaded the goods and livestock and trundled on the outgoing freight, it was too late in the day to accomplish much business; so what couldn't be done today was put off until tomorrow. The stern-wheel steamboat would chug its way out and the roustabouts would go to sleep until the next landing. I remember so well how the roustabouts would sing at their work, encouraged by the mate to sing a lively tune. One song I can recall. The words
were sad but the tune was quick enough:

"8'pose I'd go down ter N'Orleans an' take sick an' die
Nobody'd care half so much 'bout that matter as I.
So go way ol' men an' leave me alone
Kase I am a stranger an' a long way from home."

The mate carried a big stick and if a lazy darkey didn't
tote his share he would get a resounding whack; and then no
matter what the tune was, the whole line of workers would step
lively.

Yes, in those days Carrollton was a sleepy little country
town; but now after sixty-five years, I revisited the scene of
my childhood and behold it is a busy thriving place with various
industries, no longer a country town, but decidedly cityfied.
Evidently what should be done today is not put off until to­­
row, done yesterday instead perhaps, which accounts for its prosp­­
erity. I fancy the old Butler Uncles would be astonished could
they too revisit the old homes. They would be filled with pride
I am sure could they know of the Butler Memorial State Park with
the farmhouse built by Major Thomas Butler (Uncle Tom) restored
by patriotic societies and turned into a museum.

As we drove down Main Street I recognised Uncle Will's
home but could not find Uncle Dick's. There are hard-surfaced
streets and roads everywhere now, but I recall with pleasure how
my sister Jenny and I used to love to walk barefooted along the
dusty road leading from Uncle Will's to Uncle Dick's trying to
see how much dust we could kick up on the way. Now Main Street is
closely built up; but as I remember it, there were no houses between the Butler's. Uncle Will's house had a long back yard that ran down to the river and a shallow-terraced front yard.
Flowers everywhere! Uncle Will, General William O. Butler, was a soldier, a flower-lover and a poet. One of his poems was much beloved by Kentuckians, and I verily believe the old gentleman took more pleasure in having written "The Boatman's Horn" than having served with distinction under Jackson in the War of 1812 and later on making such a mark in the War with Mexico that the United States Government presented him with two swords, one silver and one gold. Perhaps he felt that a poem was more enduring than silver and gold.

THE BOATMAN'S HORN

"O, boatman! wind that horn again,
For never did the list'ning air
Upon its lambent bend bear
So wild, so soft, so sweet a strain!
What though thy notes are sad and few,
By every simple boatman blown,
Yet is each pulse to nature true,
And melody in every tone.

How oft, in boyhood's joyous day,
Unmindful of the lapsing hours,
I've loitered on my homeward way
By wild Ohio's bank of flowers'
While some lone boatman from the deck
Poured his soft numbers to the tide,
As if to charm from storm and wreck
The boat where all his fortunes ride!

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Then, boatman, wind that born again!
Though much of sorrow mark its strain,
Yet are its notes to sorrow dear;
What though they wake fond memory's tear?
Tears are sad memory's sacred feast,
And rapture oft her chosen guest."

I am sure my mother would also recite that line of asterisks, lopping off half of Uncle Bill's poem. The aeces all revered the old uncles. They could do no wrong, even when they sat on the crooked brick sidewalk in front of Uncle Dick's house with their chairs cocked back against the wall and roved and quarreled and roved some more. They never let the sun go down on their wrath but made up before separating and were in reality the best of friends. My mother used to say to us when we were unruly: "As stubborn as a Butler!" And then she would tell the story about an old Butler who served in the British Army and when orders were given that no soldier must wear a cue, this old man refused to cut off his. Not only did he refuse to dispense with it in life but when he realized he was not long for this world, he gave orders that a hole should be cut in his coffin and his beloved cue pulled through the hole.

Many are the tales told of the Butlers, "the fighting Butlers", that was the name they carried through the generations in Ireland and in the United States whenever there happened to be a war. The uncles were too old to get in on the war between the States, but their tongues were like two-edge swords and their
wit was as sharp as rapiers. But in the eyes of my mother and
her sisters the old uncles could do no wrong. When Uncle Will
died at the great age of ninety, he left a legacy of five hund-
red dollars to each one of his nieces. Our Aunt Nell, Mrs. J.
Montgomery Wright, made the following characteristic remark:

"Now wasn't it just like dear Uncle Will to leave us five
hundred dollars apiece? He always was the sweetest and most
understanding person in all the world. He might easily have
left us each five thousand, but he know perfectly well if he
left us that much our husbands would have invested it, and now
we can just spend that five hundred and have a good time with
it."

Dear Uncle Will, a soldier-poet with an understanding
heart!

Uncle Tom, Major Thomas Butler, was the oldest uncle. He
too was a fighter, having been aide to General Jackson at the
Battle of New Orleans. He was born in 1779. Only think of my
having known a man who would be one hundred and fifty-two years
old if he had lived! He did live to a great age. I believe
almost all the Butlers were long-lived. It may be the zest they
showed in argument kept them living. Each one wanted to live so
that he could get the better of his brothers in the discussion
that was to be brought up at the next meeting in the form of
unfinished business.

Uncle Tom was not so handsome as Uncle Will and Uncle Dick.
His whiskers were what are known as murphys with a clean-shaven
upper lip and chin and a fringe of beard enveloping his countenance. He grew hard of hearing in his old age and rather irascible. He resented the constant care of his devoted granddaughters who kept house for him and were eager to please him in every way.

"Grampa", they would ask, "would you like to have roast chicken for your dinner or would you prefer chicken and dumplings?"

"Immaterial to me! Immaterial to me!" he would bark.

"How about some new potatoes or would you like rice and gravy?".

"Immaterial to me! Immaterial to me!"

Once when my cousin Jean Wright was taken to call on Uncle Tom she came home and astonished her mother and my mother by declaring that their beloved Uncle Tom was a coarse and vulgar old man.

"Uncle Tom coarse and vulgar! Why, Uncle Tom is the soul of refinement. How can you say such a thing of dear Uncle Tom?"

"Well, every time Cousin Fan or Cousin Sally asks him what he wants to eat, he hollers at them: "Shimmy tail to me! Shimmy tail to me!"

When Uncle Tom was very, very old these same granddaughters found it advisable to move from Carrollton to Louisville and he came with them. The poor fellow missed the country, missed his farm and the rolling hills of his beloved Carrollton, missed the view of the rivers as the Kentucky flowed into the Ohio. Perhaps he longed again to hear the boatman wind his horn. He was forced to live in a wheel chair with a Negro boy to trundle him around. His one amusement was whist, but the time came when his eyesight
failed him so much that he had difficulty in seeing the cards.

"Make 'em too dang'ed little," he would complain.

Somebody in the family suggested that the great-nieces and
nephews might make Uncle Tom a pack of cards, cards four times
as big as ordinary ones. Bristle-board was ordered to be cut
the right size for this gargantuan pack and what nieces and
nephews were available were pressed into service. I still resent
not being allowed to paint the face cards, but I was much younger
than the other workers so the spots were considered good enough
for me. George Anderson, Name Hawkins and Jean Wright had all
the fun. Plain diamonds were my lot. Hearts and clubs and
spades were too complicated for what they chose to call my limited
intelligence. I am sure I could have done even the face cards
better than those big cousins because after all I was planning
to be an artist and had drawn some chickens on a slate and made
them so life-like that Father was going to give me private
lessons in art. But I was too shy to assert myself and just
did the diamonds as well as I could.

I wish I could have seen Uncle Tom shuffling that huge
pack of cards and the whist players sorting and arranging their
hands, but the old gentleman died soon after the labor was
completed and I fancy he suffled off this mortal coil before he
had played many games.

I remember Uncle Dick more clearly than the other uncles,
perhaps because we usually visited Uncle Dick's home when we made
the trips to Carrollton. He was tall, erect and handsome with
piercing wide-open eyes and a beautiful snowy beard that came
down on his manly chest. I remember well how the old man liked
to have his head scratched and would get the visiting great-
nieces to scratch it until he dropped off to sleep. I did not
enjoy this duty very much, but I had been brought up to think
that whatever the uncles wanted done must be done and so would sit
for hours and scratch the old autocrat's head until I too would
go to sleep. I am glad now when I look back on the years that I
was such a patient scratcher.

Uncle Dick was a great talker, what might be called a
brilliant conversationalist. He wanted an audience and an
attentive one at that. He was not like the old darkey who
said:

"The reason I talks ter mysef air becuse when I talks I
likes ter have a smart man a listening' ter me, an' when I
listens I likes ter hear a smart man talkin' ter me."

Uncle Dick fully appreciated his own wit and powers of
conversation, but he was never content to hide his talent under
a bushel. The more listeners the better he liked it.

A story is told of Uncle Dick that illustrates this tendency
of keeping the ball of conversation rolling. He was taking a
trip on a stage coach. Sitting next to him was a gentleman who
proved a most attentive listener. Uncle Dick was on a talking
jag. He held forth with fluency and wit on any and every subject
from Shakespeare to the musical glasses. Finally the pleasant
gentleman, having reached his destination, alighted from the stage-coach.
"Who is that delightful gentleman?" Uncle Dick asked the driver. "I've never met a more intelligent or better informed man."

"Nice man", replied the driver. "Too bad he's deaf and dumb!"

Uncle Dick was a squire of dames. From his youth through his old age he was ever on the alert to entertain the ladies. Once when he was a comparatively young man, a beautiful and stylish girl came from New York to visit in the little town of Carrollton. Ahead of the other eager swains Dick Butler asked the privilege of escorting the stranger to church. What a grand costume was hers! Her dress was a lustrous green satin trimmed with folds of green velvet. It was yards and yards around the bottom. The basque was so tight it looked as though the lovely lady might have been melted and poured in. Her waist was tiny and seemed even smaller than it was owing to the padded hips and voluminous bustle. Her bonnet was the latest confection of a New York milliner with ribbons and lace that set off the charming face of the wearer.

Uncle Dick positively pranced as he walked beside the beautiful visitor. He was the envy of all other men in town, at least so he thought. But what was the matter. Why were the men and boys on the corner laughing? Why was that group of girls giggling? What was so amusing about his lovely companion that even the sedate and dignified wife of the deacon should let out what might be termed a guffaw. After church he would demand an apology from the men and boys and if they refused, he would give them what’s what on Monday; but there was nothing to do about the giggling girls and the deacon's wife.
The indignant young man turned and looked behind him.

There he saw a procession of animals; a calf, a cow and her litter, a duck and, bringing up the rear, a busy old hen marshalling her chicks like some mother who must get her children to Sunday school on time. Heaven above! The lovely visitor had met with a real accident. Her false hips and bustle were stuffed with bran and had sprung a leak. A thin stream of this delectable food was following her as she daintily tripped down the street. Hence the procession of live-stock. A billy-goat joined them at the church steps and was with difficulty restrained from entering the sanctuary. However, the busy old hen walked in determined to feed her brood regardless of the protests of deacon and sexton.

The good old minister was much encouraged by the large attendance on that Sunday. He felt that he was truly snatching brands from the burning when the men and boys who usually congregated on the corner marched solemnly into service. The beautiful young visitor was all unconscious of the stir she had created until, on removing her handsome green satin gown all trimmed with velvet bands, she discovered onchips and the bustle were as flat as pancakes.
CHAPTER 8

DECIMALS VERSUS THE THEATRE

In spite of the possibility of seeming smug I must confess that I liked going to school. I had to keep this liking closely confined in my own bosom because if I had let it get out I was sure the others would have teased me and even dubbed me: "Teacher's Pet". I never was a teacher's pet; but as a rule the teachers did like, me and I liked every teacher I ever had except one, who shall be nameless; but I still don't like her. Poor thing! I realize now that teaching was the last profession in the world that should have been hers, but in those days teaching was the only occupation open to a woman outside of the home. This woman, this Miss M., would have been a whiz as an office manager. She could have been an expert accountant or done anything connected with figures, anything but teach a class of stupid little girls the intricacies of decimal fractions. Had she been assigned a class of boys perhaps life would not have been so hard for her. Boys seem to have less difficulty with arithmetic than girls.

No matter how often I opened my arithmetic, how hard I tried, it was always a closed book to me. I could fill both sides of my slate with sums, laboring faithfully over the silly problems, but the answers refused to come out right. How I ever managed to pass those terrible examinations I cannot see, but manage I did. I am sure Miss M. would have taken great pleasure in failing

\[1\] No chapter title in m.s.
me, but that would have meant having me in her class for another year and the poor creature may have felt she could not cope with my stupidity any longer. She used to look at me as though she would like to murder me. I wonder how she restrained her desire when I held up a trembling hand and asked the following question in regard to division in decimal fractions:

"Please explain to me, Miss M., how a big figure can go into a little figure and make a bigger figure still."

She stalked down the aisle in such a rage that I thought I saw fire and brimstone coming from her spreading nostrils. She scared me so much that I did an unpardonable thing: I was sick on the floor. I did not mean to do it but do it I did, and I rather enjoyed getting even with that cross teacher. Decimals to this day after sixty odd years since Miss M. came stalking down the aisle give me a little squeamish feeling in my tummy.

I remember that evening when Father came home from work he found me with a tear-stained face still poring over a smudgy slate, vainly trying to solve the problem of a big number going into a little number and making a bigger number still.

"Don't worry over it, Emma. You'll understand it some day; and if you never do, it won't make much difference. You understand a great many other things. Go wash your face and comb your hair and put on your best dress. I am going to take you and little Jenny and your mother to town this evening to see Frank Mayo play David Crockett."

The mystery of decimals never has been quite clear to me, but the love of the theatre has been as a shining light through all my life. I seldom see a stage play now but the plays to which Father took me so long ago are still fresh in my memory. I can see Davey Crockett splitting up the stout oaken bar to make a fire to keep the lovely heroine from freezing, and then when the wolves came and stuck their ugly heads through the convenient holes under the door the brave Davey, having burned the bar, must thrust his stalwart arm through the angle irons to keep the beasts at bay, while the lovely lady slept through the night. What a thrill when blood dripped from the lacerated arm of the hero where the iron had bitten into his great muscles.

Father loved the theatre and never missed a chance to see a show and usually managed to take some of the older children as well as Mother. We saw Lotta many times - Lotta, that delightful little actress of long ago. We saw her in Old Curiosity Shop doubling in the parts of the Marchioness and Little Nell. We saw her in Bret Harte's Miss. We saw her in everything she played, but the names of those dramas have escaped me.

We saw Modjeska\(^2\) many times, every time she came to Louisville. Her Rosalind will live forever in my memory, also the handsome

\(^2\)Helena Modjeska (1840-1909) - Polish actress, popular in America.
Maurice Barrymore's Orlando. The léder Salvini in the GLADIATOR and INNOMAR marked a high spot in our theatre going. Perhaps I should have been kept at home until I grasped decimals; but after all, decimals might be like Gratiano's reasons:

"As two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff.
You may seek all day are you find them — and when
You have them they are not worth the search."

I cannot fancy any good coming to me in understanding decimals, but infinite good has come to me from having been introduced early in life to the theatre. Decimals we have with us always, but Joe Jefferson's Rivals has come and gone and is with us only in memory. I can still see Jefferson's little deaf sister playing Tillie Slowboy in Cricket on the Hearth. I have been told that this Miss Jefferson was as deaf as a post but she believed she could act if given the right part. Tillie Slowboy was the part suited to her and she acted it in true Jeffersonian style. k

What a laugh she got when she put the kettle in the cradle and started to put the baby on the hob!

Macauley's Theatre! Gone now! I wonder how Louisville gets along without that old playhouse. So many grand actors and actresses have played there and so many faithful old first-nighters have gathered there to see that dingy curtain go up.

Looking back on that curtain I realize it was dingy, but in those days I would have been indignant had anyone dared to cast aspersions

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3Tommaso Salvini (1829-1916) famous tragedian who played the title role in Othello with Edwin Booth as Iago (1886).
on that glamorous curtain. It seemed to me to be the most beautiful picture in all the world. "Lovers' Tryst" it was called.
A man waited by the side of a shady road and in the distance a bunchy lady was approaching. The man had a big stick in his hand. Sometimes we wondered whether he was going to beat his lady love with it or did he intend to protect her with it. Maybe she was afraid of snakes.

Eye-high there was a small round hole in that curtain and sometimes we glimpsed an eye peeping through it from the stage, peeping to see if Louisville had turned out en masse to see the show or if there were empty seats. One seat was always occupied and that was on the front row. It was in reality two seats. It was permanently engaged by Warren Green. He being a huge man had need of two chairs. He had persuaded Mr. Macualey to have the arm which separated the two seats removed and thus make room for his great bulk. What a man! The seats directly behind Warren Green were not much in demand because that gentleman sat high as well as wide, so high that a disgruntled late comer, who had to content himself with that seat or sue standing room only, started the report that Green was sitting on his foot. Nobody could sit that high just sitting.

I remember one night when Father took the four oldest children and Mother to some especial performance that he felt we should not miss. I wish I could recall what the show was, but that has escaped my memory. I know we got settled in the theatre quite early; Father was what is known as a soon man. He never got late anywhere and he was stern with the family in regard to promptness. He was raised to be on time and all of us were raised to be on time: no
butter for breakfast unless we were in our respective places two minutes after the bell rang. It is a good habit to instill in children, but I find it has been a handicap to me in that I have wasted much valuable time waiting for laggards and slug-a-beds who have not had the strenuous discipline of the Speed children. Advancing years cause me to resent more and more wasted time.

All of us liked to get to the theatre ahead of time, not only to see what we considered the beautiful curtain and the actor's eye peeping through the hole, but to watch the house fill up and sometimes to spot friends and relatives in the audience. Father's favorite seats were five rows from the front and in the center, and being a soon man he was usually able to reserve those seats well ahead of the performance. On that night when we were six strong at the theatre we were almost the first persons in the house. We had the thrill of seeing the musicians enter from the mysterious depths under the stage and hear them tune the fiddles and watch them sorting the sheet music. Then we had the satisfaction of recognizing some neighbors from Crescent Hill and bowing enthusiastically to Cousin John and Cousin Aurora Speed. And there was Cousin Sally Marshall with her best beau. Some school boys, perched up aloft with the gallery gods, whistled shrilly to attract the attention of Ewing and Philip who were restrained by Father from answering in kind. Finally a couple took their seats directly behind Ewing and Philip. The young lady made a mighty rustle which plainly indicated a ruffled silk petticoat. On her head over much piled-up hair she had, in lieu of a bonnet, what was known as "an opera trifle". This
was a headdress much in vogue at one time for evening wear. Becoming? Perhaps, but very irritating to persons seated behind the wearer. It was bad enough to have to crane one's neck to see over the puffs and coils of hair; but when on top of that was this concoction of ribbons and cigarettes fluttering and waving and jiggling at every motion of the animated wearer, it was enough to try the patience of anyone who had come to the theatre to see as well as to hear.

"Glad she's behind me instead of in front of me," Father whispered to Mother.

Her escort was a very correct-looking young man clothed in the latest style; but alas, he had a very bad cold, a red nose and a hacking cough. His seat was directly behind Philip's. The poor young man was too polite to blow his nose so he snuffled; and when he coughed, when cough he must, he put up his hand and made it as dainty as possible and away from his lady love, but unfortunately in the direction of the back of Philip's head. It was before the days of germs, or at least before the days of worrying about germs; but germs or no germs, even in the dark ages nobody liked to be coughed at or sneezed at.

The house was packed. The orchestra had rendered their opening piece and the curtain was ready to go up. There was a lull in the audience when the young man gave what he hoped would be a final snuffle and cough. This was too much for the ever belligerent Philip. He arose in the might of his twelve years, faced the young man and incidentally the packed house and spoke in a ringing, boyish voice:

"Mister, I'd thank you kindly to cough down your own neck."
One theatre-going night stands out vividly in my memory. The show itself has passed into oblivion, but it was the drive home that is with me still. There had been many reports of highwaymen operating on the turnpikes near Louisville. Several hold-ups had occurred on the Shelbyville Pike on a lonesome stretch of road beyond the city limits about half a mile from Chatworth. One bandit would grab the bridle and another would point a pistol at the driver and force him to hand over what money he and the other occupants of the vehicle might have on their persons. On that night coming home from the theatre it was easy to see that Mother was nervous, not afraid for herself, she was never afraid for herself, but afraid for her husband and Jenny and me. Perhaps discretion would have been the better part of valor and we should have given up the plan of theatre going; but the tickets were bought and Father, having been through the war, was not one to back out for mere road agents.

Jenny and I always took turn-about riding in front with Father. It had been her turn on the trip in town and mine it was on the way back home. After we were settled in the surry with carriage robes tucked around us, Father took from his pocket a gleaming pistol and put it in my lap.

"Here Emma," he whispered, "don't say a word about this. I don't want your mother to know I am carrying it, but keep your hand on it so it won't fall and give it to me when I ask for it. Now hold it tight!"

I held on like grim death. We passed the dim lamp posts of the city and plunged into the black darkness of the country road, so
dark that not even the limestone macadamised pike, so white in
daylight, could be distinguished. How I clutched that pistol! I
was more afraid of it than of any bandit or any number of
bandits. It felt so cold. My hand shook so I feared I might
drop it and then Father would lose all confidence in me. He
had given me to understand he was glad I was on the front road
instead of Jenny because she was so impulsive she could not be
trusted with a pistol but might decide to shoot at an imaginary
bandit.

When we came to that stretch of lonesome road Father whipped
the mare so suddenly that I almost lost my grip on the pistol, but
I held on with a trembling hand. We passed the toll gate, passed the
Buzzard's Roost and finally crossed the L. & N. tracks and turned
in the gate at Chatsworth. Never did home seem so homely. How
glad I was when Father quietly relieved me of my burden and put
the pistol back in his pocket. Never a word to Mother and Jenny
about the pistol having been in my lap all the way home. Mother
would not have approved at all; and Jenny would have been resentful
that anybody who dropped asleep as readily as Emma should have been
allowed to hold Father's pistol when she, Jenny, was wide awake
at all times and fully capable of shooting the fiercest bandit
in the world.

Besides, Jenny was seventeen and Emma only fifteen — no age
at all, according to Jenny.
No age at all! When I was fifteen it seemed to me to be a great age, almost as great an age as seventy-two seems to be now. I must conduct myself with more decorum and not kick up my heels so recklessly. My skirts must come down and my hair go up and since all my schoolmates were wearing corsets I must put on the abominations also, although after I got into that garment I had a habit of secretly getting out of it and hiding it in the wardrobe drawer. Pinching me was the only way to find out whether or not I had it on as I was as straight up and down as a plank with no curves to be held in or out.

Jenny, who was small and pretty, gay and lively, began at an early age to have beaux. She had more than she could manage and sometimes the overflow would fall to me to entertain on Sunday afternoon, which was the time when boys were apt to arrive in droves. Jenny would be fully capable to taking care of the lively ones and the shy, dumb ones would be handed over to me. I was shy and dumb myself at fifteen, when trying to entertain males. I would have to swallow two or three times before I could trust myself to make a remark and then, when speech came, it always sounded forced and silly. I knew perfectly well I was not silly.

[^1]No chapter title in ms. A.
but the youths did not know it. It made no difference to them that
I was a better student than Jonny, that I had a kind heart and good
disposition. Sometimes I would intercept a glance and realize
that I was a bore and a failure, which did not help my powers of
conversation.

We often had girls visiting us over the weekend and then the
agony was somewhat abated. Our schoolmates knew I was not as stupid
as I seemed to be and my shyness would disappear. I was even known
on occasion to be witty, at least I'd get a laugh from the reluctant
youths, who would look at me as Balaam must have regarded the ass
when that animal suddenly spoke. Perhaps those boys affected me
as Balaam did the ass. That quadruped must have looked down on
the biped who had to be spoken to by an ass before he developed
sense enough to go into action. I am sure I had no more interest
in those callow youths than they had in me, but I had a hidden envy
for my pretty sister who was an attractive to those boys as honey-
suckle is to honeybees.

When the girls got well into the teen age they are apt to fall
in love, at least think they are in love or pretend to be. I
would hear whispering among my friends at school: "He said and I
said and what do you think he meant by that?" "I told him I was too
young to be engaged and he said his grandmother was married at
sixteen." Such talk amused me. I listened to so much of it that I
began to feel that I too must fall in love - but with whom?
Certainly not with any of Jonny's overflow! If I fell in love it
must be with someone of my own choosing.
Every school morning when we transferred from the Crescent Hill mule car to the town mule car we would join the same family of young people, two girls and their brother Alf. Alf would save a seat for me and we would shyly discuss the weather at first. Gradually we got started on our studies. He would help me with my geometry and I would translate some Latin for him. Ah, at last I too had a beau! Alf did not know it, but when the girls whispered to one another about their conquests I could tell what Alf said to me and what I said to Alf. It was rather difficult to get sentimental about a straight line being the shortest distance between two points or into how many parts Gaul was divided, but I did my best. At least I was able to hold my own with my chattering schoolmates. Alf was a handsome youth, but to save my life I cannot remember what he looked like. I am sure he must have been handsome or I would not have been so intrigued by him, so anxious to tell the girls about him. It is strange, but I remember his sisters perfectly. No doubt they are old, old women now, but I feel sure I'd recognize both of them, but not Alf. It makes me choke up that I have forgotten how he looked — not even the color of his eyes.

Well, my fancied romance was soon over. One morning when we changed from the Crescent Hill car to the town car Alf's sisters were there, but no Alf. I mustered up courage to ask:

"Where is Alf?"

"He's sick," they giggled. "Got a stomach ache."

That was sad but I could but wish it had been a heartache or even a headache.
"Very sick?"

"Pretty sick, but he ought to be. The greedy thing ate four hard-boiled goose eggs. Mother made him take half a teacup of castor oil. You could hear him groaning way out on the street."

Was I to let conceitment like a worm in the bud feed on my damask cheek? Not Edna Speed! It was too good a joke so I had to tell it to the girls and thus ended my first romance.

It it had not ended then fate would have ended it in a few weeks because I was laid low with typhoid fever. First my brother Josh was ill and before our good old Dr. Chenoweth had diagnosed the disease I was running a temperature high enough to break the thermometer, and that was pretty high because in those benighted times the thermometer was smuggled up under the patient's arm instead of being placed in the mouth.

Nobody knew where we contracted typhoid, but Mother was sure we got it in Louisville because so many people in town had it. As well as I can remember there was no analyzing of water so nobody knew where to place the blame. The fever run its course and the sick either died or got well. Josh and I both got well; but we had a long siege, Josh a low fever that hung on for weeks sapping the little boy's strength, and I had a very high temperature with a terrifying delirium that kept up for many days. I remember during a lucid interval as the good doctor felt my pulse his saying to Mother:

"Keep Edna as quiet as possible. There is danger of heart failure if she gets out of bed. Temperature pretty high, madam, pretty high."
Then Mother told the doctor how wild my talk was.

"Apt to be — apt to be. No doubt she will tell you all her secrets."

"Emma has no secrets," declared Mother.

No secrets! How I'd hate to blab a lot of nonsense about Alf and Latin grammar and hard boiled goose eggs! I was aware of the fact that I was out of my head at times; but somebody might take goose eggs seriously. I was so sick that nothing made much difference; but when the fever reached its peak instead of worrying about Alf I thought I was the red haired Welsh king in Bulwer's Harold, the Last of the Saxons. Mother had been reading this book to us before I got the typhoid germ and it had evidently made more impression on me than the mule car romance. In my delirium I must escape over the crags of Wales and elude the pursuit of Saxons and Normans. Everybody that approached my bed was an enemy, even Mother and the nurse and good Dr. Chenoweth. I must not be left alone a moment or out of bed I would creep and hide from the relentless invaders. Once, with the sly cunning of the insane, I pretended to be asleep and the nurse thought it was safe for her to leave the room for a moment. I heard the door close and there was my chance! I was out of bed and crouched behind the high head-board of the four-poster.

It is strange that after fifty-seven years I can remember the wild elation over having outwitted the Normans and Saxons and Danes and all the rest of my enemies. There I was safe behind the bed and the bed was the crags of Wales. There was a great to-do when Mother
and the nurse came back in the room and the patient was gone. Mother was weeping, but let her weep. She was nothing but a false queen and the nurse a Norman slave. When they found me I had fainted behind the bed, which had to be moved before they could lift me from the floor. *Harold* is the world's dullest book and I wonder it could have so wormed itself into my delirium. It may have been the way Mother read it. She had the power to make anything interesting, even the heavy grandiloquence of Bulwer Lytton. I am not proud of speaking in this manner of Bulwer because when I was in my teens I read with avidity every word he wrote; but now when I open one of his books, hoping to recapture the one-time-rapture I felt for his novels, I have to give it up. No doubt I'd feel the same way about the once thrilling Alf. How would he feel about me?

Well, Josh and I finally starved back into health. I believe now-a-days a typhoid patient is kept nourished all through the fever and is not allowed to become so weak that convalescence is sometimes fatal. Dr. Chenoweth was a grand old country doctor and treated his patients according to the dictates of the early eighties. Starve a fever, so we were starved. Lying in neighboring beds Josh and I talked about food all the time. We planned what we would have to eat when we were turned loose. Josh wanted beefsteak with hot biscuits and gravy. I wanted hot biscuit and blackberry jam. I still do.

The red-haired Welsh king lost all of his hair with the burning fever. It came out in bunches. It was decided my head must be shaved, so Father brought out a barber from town to do the deed
and Mother saw to it that the shaving was done towards the crown. Someone had told her it would make my hair come in curly. They shaved Josh's head too, but he scorned the idea of curls, so his was shaved from the crown out. Whether it had anything to do with it or not, I do not know, but my new crop of hair had a distinct wave and Josh's was ever as straight as a string. I was always a tall person, but while I was ill I grew two more inches. I must have been a lovely sight when I finally began to creep around, legs as long as a colts and a head as bald as a door knob. Mother made me some fetching caps organdy lined with china silk and trimmed around the edge with what was known as snowball ruching. She bought golden ringlets by the yard and sewed them in the cape. Becoming and taking away the sting of baldness, at least it helped me to forget what a figure of fun I was. I couldn't forget it altogether because unfortunately we had mirrors, and my image had a fascination for me. I believe I gazed in the looking glass while my head was bald more than I ever had before or have since. Sometimes I was called a peach on a pole and sometimes a dried apple on a stick and sometimes Humpty Dumpty. My head may have resembled an egg, but certainly there was nothing dumpty about my figure.

Dr. Chenoweth was an outstanding figure of the horse and buggy days. He always drove good horses, such good horses that they might have been classed as race horses. It was amazing how quickly he could get from one patient to another. A muddy lane held no terrors for our good doctor with his light buggy and fresh horse. His horse was always fresh and ready to go. It was also amazing how
quickly an emergency call was made on the doctor by putting a
darkey on a mule and sending him licksplitting for help. No
telephones in those days, no automobiles, no hard surface roads
but maddy lanes full of ruts, macadamized pikes full of kiss-me-quick
(thank-you-mares in New England parlance); but our doctor was like
Young Lochinvar in that "We stayed not for break and stopped
not for stone." We had such faith in Dr. Chenoweth that merely
sounding for him was half the battle. We often said:

"Dr. Chenoweth will not let any of us die," And he never did.
No matter what the trouble was he could cope with it, whether it
was lungs or livers, broken bones, infected sores, upset stomachs,
an imminent baby or a stubborn case of malaria. Every ailment had
its panacea, but our doctor's kindly smile and ready sympathy
were worth all the drugs in the pharmacopoeia.

"Have you given THE CALOMEL?" he would ask Mother on his
arrival.

"Of course I have," and usually she had except in the case
of broken bones. A quart of linseed oil, honey and whiskey was
ever ready for coughs. Flaxseed was bought by the five pounds
for poultices and hot lemonade for sweating out colds. Quinine
was ever ready in the family medicine chest and turpentine for
cuts to be applied plentifully before the cobweb was brought from
the cellar to stop the bleeding. Perhaps the turpentine was what
kept the dusty cobweb from doing too much damage in the way of germs.

Loving and trusting Dr. Chenoweth as we all of us did it is
little wonder that I was happy when he asked Mother and Father
to let me accompany him on his yearly trip to New Orleans. Every
spring he took three weeks' vacation and went by steamboat to New Orleans.
"Emma is weak and emaciated from typhoid and there is nothing like a boat trip to build a body up. My sister, Mrs. Pennington, my daughter, Fannie, and my granddaughter, Helen Stites, are going with me and all of us would love to have Emma. The Guiding Star is our boat and it will be down from Cincinnati in three days, so get the girl ready and meet us at the wharf."

It was a happy girl who stood waiting on the levee at Louisville when the Guiding Star came rowing down stream and blew its blast: three short ones, two long ones and one more short one, if I remember rightly; then with much churning of its huge side wheels it sidled up to the wharf and let down the gang plank. At the last minute, the very day of sailing, my Aunt Nellie Wright decided that Jean must go with us. She too had been ill with typhoid and if a boat trip was good for what ailed me it would be good for what ailed Jean.

It was. For pure, lazy, health restoring rest let me recommend a trip down the Ohio and Mississippi in a good old side-wheeler. The air may not be as invigorating as an ocean trip, but river air is good enough in the early spring when one’s legs feel like wet macaroni. Just sitting in the sun on the clean and steady deck of the Guiding Star is much better than any life on the ocean wave when the rolling deep rolls so much that tummies become unreliable. Our tummies, Jean’s and mine, were relished after the starving we had had forced on us during the fever. We were ravenous and the doctor let us eat anything and everything. He declared we made the steamboat steward cut cakes that had served as ornamental centerpiece pieces since before the Civil War. We ate and ate and then ate
on the sunny deck and dozed or watched the roustabouts as they carried freight on and off at the landings. Our course down the Ohio and Mississippi was a zigzag one landing, as we did first on one side and then on the other. At some places we stopped long enough merely to grab a mail bag and to throw one off; but no matter how short or unimportant our business the little German band, consisting of three instruments, tooted a gay bit of music as we neared the shore and as we pulled off. They were paid to play and play they did. At a plantation landing we took on a load of pigs, big and little. Loath to leave their happy home they set up such a squealing as never was heard before, but the band played on. The grinning roustabouts were forced to grab some of them by the legs and sling them over their shoulders and carry them safely to the pen provided for them on the lower deck. The noise they made was like bagpipes and they played in unison with the German band. The mud clerk carefully checked off each hog as it was carried or driven on board.

The gang-plank was raised and again we were on our way. The band played its high-lec, high-lo and the pigs chimed in. When we got in mid-stream there was a shout from a roustabout and a stream of strong language from the mate. A very little pig had escaped from the pen and plunged into the foaming river. It was nobody's fault. It was because the pig was too little and the slits in the pen too big, but the mate called down the wrath of God on all concerned. How that man could swear! However, when he came to the table all washed and combed and brushed he appeared to be:
"As mild a mannered man as ever scuttled the ship or cut a throat."

Now that little runt of a pig had been accepted as freight and ticketed off by the mud clerk. The steamboat company was responsible for its safe delivery, so safely delivered it must be. The captain gave orders for the Guiding Star to turn and go back to the landing. So turn she did, blowing her whistle: Three short ones, two long ones and a short one. The passengers crowded to the railing to watch the fun, some betting on the bad little pig and some on the Guiding Star. The German band began to play "Susannah" with variations and the bag pipes helped out. The band was paid to play before and after every landing, so play they must even if the lading was made because of a runaway runt of a bad little pig. The pig had a swimming start on the big steamboat and reached the shore well ahead of us. He plunged into the cottonwood underbrush but forgot to stop squealing. All hands were turned loose to hunt and find that piece of freight. Find it they did after half an hour of diligent racing and chasing. As we left the landing and started again on the journey to New Orleans the German band struck up another tune to the delight of those passengers who happened to have a sense of humor.

I could go on indefinitely remembering things about that boat trip to New Orleans, things we saw on the journey and things we did in New Orleans, things about our dear doctor and things about charming Mrs. Pennington and dear sweet Fan Chenoweth and the delightful little Hemen Stites, a most engaging child; but I must get on with my life and not linger too long on the restful decks of the
Guiding Star. However, I must tell how Jean Wright started on the trip with a heavy suit of hair which all dropped out before we got home. Her plait had dwindled to a wisp no bigger than a Chinaman's pigtails. While I had started on the journey with a head as bare as an egg, when I stepped down the gangplank at the levee in Louisville I had a very pleasing crop of short red duck-tails.
CHAPTER 10

ART WITH A BIG A

The ambition to become an artist was ever present with me throughout the years of my childhood and girlhood and was with me even after I became a grown woman, was with me until the realization came to me that I was not of the stuff that makes a real artist. I was of the stuff that can take infinite pains, but I was born with too much presumption to fool myself into thinking I was a genius. Some talent, yes, but not very much, not enough to have me flatter myself into thinking for an instant that a great artist was lost to the world when I married and got sidetracked into being a wife and mother and finally developed into being an humble writer of juvenile fiction. However, not for a single instant have I regretted the time and labor spent in trying to learn to draw and paint. Thank God, I have a seeing eye, an eye that enables me to find beauty at every turn, to see the possibility of a picture in an outlook that to the unseeing eye may appear drab and even ugly. These unpainted pictures give me unending satisfaction. I derive pleasure from being able to see a composition of distinction from a back window: a whitewashed board fence, a corner of the garage with a green door, the graceful branches of a forsythia bush in the foreground and what might

¹No title for this chapter in ms. A.
be considered an ugly telephone pole slanting a bit in the background. Yes, I derive more pleasure from seeing things than I would from painting them. Certainly it is a much more economical amusement, no waste of paint or canvas or good white paper, no irritation that age has brought on a shaking hand. (I refuse to call it palsied), no possibility of curious persons peeping over my shoulder asking me what I am trying to paint, nothing but the inward satisfaction to see and to see something besides a garage with a green door and a telephone pole that needs propping up.

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on,
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone."

I am sure, when I was a little girl, if I had not drawn that hen and those little chickens on my slate and drawn them so well that my father persuaded himself I was a budding genius and had not seen fit to send me to Miss Bartlett for lessons in art, I would not have developed this seeing eye.

Miss Mary Bartlett was from Plymouth, Massachusetts. A remote ancestor had come over on the Mayflower. Her father was a sea captain and there was something about Miss Bartlett that made you think of the sea, a kind of hearty breeziness. She was strong and fine and possessed a pushing enthusiasm that as a rule made her pupils feel that drawing was an all important accomplishment, even if making a tea cup stand on its own bottom was the lesson of the day, the week or even the month. The cup must stand on its
own bottom, and when you could make it do that to her satisfaction the cup must then be placed in a saucer which must stand on its own bottom. Then the table under cup and saucer must be drawn with convincing perspective and not rearing up on end with vanishing lines all askew.

Years and years after my early training under Miss Bartlett, when I was studying at Julien's in Paris, Benjamin Constant 2 was giving his weekly criticisms to the class. The nude model was perched on a high stool. The class stood with bated breath while the master made the rounds. Constant went from easel to easel, grunting, growling and grumbling, but saying not a word of commendation no matter how careful or well drawn the study he viewed. Finally he stopped behind my easel. I trembled with fright, being sure I was in for one of his sarcastic harangues. But no!

"At last," he shouted, "I find one mademoiselle who knows how to draw a stool. Look it stands on its four legs. The rungs fit into it with precision. The poor model can sit on that stool without fearing for her life."

How I blessed Miss Bartlett and her vanishing points as Benjamin called the class around him and proceeded to give them a lesson in perspective using my drawing as an example. My effort as to the nude model was nothing of which to boast, but the stool was the thing. The master was violent in his denunciation of art schools that neglected such fundamentals as perspective. He told

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2 Benjamin Constant (1845-1903) French romantic painter of Algerian scenes and portraits. Among the latter: "Queen Victoria," "Leconte de Lisle," and others.
those French girls a thing or two about American schools and how pupils over there must learn to draw such simple things as cylinders and cubes before attempting made models. Constant had recently made a visit to New York and it seems the Art Students' League had made a deep impression on him.

Jenny and I went to the Louisville public schools until we were almost ready for high school; and then our parents decided to send us to Miss Hampton, who had a fashionable private school known as Hampton College. It wasn't a college at all, merely a prep school; but college it was called and no doubt Miss Hampton had the right to call her school whatever she chose. When I am forced to fill out questionnaires in regard to my career and state that I am a graduate of Hampton College, it often causes confusion. Sometimes I am classed as a college graduate, which I am not at all, and sometimes I am supposed to have attended Hampton Institute, the negro college at Hampton, Virginia.

At any rate Hampton College was a delightful school and I am indeed grateful for what crumbs of culture I was able to pick up from the highly educated New England teachers employed by Miss Hampton. The best of all was Miss Spurling. She taught me Latin and literature. She made Latin seem like literature and often mixed up literature with Latin, making us trace the derivations of words in our readings of English authors. Of course we had to study Latin grammar, but amo, ana, amat wasn't so important in the mind of our teacher as the fact that amatory was derived from it.
I am always losing things, but what I resent more than any misplaced matter in my life is the loss of the little red blank book in which I wrote the quotations that Miss Spurling considered important for every cultured lady to know. We must study an author's life, read some of his writings and learn some important quotations. My precious little red blank book was bursting with quotations. Sometimes I seem like my blank book. I am a born quoter, though not a very accurate one. We have lately been reading *The Voyage* by Morgan and the old French woman who was always quoting reminded me so of myself I could but laugh. The amused glances exchanged by members of my household when I suggested this gave me to understand it had so struck all of the, but they were too polite to bring it up.

I can close my eyes and see my little red book, see the pages as I turn them, quotations written in violet ink and the handwriting actually legible, which is more than it is in this day. The first page was dedicated to Chaucer. At the top was:

"Jan Chaucer, well of English undefiled, On Fame's eternall bendroll worthie to be fyled."  
Edmund Spenser

Then followed quotations from Chaucer:

"Up rose the sonne, and up rose Emolie."

"And gladly would he lerne, and gladly teche."

"In his owne grete I made him frie."

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Charles Longbridge Morgan (1894-1958), English journalist and writer, with *The Fountain* and the James Tait Black Memorial Award (1941) with *The Voyage*. Used the pseudonym "Edmund" for some of his written essays.
There were many more quotations from Chaucer. Of course we must read some from *Canterbury Tales*, expurgated perhaps, but since my acquaintance with Chaucer stopped there I do not know what liberties had been taken with that well of English. Dear Miss Spurling! Gladly did she learn and gladly teach.

Hampton College was the house built by my great grandfather George Keats, a stately mansion built after he became prosperous in the New World. It was known by the oldest inhabitants of Louisville as "The Englishman's Castle". The rooms were large and airy so that the house was easily turned into a school. A large gymnasium was built on the back and over the gymnasium was Miss Bartlett's studio, along room filled to overflowing with pictures, casts, vases, books, rugs and tapestries, the last to serve as backgrounds for still life studies. Miss Hampton and Miss Bartlett went abroad almost every summer, and Miss Bartlett always brought back more and more treasures for her studio. In after years mine was often the job of dusting these things, and this was apt to lessen their charm and beauty for me. I have always been a good breaker and many is the vase and curio of some kind that slipped through my fingers. I hated to smash things, but I would comfort myself that it made less to dust.

After I was entered as a pupil at Hampton College my school life was centered in the studio. I spent every free period there and often had an afternoon of uninterrupted work. When I got beyond the tea cup stage and began to draw casts I felt I was on the high road to being an artist. Then came water colors and the joy
of splashing on wet Whatman paper and producing real pictures, at least they seemed to me to be real pictures. I remember quite well a picture I painted for Father for Christmas. It was an iron skillet with a large fish, half in and half out, and another fish smuggled up companionably to the half that was out. Goodness, how I worked on that masterpiece! The studio was a warm place with a huge stove at one end and an open coal grate at the other, and the fish had to give me so many sittings that before I finished the painting they began to smell most vilely. They began to be so risky that they had to be removed before I had quite done with them. I was forced to put in one eye and the scales on a tail from memory. Father, who was a realist, wanted to know if the fish should not have been cleaned and scaled before ever they got in the frying pan; but I went artistic on him and explained that the scales were picturesque and the frying pan was necessary for the composition.

I so loved my box of water colors that I carried it home with me every afternoon in the bag with my school books. This was fortunate because of a predicament in which Father found himself one evening when he needed paints and needed them in a hurry. He had had a photograph of himself enlarged to give to Mother. It was taken during the war in the blue uniform of a Federal officer and Father asked Mrs. MacDonald to tint it for him. Mrs. MacDonald was an interesting old lady full of char-

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4. Whatman paper; a fine quality drawing paper, sometimes used in the publishing of limited editions and private issues.
actor. She was an unreconstructed and outspoken Confederate, always violent in her denunciation of Yankees and their ways. Her son, Harry, had married Alice Speed, Father's sister; and Mrs. MacDonald endeavored to live peaceably with the Speeds according to the dictates of Scripture, although it must have irked her sorely to be polite to Yankees. She was very artistic and tinted photographs for her family and friends with paint especially prepared for slick surfaces. Father came in the house yelling lustily for me:

"Emma, Emma, did you bring your paints home?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Well, quick — get them out! I've got a job for you to do in a hurry. Old Mrs. MacDonald tinted my photograph for me and she put me in a Confederate uniform."

"Why didn't you tell her, George?" asked Mother.

"I did, but she said she hadn't sunk so low as to paint a blue uniform. Said she wouldn't be able to sleep a wink if she did such a thing. And I wouldn't be able to sleep in a gray one, so Emma, quick paint it blue. I'm certainly glad you are studying art."

My paints were plain water colors and not at all adequate for a slick surface. When I tried putting on a wash of blue it stood up in disconcerting blobs, so I was forced to use an almost dry brush and cross hatches the thick blue paint over his coat until the gray was covered up. This picture of Father hangs in my room and I never look at it that I do not recall his chagrin over being put in a gray uniform. He was not quite twenty when this photograph was taken.
When I was sixteen I made a friend, a life-long friend, Lizzie Chase. I seldom see her now, but when I do she is the same Lizzie Chase and after years of separation we are able to pick up where we left off. She married the artist, Charles Roswell Bacon, who died many years ago. Peggy Bacon, the distinguished etcher and illustrator, is her daughter. Lizzie was ever so original it is no wonder she gave birth to a genius. She lives all alone now in a charming little gray house at South Salem, New York. There she runs an antique shop and seems to do a profitable business. While the house is full of antiques when a purchaser comes along; the living room is all Lizzie: books and more books; worn, comfortable chairs; several of Charles' paintings on the walls; a grandfather's clock in one corner and a what-not in another. There was always a philosophical calm about Lizzie. She had as a girl a quiet, waiting manner as though what was going to happen was going to happen so why worry about it? I remember when we were girls and I was greatly disturbed over some unimportant matter she said:

"Don't worry so, Isam Speed, can't you realize that Monday will be over on Tuesday?"

So it was and so it always will be. Lizzie's Mondays have often been blue Mondays; but that philosophical calm is with her now that she is seventy-four, just as it was when she was eighteen. She has had more than her share of sorrow; but she feels that her troubles are her own and, stoic that she is, she presents an unruffled front to the world. Lizzie was always a reader and a critical one. She

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could in the old days brook nothing but the best in literature. However, the last time I saw her she confessed to a change of heart.

"I read very little but mystery tales now-a-days," she said. "I simply eat them up. I get every new one that comes out, the more gruesome the better. Here I sit on my hill overlooking the post-road and read until way in the night. Sometimes my old grandfather's clock seems to say: "Stick 'em up! Stick 'em up!" then I know it is time for me to scurry off to bed and pull the covers up over my head.

Lizzie and I worked in Miss Bartlett's studio with our easels cheek by jowl and it did not take us long to get friendly and then intimate. We had several things in common. With both of us art was spelled with a big A and we did not have to be hit on the head to see a joke. In other ways we were so totally different that people wondered at our intimacy, wondered why with all of Hampton College to choose from we chose each other. Lizzie was quiet and studious and rather liked to sit still, while I never sat still if I could possibly be on the go. I was an athletic girl, skating on ice if there was any ice, on rollers if we had an open winter; tennis if I could find an opponent and if I couldn't I would try out trick returns against the side of the house, anything to use up the energy stored within. Lizzie liked to walk but she did not like to hurry, while I did not know how to walk slowly. Lizzie would try to find a gate or a stile when we came to a fence; or if she must she would climb
over the fence, but under protest, while I thought nothing of vaulting it breast high. One memorable night Lizzie was persuaded to put on skates. Two charming young men were going to teach her to skate, but the three of them came to grief. Lizzie not only tumbled, but she pulled the devoted swains down. They fell so hard they cracked the ice. Lizzie then proceeded to make a witty sketch of the disaster. She could catch a likeness and was clever at caricature. I sometimes think if Lizzie had not spelled art with such a big A, she might have made a big name for herself as a cartoonist. In Peggy Bacon's delightful book "Off With Their Heads" I fancy I can see my old friend's sly humor asserting itself in her daughter.
CHAPTER 11

THE POND 1

There was an eight acre pond at Chatsworth. It seemed to us to be big enough to call it a lake and sometimes when we were children we thought of it as the ocean, but now when I see a fenced in pasture that is supposed to be eight or ten acres I realize that our pond was not so very big after all. At any rate it was big enough to give the Speeds much pleasure both winter and summer. We had a flat bottomed boat that was considered quite safe for us to row ourselves around and back and forth from shore to shore. The pond was not very deep, but deep enough to drown the youngest child should he fall in. Dire was the punishment for the person who rocked the boat. That was one offense when we felt justified in being tattle-tale-tits. There was little danger of an accident in that broad beamed skiff unless somebody did rock the boat.

The pond was stocked with fish, the minnows furnished by Uncle Sam and kept in a tank submerged in the branch until they were large enough to be turned loose to shift for themselves in the pond. Sometimes we fished from the shore and sometimes from the boat. We would build a fire on the bank and cook our catch, usually the fish either underdone or burnt, but it made little difference to us at the cast-iron innards. We relished our feasts,

1No title for this chapter in ms. A.
especially if we had managed to evade the watchfulness of Aunt Maria, the cook, and steal the salt, meal and bacon drippings for the frying. Sometimes we caught nothing but catfish and we usually gave them to Aunt Rosanna and Uncle Abe because they liked catfish. We liked them well enough but hated to clean them because of their sharp and dangerous fins.

I remember once our youngest brother Keats went fishing with us. He was about two years old and looking after him rather cramped the style of the veteran fishers. His hook was always needing a new worm and his distress great and vocal because he could not catch a fish. We solved the problem by putting a dead fish on his hook while he wasn't looking and threw it in the water, cautioning him to keep his eye on his cork which was bobbing gaily on the surface. Every now and then one of us would call out:

"You've got a bite, Keats! Pull it in!"

Then the little fellow would proudly pull in his dead fish quite confident that he was the luckiest fisherman in the family. I wonder he ever forgive us for this deception, but I am sure he has.

Many were the strange folk that traveled the Brownsboro Road which bordered one shore of the pond. There was Mrs. H. on her white circus horse. She wore a long green habit with a tight basque trimmed with brass buttons. Her skirt was so long it almost touched the ground and so voluminous it billowed out like a balloon when her horse broke into a canter. She wore a broad-brimmed, green velvet hat with a white ostrich plume that
curved down over her shoulder. Her sidesaddle had a railing around the right side and back trimmed with green fringe. Her horse had a soft pink nose and pink rimmed eyes. He was a real circus horse and knew all kinds of tricks. At a word from his mistress he would lift up first one foot, then the other in a kind of graceful goose-step and go into a waltz when she whistled softly. When she would lean from her saddle and touch his knee with her crop he would scrape his hoof along the ground and do what Mammy called: "Make his manners", bowing his head as he scraped.

Mother never did like what she called "back door company", but Mrs. H. always came through the back yard gate at Chatworth and if she decided to dismount would insist upon entering the house through the kitchen. Another thing that Mrs. H. did that irked Mother was this: She would say to her horse as she tapped his knee with her crop:

"Now say good morning to Aunt Speed!"

Mother did not mind at all being called "Ol' Miss" by all the servants or by anybody else when she was in her early thirties; but she did not like to be an aunt to a horse, even a circus horse.

Another neighbor we had was a Mr. K., and when he would come walking down the Brownsboro Road we would row for dear life to reach the opposite shore of the pond. We were afraid of Mr. K. then, although now I feel sure he was a harmless person who would not have injured anyone. It was all because of his whiskers which were evidently dyed, dyed coal black; but as the dye would
wear off a bit, they would be a decided blue. He lived alone in
a big old mansion and was reputed to be three times a widower,
so of course he was Bluebeard to us and we were sure the heads
of his three wives were hanging in some dark closet in the man-
sion. When we would see him coming we would whisper: "Sister
Ann, do you see any dust arisin'?" And then we would race our
flat-bottomed boat without bothering to feather the oars.

Mr. T. was a neighbor we liked more than any of them although
we had merely a bowing acquaintance with him. We could hear him
coming long before he reached the pond because his beautiful cu­
tard colored mules with closely trimmed black manes were hitched
to a high-swung, red-wheeled English dogcart.² Mr. T. was
supposed to be very rich and why he chose to drive mules to his
handsome equipage was a mystery to the county people, or why he
had bells on the mules. Anyhow the Speed children took the
keenest pleasure in his passing and we wondered why all rich
people didn't drive custard colored mules with tinkling bells
strung along the harness. It made life so much more interesting.

Fat Mr. Billy B. was another neighbor in whom we had intense
interest. He was so fat that he entirely filled the back seat of
his carriage, but sometimes his tiny little wife was squeezed
in by his side. He must have been a soft fat or she could not have
been wedged in. We loved to hear Mother tell about Mr. Billy and
his huge appetite. He had five big sons who could eat almost as much

²English dogcart - a light, two-wheeled vehicle for ordinary driving,
with two transverse seats back to back.
as their father. Mr. Billy was also fond of his toddy. He liked to make his juleps down by the spring where the water was icy cold and where the mint grew fresh and lush. He would trudge down the hill with his bottle of whiskey clasped tight in his fat hand: Mondamin, the Friend of Man, that lovely bottle of Kentucky corn with an Indian head surrounded by an ear of corn on the label. He would loll by the spring all morning waiting on by a little Negro boy. When the farm bell would ring for the noon dinner the faithful old white mare would cease grazing, amble down to the spring, drink her fill at the branch and then back up to where her master rested on the bank. Mr. Billy B. would grab her by the tail and the mare would pull him to his feet and then walk slowly and carefully up the hill to the yard gate. Dinner would be dished up and father and sons would fall to, mighty trencher knights that they were. The tiny wife and mother would nibble daintily at her food while the kind old Mammy Susan would bring in more and more heaped up dishes for the ravenous males.

The news came that little Mrs. B. was dead. Everybody knew how devoted husband and sons were to her and the neighbors wondered how they could survive the sorrow of parting. This is the tale that was told: Mammy Susan felt so distressed for them that she made a huge dish of boiled apple dumplings with a delectable brown sugar sauce. She brought it to the dinner table and placed the steaming platter in front of old Billy.
"Apple dumplin's, Marse Billy! Ol' Susan knows how miserable you all air an' she thought biled dough might help some ter lighten yo' load."

Mr. Billy wiped his streaming eyes. The five sons licked their lips and smiled their appreciation for Mammy Susan's thoughtfulness. Their father looked solemnly around the table; then he drew the great dish of dumplings close to him; stirred the brown sugar sauce before pouring it on the "biled dough" and with a great sigh said:

"My sons, your poor father is in great trouble — so great that I think he should have all the apple dumplings. So git!"

And they got.

Our pond was as much fun in winter as summer if we had proper weather and the thermometer got low enough for good thick ice for storing and smooth ice for skating. Skating was an important to us as putting away ice for summer. Long before freezing weather we would get out our skates, polish them and see that the screws were properly adjusted to shoes that were naturally larger this year than last; then a visit to the blacksmith shop to have them sharpened. Who could cut the figure eight with dull skates? That brings to my mind a song my brothers used to sing when I did any fancy skating:

"Put soft sponges in her bustle
For sister's going to skate
And she'll need a yielding substance
When she cuts the figure eight."
The blacksmith played an important part in the life of the community in those days of old. He shod the horses and mules; repaired vehicles of all kinds; sharpened knives, scythes and skates and even pulled an aching tooth for some poor darling who had not money enough to go to a dentist and had more faith in the strength and power of the blacksmith besides. He also furnished us with horseshoe nails for picking out the kernels from walnuts and hickory nuts.

The dreamers of dreams had artificial ice in mind even in those far off days; but the dream had not yet come true when the freezing of our pond was all important, not only to us for our summer comfort but to a brewery in Louisville that rented the huge ice houses that were built below the dam and filled with ice from our pond.

Several years ago I was employed by a broadcasting company to write and deliver advertisements for eight automatic refrigerators, electric and gas. This necessitated my being all things to all refrigerators, and I had to read innumerable pamphlets issued by the various companies. One feature stressed by most of the ads was the noiselessness of the ice-maker. Incidentally, I have owned three of these refrigerators of different makes and all three have been far from silent as they have gone about the business of making ice. Their tunes have varied, but they have had their own theme songs and have sung them so as to be heard.

If our pond had made as much noise in freezing a cubic foot as my three refrigerators, it would not have been necessary for Uncle Abe to climb the hill from his cabin early in the morning.
with the welcome news that "the pond done friz and the ice wa't
fitten ter cut an' sto'". That meant that within a few hours the
ice harvesters would be at work. Now we did hate to have to go
to school, but there was no getting around it! Developing sudden
stomach aches only meant not being allowed to go near the pond
and might even mean a dose of castor oil. The same treatment
might be administered for sore throat, even skint knees. The
better part of valor was to stay well and hurry home from school
as fast as we could with no loitering on the way. Some years we
were lucky enough to have the in-gathering of ice still under way
on Saturday and then we could have the whole day of fun.

The ice harvesters were all Negros, but they were bundled
up to look like Gotizens. Their feet were wrapped in rags and then
bound around with hop-sacking to keep them from slipping. The
little mule, whose business it was to pull the ice plow, had his
feet wrapped the same way and very comical he looked picking his
way along the slippery pond. The ice was cut in great slabs and
the men armed with ice hooks would force the slabs up the shoots
and whizz they would go to the icehouses below or be loaded into
the waiting wagons.

No, we didn't wrap up our feet because we never stopped
skating long enough to get very cold, and if we did feel hands and
feet getting numb we would hurry to Uncle Abe and Aunt Rosanna's
cabin under the hill and thaw out by their big log fire. Sometimes
Aunt Rosanna would feed us with hot apple-cake and black molasses
and Uncle Abe would tell us about Big-foot Pete, who loved to lie
on the floor with his big feet almost in the open fire.
"One time that ol' Nigger dozed off with his feet stuck up close ter the fire an' when he woken an' seed his big foots he tuck a notion it wa' som' for his chilluns. He grabbed up a stick er wood an' hollered out: 'Hi thar! Git frum between me an' the fire!' An' he slung that wood, an' bless Bob, if he didn't pretty nigh knock off his big toe. Jawd knows what would er happened if it had er been his chilluns."

Occasionally one of the hopeless ice-harvesters would fall in the water and then such shouting and bellowing would ensue that the patient little mule would prick up his ears and threaten to run away. Stiff with ice the man would be hurried to Uncle Abe's cabin and be put to thaw and drip by the open fire. Aunt Rosanna would fill him to the brim with hot black office sweetened with long sweetening. There he would sit for the rest of the day confident of drawing his pay without having to work for it, steamingly happy and rather hopeful that good Sis' Rosanna would hand him out some ash-cake an' it mought be a hunk er sowbelly.

I wonder what Uncle Abe would have thought of the eight automatic refrigerators about which his little Emsybaby talked so glibly over the radio. What would he have thought of the radio? He lived to see artificial ice crowd out natural ice; to see the big ice house demolished and carted away for kindling; to see the dam broken, the pond drained and corn planted in the rich fertile bottom. Yes, he saw many changes. He and Aunt Rosanna lived to the turn of the century, a couple so old and brittle you marveled they did not blow away. Ah me! I'd like once more to warm my toes by Aunt Rosanna's
fire and eat an ash-cake dripping with fresh butter and black molasses. I'd like to see Uncle Abe's fine intelligent bronze countenance break into a delighted grin as the Speed children came trooping into his cabin where there was always a hearty welcome. Why not? Were we not the great-grandchildren of his beloved "ol' marster", Judge John Speed?
When I was about seventeen evil days came upon us. Father was ill. The doctors pronounced his trouble as incurable. It was decided we must leave Chatsworth and go live on a real farm far from business worries of all kinds. That was the only hope of prolonging his life and so a farm was bought in Shelby County, about thirty miles from our beloved home; and moving day came.

I realize now that seventeen years should not be enough to allow roots to go as deep as mine had at Chatsworth, but at seventeen those seventeen years seem to stretch as far down as seventy-two years do at the age of seventy-two. Whether it was sentiment or sentimentality I do not know, but I do know that I was desperately unhappy over leaving that old whitewashed brick house with its green shutters and iron verandah where the wisteria vine had twisted itself in and out of the railing until it seemed part of the wrought-iron pattern. It had climbed and climbed to the top of the house, and even would find its way through the open window in summer and with a little persuasion cling to the wall and drape itself over the pictures in the room where my little sister Hell and I slept. It would, on first venturing through the window, be the proper green of the wisteria; but the farther it strayed from the light the paler it grew until its final festoon would be such a delicate green it was almost white.

*Originally no title for this chapter in ms. A.*
Moving day! I thought that never again could I lie in that low-ceilinged room and almost see the delicate tendrils grow as they twisted around the picture wires. That wisteria vine had a strangle hold on my affections almost as strong as its grip on the iron verandah. It still has. I am sure that venturesome spray is no longer allowed to climb through the window, now that windows are all screened; but every summer after all these years, when the wisteria stops blooming and the foliage asserts itself the spirit of that vine comes peeping through the window and Nell and I seem to live in our big mahogany bed in that low-ceilinged room, a dream room, and fancy we can see the tendrils growing as they reach out for the support of the picture wires.

Moving is never a joke. Merely moving from one room to another entails some labor, but to move a large family from a country home will all the accumulation of years of living is a stupendous task. I wonder how Mother ever managed to do it but manage she did. Some of the more valuable possessions were transported in vehicles of different kinds: the carriage, the phaeton, the dog-cart, the buggy, the jersey wagon, the farm wagon, etc.; but the bulky furniture was sent by freight.

Father went first in his buggy: the seat piled high with silver and cut-glass. The next vehicle out was the carriage with Jenny and Henry Chenoweth, a cousin, driving while my dear friend Nan Smith, and I held down the back seat with so many layers of blankets and comforts under us that every time we went in a hole or over a kiss-me-quick we got whacked on our heads as we bounced to the top of the carriage. Many kind neighbors had gone to Mother with well

2phaeton— a light four-wheeled carriage, with or without a top, having one, or more commonly, two seats facing forward, and made in various forms.
meant advice as to methods of moving. One woman, who in early
days had moved from New York State to Kentucky, told her the best
and only way to move dinner plates was to pack them in straw
in milk buckets and hang the buckets under the carriage from the
springs. It sounded to poor Mother like a good idea, but Mother
was all her life long ever ready for new ideas. So the plates were
packed in the milk pails and the pails hung under the carriage and
we started on our trek with many admonitions to Henry and Jenny
to go slowly and carefully through puddles and over bumps. The
rest of the family was to follow in a few days, but we were to be
at the farm to receive the furniture when it arrived.

When I realize that thirty miles in this day and generation
is accomplished in as many minutes with a bit of judicious speed-
ing on a clean stretch of road and remember that that trip to
Shelbyville from Crescent Hill took about eight hours because of
holes and bumps and milk buckets packed with dinner plates, I
begin to think that after all old times are not always the best.
After many a crack on our craniums Nan and I decided to take some
of the layers of blankets from the seat and put them on our heads.
Thus we came to Shelbyville.

Mother and Father were had over taking Jenny to a quiet
country town where the chances were there would be little gaiety
and few, if any, beaux. I was to go back to Louisville for anoth-
er winter of schooling and to be with dear Aunt Nelly Wright,
but they feared a dull time was in store for Jenny. Dull time
indeed! As we drove along Main Street we were amazed at the number
of buggies, a buggy at every available hitching post; if not a
buggy, a horse or a farm wagon. Where there are so many buggies there must be some men. The sidewalks were swarming with men, young and old. Some of them were sleek and well-dressed, evidently prosperous, others gaunt and shabby, their vehicles muddy and ramshackle and their horses mere bags of bone. I had an idea if those countrymen had peeled off their old shirts their ribs would have been as much in evidence as the horses.

"Oh! Oh! Look at all the red-wheeled buggies!" cried Jenny. "I'd rather ride in a red-wheeled buggy than a golden chariot."

"You know mighty well mother and father won't let you go buggy riding no matter what color the wheels," I said primly. I too had, and still have, a passion for a red-wheeled buggy. At seventeen I had a secret longing to be invited by a young man with a black moustache to go riding in a buggy with red wheels and a prancing horse, but more important than the prancing horse or even the black moustache were the red wheels.

"Maybe you can't go buggy riding", laughed Jenny. "You are two years younger than Nan and I am, but I bet she and I'll go and that pretty soon. Mother and Father always let us go riding in dogcarts, and if there aren't any dogcarts they'll have to let us go in buggies. I don't see what's the difference anyhow."

"There is a difference from the masculine standpoint", said Henry Chenoweth. "Of course there are nice girls who go buggy riding, but there are girls who are not so nice who go and — and."

"And what? Nonsense!" was all Jenny had to say to this masculine statement made by a beau of the eighties. Needless to say that Jenny and Nan had many rides in red-wheeled buggies while we lived in Shelby County and most of the young men had moustaches — some of them black.
If we were interested in the crowd of men swarming on the streets of Shelbyville we proved equally interesting to the crowd. All activities ceased as we rattled down Main Street. The old men with charie cocked back against the wall on the porch of the Armstrong Hotel brought their chariots to rest on four legs, stopped sipping their juleps for the time being and gazed at us in amusement. The milk buckets caused ill concealed merriment. Nan and I were thankful we had removed the blankets from our heads and straightened our hats as we approached the edge of the town. The young men lounging in the yard and on the steps of the court house came to the sidewalk and stared at us boldly. They nudged each other and said: "New girls in town!" The auctioneer who was conducting a horse sale in a vacant lot ceased his harangue for a moment to take in the show, and even the horses snorted and pawed and shied at the rattling milk buckets.

Our progress along Main Street of Shelbyville after a lapse of at least fifty-five years is as clear in my mind as though it had happened only yesterday. Other happenings in my life, more important and more dramatic, are blurred and indistinct or altogether forgotten; but that County Court Day is indelibly etched on the tablets of my memory. Yes, it was County Court Day and that explained the red-wheeled buggies and the activities of the small town. The very next day when Jenny and Nan and I drove into Shelbyville we found the place as quiet as a deaf and dumb establishment. The few persons we encountered on Main Street did not even bother to make signs. The deaf and dumb would at least have talked on their fingers.
We found Father quite happy in the new environment and already seeming in better health. Enough furniture had been sent from Chatsworth for us to do sketchy housekeeping. The rest of our belongings were to arrive the next afternoon. The farm consisted of rolling fields of bluegrass and cultivated acres for corn and wheat. The house was white and clapboarded and had green shutters. It was in a grove of oak and beech trees. It was a pleasant enough house; but many years after we had left that farm, Mother and I in talking over old times, confessed to each other that whenever we had nightmares or bad dreams the scenes were invariably laid there. It may have been because there we watched Father's slow and steady decline and lessening of vitality. Mother was to find that on a farm woman's work was never done and whenever I came Home from school was to find plenty to tasks awaiting would-be idle hands.

We were not unhappy there. I am convinced that a big family of active, healthy children, blessed with a sense of humor and understanding parents cannot be miserable for long. As for my Mother: She had character enough to carry her with head held high and hope in her heart through all the vicissitudes of life. She had an abiding faith that "somehow good must be the bourne of all". And so it is.

We were to learn many things on a farm. We were to learn what it was to do without servants, to go to bed at night with a capable cook installed in the cabin with positive directions regarding breakfast and to awake in the morning with no cook, supper dished unwashed, a side of bacon and three dozen eggs gone, three silver spoons missing and Mother's best tablecloth. Having been accust-
omed all her married life to the most faithful, reliable, ever-present servants, Mother must learn to keep house with an entirely different method. She must learn not to trust, a hard task for one of her temperament. She must try to learn to "look up", according to the advice of the neighbors. She would lock the store room and then lose the key, but the reigning cook always knew where it was. So what was the use?

We were to learn to rely on the never ending helpfulness and kindness of neighbors. Strangers that we were they took us in from the very beginning. The first night we were in Shelby County Father told us we three girls were invited to supper with the Hookers, who lived on the farm near to ours.

"They didn't say anything about your staying all night, but I rather think they expect you, so you'd better take your nightgowns along in case", he suggested.

"But suppose they don't mean for us to spend the night. It will be pretty embarrassing to have a bundle of nightgowns", objected Jenny.

Then Nan Smith hit upon a scheme:

"Let Emma, who is taller than we are, put our gowns on for a bustle. We can fold them up and pin them to her petticoat with safety pins."

In those days a nightgown was a night gown and not the wispy garment of this generation. They were long sleeved, high necked and trimmed around a yoke with stiff ruffles edged with embroidery. The material of our gowns was of stout cotton purchased by the bolt with no thought of daintiness but chosen for its wearing quality. It took a tall girl to carry off such a bulky bustle;
but bulky bustles were the style then; so with shrieks of laughter Jenny and Nan bustled me up until I stuck out so far I might have posed for Godsey’s Ladies’ Magazine. ³ With tooth brushes and combs concealed in our pockets (in those days women had pockets as well as bustles) we cut through the back pasture to the home of our kind and unknown neighbors, the Hockers. We were greeted with warm hospitality by Mrs. Hocker.

“But where are your nightgowns? Didn’t Captain Speed tell you we wanted you to spend the night with us?”

The girls pointed significantly to my bulging bustle; and, much to Mrs. Hocker’s amusement, I was unpinned and the three cotton gowns dropped to the floor. This became a tale that was told through the generations in Shelby County, Kentucky. How the tall red-headed Emma Speed solved the problem how to stay or not stay all night by converting three cotton nightgowns into a fashionable bustle. Sometimes this old story even creeps into print in a Louisville paper when a feature writer begins to reminisce about the oldest inhabitants of Kentucky. News of fifty-five years ago!

One of the important things that happened to me in Shelby County was that it was there I met my future husband, not that either one of us had the slightest idea that the boy and girl friendship commenced on that bluegrass farm was to develop into a serious love affair and a happy marriage some ten years later.

³ Godsey, Louis Antoine — (1804-1878) — Founder, with Charles Alexander, of the first American periodical for women (1830); originally named Lady’s Book, it came to be known later on as Godsey’s Lady’s Book.
"His" Sampson's real name was Henry Aylott Sampson, but because of his initials he was known to most of his companions and friends as Has. I made a desperate attempt at one time to call him Henry, but I could not do it. Has he was and Has he always would be to me. I was a creature of habit as far as names were concerned and so was Has. I was seventeen months older than he was so when boy met girl I was Miss Emma to him; and after twenty-four years of married life I was still Miss Emma, sometimes shortened to Miss Em. Sometimes I was Honey. I have always been as busy as a bee, but never have been as sweet as honey.

Has was a shy boy, given to fits of melancholy; but suddenly when he was seemingly steeped in woe he would break forth in flashes of wit she like of which I have seldom known. Very witty persons are often unkind. I have a theory that their wit gets the better of their humor. Has was both humorous and witty and I can truthfully say that never was his wit caustic or unkind.

He was a gentle soul and incapable of cruelty to man or beast. Our friendship began from the day we met. We were as different as two persons could be in temperament; but we liked the same things, had similar ideals and always at all times liked each other.

When real friendship, tried and true, merges into love, a happy marriage should be the result.
"Big Meetin'" was in full swing and that meant no servants for several weeks. Many of the Negroes who had never got religion were in the throes of trying to "come through", and those who were already sanctified were endeavoring to assist the halting brethren and sisters in to the throne of grace. The consequence was that the white folks must manage without the help of the house servants. Corn was ripe for cutting, and the field hands were working spasmodically but sullenly. Our corn had been cut and shocked, but our acreage was small compared to some of our neighbors. One of our neighbors had a tremendous field of corn and we had heard that he had managed to employ a great many men to cut his corn in spite of the rival attraction of "Big Meetin'".

Woman's work was over until next time; that is supper time. Dishes from the mid-day dinner were washed. The churning was accomplished, the huge crock of butter worked and salted and put in the cool dairy to get of the proper temperature to mold into pound pats. The buttermilk was in the dairy poured into the big five gallon stone crocks. The dog bread had been baked while the oven still held the heat from the cooking of the dinner. What is dog bread? When you have dogs you must feed them and we always had dogs, too many of them; so we often must made corn bread for them.

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1No title for this chapter in ms. A.
We made it by scalding the meal and stirring in salt, soda and sour buttermilk or clabber and then plenty of drippings. It was baked in well greased, shallow pans until it was crisp. I have eaten many a hunk of dog bread and very tasty it was in spite of its name. When we made dog bread we baked enough for several days, all the oven would hold.

Our work being finished, for the time being, we took our pillows and lay on the parlor floor for a much needed siesta. The parlor was always cool and shady and the big otter-skin rug was an ideal place on which to snooze after the strenuous labors of the morning. Our dear Nan Smith was visiting us and, as was her habit, had done more than her share of the work, making up beds, sweeping and dusting and tidying up the farmhouse generally. I churned and made the butter, Jenny cleaned and trimmed the many kerosene lamps while Mother and Little Nell washed and wiped the dishes, pots and pans. Many hands are supposed to make light work; but in those old days, no matter how many hands, the women in a servantless farmhouse certainly earned their keep; and when we flopped on the parlor floor we were soon dead to the world.

The farmhouse was very quiet. Father and the boys had gone to a remote corner of the pasture to mend the fence and to look for a young heifer that had strayed through a gap. When the male speeds were present there was little peace and quite. Father was a noisy man and the boys were like him. Sleep came quickly to all five of us. I slept and dreamed. My dream was all mixed up with bees, bess and the straying heifer. I was suddenly conscious that there was a strange humming noise on the lawn and it was getting louder and louder.
"Mother! Mother! Wake up! What's that noise?"

Our siesta was over. We peered through the bowed shutters and beheld a feverish night. The yard was swarming with Negro men and more were coming up the avenue. They were angry men, hot and angry, sweating and murmuring. The noise explained the bees in my dream. Every man carried a gleaming corn knife. They brandished their sharp knives in what seemed to us to be a threatening gesture as they growled and murmured. I'll never forget my Mother's face as she turned from the window and spoke to us.

"Girls, you must be calm and not let these darksuns know you are afraid. In fact, there is nothing to be afraid of. Come with me."

With that she threw wide the front door and stepped out on the porch. She was very erect and held her head high, but she was smiling.

"Why men, what is the matter? You look so tired and hot."

Recognizing the leader, a man who had cut corn for us the week before, she addressed him: "Jim, you know where the well is, get some water for these men."

"Yes'm, Mrs. Speed, us all air tired and thirsty an' hongry and plenty mad. That ol' skinfliint over yonder got me ter roun' up hands ter cut his caun; and us all lowed he wa' goner furnish victuals for us; but bless Bob, when eatin'-time come he ups an' tol' us eatin' wa'nt in the 'greement an' he 'spced us ter bring our own buckets. Us men air been suckin' since sun up an' we ar' plum wo' out. I tol' him we be querter quit an' he larfed an' tol' me ter quit an' be damned, but he wouldn't pay us for even half a day."
While Jim was explaining the situation to Mother his companions kept up a steady murmuring and grumbling with their corn knives much in evidence.

"Well, Jim," said Mother calmly, "I think I can manage to feed you and the other men after a fashion, although I was not expecting so many guests. Go down in the dairy and bring up those two big jars of buttermilk. Mind you don't drop them! Emma, bring cups and glasses enough for us to serve these men. Jenny, you and Nan take the corn bread out of the oven, cut it in squares, put it on plates and bring it out on the porch." We were glad she did not call it dog bread as that might have infuriated the already angry men.

"Nell, you get the silver soup ladle in the sideboard drawer. It will do to dip up the buttermilk. Then, my dear, ring the farm bell. I promised your Father to ring the farm bell when I wanted him to come to the house because he is going to drive me into Shelbyville. I did not dream it was getting so late."

This last command in regard to the farm bell was given in a clear ringing voice loud enough for the tired, sweating Negroes to hear every word. Nell opened her big, grey eyes very wide and looked wonderingly at Mother. She had never known her to tell even a little white lie, but this seemed to be a big black one. She knew that Mother had not said a word to Father about driving her into Shelbyville or ringing the farm bell when she wanted him to come back to the house. However, she obeyed without a word; and by the time our guests were seated in the shade of the big trees washing down the slabs of hot corn bread with gulps of cold buttermilk, little Nell was swinging on the rope attached to the big farm
bell and its message was pealing forth to Father and the boys, who hurried home feeling sure something was the matter.

As they arrived on the scene several neighbors in buggies came racing down the avenue. Something must be wrong at Speed's because a farm bell ringing in mid-afternoon might be a signal of emergency or distress. Perhaps it was a fire! The Negroes, fed and comforted, had begun to sing a spiritual. The ringing of the farm bell may have suggested the verse, "Those Chiming Bells;" but they always said "Charmin' Bells." This as I recall it was their song, but I may not have it quite right:

Come along, true believer, come along,
The time air a rollin' aroound,
When them what stands a haltin' by the way
Won't wear no glory crown.
Oh, the moon shines light
An' the moon shines bright,
Hear what the spirit tells
The angels say th'aint nothin' fer ter do
But ring them charmin' bells.

Almos' home — almos' home
An' we faints an' falls by spells
Th' angels say th'aint nothin' fer to do
But ring them charmin' bells.

Father took in the situation at once. He had been told by a man passing the corner of our farm where the heifer had strayed that all the corn cutters employed by the rich farmer had struck because they were hungry. The neighbors, who had hurried to our assistance when they heard the bell, realized when they saw the empty buttermilk jars and the plates licked as clean as though hound dogs had helped in the cleaning that Captain Speed's wife had met what might have been a serious situation with her innate intelligence, kindness and tact. She had quelled what might have proven a Negro uprising with buttermilk tact. Instead of a mob of angry, resentful blacks they found a group of peaceful darkeys lolling
in the shade harmonizing in their own inimitable way.

The Negroes soon "made their manners", thanked Mother for her hospitality and took their departure. One of them said:

"Mrs. Sped air sho got 'ligion 'thout no shoutin' or bombasin'. Gawd bless her!"

"Ain't it the truf? An' she jes' as cool an' sweet as spring water when all er us mean buzzards some a swoopin' down on her. She's a lady what ain't skeered or man or bean'."

But when it was all over and the neighbors in their buggies had departed and the Negroes had disappeared over the rolling hills, I saw Mother throw herself in Father's arms, put her head on his shoulder and burst into tears.

"Oh, George, I was so scared!"

As little Nell helped to gather up the dirty plates and cups and glasses to be washed, she said:

"I don't care if the angels did say there was nothing to do but ring those charming bells, I rang the bell all right, but there is a lot more to do."

Mother, remembering the wondering look in Nell's honest grey eyes, decided to convert the black lie into a little white fib; so she asked Father to hitch up the grey colt to his buggy and drive her into Shelbyville to buy a spool of thread. Thus Nell's confidence was restored.

I was glad Mother's hospitable tact had not extended itself to the huge crock of butter, so fresh and delicious. I was the butter maker and took great pride in how many pound pats I could
get out of a churning. I remember well that butter mold; a sheaf of wheat in the middle with a border that looked like grains of wheat. Mother had a standing order for butter in Louisville where she got a fancy price. She deserved it. Never was there such lovely butter. And why not? What with the finest of cows; lush bluegrass, the kind of grass that Nebuchadnezzar might have eaten with relish; absolute cleanliness in the care of milk buckets, churn and crocks; added to that butter makers who loved their work. That was the part of farm work that Mother and I both enjoyed. It was real labor, as not only must we fill the order of twenty pounds a week for the customers in Louisville, but we must keep our large family well buttered and hot bread at every meal soaks up a lot of butter.

I remember once when we were in the midst of a very hot spell in August Mother went on a trip to some sulphur springs with Father, hoping the water might prove of benefit to his rapidly failing health. They started on the drive after sunset in the cool of the evening. Just as they were leaving Mother called to me:

"Don't forget, Emma, the butter must go to Louisville. It is so hot I put a big lump of ice in the crock to keep it from being spongy. I worked it some, but you must work it more before you mold it."

Poor Mother, little did she know the damage she had done with that lump of ice and that bit of working she had given it at dusk and in the dark dairy. I am sure she would not have enjoyed that little holiday at the springs had she realized the
trouble she had caused her daughter and Peachey Williams, the
good friend who was visiting me. Alas, that lump of ice was
what used to be known as rotten ice, ice gathered while it was
melting and porous. Stored in the icehouse the sawdust in which
it was packed would get all through the ice and make it unfit for
anything but freezing ice cream or cooling melons. Sometimes
a layer of such ice would creep into an icehouse in spite of
watchful care of the part of the owner. It was almost dark
when Mother had dumped that ice in the huge butter crock and
given it a parting work out.

I can truthfully state that there was not a cubic inch of
butter in that whole twenty pounds that did not have a speck of
sawdust in it. Some parts were literally filled with specks, as
the ice had melted in the great heat. I longed to dump the
whole mess into the pig pen. Figs would not mind some wholesome
roughage, but my mother's daughter could not be so lily
livered as to succumb to a million specks of sawdust. Peachey
and I divided the mass into equal parts and set to work with tooth
picks to remove all foreign matter. Those days, be it known,
were the days of toothpicks. A toothpick holder was as inevitable
on a family dining room table as the big silver caster with
its cruets of salt, pepper, vinegar and oil.

Butter paddle in one hand and toothpick in the other we
labored for hours seated on the stone steps of the spring house
where it was cool and shady. We devoutly hoped that snakes would
respect our fine characters and stay away, but snakes are pro-
verbially fond of milk and we were ever on the alert for an
enemy. Peachey was a delightful girl, clever and humorous,
a good companion; so we really enjoyed our morning very much.

Never did butter get such a good working as those twenty pounds.

We got it cleaned and molded, wrapped in squares of cheese cloth

and packed in pails ready for the train to Louisville. Nobody

seemed to think we were such noble maidens to have accomplished

this feat. But we knew we were then and I still think we were.

One summer Mother and I raised some calves by hand. They

had been weaned early in their young lives because of our butter

making demand for cream; so the poor youngsters must be fed on

skin milk until they got old enough to turn out to grass. A

small leather strap about three inches long was tacked in the

bottom of a wooden bucket and then the skin milk poured in.

We would put two fingers in the mouth of the calf and then as it

would begin and substitute the strap for the fingers, and the

creature would continue to suck until all the milk was gone. What

a funny rough tongues they had. I can feel them now as I write.

Daisy was a beautiful jersey calf, the largest of the lot,

not because of being much older than the others, but because she

was a spoiled and greedy beauty. She had soon weaned herself from

fingers and straps and would go from bucket to bucket, push aside

the smaller and weaker calves and plunge her mouth into the milk

sucking it up before we could interfere. One day while Mother

was initiating a recent arrival into the mysteries of strap

sucking, that naughty Daisy had been especially frisky and obstreperous.

"You hold that imp of Satan, Emma, while I get some nourish-

ment into this poor baby," Mother said.

I obediently held Daisy, grasping her by the ears and putting

a foot on each side of her neck with her nose on the ground. At
that moment two very desirable county beaux came driving up in a red-wheeled buggy. They called out to me and for a moment I relaxed my vigilance. Daisy took advantage of my being off guard; tossed her head so that I loosened the hold on her ears. With a frisky motion I was sent astride her back and off she trotted looking rather like a six legged calf, as my toes touched the ground.

It was an embarrassing predicament, shy girl that I was, to be caught riding a calf by desirable county beaux in a red-wheeled buggy.
CHAPTER 14
FATHER DIES

Father’s health steadily declined. Those winters away from home were sad ones for me in spite of the unfailing kindness and consideration shown me by my dear Auntie and Uncle Mont and my two cousins, Jean and Margaret. I missed the country. I missed Chatsworth and above all I missed my rollicking family. I went home for all holidays and an occasional week-end, but the railroad fare was more than we could manage often. Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Peachey's mother and father, were living in Chatsworth and when the longing for home and the country weighed too heavily on my soul I was ever welcome to come and spend the night with Peachey. I often took advantage of this privilege.

At Hampton College I taught for my tuition, and let me state right here that teaching for your tuition is no easy way of acquiring an education. My pupils were usually girls who were too dull to keep up with the class, stupid, careless and inattentive. Mine was the task to instill in their sluggish minds some get-up-and-get. I must do whatever job was assigned to me by Miss Hampton. That lady had forgotten that my class had studied French history the winter I had typhoid fever and it was all Greek to me. When three backward pupils must be coached in that subject I undertook the class and by keeping a chapter ahead I managed not only to pull them through but to learn something myself.

¹This chapter untitled in ms. A.
One pupil in grammar was my despair. Miss Hampton told me that no matter how seemingly impossible, Sally must be taught the parts of speech. She was holding back the whole class with her insane questions and the teacher, a brilliant grammarian, had refused to cope with her any longer. Little by little the poor girl began to grasp what a noun was, a pronoun, a verb, adverb, etc. I would teach her the definitions and then have her point out the different parts of speech on a page and write sentences illustrating them. All went well and I was encouraged until we came to prepositions. That stumped her. She learned the definition in good old Butler’s grammar 2, but it meant nothing to her. I hunted up definitions in other grammars, but a preposition was a preposition she could not grasp. I had her learn the list of prepositions: aboard, about, above, according-to, across, after, against, along, amid, amidst, among, amongst, around, at, athward and so on in alphabetical order. I, by the way, still put myself to sleep with that list of prepositions. It is much more effective than having sheep jump over a fence. But still my poor pupil could not grasp a preposition. I was preparing her for an examination. It was important for her to pass, according to Miss Hampton. I well knew she would not have time to run through that long list of prepositions with the impatient teacher hanging over her; so I determined to give her that important bit of grammatical information by a process of elimination.

"Now, Sally, when your teacher gives you a sentence to name each word and designate what part of speech it is you may know if it isn't anything else it is a preposition."

And Sally passed the examination in grammar.

The most arduous part of my life as a teacher-pupil was teaching thirty little children to draw on slates. To this good day my flesh creeps and cold chills run down my backbone when I remember the squeak of thirty slate pencils on thirty slates. Mine was the job also to sharpen the pencils and clean the slates. Good white paper was treated with more respect in those days than it is now and little children did their lessons on slates. In Miss Bartlett's studio there were certain well-to-do girls who wasted paper, drew and painted on only one side and when the sketch was not worth saving threw it away. When Lizzie Chase and I stacked the easels and straightened the studio for the next day's classes we would salvage this good white paper, both charcoal and water color, roll it in a neat package and label it "Rich Girls' Backs." Lizzie and I seldom had to buy paper. We drew and painted on rich girls' backs.

The year I graduated was a hard one for me. I missed the country and my family, was ever uneasy about Father and was trying to do more than I should at school, what with the teaching, the work in the studio and the subjects necessary to take for graduation. I was not unhappy, far from it. I am sure I am sorrier for my young self now that I am old than I was at that time. I had many friends, many kind relations; and while I was far from being a belle, I had enough beaux to keep me from being a hopeless wall flower at a dance.
He gave a class play. I cannot remember the name of the play but only remember that I was the villain of the piece, one Captain Perdy Kirk of the Lamba. In those days the girls who impersonated men were not allowed to wear trousers. Trousers would be immodest; so I must wear a straight black skirt in lieu of breeches, but from the waist up I could be as mannish as I chose. I wore a yellow cambric home-made jacket, supposed to be leather; a lace collar; a powdered wig and a fierce black moustache. I was so intrigued by the moustache that I wore it at every rehearsal, wore it so frequently that the spirit gum wore off and the night of the performance it refused to stick to my upper lip securely and I went through the show with it at a rakish angle, one end tickling my nose so that again and again I gave what is known as a "Speed sneeze". We Speeds are all of us mighty sneezers. I remember another class play given at Hampton College, the Antigone of Sophocles. The girls wore Greek draperies of cheese cloth, very graceful and becoming; but what was the horror of Mrs. Sample, the director, when she found every girl had on a buckle under her flowing robe.

Father died on Jenny's birthday, February 13th. He was only forty-one years old. How young that seems to me now! Like many men of that time the war between the States had forced him into early manhood. The war broke out when he was fifteen years of age. He entered the Union service and in 1862 when he was sixteen he became a lieutenant in the 1st Kentucky Cavalry. He was made adjutant of the 4th Kentucky Cavalry in '63 and captain of Company O, the same regiment, on November 7, 1863. He served until 1865. He is buried in the Speed lot in Cave Hill Cemetery in Louisville.
His last illness was distressing and we were thankful that death came to release him from a life of misery and insactivity. He had been a man of strength and vigor. Weakness and invalidism would have been irksome in the extreme. He was not one to grow old gracefully or to submit patiently to being nursed and pampered. Last autumn after fifty-four years I stood by his grave and in my heart came that "peace of God which passeth all understanding" and thankfulness that my handsome young father was at rest.

Mother now must carry on and carry on she did with that undaunted courage that characterized her at all times. Ewing was of great assistance in the running of the farm; but the neighbors advised her to employ an overseer for the time being; so a young man named Hope was hired. He was a stern, pious, narrow-minded individual, who I am sure felt that we Speeds were headed straight for perdition because our ways were not his ways. We read novels and laughed on Sunday and did many things of which he strongly disapproved.

I remember once Mother had made a great pot of black bean soup for which she had a famous old recipe. It was thick and smooth, had in it sliced hard boiled eggs, was highly seasoned with spice and thyme and last of all a dash of sherry. Filled with nourishment it was to be our pièce de résistance for the mid-day meal. It was poured into the big silver tureen and little Nell carried it from the kitchen to the dining room. It was too heavy for the child; but she was so eager to help and quick to assume burdens, both concrete and abstract, all through her life. She got safely along the porch but forgot the low step leading into the dining room. She stumbled and the tureen of black bean soup shot across the floor,
fortunately not scalding poor distressed Nell but spattering the legs of the hungry family seated at the table. Yes, there were other things to eat: the inevitable country ham, hot biscuit and blackberry jam; but the good soup had literally gone to the dogs, who were busily engaged in cleaning the floor, licking up every splash of the delectable soup.

Mother was in the habit of saying grace before meals; but on that day of disaster, although our heads were devoutly bowed when she started, somebody giggled. The giggle was taken up and developed into a guffaw before it got around the table. Mother gave up and laughed as heartily as the rest of us. She felt that after all such meager rations were not worthy of grace. Hope, the overseer, was the only person at the table who refused to laugh. He would not even smile. He opened his mouth only to wedge in ham and biscuit and blackberry jam. At the close of the meal when it was divulged that the soup had been seasoned with sherry wine, Hope arose from the table and gave a parting shot:

"I would not have tasted a drop of it. The Lord had a hand in the spilling of the Devil's broth."

That comforted Little Nell somewhat. She had thought it was all because she had not remembered the step leading from the porch into the dining room.

That year we had one of those surprising and disconcerting snows in early spring. It was then the silly sheep decided it was a good time after dark to have a wholesale borning of lambs. They came so rapidly it was almost like popcorn in a popcorn popper. The foolish mothers did not even have the foresight to huddle in the sheep-fold, but some of the lambs were dropped in the snow. And
that reminds me of a story Has's Aunt, Aunt Pappy, told. It was before the war between the States and she was on a train in Alabama with her husband, Dr. Cabel. An agitated conductor came running through the coach crying out:

"Is there a doctor on the train?"

Dr. Cabel held up his hand, but before he could get into the adjoining car the woman had given birth to a baby in her hoop skirt. So why should we expect the silly sheep to have more sense than a human being?

We were afraid the new born baby lambs might freeze; so all the family came to the rescue. Gunny sacks were spread on the sitting room floor, a roaring fire made and as soon as possible all the little creatures were brought into the warmth of the farmhouse. Some of them were almost dead. The two sets of twins were hardly breathing. Some of them, however, were alive and kicking and letting us know they did not think much of the obstetrical ward or the hospital. The lively ones were so up-and-coming that we had to make a pen with chairs to keep them within bounds.

It looked as though the feeble ones would die. Mr. Hope proved highly inefficient in the emergency and it being the first Speed venture in the raising of sheep we were at a loss. Indeed as I remember the way we happened to own sheep in the beginning was this: The barn was infested with fleas and a farmer told Father to get a few sheep and turn them in the barn and the fleas would naturally gravitate to the wool, but would not annoy the sheep, as once they got caught in the wool they could neither get out nor could they get in deep enough to bite the sheep. Whether this is true or not I do not know, but I am sure I have never seen a
sheep scratching. We were amused when my brother Josh wittily remarked:

"Died in the wool!"

At any rate Father bought a few sheep and then bought some more, and we ended by having quite a flock with a vicious old ram with the meanest eyes I have ever seen on man or beast.

I don't remember how many lambs came into the world on that bitterly cold night in early spring, but I do remember that the sitting room was full to overflowing. I also recall that a baby lamb smells as bad as a full grown goat. The inefficient Hope assumed a pious expression and muttered it was the Lord's will for the helpless critters to die. Had not He, in his wisdom, sent the snow? However, Jenny, who was far from inefficient and quick to take hold in an emergency, made a plentiful supply of toddy with whiskey and sugar and hot water and every little lamb from time to time was given a wee nip. Be it known that not a single one was lost. Much to Hope's disgust they all lived to tell the tale. He said they were better dead than to owe their lives to sinful hard liquor.

During the night the weather changed and by dawn the snow, as is the way with spring snows, had almost disappeared. The patches of bluegrass showing as the snow melted seemed especially green and lush. Now the anxious mothers crowded around the house clamoring for their babies. This was a strange thing: every mother knew her own and every lamb, even the feeble twins, went straight to the mother who had brought it into the world. How they did it is a
mystery. They all looked alike and they all smelt alike. The silly sheep have more sense than human beings in some ways. Their babies do not have to be marked with lettered beads around their necks to be identified, nor is there danger of legal proceedings to determine which baby belongs to which mother. A mother sheep may even be able to tell her twins apart, which is more than some human mothers can do when they are identical twins.
CHAPTER 15
HAS COMES TO LIVE AT CHATSWORTH

Then we moved back to Chatsworth. It is strange that in spite of the general rejoicing I can remember nothing of our return to our old home. Looking back on that move I can recall very little. It was like awakening from a confused dream and finding oneself in familiar surroundings, not quite able to realize it was a dream. Nell and I had our same old room where again we would see the wisteria vine creeping in the window, its tendrils reaching out for support on picture wires. Again we lay in our adjoining beds and talked about what we meant to be and do. My bed was a three quarter one and Nell's a double; and we had so much company, what is now-a-days known as house guests, that often our two beds, pushed close together carried as many as five girls. It was like the Great Bed of Ware, famous in English history. It wasn't at all uncomfortable, except perhaps for the girl who must sleep in the crack. We would sleep spoon-fashion and make an agreement that when one girl wanted to turn over all must turn, but as I remember there was little turning over. Morning would find us as we were when night enfolded us. Unbroken sleep belongs to youth. I remember well I used to think I was a sick girl if I did not sleep straight through the night, nine hours, ten hours or even more. Now I am grateful for five or six hours of unbroken slumber. In fact, if I sleep longer than that I'm afraid I am a sick old woman, getting ready to slip into the lethargy of old age.

1Originally untitled in ms. A.
2Bed of Ware - a huge bed, capable of accommodating a dozen persons; supposed to have belonged to Richard Nevil, Earl of Warwick; it is now located at Rye House, near Ware, Hertfordshire.
Chatsworth breathed hospitality. If there had been a latch-string on its broad front door it would ever have hung out. I wonder how Mother put up with the swarms of company when the good news was spread abroad that the Speeds were back in Chatsworth; however, she was as free as her children in dealing out invitations, although the time had come for us to betrench. Our economies were a standing joke. When we solemnly discussed cutting down expenses by eliminating some of the almost perennial guests, there seemed to be only one person we could stop inviting and that was a stupid, moronic youth whom we none of us liked anyhow and nobody ever had invited. He just came. Nobody had the heart to give to understand he was not welcome, was to be our pet economy; so he continued to come. Jenny hit upon a wonderful way to save and reduce expenses: she took the butter plates off the table. Oh yes, we still had butter and plenty of it, but did without butter plates for several days. When Nell and I meekly remarked that the rug in our big room was too little, one bought for the smaller rooms of the Shelby County farm-house, and we were cold with such an expanse of bare floor, Mother said:

"I'll get both of you some nice warm, carpet slippers. Much more economical!" And thus we laughed our way into debt and laughed our way out of debt into mortgages.

Ewing got a job with the Government Geological Survey, went to Idaho and other western territories and was permanently on his own. Philip got employment with the Standard Oil Company and later with the Louisville Post. Newspaper was his life's work. He had found the right channel for his unbounded energy. The younger children were at school. I continued as a pupil-teacher at Hampton
College, making past-graduate studies and working in Miss Bartlett's studio early and late. Lizzie Chase and I continued our close friendship, working side by side in the studio and sketching out of doors whenever we could manage it. We got up before dawn and did the sunrise on the levee; we made sketches in an old graveyard situated way down town in Louisville; we took long tramps in the country around Chatsworth. Occasionally one of us sold a sketch. Then there was general rejoicing. We picked up a bit of change now and then painting place cards for rich patrons who were giving swell dinner parties. We filled any order that came our way. I even decorated a goose egg to order.

Has came to live with us a few months after we returned to Chatsworth. The boy had hoped to go to the University of Virginia to top off his education but found he was too low in funds to realize this ambition, and when Philip wrote him he had a job waiting for him in Louisville he gave up all idea of college and came to us. My mother was devoted to Has and he was to her. She told me that Father had said to her not long before he died:

"Don't lose sight of that mother less boy, Has Sampson. He needs a home and a mother if any boy ever did."

So when Has came to Chatsworth Mother treated him as a son, never dreaming he would end up as a son-in-law. The following is a juvenile poem he wrote her showing his appreciation of her goodness:

"I WAS A STRANGER AND YE TOOK ME IN"
(To Mrs. Jane Ewing Speed)

"I do not sing of strangled love,
Mad kisses - last caresses;
For her as true as heaven above,
My pen the paper presses."
I sing of her whose kindly ways
Bring me a world of pleasure
Sweet sunlight of my weary days,
I love her past all measure.

A sympathetic ear she'll lend
To all my boyish troubles;
And when an hour with her I spend
My cares dissolve like bubbles.

My rugged socks she'll neatly darn,
On my old clothes put patches;
Look if you will, but let me warn
'Tis not on earth her match is.

God bless her cheery, loving face
And shield her from all danger
And give her heaven's highest place,
Who took me in — a stranger."

As far as poetry goes Has went far beyond these verses in later
years, but every line in this juvenile poem is truly sincere. He
loved my mother and she loved him. She did lend a sympathetic ear
to his boyish troubles. So did I for that matter. Has was always
in love and usually made a confidante of me, sure of my understanding
how it was possible to be infatuated by a different girl every month.
The boy was in love with loving. Sometimes it was a girl's hair that
entranced him, sometimes her merry laugh, sometimes her large soulful
eyes. Once he told me a certain girl had such deep dark eyes he
hesitated to look in them for fear he might fall in and never be able
to clamber out. Clamber out he did, however, clamber out of his many
boyish affairs and stay out until next time. Once he fell madly in
love with a girl's beautiful little feet. This lasted longer than
usual but ended finally with a poem to those lovely feet. I noticed
when Has dropped into verse his juvenile infatuation was apt to be
on the wane. It was his method of getting it out of his system. He
was an omnivorous reader and it may have been he found that too much
steady courting kept him away from his beloved books. He would not say with Moore:

"My only books
Were women's looks -
And folly's all they've taught me."

He read and read with a sure instinct for the best in literature. From the day he began to earn money he began to buy books, although he could ill afford this extravagance; but he never thought of book buying as an extravagance. It was a necessity with him, more of a necessity than winter underwear. I remember once Mother made new sleeves for his worn flannel shirts out of Josh's old ribbed stockings because he had spent all his money on a riotous purchase of a de luxe set of books. Ah well! I still have those books and those winter garments of repentance were flung away more than fifty years ago.

Any excuse was a good excuse for buying a book. To jump ahead of my story a bit: I remember the day after my first baby was born her daddy came from Louisville with a neatly wrapped package in his hand and put it in the baby's cradle.

"A book for little Emma," he said. "I don't think a baby can begin too soon to acquire a library."

The book was Maurice Hewitt's *Earthworks Out of Tuscany*, a singularly appropriate book for a day old baby. Inscribed on the fly leaf is: Emma Keats Sampson, January 24, 1899. At the time I thought it would have been rather fine if the doting father had brought the baby a rabbit skin to wrap the baby bunting in; or if the hunting wasn't good, some booties or a warm flannel sack; but after all booties and sack would long ago have gone to the limbo of his winter underwear and

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3Thomas Moore - (1779–1852) - Byron’s close friend and biographer; best known for *Irish Melodies* (1808–1834) in which is found "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms."
Emma Keates still has her book.

Has' mother, Rosalie Aylett Sampson, died at Charlottesville, Virginia, when he was twelve years old. His devotion to her was so intense and passionate that to the day of his death when her name was mentioned a mist would come in his eyes and one could see the hurt little boy in the lined face of the man of fifty. He never ceased to resent the sadness and mortification that had been her lot to bear in her marriage. The memory of her trouble seemed to make him more considerate and gentler than husbands are generally, as though he endeavored to make up to her in a measure for the ignominy she had suffered.

I am quoting this sonnet he wrote to his mother many years later on visiting her grave at Charlottesville:

I may not break thy sleep, so let me kneel
Softly beside thee, dreaming that thine eyes
Look into mine, where wistful tear-drops rise:
Dream thy dear hand in wintry looks doth steal,
Dream thy dear voice can once again reveal
The love poor youth had not the wit to prize
Dream one last kiss upon my lips light lies,
Then can the Angel Death mine own congeal.
Thou art in paradise, and God's great peace,
That passeth understanding, laps thee round;
But, mother mine, remember me as I say
In that lone hour that marks my soul's release,
And clasp me like an infant, lost and found,
And, as of old, teach me again to pray."

After his mother's death, Has, his sister Page and the younger brother, Logan, joined the older brother, George, in Shelbyville, Kentucky. George had a school for boys in that town and an excellent school it was in so far as teaching was concerned. George Sampson was a born pedagogue and was able to impart his learning to any boy who had an ear to hear. My brothers, Ewing and Philip, attended this school and I am told if a boy refused to accept knowledge through the proper channel George had another means of approach.
"And if it's more to soak your feet
Your aching head to mend,
The erring pate to regulate
You beat the other end."

However, I am sure those boys never got a lick amiss. Has was always grateful to this older brother for the grounding he received in Latin and English and never resented the occasional well deserved strapping. Has and Philip were running over with mischief. They would put their naughty heads together and devise the most ingenious forms of torment for the long suffering professor. The school house was a primitive one-room shack raised about two feet from the ground on cedar posts. These offered delectable scratching facilities for some hogs that roamed at will in a beech woods near by. They would ease their razor backs against the rough posts and grunt happily. At times the fleas would leave their natural habitat and hop on a boy who would go under the schoolhouse for a lost ball.

"Professor, may I be excused?" begged Has.

"No! Wait 'til after school."

"But, Professor, it's a flea eating me up. He won't wait until after school."

"No too, Professor," chimed in Philip, squirming and scratching.

"I jes' gotta go out. I'm full of whoops."

"Now look here, you boys," yelled Professor Sampson, reaching for his handy strap. "If I hear another word from any of you about fleas I'll give you what's what. Fleas don't bother me and I do not see why they annoy you so much. Philip Speed, a whelp is the young of a dog or of other beasts of prey and not a flea bite. Resume your lessons."

After school my husband-to-be and my brother went into a huddle to get even with Professor Sampson. Philip had a small coin purse with
a snap fastening, just the container needed. With industry worthy
a better cause those bad boys crawled under the schoolhouse and began
catching fleas off the sleeping hogs — such big fat fleas, having
fed on hog meat for generations. They caught a goodly number, impris-
oning them in the coin purse as they captured them. Then they bided
their time until next day.

"Professor," said Has with his meek-as-Moses manner that should
have warned his brother of mischief afoot had he not been untaught
by experience, "if you have time I wish you would explain an exam-
ple in algebra to me. It's the fourth one on the page."

"The fourth one!" exclaimed Philip. "I'm having trouble with
that one too. May I look on?"

And so Has spread his lesson on the master's desk, standing by
in a respectful attitude on one side while Philip leaned over his
other shoulder. Now poor George was a gaunt man with a long thin
neck. His shirt collar was ever too big for his neck. As he leaned
over to figure on the difficult problem, Philip opened the purse and
let loose the captive fleas down the neck of the victim.

"How is it clear to you, Henry, to you too, Philip?"

"Yes, sir, yes, sir! Thanks a lot!" They took their seats solemnly,
glad they had not divulged to any of the other pupils their dastardly
intentions. It was hard enough to keep straight faces as it was.

Then poor George began to squirm. He squirmed and wiggled and
finally had to give up and scratch openly.
"I believe you boys are right. There are flies in the school. I have some important business on hand and so have decided to give you a half holiday today."

It is unbelievable that the same bad boy who so tortured his brother grew into the man who wrote that tender sonnet to his mother. Where do all the bad boys go to and where do all the fine men come from?
CHAPTER 16

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES

In the autumn of 1888 Lizzie Chase and I set forth to seek a hazard of new fortunes. We went to New York to study at the Art Students' League. In the eighties it was considered by the timid soul to be a very brash and dangerous venture for two young girls to travel on a sleeping car all alone and to land in the huge and wicked city of New York with no chaperone to tell them how not to behave, but Mother and Mrs. Chase were ahead of the times. They declared that Lizzie and I had inherited enough sense to come in out of the rain and when girls needed chaperones there was no use in their having them. Our mothers were mid-victorian in period but not in thought.

On arriving in New York we went immediately to a highly recommended French boarding house at 254 West 53rd Street. What a gloomy looking house was 254! It was a dingy red brick with a long, narrow, grassless front yard and elevated trains racing and lumbering along 53rd every few minutes; but we were established in the third floor back; so while our landlady looked down her snobbish nose at us because it was the cheapest room in the house, we were at least farther down from the noise and jar of the L.

There was a long table in the basement dining room at 254 West 53rd and at dinner there was scarcely enough elbow room to manage to consume Madame Monsanto's ragouts and souffles and what-nots. At the sound of the gong the roomers would come tumbling down the dark,

1 Untitled in ms. A.
narrow stairs and table boarders would come running from the street
across the bleak front yard. First come, first serve was the rule
at Maison Monmarte.

Some of the boarders were French and dined there because of the
cuisine; others were there because they hoped if they ate in French
they might also pick up a few crumbs of the language. That was the
reason Lizzie and I had chosen to live in this boarding house.

Our plans were to study for a year in New York and then go to
Paris and there to stay so long as the money held out. Both of us
had a smattering of school French but felt if we could live with French
people we would be better prepared for our great adventure. Let me
confess right here that I could not learn to speak it in Paris and I
never have learned to speak it with any success anywhere. It may be
palin stupidity on my part, it may be a faulty ear, but certainly
something is lacking in my make-up. I am like A. B. Frost's limerick:

"There once was a great red flamingo,
Who said: 'By the great jumping jingo,
I've been in this cline
An uncommon long time
But have not yet mastered their lingo.'"

I have been amused lately in reading Dorothy Hewlett's delightful
Adonais to find John Keats evidently had the same difficulty with the
language that I, his many times removed niece, have always had. In
a letter to his sister, Fanny Keats, he disparages the French tongue:

"You will be astonished to find how very inferior it is to our
speech — I wish Italian would supersede French in every school
throughout the Country, for that is full of real poetry and Romance
of a kind more fitted for the Pleasure of Ladies than perhaps our own—
It seems that the only end to be gained in acquiring French in the
immense accomplishment of speaking it — it is none at all — a most lamentable mistake indeed. Italian indeed would sound most musically from lips which had begun to pronounce it an early as French is crammed down our mouths, as if we were young Jackdaws at the mercy of an overfeeding Schoolboy."

Now, why if my greater than great—uncle did not deign ever to capitalize French but freely lavished capitals on Italian and other less worthy nouns, should I be so apolgetic in regard to my being unable to speak the language? Later on poor Keats was to regret not being able to speak French because Fanny Brawne spoke the language fluently and was in consequence much sought after by those Frenchmen, members of that colony in Haarlem who had fled from the Napoleonic persecution. John was ever of a jealous nature and it irked him sorely that he could not hold his own in the lively French chatter in which his love excelled.

I did not learn to chatter in French at Madame Monsanto's; but I did learn to eat in French and that culture stood me in good stead when finally we went to Paris, since eating is an important occupation in France. Food was the topic of conversation at 254 West 53rd Street. It may have been because of the group of school teachers who were endeavoring to improve their French and were constantly airing their knowledge of the French for potatoes or butter or some other food. Sometimes they broke into the weather and got our hostess in hopeless confusion over the possibility of an early snow and praise of a snow

2Fanny Brawne — Keats met her in 1818 and fell in love. Young and lively and kind and constant to her lover, she appears to have little understood what manner of man he was. His passion is reflected in one or two of his sonnets, notably "The Day is Lone" and "I Cry Your Mercy".
and praise of a snow pudding we had for dessert.

The dinners were gay and friendly and full of confusion. Madam would pound in from the kitchen bearing huge platters of food on her shelflike bosom quarreling lustily with her daughters on account of the sins of commission and omission. The younger one was always leaving undone those things which her mother had told her to do, and the older one seemed to be ever on the verge of some impropriety and doing those things which she should not have done. This quarrelling went on in French much to the delight of the school teachers who felt that they would improve their vocabulary, although a few of the words that Lizzie and I caught at times were hardly appropriate for polite ears.

To add to the confusion Mademoiselle Monsanto had a pet monkey, a legacy from the Spanish father; and this little creature was allowed to roam at large while we were at dinner. He would jump from shoulder to shoulder and once he leapt all the way across the table landing on John Ward's head. John Ward was a famous baseball player and he and his charming actress wife took their dinners at Madame Monsanto's. Ward was the strong, silent type, good looking with bright eyes and the very whitest teeth I ever saw out of a minstrel show. He broke his silence when Jocko jumped on his head and leaning over tried to tap him on his teeth with his little kid-glove-like paw. There was nothing French about John Ward's language, just plain unvarnished American.

"Jocko was paying you a compliment, Monsieur Ward," explained Mlle. Monsanto. "My monkey likes to pat shiny white things. He thinks your teeth are so beautiful."
"Thanks," mumbled the noted baseball player, his upper lip drawn down tight over his teeth. "I'll never grin again."

In my long life, in which the advertisers say one-third is spent in bed, it has been my lot to sleep in many an uncomfortable bed: some made of corn shucks with several corn cobs thrown in for good measure; some too short; some sagging like hammocks; some creaking and complaining at every turn, some mounding up the middle, some slanting towards the foot and some towards the head. But I can truthfully declare that the folding bed at Madame Monsanto's where Lizzie and I tried to sleep was the poorest excuse for a bed it has ever been my lot to crawl in. It had all the bad qualities of all the bad beds. It both sagged in the middle and mounded up in the middle, according to which side of the mattress was uppermost. It was stuffed with both corn cobs and door knobs and creaked and groaned like a soul in torment. It was a mantel piece by day and a bed by night, so difficult to unfold that we had to call in other third floor roomers to help manipulate it. Two must hold on to the head and two bear down on the foot while the bearings rattled and slid out and then a welcome click gave us to understand the deed was done.

I am afraid Madame Monsanto was as glad to get rid of us as we were to leave her bumpy, billowy bed and the pet monkey. She complained bitterly of our taking so many baths, complained in English and French and even in Spanish. Young ladies bien elevee should not have to wash their persons every day. However, her restrictions in the way of ablutions were not what decided us to leave the Maison Monsanto and plunge into light housekeeping. The Art Student's League was at that time on East 23rd Street and it
was a long walk from West 53rd. Car fare was not included in our budget and the board with Madame was far from cheap. Miss Hampton sent an old friend of hers to call on us. Mr. Theodore Stewart of Kentucky; and when we told him of our predicament he advised us to take the small apartment under the one occupied by him and his brother Dave at 216 East 10th Street and try keeping house. We bought a few sticks of bargain furniture and moved in.

We looked upon Mr. Stewart as such an old gentleman that he was tottering to his grave. He was old enough to be our father, in fact old enough to be the father of Dave, he being the oldest of a large family and Dave the youngest. I laugh now when I think of how unsophisticated Lizzie and I were. Mr. Stewart must have been all of forty-seven at that time. Mother and Mrs. Chasem might have put their minds at rest in the matter of chaperonage for us had they felt any concern, because Mr. Theodore Stewart was a dragon or propriety. He checked our comings and goings and if our callers called too long he would beat on the floor of his apartment and then call down the air shaft:

"Lizzie and Emma, it's getting very late."

At that time Dave, D. T. we called him, was the wage earner of the menage and Brother Theodore kept house for him, doing the cleaning, marketing and cooking. In this day and generation we often find men doing so-called woman's work, but fifty-three years ago it was unusual to say the least. However, Mr. Stewart did his job with unruffled dignity, kept a clean flat and endeavored mightily to serve to his young brother home cooking, the kind of pies his mother used to make, although I doubt very much that the poor lady ever made a pie since she had been engaged in the business of having babies for
more than twenty-five years.

I remember once I heard a pitiful wail coming down the air-shaft.

"Emma, Oh Emma, please answer me. I'm in trouble."

"What is it? I do hope you haven't burnt your hand or your pie
or anything."

"No, not that kind of trouble. You see, D. T. has expressed
a wish for some corn bread and I cannot find any water ground meal
in New York. Nothing but that yellow Yankee meal and I can't make
it stick together."

"You have to put some flour in that kind of meal," I called
back.

"Flour in your corn bread? Nonsense — next thing you'll be
telling me to put sugar in it."

"The Yankees do, both flour and sugar. If you really want to
make your meal stick together you might try a little hog hair. It
works in plaster —" But the irate Theodore slammed down the window
of the air shaft and confessed later that he sneaked a little flour
to his batter.

"But no sugar — no sugar!"

What funny little flats were those at 216 East 10th! Three
rooms but no bath, a toilet, but we must pump by hand to fill the
tank in the toilet. However, there were stationary wash tubs in
the kitchen and Lizzie and I were spry enough to climb up into
the tubs and baths. Surely we were being elevated then. We warmed
ourselves with a small gas heater or if we were very energetic and
the weather very cold we would build a fire in a coal range in the
kitchen, but we usually cooked on a two burner gas stove. I cannot
remember that we suffered with the cold. We would arrive in our tiny flat in a glow after walking from 23rd Street and climbing the four flights of stairs.

We had rafts of company; students of both sexes, with whom we had made friends at the League, were constantly dropping in. We had more guests than we had chairs and the late comers would have to sit on the floor. Sometimes we stirred up some self-rising buckwheat cakes for a favored few; and when Mr. Stewart would smell cakes a baking he would sniff diddlyfally; but D. T. would often join us, bringing us a welcome pat of butter to help out the feast. All of us must have been blessed with ostrich digestions to be able to consume piles of buckwheat cakes swimming in butter at all hours of the night, but here I have lived to tell the tale.

Our life in New York was not given up to eating and sleeping and carousing on buckwheat cakes. Far from it! We worked with a will, being determined to get our money's worth, although at times we wondered why we should expend so much labor on plaster cases; but there the masters placed us and there we had to stay. In the morning we worked in Carroll Beckwith's\(^3\) class and in the afternoon Kenyon Cox's\(^4\). I soon found out it was best to keep two drawings going because Beckwith saw the model thin and Cox saw it fat. Much was my delight when Cox advanced to me to Wm. Chase's\(^1\) life class and I was done with plaster cases until I had to begin to teach others to draw from the despised objects.

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\(^3\) James Carroll Beckwith (1852-1917), Painter born in Hannibal, Missouri, pupil of E'cole des Beaux Arts in Paris; famous works include "Judith" and the "Falconer".

\(^4\) Kenyon Cox (1857-1919), American painter and writer on art; Portrait of St. Gaudens in Metropolitan Museum of Art; Murals in Library of Congress, etc. Prose works The Fine Arts (1911) Concerning Printing (1917)
Beckwith was a dainty, dandified man. He might have passed for a French man with his spats and lemon colored gloves and moustache and goatee; but he was quite American in spite of his appearance and certain mannerisms and had the interests of the students at heart, I am sure. I shall never forget his expression when one of the students, tired of waiting for the master to leave the studio, produced his eighteen inch sandwich and began to devour it. That sandwich! There never was such a sandwich. It was cut lengthwise of the loaf and contained a regular course dinner. It started out with smoked herring, progressed to sliced hard-boiled egg, then to ham and potato salad and slaw, fried apples, blackberry jam and topped off with limberger cheese.

"My God! exclaimed Beckwith, collecting his gloves and cane with one hand and holding his nose with the other as he beat a hasty retreat.

"I wish he had said "Mon Dieu"," wailed a sweet little student from the Deep South, who worshipped the master from afar. "It would have sounded so much more refined."

An interesting thing occurred at this juncture in the writing of this biography: I was in the midst of this chapter about the happenings at the Art Student's League when I received a letter from Elizabeth Chase Bacon (always just Lizzie to me). She seldom writes, but when she does it fills my soul with joy. And now I am going to take the liberty to incorporate a bit of her letter into these memoirs:
"Do you remember an animal at the League, one Batty, and his incredible sandwich? Two thick slices from the middle of a big, round loaf; at one end a fried egg and fried bacon; then some ambiguous fried meat and onions; and at the other extremity fried apples. Through this he plodded industriously, solemnly; and you told him tales of wild life in Kentucky. One of your mother's giving the seven children mint juleps to accustom them to the strengthener early; one that she took all of you to hangings on Fridays to show you what might happen to you if you didn't brush your teeth and say your prayers and answer "Yes ma'am" and 'No sir'. Of course there weren't always hangings on Fridays, but there were right often. There were a lot of mean, trifling white men and the darkies were always up to tricks. It was a rather a bore, but your mother felt it a duty. Batty protested feebly against this view of maternal obligation, but was daunted by your towering height and the fierce Viking-blue eyes under a frowning brow and yellow locks."

Isn't it wonderful for Elizabeth Chase Bacon to remember my foolishness after more than fifty years? We differ slightly as to what was in the Gargantuan sandwich, but it may that Batty varied his menus at times. My tale about happenings in Kentucky was because of the scarcely veiled contempt some of the New York students had for us merely because we were not New Yorkers. They felt that we could have no experiences worthy of the name so I up and told them what's what.

And so our winter in New York went racing by. We worked hard but not hard enough to make dull Jacks of us, as much play somehow
crept into our labors. We made many friends among the students and were sought by many acquaintances from Louisville. We even had some "house guests" in that tiny little flat on 10th Street: Mother and Jean Wright came to visit us. Mother was not very well and the doctor had suggested a trip for frazzled nerves; and Jean came, because when anyone took a trip, Jean always wanted to take one too. No doubt Mother's nerves were stretched because of my being so unchaperoned in such a wicked city and the Jeremias of interfering friends predicting the terrible things that were sure to happen to two foolish girls. But never a word from Mother in regard to the reason for her visit; and it dawned on me many, many years afterwards when my own daughters wanted to get out and do things and I felt inclined to look into their activities, I only hope I was as wise as my mother and kept my anxieties to myself. Why shouldn't my daughters have inherited enough sense to come in out of the rain as well as my mother's daughter?

When the good doctor suggested a trip for Mother he had also recommended a tonic, and beer was declared to be as good a tonic as any he could prescribe; so beer it was to be for the evening meal. When we came home from the art school I would take a pitcher and hie me to the "family entrance" of a nearby saloon and rush the growler. I explained to our guests that since we were living in a workman's neighborhood it was a perfectly respectable thing to use this "family entrance", joining the bucket brigade along with wives and daughters of our neighbors.
One day I was late coming home owing to a students' meeting and dinner marketing to be done on the way. As I turned from Second Avenue into Tenth Street I beheld my Mother looking as beautiful as always, but a bit more of the grande dame in her carriage. She wore her long sealskin coat, a leftover of more prosperous days, and her crepe bonnet with the widow's ruche, a vastly becoming head gear. In her hands was the growler filled to the brim with foaming beer. Following her was a crowd of curious persons: men, women and children. They kept at a respectful distance from the lady in the long sealskin coat and the bonnet and veil, carrying a pitcher of beer; but they laughed and murmured and questioned one another as to what it meant. A crowd can collect in New York at a moment's notice and this fine lady was worthy of a procession.

Helpless with laughter I took the growler from her trembling hands as we entered 216. She said not a word but exhaled her breath for the many flights of stairs, but when we finally reached our flat she began:

"Emma Speed, this is outrageous! You must never, never do such a thing again. I can dispense with beer in spite of the doctor's prescribing it. I'll gladly go back to his nasty, old brown tonic. Anything rather than have my lady daughter submit to such an indignity as I have undergone."

"What happened?" asked Jean.

"I did what Emma does every evening: went in the "family entrance" for beer and after I got on the sidewalk I attracted a rabble and was followed to our entrance. Emma was late coming home and I wanted to help her."
"Of course you did, Mother. But you were too conspicuous for this neighborhood, what with your sealskin coat and bonnet and veil."

"I could hardly go on the street without my bonnet and veil and my sealskin coat is appropriate for this weather."

"When you are in Rome you must not only do as the Romans but dress as the Romans, Mother. I fancy you did not notice when I rush the growler I take off my hat and coat and tie a gingham apron around my waist."

"Emma, Emma, you are so like my father. That is exactly what Pa would have done!"

I couldn't fancy Grandpa Ewing in a gingham apron rushing the growler, but I was proud that his daughter thought I was like him in any way. Of course she meant I was resourceful. I continued to rush the growler for the duration of the visit. It was fun to have the house guests, but it was also fun to get back in your own bed when they departed. Lizzie and I had been taking turns about sleeping in a borrowed canvas cot and a hammock stretched diagonally across our living room. Both sagged, the hammock lengthwise and the cot crosswise; but even so they were more comfortable, or perhaps I should say less uncomfortable, than Madame Konsanto's folding bed.

For the first time in our lives Lizzie and I saw pictures, real pictures where before we had got what education we could from reproductions. Miss Bartlett had done what she could to inject some culture and appreciation of art into her classes with lectures on the old masters illustrated by the many photographs she had collected on her trips abroad. There had been
an occasional exhibition of pictures in Louisville, but nothing of real note had at the time found its way to our home town. If it had we had not seen it. This was in 1888. Since then Louisville had become somewhat of an art center, thanks to the many art lovers in that city and especially to the Speed Memorial Museum, which houses a permanent exhibit of value and where exhibitions of note are constantly being held.

We made weekly trips to the Metropolitan Museum and got to know the pictures so well we might have found our favorites in the dark. We went to all of the exhibitions given by picture dealers and with other students took in the various art auctions. The students were not welcome at these auctions because when a picture they considered inferior was put up for sale they had a habit of groaning, which so discouraged the bidders that the lot would be withdrawn. Persons who could hold forth so knowingly about composition, perspective, values, middle-distance and brush work surely must be real critics. One auctioneer sent word to an instructor at the Art Student's League that if the students must come to auctions they must keep all criticism to themselves unless it happened to be favorable. Then and only then could they express an opinion.

One exhibition we attended assiduously was that given by Veretsovshagen, the Russian painter. Not only were we interested in his broad manner of painting, but tea was served every afternoon.

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5 Vasili Veretsovshagen (1842-1904), Russian artist, famous for his realistic war pictures. Served in the Russo-Turkish and Russo-Japanese Wars and was killed in action.
by girls in Russian costumes assisted by a bearded giant who looked as though he might have stepped out of *Fire and Sword*. The same over-refined girl from the Deep South who deplored the master's saying "My God!" instead of "Mon Dieu" approached this bearded giant and said timidly:

"Do you make the tea in a samovar?"

"No marm!" he said with as pronounced an Irish brogue as could be found in Cork, "Tay pot!"

One afternoon at tea time Veretschagen and George de Forest Brush engaged in a hot argument on the subject of whether it was necessary to go away from home to learn how to paint. Brush was all for students going to Paris to sit at the feet of the modern masters and imbibe culture in art. The Russian was violent in his denunciation of what he called imitative art.

"America is a great country—Americans are a great people. Why ape the French or any degenerate nation? Great artists will be born in this great country and will paint what they see and feel in their own original way without the veneer of Parisian school."

"That may be so" Lizzie whispered to me, "but I'm going to Paris."

"So am I!"

And so we did.

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6 *Fire and Sword* — Probably a reference to *Fire and Sword in the Sudan*, a personal narrative of fighting and serving in the dervishes. (1879–1895) by Rudolf Carl Slatin.

7 George de Forest Brush (1855–1941), American figure and portrait painter.
CHAPTER 17
PARIS

Back to Kentucky after selling our furniture to Reginald Gazley, a fellow Kentuckian, at cost price. Our argument was that he had used our belongings almost as much as we had, as he was a constant and persistent caller and had done much to convert our rather rickety second-hand chairs into what we termed Goldilocks. If the bottoms were out he had helped to sit them out after eating ravenously of our buckwheats. He took the whole lot and set up housekeeping in our funny little flat. We turned everything to him: nicked cups, cracked skillet and even your money pig. I, being a powerful breaker, had managed to crack the iron skillet.

Our money pig was not a pig at all but a green ginger jar. Lizzie and I, early in our partnership, had hit on this money pig plan: Constant talk about money, who had paid for the bread, which one of us had brought home the bacon or had not contributed to the rent fund bored and confused us so we found it less tiresome to have all financial dealing left to the money pig. Every week we put a certain amount in the pig and if any borrowing was done we borrowed from his majesty, putting a signed I. O. P.: I owe the pig, in as proof. On the other hand, if the pig got in the red, a P. O. M. was dropped in the jar: Pig owes me. It worked amazingly well through the years that Lizzie and I did co-operative housekeeping. We fed the pig regularly and

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No title for this chapter in ms. A.
if he got hungry in between times one of us would dish up a
P. O. H. Never during our three years of being together did we
worry each other over nickels and dimes and who paid for what.
We let the pig do the worrying.

From the beginning of our student days Lizzie and I were
economical. We had very little money to spend and we realized
the less we spent the longer we could make those student days
last. Lizzie had some life insurance left her by her father, not
much but enough to keep her going for a while; and Mother, having
sub-divided a corner of Chatsworth into town lots, gave me one
of those lots which I mortgaged for enough to give me the winter
in New York and afterwards sold for my Paris venture. Two thousand
dollars in all. I fancy few young persons in this day could manage
to do what we did on as little money. Traveling expenses, clothes,
rent, food and tuition all were included. The clothes problem was
easily solved. We just did without.

I realize now that I have never given enough thought to my
appearance. I like to be clean and comfortable and I have a leaning
towards blue. My inner man has always meant more to me than my
outer woman. For that reason it was possible for me to write
a very good cook book and for many years to publish a daily
receipt in Negro dialect in a local paper, but I have never been
able to tell the world what the well-dressed woman was wearing,
if anything.

We arrived in Paris at the tail end of the Exposition of 1889.
The electric fountain, the wonder of the world in '89, was
playing to the delight and amazement of all. The dreamers were
at work on what electricity was to do, but cities were still
lighted with gas; and many homes in Paris were dependent on lamps and candles. The many colored electric fountain thrilled us, but the retrospective exposition of pictures meant more to Lizzie and me than any gaudy, modern invention. One wall covered with paintings by Bastien-Lepage in still clear out in my memory, especially that charming portrait of Sarah Bernhardt holding in her hand a tiny Tanagra figure, all so exquisite in drawing. Often after all these years that picture will "flash upon that inward eye, which is the bliss of solitude"; and again I am a girl of twenty wandering through the galleries of Paris with Lizzie Chase and maybe new friends, but oftentimes old acquaintances from the United States who looked up up no matter how small the pretense of one time intimacy; and then we must walk our legs off showing them the sights of Paris.

Of course it was fun to see people from home, people who spoke our lingo; but it was often an unwelcome interruption to our work. We hit upon a form of entertainment that so exhausted them it left us free for the day at least: At dawn we would rouse them and take them to see that wonderful market, les Halles; see the merchants arranging their wares; see the market gardeners lumbering into town in carts drawn by oxen, mules or donkeys; see the fishmongers placing the catch on zinc counters all in wonderful order, sometimes making patterns of intricate design, the scales gleaming like silver and gold, ruby, topaz and amethyst in the glory of the rising sun. One man delighted us with his exhibit of white bait, those tiny fish no bigger than minnows. He had swirled them in a huge flat dish, head overlapping tail, until the whole made a perfect pearl button.

2 Jules Bastien-Lepage (1848–1884), French painter of figures in the open air.
The very first sale would destroy his design, but that made no difference to him. He was an artist who delighted in creating. Fish was his medium and making a pearl button two feet in diameter no doubt gave him as much pleasure as Michael Angelo got in creating his "Moses" from that huge piece of marble, or carving his exquisite "Captive".

Through us those tourists saw a bit of Paris they never would have seen if left to the guidance of their cicerones. They might have seen the market, but never at sunrise. By the time they got there the beautiful display of vegetables and fruits would have been picked over, the vendors would have bought up the best of the flowers and even the meat market would not have left such a display of hanging carcasses. On girl, a rather spoiled, rich piece and somewhat affected, said it was the first time in her life she had ever been in any market and seen a raw cow.

We would finish our morning's entertainment by buying a small hamper of strawberries, or other berries in season; a bottle of clotted cream; a pat of sweet butter and a great bag of freshly baked croissants and take the crowd to our humble quarters and give them a real feast; send them back to the hotel nourished and yawning and hasten over to the art school in time to grab good seats and place our easels for the day's work.

We studied at Julien's that first winter in Paris under Jules Lefebvre and Benjamin Constant. Very little instruction did we get from those masters, but the tradition of the studio was work.

Jules Joseph Lefebvre (1836-1912), French figure painter and popular teacher.
and when all is said and done it is hard work that gets you where you mean to go in art as in everything else. Julien had two academies in Paris, one for women and one for men. Since the models posed nude is was convenable not to mix the sexes, although one got so accustomed to the nude it would not have been at all embarrassing had ones bent beau walked in while we were at work. The women posed entirely nude, but the male models wore breech clouts about as modest as the modern bathing suit.

The models were an unfailing jsouroe of amusement to me. The men rather sullen and grouchy because I was told that modelling was one profession in which a woman got better wages than a man. Enough to make a big ha man cross! I remember one hairy monster who posed several times for us during that season at Julien's. I remember him especially because he had six toes on one foot and the girl who noticed that and carefully drew the six toes was highly praised by the instructor, if she happened to be a new student who had not been told of the idiosyncracy of that hairy monster. Once when he was posing a French girl complained loudly that he did not hold still long enough for her to get in the shadows on his torso. The man laid a huge hand on his ribs and cried out:

"My God, mademoiselle, just because a man is a model is he not allowed to breathe?"

The female models were sometimes shy and sometimes quite brazen, but one and all were sad and listless on Monday morning as though they had been indulging in big weekends. Not a breath of air must be allowed in the studio or the model would shiver and shake. The French students objected to a courant of air, and so the American
and British students must gasp and suffer. A huge, big bellied stove heated the atelier and the redder hot it got the better the natives liked it. On the foot rest around this stove Karie, the janitress, kept a supply of bricks heating for occasions. When a student had cramps she would call loudly to Karie for a brick. It would be wrapped in her apron and then the girl would sit and work with a hot brick on her tummy.

I remember a beautiful Italian girl who posed for us at Julien's. Her coloring was so lovely that some of the students decided to paint only her head with the hope that by some chance they might get a picture in the Salon⁴. She was a sullen beauty oblivious to the compliments she received on her exquisite complexion and lovely features. On the last day of the pose some of the girls had been so successful with their portraits that they decided it would be a good finishing touch if they could paint in a bit of drapery, a scarf or basque, anything to suggest that the model was not nude. The obliging Karie dug in a chest of costumes and pulled out a velvet basque. It was much too small for the model, not meeting in front by a good six inches, but the neckline was good and that was all they wanted. There never was a more ridiculous sight than that model perched on a stool with not a stitch of clothes on but a shabby velvet basque. A shout of laughter rocked the entire studio. The girl was furious. She could accept praise for her coloring and beauty of features without a flicker of her long lashes, but she could not take ridicule. She burst into a storm of weeping. Such

⁴Salon - a public showing of art work by living artists.
tears were never seen, except maybe when Alice in Wonderland and
the mouse went swimming in that sea of tears. She cried and cried
until her naked stomach was wet; as the huge tears rolled down her
cheeks, splashed on her bosom and sought a level down her quivering
torso. Such was her training, however, that she did not change her
pose until the time was up.

One of the students was fortunate enough to have her portrait
of this model accepted by the hanging committee of the Salon. When
we saw it on Varnishing Day we were again overcome with laughter and
I looked on the floor of the Salon rather expecting to find there a
puddle of tears.

There was a middle-aged woman at Julian’s who had taught art in
a small town in Kentucky, had saved some money and borrowed some
more and had come to Paris to top off her education. She had never
drawn from life, not even from the object. She had been taught to
copy pictures and in turn had taught others to copy. Think of the
poor woman turned loose in a studio in a strange land, ignorant of
the language, ignorant of the way to go to work on what was known as
an academic drawing and intensely embarrassed over the nude model,
which she spoke of quite bluntly as a naked man. In studio parlance
an academic drawing was done on the regulation size charcoal paper,
and the top of the model’s head must come to the water-mark at the
top of the paper and his big toe must come to the water-mark at the
bottom of the paper. Before beginning your drawing you folded the
paper and made a tiny crease in the middle. The middle of the paper
and the middle of the model were supposed to go. Then with a pencil,
arm extended and one eye shut, you measured the head and ascertained
how many heads high he was. Then with a plumb line you got him posed somehow on your paper. Fancy that middle-aged woman trying to draw from the nude when she had never in her life even drawn a teacup from life. Somebody showed her how to find the middle of her paper and explained about where the top of the head must go and where the big toe, how to use the plumb line and how to find how many heads to a man. After that she must sink or swim in that sea of art. She sank. If she could have had a profile view of the model no doubt she could have done better, but it so happened she had a three quarter view of his head and a side view of the rest of him. That poor woman got the top of the head on the uppermost water mark and had him toe the mark on the lower; she made him seven heads high, according to measurement, and got his middle in the middle. It was a strange emaciated drawing of a robust muscular Italian; but it seems this lady, being very fat, had a fancy for thin men, so after all she was expressing herself in quite the modern manner of some artists of this day. But the head! Oh, that head! Granted a three quarter face is difficult to draw, at least I have always found it so; but this student put both eyes on one side of the face, made the nose in profile and the mouth full face; but, mirabile dictu, she had caught a likeness. That woman had the God-given gift of caricature, but didn't know it.

This worthy soul had one great ambition: Above everything in the world she wanted to have a picture in the Salon so she could write home about it.

"If I could copy someone else's picture I could do it," she wailed. But they won't accept copies."
So she had a talk with Julien and it must have been a good sales talk and he, being an oily Gascon who had an eye for the main chance with the making of money ever in his mind, was made to see reason. She told him in her mixture of French and American that she was spending money at his school and had a large following of pupils in her state and intended to recommend his classes to many persons at home, provided he would see to it that a painting of hers was accepted in the Salon. Otherwise, she would not only go to Carlo Rossi's herself, but she would tell her many friends that if they wanted to get ahead in the study of Art not to go to Julien's.

Konsieur Julien did considerable hemming and hawing. He was not an artist himself, but had a wide acquaintance among artists and it was a well-known fact that he had pull at the Salon. He had not run these ateliers for so many years without being aware of what was good drawing and what was hopeless. The work of this woman seemed hopeless, but the clientele of the school must be kept up and the more foreigners he got the more money he raked in.

"Bien, madame," he said. "You paint a very small picture from still-life, a very, very small picture that will take up almost no space, a picture no bigger than a book. Frame it in a handsome deep gilt frame and I'll see what can be done about it. Now mind you very small!"

"What should I paint?"

"Ah!" with a shrug of his broad, muscular shoulders, "I think a homely potato with a paring knife beside it would be good, very good."

On Varnishing Day there was her picture, quite small hung high between some big paintings with other small canvasses below and
above it. It was a potato all right. That was one time when she could put two eyes on the same side without going wrong. Now she could write home of her success.
For several months, during that first year in Paris, we lived in a pension to be with our good friends Mrs. Bacon and her daughter Fanny, mother and sister of Charles Roswell Bacon, who afterwards married Lizzie Chase, a charming, interesting brother and sister with a lovely old mother. Old! How foolish that sounds to me now! I am sure Mrs. Bacon was not sixty years old that winter in Paris, but she seemed to us like a very old person. Now a woman under sixty is a mere infant in my eyes. I think Mrs. Bacon looked upon herself as being old, but back in the early nineties women took their age very seriously. They would not have flown in the face of the Psalmist for fear of eternal damnation. When three score years and ten were approaching they prepared for the end, pious and resigned.

It was rather fun living in a pension for a while, an easy life, although Lizzie and I had such a tiny room there was only space enough for a bed and to get in it. It was a wedge shaped room up many flights with a grate in the little end so small that it held only a handful of coals. However, as a rule we spent our evenings in the Bacon's room where a bright fire was kept up day and night for fear of Mrs. Bacon's bronchitis, which she did not have; but Fanny was always afraid she might have. Our room had an enormous window, but we were cautioned by Madame, who ran the pension,
never to open it at night. French people had an idea that night air was bad for your eyes; but that big window was loose on its hinges and rattled so incessantly that I am sure we got enough air without opening it, so much in fact, that I, who slept next the window, had to buy some night caps from an old peasant who had a stall on the curb; and all winter I slept in a night cap.

We were sorry when Mrs. Bacon and Fanny must go back home but comforted ourselves with the thought of leaving the dependence of a pension and once more having the independence of light housekeeping. Our few months with the Bacons established a life long friendship. I have never known man or woman for whom I have greater admiration than for Fanny Bacon, afterwards Mrs. James Colt. She was honest, intelligent, unselfish, with a keen sense of humor and, besides, lovely to behold. She was such an excellent business woman and had supported family for years running an inn at Ridgefield, Connecticut, in the summer and a boarding house in Florida during the winter months, thereby warding off the dread bronchitic from her mother.

We made many friends during our student years, friends of both sexes from many countries; but always the Americans appealed to us most. Our very best friend was Alice Beckington. We had known her in New York at the Art Student's League and were overjoyed to renew our acquaintance in Paris, where she was living with her mother and father and diligently pursuing their studies. What a grandgirl was Alice! She was handsome, attractive, warm-hearted, always courteous and considerate and possessing real talent and added it to a capacity for hard work. Her minature of her mother, a truly exquisite thing,
is now in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. Alice and I drifted
far apart geographically, as she lives on the Pacific Coast and I
in Tidewater, Virginia; but she is my dear friend of long ago and
should I never see her again for even home from her, she is always
my friend, tried and true.

Mrs. Beckington was always kind and hospitable to me. I think
she realized that no matter how much fun I was having or how hard
I was working I was ever a little homesick, and asking me to their
apartments for a meal gave me the bit of home that I needed to carry
on. She would send me word by Alice that she was having my favorite
dessert and I must come and get it. My favorite was a baked caramel
custard, an up-side-down custard with a most luscious caramel coating.
It is still my favorite; but I have never tasted it as good as
Mrs. Beckington's, as smooth as wave-lapped rocks with a caramel
flavor beyond compare. But here I am sounding just like a radio
announcer, but I am sure no commercial product could ever equal
that up-side-down caramel custard that Alice's mother used to
make especially for me. I wish I had some now and did not have to
satisfy myself with the mere memory of that wonderful dessert.

I had a first cousin, George Anderson, who was supposed to be
studying comparative philology in Berlin, but his studies were not so
arduous that he could not make frequent trips to Paris. Work was
never a serious matter with George, his work or anybody's work;
so he proved a great interrupter of mine, insisting that I should
be at his beck and call for various amusements. He could not lure me
away from the studio during workinghours, but many trips to the
theatre kept me up too late at night and my work would have been
bound to suffer if he made his stays in Paris too long, but being a
restless man with no decided object in life he would travel back to Berlin 'in the nick of time before it became necessary to refuse his many invitations. However, George Anderson's generosity enabled me to see many plays and many distinguished actors that my slip pocketbook would have denied me. No doubt I got much more culture from seeing the divine Sarah Bernhardt, Konst Sully, both Coquelines and many others than I would have got making an academic drawing of a sullem nude model; but I was in Paris to study art and study art I must.

Another cousin who came to Paris from Berlin while we were there was Jim Bullitt, Dr. James A. Bullitt, a distant cousin but a very close friend. Jim was a student and a hard worker and he respected the work and ambition of those and never tried to persuade us to play hockey. However, we had several delightful jaunts with him while he was in Paris. He had a hard time with the language, having specialized in German and neglected French. He asked us how to give an order for a breakfast with boiled eggs, coffee and rolls not being enough for such a vigorous, healthy young American. We had already introduced him to an inexpensive little restaurant on the Rue Erea run by the Morels, husband and wife. Now Jim was one of these benighted men who liked his eggs boiled for four minutes. With solicitous concern Madame Morel hovered over the handsome young Kentuckian while he haltingly besought her to cook his two eggs four minutes, bring him coffee and rolls and butter. In an incredibly short time Madame...

2Benoit Constant Coquelin (1841-1909), French actor and actor-manager considered the more famous of the two Coquelines; mainly remembered as having created the role of Cyrano in Edmond Rostand's Cyrano de Bergerac.
bustled back bringing Jim four eggs, hardly hot since they had been in the water only two minutes, coffee and a roll so tiny it hid behind the huge cup of coffee. With a pained countenance he demanded bread, hoping while his accent was bad his pantomime would explain his predicament. Evidently it was a favorite joke of the Americans who frequented the Maison Morel, a stomach ache in English being the same as bread in French.

"Ah, oui, oui!" she cried delighted that she had grasped the evident humor of the tres joli young man. "Pain! Pain!"

With that she grabbed her offspring, who was having a delightful time riding horsey on two yards of that good crusty French bread, yanked his mount from under him and placing the long loaf on her capacious bosom, cut off a foot of nourishment and handed it to Jim who perforce must eat it because, like little Black Sambo, he was so hungry, although he was well aware of the fact that only neither integuments worn by the youthful horseman were provided by nature. Little Frenchies seldom wore drawers.

After that when Jim must eat alone without proficiency in menus to guide him he sought those places where English was spoken. One place delighted him especially. In large gilt letters on the door was the following sign: ENGLISH SPOKEN.

PLUM PUDDING AND ENGLISH PAINS.

Among all the many persons we knew I liked best some architects studying at the Beaux Arts. They were fresh from Boston, but fresh in no other way. They were one and all delightful young men, intelligent, well mannered, ambitious, but perhaps over-
steeped in Back Bay traditions. The reason I liked these young men so much no doubt was because they seemed to find me so amusing. It was not so much what I said as the way I said it. They could not decide whether my lingo was that of Huckleberry Finn or Nigger Jim, but whatever it was they found me vastly funny. Taking a country walk with one of them I got tired and seating myself on a mossy bank announced: "This is all the further I'm gonter go."

"What did you say?" asked the amazed young man, graduate of Harvard, Boston Tech and student of Beaux Arts.

"You heard me -- this is all the further I'm gonter go. I'm tired."

Now a pupil of the cultured Miss Spurling and a graduate of Miss Hampton's select school would never have written all the further I'm gonter go, but talking and writing are two entirely different things. At any rate the young Bostonian, helpless with laughter, sank on the mossy bank by my side and whipped out his notebook. The wretch was keeping a list of the colloquialisms of the young woman from Kentucky.

Among the interesting acquaintances we formed in France were the Hales, Edward, Philip and Bert, sons of Dr. Edward Everett Hale. Philip was an artist, Bert an architect and Edward just traveling and stopping over in Paris to see his brothers and the sights. Through these young men we were introduced to their aunt, Miss Susan Hale. What a delightful person was Susan! She was then a woman well up in her sixties but more youthful in her vigor and outlook than many a girl of sixteen.

4Dr. Edward Everett Hale-(1822-1909)--American Unitarian clergyman and
She was Susan to everybody and the idol of the nephews and all young persons who knew her. She was much traveled, knew everybody of importance but thought little of their importance unless they were interesting themselves, a most democratic person bubbling over with tales of her adventures, and abroad, a witty story teller with as keen a sense of humor as I have ever known. Susan and I took to each other from the moment we met. In the midst of the first tea drinking with our Boston friends she said:

"Look here, Emma Speed, when you come back to the United States you must come visit me at Matunuck. How about it, boys?"
to the nephews.

"Fine!" they cried and I said the same.

I was to learn that an invitation from a New Englander was a real invitation. When one of them said: "Come see me sometime" he or she did not mean any old time; but the invitation was given in all sincerity and followed up setting a date for the visit, a date and the expected duration of the visit. The much vaunted hospitality of the South was and is often rather haphazard. The vague: "Come see us" and the equally vague: "I sho will" does not mean as much as the Bostonian's: "We are expecting you to visit us for the week beginning the seventh of August", and the answer: "Will arrive at noon on the seventh." There was no chance of wearing out your welcome. The story of the Virginia girl, who went on a visit and whose family had to sell the cow to raise funds for the trip and who had to stay long enough for the calf to get big enough for her to go home on, could never be told a New England visitor.
As soon as I got back home Miss Susan Hale furthered up her invitation, given while we were drinking tea in Paris; and every summer until I married I was asked to Matunuck to visit the Hales. If I wasn't in Paris studying art I'd plunge immediately into a description of these delightful visits to that delightful woman, but after all that is another story.

Lizzie and I spent a glorious summer at Giverny, a village near Vernon on the Seine where Claude Monet painted many of his pictures. His famous "Fourteen Haystacks"; those fourteen pictures of the same haystacks painted at different times of the day and under different weather conditions, were done at Giverny. His home was there where he lived very quietly with his wife and stepdaughters, the Octets' girls. He paid no attention to the many students who lived at the inn kept by Monsieur and Madame Baudy, but he and his art had a strong influence on the struggling artists painting in and around the village. If you belonged to the old school of Ruskin and Philip Gilbert Hamilton and saw all shadows in nature of a brownish hue and scorned painting them purplish, according to the new light on old scenes, then you were a hopeless reactionary. We belonged to the Monetites and sat at that end of the long inn table, and sometimes the discussion was hot and furious but always good-natured. Both schools took much ragging.

5 Claude Monet (1840-1926) — French landscape painter and one of the leading figures of impressionism. *Un Dejeuner sur l'Herbe*, *Gare Saint Lazare* and *Camille* are among his best known canvasses.

6 The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.
"I saw you, Miss Speed, on the road to Vernon this morning and your red head was casting a purple shadow, but you didn't notice me."

"I saw you too, but you were in such a brown study I didn't like to disturb you." And so the merry war went on.

Here let me say that painters are the most amusing and agreeable companions to be found anywhere. You find no jealously, no backbiting but great generosity and kindliness and when a group is gathered together what grand talk is the outcome! Of course there are many agreeable persons engaged in the other arts, but among musicians there is often jealousy and temperament sometimes gets the better of them. It may be because they are in a measure dependent on one another and must perform in unison; so in conversation they let off steam in disagreement. Writers, no matter how much they enjoy talking for talk's sake, are sometimes afraid of giving out the best that is in their minds for fear some other writer might steal their thunder before they and get it in print. All is grist that comes to the mill of a writer, and he who grabs the spoken word and quickly uses it is not classed as a plagiarist.

At any rate very amusing talk was the rule at Maison Baudy at the table and afterwards in the picturesque arbor in the court where we gathered for coffee and sometimes played fly-loo with lumps of sugar. When fly-loo was played the talk must be quiet with no violent gesticulations. That highly intellectual game demanded concentration or the flies would be scared off. All the equipment you need for fly-loo is a lump of sugar. You place your lump on the table in front of you and your sou in the middle with the others and there you patiently sit and wait for a fly to choose your sugar.
The rule was that the fly must not hop, skip and jump on the lamp, not pirouette on one foot, but settle for an appreciable moment with all of his legs firmly planted. You'll never realize how many legs a fly has until you play the game. The joy of having your lump chosen and raking in the pile of sous is only comparable to the delight felt when playing that youthful parlor game: clap-in-and-clap-out, when you shyly joined in the chorus of maidens crying to the bashful youth whose turn it was to choose a girl:

"This is the best seat! This is the best seat!" and mirabile dictu, he sat down by you.

Lizzie was engaged to Charles Roswell Bacon and her time and attention were naturally taken up by her fiancé, but I was fancy free and in consequence had a wonderful time. I made many friends among the students, both male and female. On Sunday night I danced with the peasants in the ball room of the inn. It was a long, narrow room, upplastered and with unfinished rafters; but there was a tiny musician's gallery where two old fiddlers sawed away on their squeaky instruments. They seemed to know only two tunes but kept perfect time and played with such abandon that you couldn't keep your feet still. I danced their twirling waltze and taught Gaston Baudy, the son of the house, the American Polka. We performed to the applause of all the dancers who sat on the rough benches against the wall watching us until they caught the step. I am sure I had a better time at those peasant dances than I ever had at home. Being so tall I had always been a rather self-willed dancer, inclined to lead. In consequence I was never a belle at a ball because American men do not like to be yanked about by girls. Gaston Baudy and the young Frenchmen did not mind at
all being guided so I was eagerly sought on those Sunday nights of 
blessed memory.

Robert W. Chambers⁷ was among the amusing acquaintances at 
Giverny. He impressed me as being a very well informed young man, 
very dressy, rather lazy and the world’s worst painter. He was 
supposed to be an artist and at that time had only began to write; 
at least when he would not make his appearance until noon and we 
would accuse him of being a sleepyhead, he would declare he had 
been writing in his room. We did not believe him.

No doubt while we were scorning him for being so lazy the 
young man was engaged in writing The King in Yellow, that little 
book that is now recognized as a classic. When Chambers began to 
publish, his books came out with such a rush, one following so 
rapidly on the heels of the last, that I am sure he must have been 
writing steadily that summer in Giverny. Everybody called him 
Bobby and everybody teased him because of his stylish raiment. He 
took it good-naturedly. I fancy he had to wear good clothes because 
he had no others, just as most of the students at Maison Baudy 
wore shabby clothes because they had no others.

A young painter from California, Guy Rose, was also a stylish 
dresser. Guy and Bobby heard that in the beautiful little tumbling 
river that emptied into the Seine there was a large trout. Just one! 
No claim was made for more than one. So these young men donned 
the proper costumes for trout fishing, got out their fine tackle 
and began scientific casting. Day after day they sought that trout.

⁷Robert William Chambers (1865-1933) — Enormously prolific and popular 
American novelist. Some good work, such as The King in Yellow 
(1893) and Cardigan (1901), hidden under a mass of trash.
They both reported having seen him; but he was not tempted by their beautiful flies, although they tried many varieties. Not disheartened but still eager for the fray, armed cap-a-pie, they started out one afternoon. As they approached the lovely little river they smelled wood smoke and something else. Could it be fish? A band of Gypsies was camping on the bank of the river and with a bent pin and a worm an old woman had caught the one and only trout and in a battered and rusty skillet she was cooking it. What ignominy!

One rainy afternoon I had ensconced myself in a corner of the Baudy's deserted cafe determined to have a grand lonesome and lazy time with a book. But no! In came Bobby Chambers on a talking jag. He talked and talked and I gave but little attention to his jabber as I was in a thrilling part of my book. He picked up a little grey kitten and put in on my book. I pushed it off and turned appage.

"Come on, Kitty, it is easy to see that you and I are in the way. Would you mind, Miss Speed, if we sat over here in this far corner and wrote you a poem?"

"Not at all!"

He produced a tablet from his coat pocket and began to scribble violently, tearing off page after page, crumpling them up and throwing them on the floor.

"At last it is done, thank to Kitty's help!" He sighed. "May I read it to you?"

"Of course!"
"To Miss Speed of Kentucky! By the way, I think Speed is a grand name and if I ever get my novel under way I am going to use that name. Would you mind?"

"Not at all!"

"Here is my poem:

Miss Speed
Wants to read."

Years afterwards on reading one of Robert W. Chambers' novels where the scene was laid in France I was amused to find he had named the young American John Speed.
The following winter we did not continue to study at Julien's but decided to go to a school run by Charles Lazar. Julien's was overcrowded and overheated so that the air was at times so foul it was difficult to breathe. Lazar's was clean and well ventilated and there the pupils received real instruction. He was a born teacher and he really loved his profession. At Julien's the masters gave a hurried and rather bored criticism once a week, but Lazar was ever on the job from Monday morning until Saturday noon. He was an American who had lived in Paris so long that he looked like a Frenchman, spoke French like an native and English like a mid-westerner. He looked quite dapper when dressed for the street in a frock coat and silk hat. In the studio he wore a painter's blouse which reached his knees, evidently fashioned for a tall man and not for such a shortlegged person as Charles Lazar. He was affectionately known to the inhabitants of the Latin Quarter as Shorty Lazar. He was kindly and helpful in his criticisms but could be severe when viewing careless, sloppy work.

I shall never forget his appearance and manner when I went to enter as a pupil in his school. He was seated on a high stool in front of an easel giving a kind of impromptu lecture to the class on the subject of the model's bones.

1Originally untitled in ms. A.
2Charles Lazar — Popular Parisian painter of the 1890s.
"Remember no matter how plump a woman in she has a skeleton underneath the fat. Find her cheek-bones! Find her chin! Find her elbows! She's no rag baby!"

Shorty jumped from the high stool and came to greet the new pupils. I was amazed at his long coarse linen blouse. It was clean and white in front, but the back was covered with paint where he had evidently been wiping his brushes.

"But how can such a short armed man wipe his brush on his back?" I asked one of the older pupils after I had been given an easel and a stool.

"Oh he doesn't, watch him; he has begun to wipe it on the front now. You see he puts on a clean blouse every two weeks. The second week he puts it on behind-part-before. That's last week's paint you see on his back. This is Monday and by next Saturday the front will be like the back."

Shorty was full of wise and witty sayings on the subject of drawing and painting, art and artists. He would get off a clever and then glance around at the class and say:

"Did William Morris Hunt\(^3\) ever say anything better than that?"

Everybody would cry: "Never!" even the ones who had never heard of William Morris Hunt and knew nothing of his reputation as a teacher and his witty remarks while teaching.

Around the model stand Lazar had painted many different colored squares, ranging from the primary colors into many delicate shades and interspersed with dingy greys and thick browns and the

\(^3\)William Morris Hunt (1824-1879) - Born in Brattleboro, Vermont; attended Harvard and studied painting at Dusseldorf, Germany; in the U.S. (1855) Hunt produced his best works: The Bathers and Boy and Butterfly.
blackest of blacks. Hanging from the ceiling were many strings. Thermometers were hung in the four corners of the studio, and on a shelf not so high that the master could not reach it by standing on his toes was a quart bottle with crooked lettering on the label: For sick models. Shorty's models were constantly complaining just as they did at Julien's. It was cold, it was drafty, they didn't feel so well and must rest before time.

Then Shorty would consult his four thermometers and combat the complaints of cold. He would glance at the strings hanging from the ceiling and prove there was no draft. Then he would reach for the quart bottle and give it a good shake and approach the model with the medicine and a large iron spoon.

"This will cure you of your indisposition." We never did know what was in that bottle, but we noticed that after one dose the model never got sick again.

I got more pointers on teaching from Charles Lazar than from any person with whom it was my lot to study, with the exception perhaps of Arthur Dow¹ whose class I attended one summer at Ipswich, Massachusetts. Lazar not only taught me how to see color but how to teach others to see it. He would say to a pupil who was painting the head of the model:

"Do you see such a dull grey under the model's chin? You do — then I must get that girl to wash her neck. Now, young lady, of course I don't want to influence your style; but I do want you to see if you can see something besides dirty grey where I see

¹Arthur Dow (1857-1922) — Born in Ipswich, Massachusetts; studied art in Boston and Paris; Pupil of Boulanger and Lefebvre; Instructor of Composition at Art Student's League, New York, 1897-1903.
shell pink. Now look at that square of delicate pink along the edge of the platform. Look at it hard and then let your eye go up to the model's neck. Now look at the square again and then back to the model. Keep it up for a minute. Now how about it? Good! I hated to think you were color blind.

"I know that man's hair passed for black — but is it really black? Look at that square of black and then to the man's top—know. Is it just black and nothing else? Look at that square of blue next the black and then at the hair. Ah! You findplenty of blue in black hair." And so on.

Now I cannot stay in Paris forever but must be getting along. Here am I about twenty—two years old with at least fifty years of my life still to account for and to crowd into these pages somehow or other. I'd like to tell about a wonderful walking trip Alice Beckett and I took through the Forest of Fontainbleu after stopping at Gres. We went on to Barbizon where we met Francois Millet's son, a pleasant genial person who looked like his father but didn't paint like him. Every day we tucked up our long skirts. All skirts were long in those benighted times, and explored the country around. How many time we saw peasants who looked like Millet's gleaners, and once when the evening bells rang out at dusk we caught a man and woman standing with bowed heads as in the Angelus.

Lately I have been reading This Life I Have Loved by Isabel Field ("Belle Osborn," Stevenson's daughter) and her description of Gres and Barbizon brought to mind those happy days Alice and I spent there. The Osbornes were there some years before we were,
but I fancy it had not changed. Madame remembered Stevenson and

told us many anecdotes of him and the artist who were there at

the time. Our friend, Theodore Robinson of Giverny, told me of

a tale he told Stevenson and how he asked him to tell it to him

several times so that he could in turn pass it on to others. This

is the tale. I wish I could do it justice, but Robinson had a

way of speaking that mere writing cannot reproduce.

The captain on a whaling vessel was inclined to over indul-
gence in the matter of drinking and when he got a bit tipsy he

was both cross and sleepy. He would leave things in the hands of

Smith, the mate, with strict orders to report to him if a whale

was sighted. He was lying in a drunken slumber when the mate spied

a whale spouting a stream of water. He rushed down to the captain's

cabin and shook the sleeping man:

"Cap'n, there's a snorter and a blower! Must I lower?"

The captain was irritated at thus being so rudely awakened

and he grunted and muttered:

"It may be a snorter and it may be a blower, but I don't

see fittin' for to lower."

The mate went sadly up on deck and soon saw more whales on

the horizon. Again he rushed to the captain's cabin.

"More snorters and more blowers! Must I lower?"

"Lower and be damned to you!" yelled the captain and turned

over and went to sleep again.

The mate with a picked crew lowered the boat and after a

stubborn fight on the part of the snorter and blower they got him

safely harpooned and towed him back to the whaler. By this time
the captain had finished his nap and came on deck in the best of humor. It certainly was a whale of a whale that his men had caught. Much the largest of the expedition and more snorters and blowers spouting not far away. More boats must be lowered.

"Splendid, Mr. Smith, splendid!" he shouted to the mate.
"Come down to my cabin,"

The mate followed him to his cabin, but no smile was on his dour countenance.

"Here, sit down sir! Have some baccy, have some whiskey!"
"I don't want none of your baccy — I don't want none of your whiskey. All I want is suicility of the God damndest, commenset kind."

I wish I could have heard Theodore Robinson tell this tale to Robert Louis Stevenson. When he told it to me it was delightful. He's got the twang of the Nantucket whalers and when he came out with the suicility he drawled it until I could see the indignant and virtuous Mr. Smith.

But now I must leave France, leave it forever, leave the lovely peaceful hamlets and the cultivated plains and softly rolling hills and gay happy peasants, always so friendly and amused by the independent young American girls, who walked so fearlessly through the forest and over the country side quite confident that nothing could happen to them. Nothing did.

I remember when we were at the Fontainbleu we saw a sign swinging over the door of a little restaurant: Roast Beef and English Mustard. It was kept by a rosy faced English couple who made a specialty of beef and mustard, not the doctored French type.
but the hot kind mixed fresh with every order. We dived in with our mouths watering for rare beef and hot mustard. The place was full of French officers from the garrison at Fontainebleau. No women at all, nothing but men in the salle a manger. When we entered every officer arose. They clicked their heels and saluted us. We didn't know what to do, we we bowed politely and blushed furiously. The kind English couple gave us a table in the corner and the madame assured us we mustn't be embarrassed, as they were just French and only meant to be courteous. We didn't mind at all.

Yes, we must begin to think about leaving France and start back to the United States and our own Kentucky. Our money was almost gone, hardly enough left to get to London and pay that long promised visit to our good friends, Anna and Vi Wright, and buy our tickets on a slow going steamer. We had grown very fond of Anna in Paris, a harum-scarrum Scotch girl who belied all the jokes we had heard about the Scotch. She had not a practical bone in her rangy body and would have always lived hand to mouth had not Vi been more cautious. We had a grand visit in London, seeing not as much of London sights as we should have, but meeting the Wright's friends and relations and going to shows. We saw Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry and many good pictures.

Through Charles Bacon we made the acquaintance of Oliver Herford, the most amusing and perfectly unpredictable person I have ever know. He was a law unto himself as to what and when he

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5 Sir Henry Irving (1838-1905) English actor, particularly remembered for his Shakespearean roles; Professionally associated with Ellen Terry. Eight American tours.

6 Ellen Terry (1847-1928) Distinguished English actress, Mother of Edward Gordon Craig; The leading lady of Sir Henry Irving in plays of Shakespeare A lecturer on Shakespearean subjects (1910-1915)
would attend to his affairs, and it usually ended by his friends looking after him. He made money easily with his clever poems and illustrations and spent it even more easily than he made it. It was told of him that when he got a check for his work he immediately had it cashed and much of it changed into silver money. Then he would sit on a divan in his New York studio and throw the coins around, under chairs, behind the divan, in dark corners of his closet, anywhere they chanced to roll. Some of them he dropped in the pockets of his old clothes, some of them under his shirts in a chest of drawers.

"Then when I go broke I am always sure of finding some money if I look hard enough," he would say, his round-eyed, child-like face beaming happily.

I had the pleasure of going to the London Zoo with Oliver. He was so witty and naive that I got a side ache from laughing at him.

When we came to the snake house, a place I abhor, he saw the American rattlers and was much intrigued at the name under their cage: Horridus Crotilus.

"Now, Emma Speed, if you'll excuse me for a few minutes I think I'll go over in the corner by the boa constrictors and write you a poem.

This is the poem as I remember it:

"There was once a homo teetotalus
Who stepped on a horridus crotilus.
"Hie"! clevit in pain,
I've got 'em again!"
Ejacket this homo teetotalus."

The balestiers were friends of the Bacos and they asked Lizzie and me to tea. Miss Balestier afterwards married Rudyard Kipling. We were shy about accepting the invitation, as my only hat was so battered and torn and Lizzie's shoes were worn and rusty; so we declined with thanks. I
have been kicking myself ever since because had we gone we would have met Kipling and Whistler. I am sure nobody would have cared about my hat and Lizzie could have sat on her feet. Anyhow, I learned a good lesson there in London: I have never in all my life stayed away from something I wanted to do because of the lack of proper clothes. Oh, yes, I have given that as an excuse often enough, but it was always because I wanted an excuse and did not want to go. Shabby clothes can cover a multitude of sins.
CHAPTER 20

HOME AGAIN FROM A FOREIGN LAND

Back home and overjoyed to see our families and friends, but we were not altogether settled in our minds as to what to do with ourselves. It was up to us to make a living, but we could not start classes in art in opposition to Miss Bartlett's studio and we fully realized that a living was not to be had painting pictures in Louisville or any other city. Teaching was the only answer to an artist's prayer for a livelihood. I had always meant to teach anyhow, realizing fully that I was better fitted to tell persons how to do it than to do it myself. So back to New York we went after a delightful summer in Kentucky.

We were armed with a list of friends and the friends of friends, who were settled in New York and were possible pupils or knew of possible pupils. We were prepared to teach anything in the way of art, even china painting, although we knew nothing about it.

"We can take cheap lessons and give expensive ones," Lizzie said.

We rented a studio at the top of an old office building on East 23rd Street and once again started in to do light housekeeping, very light indeed when we compared it to the wholesome, nourishing food we had been consuming all summer. Then we began canvassing for pupils. We pulled every latch-string that we were assured by our friends at home would be hanging out for us, but had no success. Nobody wanted to study art of any kind with us or with anybody else it seemed. Their children,
about whom we had heard so much, were either myths or unborn or grown-up. They were polite after a fashion, but wondered what Cousin Sally or Miss Kate or Aunt Nannie were thinking of when they suggested art for art's sake to them. They couldn't draw straight lines they declared as though drawing straight lines had anything to do with an artistic career.

We were not in the least discouraged however. We had the Micawber spirit that something or other would soon turn up. In a tiny studio next to ours lived a Miss Thompson. She made a living painting tapestries, huge things that took up an entire wall of her studio; and she assured us that she could always get us that kind of work to do; but it was poorly paid and stupid to paint. She was a gay little person and in spite of her evident poverty, never downhearted. She put us on to a very delightful scheme for a dinner treat. Next to our building was a French restaurant, and in some way Miss Thompson had made friends with a seedy old waiter who must have felt sorry for the hungry looking little woman. A long stout string was tied to the handle of a tin bucket and let down to the side door of the restaurant. The waiter then filled it with a table d'hote dinner with such generous servings that one dinner fed three. The covered dishes and plates were neatly stacked in the bucket and we would draw up the precious burden hand over hand until it was safely landed in the studio. I often wonder what became of that cheerful little Miss Thompson and who bought those tapestries with Cupids the color of new born babies.

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2Micawber spirit — the spirit of an incurable optimist, taken from the forever confident Mr. Wilkins Micawber in Dickens' David Copperfield.
floating over the heads of the sad lovers who engaged in eternal embraces. Somebody must have bought them because before the paint was quite dry, on one she was beginning an another.

Then Miss Bartlett stopped in New York on the way back to Louisville to begin her classes in art. She visited us several days and then after some circumlocution, quite foreign to her disposition, she asked Lizzie to go back to Kentucky with her and come into her studio as her assistant. Lizzie would have none of it. Much to Miss Bartlett's astonishment she absolutely refused the offer. We had always obeyed Miss Bartlett and I wondered at her spunk in refusing, but refuse she did. She didn't want to go back to Louisville for good and she was very much in love with her Charles, who was then in Ridgefield Connecticut, with his sister. I was then Hobson's choice with Miss Bartlett. Funds were getting very low and when everything is going out and nothing coming in something must be done about it. Hard as it was to pull loose from my chum and the independent life we had been leading I felt it best to accept Miss Bartlett's offer and begin to make a living. Lizzie was much the cleverer of the two; but I can assert, without flattering myself, that I was cut out to be a better teacher than she was. I was more optimistic and more tolerant of mediocrity. The general run of pupils is even below mediocre. Lizzie had high ideals in art and I am sure would have had a hard time teaching talentless students to draw straight lines or anything else. Beside I was more robust than Lizzie, who was not blessed with a strong digestion. My innards have always been the envy of my family and friends. A good appetite, good teeth and a digestive apparatus that has been in good working order through all the ups and downs of my long life!
The life of a teacher calls for a good disposition and a good digestion, especially a teacher of art. The pupils must be encouraged and coddled and the doting parents must be kept in a good humor with an occasional sketch worthy of taking home to show the progress of the budding artist.

Goodness, how I worked at that job of teaching! There were classes all morning composed principally of pupils from Hampton College, a hurried lunch hour and more classes in the afternoon, rafts of company, mothers entering their offspring, or perhaps withdrawing them, women coming to see Miss Bartlett on club business, others coming to make a social call. The studio was a meeting place for many persons. It was a cheerful, interesting place and Miss Bartlett was ever a friendly, delightful person. Sometimes I used to wish there were not so many interruptions as I took my work very seriously. What though I did not turn out a single artist who has set the world on fire, I am sure I made many a pupil see color in seemingly drab objects; and I hope some of them even now remember how I labored with them and will rise up and call me blessed.

On Saturday morning if the weather was favorable classes would come out to Chatsworth and we would have lessons in out-of-doors sketching. I enjoyed those classes tremendously. I liked sketching out-of-doors myself and liked teaching it. There were many lovely bits at my home crying out to be painted and the pupils who were bored with still life in the studio sometimes did some quite charming things. All of this hard work I did for the munificent sum of fifty dollars a month for eight months in the year. I did not consider myself underpaid, but managed on that to get along very well. I even paid a small board at home and saved up enough to have a grand trip in the summer.
My mind was early in the year set at ease in regard to Lizzie. The Beckingtons, who were still in Paris, invited her to come spend the winter with them and by hook or crook her Charles also landed in Paris. I missed Lizzie until it was pitiful. Sometimes in spite of my good disposition and excellent appetite and digestion I used to weep in my pillow; but nobody knew it, not even my precious little sister Hell, who shared a room with me. I missed the long talks we used to have, the discussions about books and pictures and people. I missed her witty remarks and clever repartee. However, in the course of months I realized that in spite of the wrench in getting along without Lizzie that it was good for my character. She was so much cleverer than I was and had such decided opinions that I had got in the habit of thinking as she thought, her opinions were my opinions, her taste my taste. Now I must think for myself, make my own decisions about books, pictures and people. I found I could do it and do it pretty well. I wonder if my being such a "mush of concession" had at times wearied Lizzie. She always did enjoy an argument and I was too easily convinced, too quick to agree. I am afraid I still am inclined to see all sides of a question and too apt to agree with the last person who is able to harangue convincingly.

Looking back on those days of long ago more and more do I realize what a remarkable woman my Mother was. She made quick decisions and never faltered in carrying out her plans, whether they were to fill Chatsworth full to the brim with summer boarders or to rent the place for the season and take the family to Sconset on Nantucket Island for a glorious holiday. Two summers we spent in that charming spot, a never
to be forgotten experience for the Speeds, reared as we were far from
the ocean with no conception of the delights of surf bathing. Chatsworth
was rented for three summer months; horses, cows and even the servants
included in the bargain with a fine vegetable garden planted, ready for
the picking. I believe the tenants at Chatsworth enjoyed the summers
as much as we did the long lazy days on that enchanted island. Even
now after almost fifty years when a cool day is vouchsafed us in
August and a life giving breeze springs up I find myself saying:
"Just like Sconset!"

Who but Mother could have engineered that move of family, a cook,
cousins and friends from Kentucky to Nantucket? It was supposed to
be a rest and holiday for Mother, but before the first summer was over
we counted fifty persons who had managed to land on that island because
of Mother or her children. No, they did not visit us, at least all
of them did not; but they must be placed in boarding houses or hotels
or furnished cottages. Fortunately your cottage had no room for guests
as it hardly accommodated the family; but a chosen few were entertained
as best we could and the others were constantly coming to Mother for
advice or sympathy or maybe medicine.

Mother never seemed to feel that she was being remarkable and I
am afraid all of us were too apt to take her energy and unselfishness
for granted. I wish we hadn’t. I wish I could have let her know how I
admired her character, but we were an undemonstrative family and it is more
than likely she would have laughed and said: "Nonsense!"

I shall never forget a visitor I had on the island. He was one
of the Boston architects I had known in Paris, a very fine, intelligent
young man, a decidedly Back Bay Bosstonian in appearance, manner and
speech. There was some excitement in the family over “Emma’s Boston
beau." I made the mistake of cautioning brothers, sisters and cousins to be on their best behavior while he was with us, as I should have known them well enough to realize trying to make them mind their P's and Q's would be fatal if I had any designs on the young man.

The very first meal he had with us settled the matter for good and all. Mother was pouring the coffee. She said to him:

"How much sugar will you have in your coffee?"

Seeing that the sugar bowl contained granulated sugar and not lumps, he said:

"The equivalent of two lumps!"

That was enough for my family. They set up such a shout of delight you could have heard it on the mainland. That ended my chances with the Boston beau if I had ever had any.
Writing of my Mother and her habit of quick decision and strong will and courage, my thoughts go back to a Thanksgiving dinner at Chatsworth when we were young and very gay. The table was long and broad and had it not been of sturdy English oak with six good legs to support the extra leaves that stretched it to its greatest length it would have sagged in the middle, I am sure; it was so heavily laden with the good food of the holiday season. It was years after Father died. Mother sat at the head of the table and Ewing at the foot carving the big turkey that must have been a greedy fowl to have taken on its twenty-five pounds. When the table was stretched as far as it would go it seated twenty persons. On that Thanksgiving Day the charis were smuggled close together leaving little elbow room. All the family was at home, for a wonder, and friends and cousins and "beau lovers" were crowed up to the board. Patient Ewing had finished carving for the hungry heard; the macaroni, escalloped oysters, spinach, celery, mashed potatoes, peas, cranberry sauce, peach pickle and hot beaten biscuit had gone the rounds. The turkey was a mere skeleton of its former self and plainly denoted no hash for the next day. Everybody was very gay and very happy when suddenly a shrill and agonizing scream came to us from the kitchen and the crack, crack of a pistol. Lucy, the highly inefficient though willing waitress, came running through the door:

"Uncle Sanford done got crazy drunk an' he's a shootin' up po' Sis Nancy," she screamed.

The young men all arose from the table to go to the assistance of poor Nancy, the cook; but Mother rapped sharply on the table:
"Sit down," she commanded sternly. "Not one of you boys come until I ask for you. I can attend to Sanford." With that she swept from the dining room, across the porch to the kitchen.

Sanford was perhaps the best and most reliable Negro of-all-work in the whole county. There was nothing he couldn't do and nothing he didn't do for his white folks. He looked after the horses and cows, milked, made all the fires, no small task with a coal grate in every bedroom and open fires in parlor and dining room. He carried up bath water in the morning for the innumerable baths and filled pitchers and water carriers every evening in the rooms. He was an excellent gardener and his vegetables were always the first to make their appearance in the neighborhood and of the best quality. He was indeed a black diamond. His only flaw was that occasionally he fell from grace and when he fell, mighty was the fall thereof.

Thanksgiving cheer had proven too much for Sanford. He wasn't shooting Nancy but shooting the kitchen floor six inches from her toes and gleefully shouting:

"Dance, Sis Nancy, dance!" and Nancy danced and wept and screeched.

Mother said when she went in the kitchen Sanford pointed the pistol directly in front of her feet and for a second she thought he was going to make her dance with the cook. So many shots had been fired she thought the bullets must be spent; but I am sure empty or full she would have had the situation well in hand, such was her indomitable courage.

"Give me that pistol, Sanford," she said sternly. "Stop that bellowing, Nancy. You are not hurt. Go and pump water on Sanford's head
until he sobered up. Sanford, go in the yard and put your head under the pump. Now go — both of you." They went, Sanford as meek as Moses and Nancy jubilant over the task allotted her.

Before he staggered down to his cabin to sleep it off he said to Mother: "Oh, Miss, as she as Christ's a Christian I ain't never genter tase another drop." So he didn't until next time.

Nancy still wept when she finished pumping: "An me dancin' — no a perfassin' Christian and sanctified."

It was all over in less time than it had taken me jto tell it, over before the good dinner had cooled. Mother took her seat with great dignity. She looked sternly at the row of young men and boys; sons, cousins, friends and "beau lovers".

"Which of you gave my man servant whiskey?"

Now nobody ever could look Mother in the eye and lie to her. First one and then another answered:

"You see, Mrs. Speed, Sanford is always so polite when I come calling, polite about taking my horse — and — I thought one little drink wouldn't do any harm."

"Cousin Jenny — it being Thanksgiving and all — "

"Mother — I'll have to confess that I poured him one, but I didn't know he had already had one."

So on around the table. There is no telling how many drinks poor Sanford had been offered and been too polite not to accept.

"Very well", said Mother. "You young men must do Sanford's work. The cows must be milked, the horses curried, slopes carried to the pigs, kindling split, coal and water carried to the bedrooms, back logs brought in for the parlor and dining room fires; and in the
morning, if Sanford is still incapacitated, the fires must be made and bath water carried up."

Weekly the young men went about their tasks and be it known it took five of them to accomplish the work usually done by one faithful Negro.

I wonder if to this day those five bullet holes are still in the kitchen floor at Chatsworth where Sis Nancy was forced to cut the pigeon wing. We counted afterwards and there were only five. Sanford possessed a six shooter and that meant that there was one load left in his weapon. I t would have been funny if he had made "Ol' Miss" dance along with Nancy.
CHAPTER 21
MATUNUCK AND THE HALS

Among the souvenirs of memory my visits to Miss Susan Hale at Matunuck, Rhode Island, are the most precious of my young womanhood. She had extended the invitation when I met her in Paris and every summer a letter would come from her setting the time for my arrival at that delightful and hospitable country home. Visiting the Hales was a real experience. They were an amusing, interesting family; and there you met other charming persons. Miss Susan was a magnet that drew visitors from all parts of the country. Somebody was always turning up and Susan's housekeeping seemed equal to every occasion, whether overnight guests or merely falling in on her for afternoon tea.

The Hale nephews, Edward, Philip, Arthur, Bert and Robert were some of them fixtures, some coming and going according to their engagements. The niece, Nelly Hale, was often there with friends. Miss Susan's elder sister Miss Lucretia Hale spent much of her time at Matunuck. Miss Lucretia of the Peterkin Family fame, stories that had been read and laughed over several generations ago. She was a bunchy old lady when I had the pleasure of knowing her, always swathed in scarves and shawls. She would make her appearance late in the morning and with much pomp and ceremony be seated in a steamer chair on the big porch overlooking the salt ponds. Her ancient legs

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1 This chapter untitled in ms. A.
2 Miss Lucretia Hale (1820-1900), A sister of Edward Everett Hale, who was interested in social work, feminism, an education; best works are The Peterkin Papers (1880), a satire on the culture of Boston bent on self-improvement in which the ingenuousness of other characters is always offset by the commonsensical Lady from Philadelphia. Continued in later sketches. The Last of the Peterkins (1886).
must be wrapped in a rug; more scarves and shawls put handy in case of a chilling wind. In her lap she would have innumerable books, pencils, blankbooks and portfolios with half finished letters to be read and answered. She was constantly scribbling on scraps of paper on in the blank books when an idea came into her busy brain. I think she was compiling a book of conundrums. When the expected chilling wind found its way and she reached for more scarves, more shawls, she invariably let slide from her lap all the books, pencils, scraps of paper, portfolio and blank books and there was a general scramble of the polite guests to retrieve the scattered valuables. In our eagerness to pick up after Miss Lucretia we would butt heads. The Hale boys stood attention while this was going on, grinning most fiendishly. After we had gotten well bumped they would dive down and recover the treasures. The old lady carried many of these things to the luncheon and dinner table and when she arose after a meal they were strewn under the table. More heads were bumped. Philip Hale told me that he and his brothers had long ago found out that the best way to manage their aunt's droppings was to wait until the visiting girls bumped their heads before they attempted to do the polite. He confessed that their chief delight at Nantucket was counting bumped heads.

The Hales were all great talkers. The guests could hardly get in a word edgewise. Sometimes I used to feel that the reason they so enjoyed having company was because in that way they were assured of an audience. However, when the illustrious head of the family was there, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the youngsters were silenced because that noted divine got the floor and kept it at meal time. Even Susan was quiet; Susan, who was ever bubbling over with witty
repartee and who found it difficult to assume a dumbness. Miss Lucretia kept up a running accompaniment of coos and gurgles while Dr. Hale rumbled in his beard; and Mrs. Hale, that model wife, egged him on with ejaculations showing intense interest in the discourse. And he was interesting, really delightful, and I consider it one of the greatest privileges of my life that I was allowed to see and hear Dr. Hale talk as well as preach.

I remember one day at dinner when I was seated next to Philip he said to me:

"Watch me, Miss Speed I'm going to make everybody, even Papa, stop talking and listen to what I have to say."

With that he put his mouth close to my ear and began a whispered discourse. Immediately there was perfect silence. Everybody even stopped eating. Dr. Hale ceased his monologue midway in a narrative. Philip continued to whisper tender nothings in my ear.

"Come, come son! What are you telling Miss Speed? She seems to be amused. Cannot you let us hear the joke?"

"Philip," admonished Mama, "Have I not always told you it is impolite to whisper in company?"

And it was thus that the wily Philip got the floor and held it for the rest of the meal. All through life I have found this an excellent way to get the attention of a noisy group. Whisper and pretend you are imparting a secret to your neighbor and a dead silence is sure to follow.

Miss Susan Hale had a custom that delighted me! After every meal it was her habit to read aloud for a few minutes. We would adjourn to the next room, a kind of office or writing room where she kept the book she was reading, usually one of Jane Austen's, and then would read two
full pages, no more, no less. It was an old edition, a rather hefty book with two columns on a page; so two pages covered a good deal of ground. When Susan reached the bottom of the second page no matter how much we clamored for more she would stop short off, put a book mark in and close the book with a determined bang. That insured an eager audience for the next reading. It was considered at Matunuck poor sportsmanship to sneak in the writing room and turn the page where Susan had closed the book. One female visitor was caught doing this and it so happened she never was invited to come again.

One of the charms of Matunuck was the perfect freedom of family and guests. The only restriction was coming to meals on time and being willing at night to help entertain some neighbors who made it a habit to come a calling after supper. The rest of the day you occupied yourself according to your fancy; some painted, some wrote, some walked over the lovely Rhode Island country, some read, others talked and some flirted a bit. There was a lake behind the house with boats and a canoe and we were walking distance of the beach.

When the neighbors came in the evening we played games of all kinds. Those who could sing sang and all of joined in the delightful pastime of charades. There was a great chest of costumes in the hall and one could always find something suitable for the character to be portrayed. I shall never forget when we did the flight of Lot and his family from Sodom and Gomorrah. We were dressed in old portieres and torn lace curtains and I had on a paper lamp shade for a hat. Miss Susan was Lot's wife wrapped in a sheet. When she stopped in the procession and looked back regretfully on the wicked city she suddenly sank to the floor and threw the sheet over her head. Written in
black letters with charcoal was a huge SALT. There lay the pillar of salt until the nephew, Robert, heaved it over his shoulder and marched off with it. Incidentally, when we were children we thought this reckless wife was turned into a pillow of salt and not a pillar.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, with all of his learning and eloquence, was as ingenuous as a child. On one of my visits to Natunuck I had just come from Ipswich, Massachusetts, where I had been studying with Arthur Dow; and while at Natunuck I was taking advantage of what he had taught me by sketching whenever I found the time. Dow was so much interested in the art of the Japanese that he even had his pupils use Japanese paper in sketching. A careful drawing was made on drawing paper and this transparent Japanese paper was thumb tacked over it and the picture made with India ink or water color, following the drawing in flat washes but using no outlines. Of course the original drawing was all important; a meticulous and thoughtful regard to composition as well as perspective was necessary before the brush work on the final picture could be contemplated. That Japanese paper was a beautiful product, a very tough though transparent paper; but once a wash was put on it was almost impossible to change it without ruining the desired effect. The artist must make up his mind before starting to paint. I often discarded my first sketches until I was even half way satisfied with the result, keeping, however, the original drawing and thumb tacking over it a fresh piece of Japanese paper.

One afternoon Dr. Hale came upon me as I sat on the porch sketching. I had made a careful and thoughtful drawing of some salt ponds with marsh grass and a group of scrub oaks in the foreground. I had just completed the India ink wash but was not satisfied with it and had determined to discard it and do another when the good doctor
interrupted me. He was all interest. He had never seen that kind of paper and wanted to know where I got it.

"Bunkio Matsuki, Boylston Street, Boston." He knew the shop well.

Then I must tell him how I made the sketch. I showed him the careful drawing and told him that I was going to do another and hoped to improve on the first one. He had sketched in his youth and felt if he had not decided to go in the ministry he might have followed art. He went upstairs and brought down a sketch book full of pencil sketches he had made at Niagara before I was born. He was so interested in what I was doing I asked him if he would like to try his hand with ink and a brush on the fresh piece of paper I had fixed on my drawing.

I explained to him as though he had been one of my pupils just how to do it:

"Now, Dr. Hale, you must profit by my mistakes. It will help the composition if you leave some of the blades of marsh grass in the foreground white, also the trunks of the scrub oaks." "Yes, yes", he saw it all. And so this huge and hoary old celebrity doubled himself up over my drawing board and made his maiden voyage on a sea of India ink, while I watched every stroke and sometimes directed his hand, making all the changes I had planned. The result was splendid.

"See", I said, holding up the two sketches, "yours is better than mine. You have profited by my mistakes."

"So it is! So it is!" he exclaimed delightedly.

We pinned the two ink washes on the wall of the sitting room and they were shown to the family and friends when they gathered there for the evening.
"Just think," said this dear old preacher. "I haven't done any sketching since before Miss Speed was born and in spite of this lapse of time my hand has not lost its cunning. Mine is better than Miss Speed's. She, herself, acknowledges it. See I kept some of the blades of marsh grass in the foreground white, leaving the paper. Also I left the paper to indicate the hoary trunks of the scrub oaks."

Everybody admired his sketch and only Philip Hale, who was an artist, realized that I had done all important drawing; but he merely winked at me and like the famous Tar Baby I kept on saying nothing.

Once Miss Susan visited me at Chatsworth and, as was to be expected, fascinated everybody, who was privileged to meet her. Old and young were captivated by her charm, but Susan much preferred the young. She was polite to persons her own age, but merely polite and never enthusiastic. She was eternally young herself and her sympathies and interests were for youth.

My memory goes racing back to a breakfast at Chatsworth while she was visiting us. It was an old time breakfast of sausage, scrambled eggs, fried apples and hot rolls topped with corn batter cakes and maple syrup. Miss Susan worked heartily through the menu. When the cakes made their appearance the waitress endeavored to remove Miss Susan's plate to give her a clean one for cakes and syrup, but Miss Susan clutched her plate with both hands.

"Oh please don't take this plate away. I've grown so fond of it. Just let me have a pile of those lovely corn cakes."

Dear, dear Miss Susan Hale!
CHAPTER 22
MARRIED

Then I got married! No doubt it was a foolish thing to do; but if young people never do foolish things the world would cease to be peopled. Has and I thought we were very sane and the foolish ones were those who thought we were foolish. "Propinquity, nothing but propinquity," was the verdict of the wise elders. "Emma and Has have known each other so long they just drifted into this affair. No romance in it at all. All Has had to do to court Emma was to walk across the hall and knock on the door." It was even suggested he was too lazy to go away from home to get himself a girl. Anyhow he got the girl and I feel sure he never regretted it and certainly the girl never did. We had our ups and downs in the twenty-four years we were together; but they were ups and downs financially, never matrimonially. That same propinquity that had been the argument against the match had made assurance doubly sure that we could live together harmoniously. There was not love at first sight, but from the very beginning there was friendship and respect and something to talk about. That something to talk about is a very important factor in successful marriages. Has was cleverer than I was, but I was at least clever enough to know it. As I have said before, he was one of the wittiest persons I have ever know, but was blessed with humor to appreciate his wit.

We were married on the twenty-sixth of April, 1896. It was a perfect spring day and Chatsworth was never more beautiful than on our wedding day. The wisteria vine over the verandah was heavy with blossoms and the big paulonia tree in the front yard had burst into

1Originally untitled in ms. A.
full bloom several days before that great day. The ground was carpeted
with violets, wild hyacinths and stars of Bethlehem. We were married
out doors under the paulonia tree. Nell and our precious cousin,
Margaret Wright, were the bridesmaids. Etting gave me away and George
Merrick, Hae' best friend then and always, was his best man. Nell and
Margaret were so scared they could hardly walk down the front steps.
Hae' long legs trembled so there was some doubt whether or not they
could carry him to the spot designated for the groom. I, according
to the age-old tradition of brides, was quite calm and collected.
You might have gathered from my bearing that getting married was no
new thing for me.

Dr. Perkins, the venerable Episcopal divine, stood waiting for
us and very impressive he was with his long beard as white as his robe
and quite as flowing. It was over so quickly that we were married
before we realized it, almost as short it seemed to me as the Gypsy
ceremony of jumping over a broomstick. The impressiveness was somewhat
marred when Dr. Perkins raised his arms for the final blessing and
the flowing wings of his sleeves proved too great a temptation to
Hael's little fox terrier, Linda, who leapt up with a delighted yap
and caught the hem in her teeth. After all perhaps it was best.
Weddings are sad affairs sometimes, at least somebody always weeps a
bit; but nobody could give way to bitter tears while a little dog
acted the clown.

As soon as the house we were building was finished we moved
into it. It was a pretty little rough stone cottage built on the side
of a hill overlooking the Browsboro Road and the pond bottom, that
pond of sacred childhood memories that had been drained long
since; but the stream that had fed the pond meandered through the
lush bottom and the willow trees that lined its banks had grown amazingly. We lived there four years, lived quietly and happily. I fancy our friends thought of those years as being uneventfully but we didn't. Many thing happened. We got the terraces sodded and the wild flowers we brought from the woods and planted under the big sycamore tree took root and lived, bloomed, dropped their seed and spread along the hillside. Mike Turner moved some big flowering shrubs from the Chatsworth garden and they never did know they had been moved but accepted their new home with us with never a dropping leaf. Our roof leaked and the old man, Mr. Gamble, was sent out from Louisville to mend it couldn't find the spot because of the idiosyncrasies of dormer windows.

"I tell you, lady, water creeps in somewhere and runs along a rafter and drops down on the ceiling; and the only way to find where it comes in under those pecky windows is to be here when it is raining and lie in wait for it."

I had no idea of having Mr. Gamble for a permanent guest until the rains came. We might be in for a long dry spell, so I refrained from offering him bed and board to lie in wait and creep up on the leak. He was a very old man and so feeble I was afraid he might fall off the roof when he went up to investigate.

"But I'll tell you lady, what I'll do: you see I'm a spiritualist and since I'm eighty-five years old I might not live to find out where the leak is; but, lady, promise you if I don't find out before I pass on I'll come back and tell you."

He gave a toothless grin and I thought he winked at me, could not be sure but felt he was giving me to understand we had a date, if not soon then later. The leak was mercifully found and when my old beau died I did not live in dread of a ghostly visitor.
And so the years passed. After three years my first baby was born, Emma Keats, a lovely little creature with blue eyes and yellow hair and a will of her own. I cannot see the justice in this: As a child I was always praised and complimented by grownups because I gave up and was easily dominated over by the other children, a born lover of peace, a peace maker. Now the same aunt who had quoted the Beatitudes in praise of me sternly demanded that I should make that child mind, that tiny infant who only wanted her own way to be a little angel. Then she quoted that bit about bringing up children in the way they should go, but I retaliated by quoting Grandpa Ewing: "All children are good if you just let them have what they want and do what they want."

After four years of quiet and peace and happiness Han and I decided he was not getting ahead as fast as he should in the fire insurance business, and when a chance came for him to go to New York with an assured job on the New York World he pulled up stakes and went. I followed as soon as I could sell our previous little stone house. Mother sold Chatsworth on the same day and we Speeds were permanently uprooted from Kentucky soil, transplanted to New York there to grow and flourish according to our ability. Ewing was connected with a real estate firm, Josh studying medicine, Philip and Keats and Roll doing newspaper work and Han holding down a job as yachting editor on The World and afterwards the Times. Jenny was the only one left in Kentucky and soon she and her husband were to leave their native state.

It was a standing joke with us that Han should go to New York from Kentucky and there get a job as yachting editor. At the time of his arrival in the Metropolis he knew nothing about boats except what
he had learned rowing a skiff across the Ohio River, but with his keen intelligence he soon learned enough to keep up with the other reporters and with his ready pencil write acceptable stories about yachts and yachtsmen. He developed a passion for salt water and enjoyed to the utmost the yacht races, especially the big international cup races he was called on to report in which Sir Thomas Lipton\(^*\) played an important part. He was popular with the reporters on rival papers and at all times they were ready to help him out of difficulties.

Has liked his work and bid fair to prosper in it, but he never liked New York. The noise and confusion and hurry got on his nerves and a kind of lethargy stole over him. He could no longer concentrate, would sit at his desk, start to write, get a few words on the paper and crumpling it up throw it on the floor and try again. Tears would roll down his cheeks and splash on his writing. Then he would laugh and say:

"Honey, you mussn't mind me. You know I always was an easy weeper."

So he was. In old days I had often seen his eyes fill over a line of poetry, the sheer beauty of which had moved him to tears; but those were tears of happiness and quite different from this show of emotion. When I found him one day with his head on his desk sobbing I realized my young husband was ill. It was a plain case of nervous prostration. I must take matters in my own hands. He was so docile over my decision to call up his boss on the newspaper and tender his resignation as yachting editor that I doubly sure that my diagnosis of his ailment was correct. New York had got him down. The city editor of the New York Times begged me to reconsider. He assured me he would give Henry Sampson indefinite leave of absence. His reporter friends

\(^*\)Sir Thomas Johnston Lipton-(1850-1931)-British merchant and yachtsman; built up a large chain of grocery stores through Great Britain; known
flocked to see us and offered to pinch hit for him until he was able to go back to work. But I knew my has. I knew that never again could he be happy or well in New York. I knew that with a month's vacation that every day he would count how many days there were left before he would have to go back to reporting.

How we longed for the peace and quiet of our little stone cottage on the hillside back of Chatsworth, but it was sold and the new owners had done so many things to it that it had little resemblance to our once home. I rented a small farm house on the outskirts of Ridgefield, Connecticut, where my good friends the Charles Roswell Bacons lived, and moved my little family and all of our goods and pieces and there settled for several months. It was a lovely spot and peaceful and quiet. At the instigation of the Bacons I consulted a noted physician, Dr. Flint, who was spending his vacation at Ridgefield. Dr. Flint assured me I had been wise in bringing my husband away from New York and throwing up the newspaper job for good and all.

"But, Mrs. Sampson, you must keep him busy, but by way doing work with his hands and not his head. You are of a cheerful, hopeful temperament; so you must keep him with you all you can. Don't let him be by himself. Gay companionship is good for him, but don't let him be bored."

What a prescription! He must not be bored and he must not be by himself. Now Has was easily bored by idle chatter and wanted to read at all times and longed for quiet and solitude and a good book—if not a good book, just a book. To his mind any book was better than no book at all. Keeping him busy with his hands was not so difficult, as the old farm house had many little dinky rooms to be cleaned. My Emma was only about two and a half and that meant eternal vigilance
on my part because she was ever a child with an itching foot, and if
she was out of my sight an instant she was more than likely "to put
that little foot in the pike", as Mammy used to say, and start off
on a journey. Clothes must be washed, wood must be cut, water must
be drawn and so forth and so on.

I can recall vividly the picture of Has as he washed the
clothes up to his elbows in suds, scrubbing and rubbing, crying and
laughing at the same time. No more nobbing though, just big tears rolling
down his noble nose and splashing ninto the tub full of clothes.
I think he really enjoyed washing those clothes and took great pride
in getting them cleaner than I could. He loved it when our rich
neighbors came to call and found him immersed in suds. He even per-
suaded one dignified gentleman to help him rinse the sheets and
spread them out on the grass to dry.

Neighbors and neighbors and more neighbors, rich neighbors as
a rule, but rich and poor were alike neighborly. We became the pet
charity of Ridgefield, a small town in which there seemed to be few
families in need of help. We were classed as the deserving poor,
seemingly well born, comparatively well bred, the young husband ill
and jobless with no prospects in sight, the wife doing without a maid,
cooking and cleaning, even washing and ironing, although it was
whispered among the well-to-do and meticulous housekeepers that the
farm house was not scrubbed as clean as it might be and the clothes
looked a little rough-dry; and so they were. Life has always seemed
to me to be too short to spend much of the precious time allotted us
running a hot iron over sheets and towels and undereolathes. I made a
stagger at smoothing our Has' shirts and Emma's little dressed. As
for getting down on my knees and scrubbing, I wouldn't do it then;
I won't do it now; and I never would do it. I honor and respect those virtuous housewives who scorn a good old deck mop. They usually designate a floor mop as a "dirty mop." I am afraid our kind, rich neighbors at Ridgefield, when they came driving up in their handsome equipages bearing baskets of fresh vegetables from their gardens topped off with lovely bouquet of flowers, thought I was after all not so very deserving when I was caught wielding a deck mop instead of devoutly kneeling.

I remember once some artists I had known in Paris came a calling and found me engaged in my weekly libations to the god of cleanliness, sloshing soapy water from a pail on the kitchen floor and mopping it up with the abandon of a street cleaner.

"Look at her! Look at her!" one of them cried. "Look what a smooth wash she can put on. That is due to her Parisian education."

One of the kind neighbors did a lasting service for us; a service he did not intend at all but in the end meant more to us than all the hamper of fresh vegetables and bunches of flowers. He was a stupid, rich man, born rich, married rich and living in the lap of luxury. He was a practicing physician with no practice to speak of, but he was driven around in a doctor's buggy making social calls. Having almost nothing with which to occupy his time he called on us almost daily. Inspite of Dr. Flint's precautions in regard to Has's not being bored, we had to put up with the visitations because of the vegetables and flowers sent by his wife. One day he stretched his call almost to the breaking point. Evidently he had something on what he called his mind and could not leave until he got rid of it. Finally he came out with it:
"Young man, we may have a long, hard winter ahead of us. What are you going to do for a living?"

"Get well first of all"); I put in, hoping to shut up the old fool.

"Can you drive?" he asked, ignoring me as I put another log on the big fire place and raked some more hot ashes over the big sweet potatoes I had roasting for our dinner, potatoes no doubt donated by his wife.

"Of course I can. I have lived in the country most of my life and when I wanted to go somewhere either had to drive or go on Shanks' mare," Has answered wearily. The doctor had no idea who Shanks was, but hoped his mare was trustworthy.

"Well, that's good. Now, young man, I need a buggy boy to drive me around the country. I hear you want to write. There'll be time for that while you hold my horse and wait for me. Not very large wages for my buggy boy, but good living quarters. Will you take the job?"

"But — but — sir — you see I have a wife and child."

"Yes, yes, I know. Plenty of room for your wife and child. I hear from some friends that your wife is an excellent cook, and my wife is going to need another cook soon and no doubt she will be glad to employ your wife. The cook gets higher wages than the buggy boy, but she has more to do. Think it over, young man, think it over. Let me know in a day or so."

With that he took himself off. My, how I dreaded the effect such a proposition would have on poor HAS! I was almost afraid to look at him. But after all I did not really know him, know the settle of his pasture, or I'd have realized the best of all things had happened to him. I only knew I must make a joke of the whole matter and so I
laughed hilariously, although I did not feel much like it.

"What an old fool he is!"

"Perhaps, but he means well. Anyhow he has done me good. To think of his offering you a job as cook! No doubt he looks upon me as not too good to be a buggy boy; but one thing sure, honey, you are not going to be anybody's cook but mine. I am through with this foolishness of being a semi-invalid. That old fool of a doctor has cured me in half an hour when the learned Dr. Flint said it would take months. I'm going to get a job immediately, and it will not be as a buggy boy."

The very next day we got a letter from my good old friend, Frances Bacon, happily married to Jim Colt. Jim was building a railroad from Fort Dodge, Iowa, to Omaha, Nebraska, and he wanted me to come immediately to Fort Dodge and take the job of buying right of way for this extension of the Chicago and Great Western R. R.

We packed up and were gone in a jiffy. I was sorry to say goodbye to the kind neighbors, both rich and poor, especially the poor man, Mr. McCarthy, gardener to the rich man on the adjoining estate — Mr. McCarthy, who had come in and kindly killed a big snake that had coiled himself up in a clothes line under my kitchen sink. I have wondered what the rich doctor did for a buggy boy and if his kind wife was able to get as good a cook as Emma Speed Sampson.
I loved Fort Dodge and above all I loved being near our good friends the Colts and Frances was so happy to have me close enough to see me every day and sometimes oftener. She had three children and another one on the way; so my little Fama never lacked for companions and Frances and I were able to pick up where we had left off years before and continue our never ending conversation. Has improved daily. Buying right-of-way was an outside job and being constantly out of doors was what his frayed nerves needed. No more hanging over a desk, no more making news if news was scarce, just dickering with farmers for land for the road bed and persuading the natives that the railroad was going to enhance the value of their property.

I have lived in several states since we left Iowa and have lived in several before we moved there, but never have I met with greater kindness or consideration than in that little town of Fort Dodge. It seemed to me to be a place absolutely devoid of snobbishness. Every person stood on his own merit. You were not judged according to what your forebears had accomplished or even how much money you had made. Salvation through character was the keynote of their religion, although there were as many religious sects in Fort Dodge as may be found in any town of its size. It was a comparatively new settlement forty years ago and it may have been the pioneer spirit of helpfulness that was still with the inhabitants. Whatever it was they were hospitable and cordial and took us in, strangers that we were,
with never to be forgotten kindness.

I love to tell how I got into society when I had been there only a week, all because I told an amusing story. It was at a church supper. All the twonpeople attended the church suppers no matter what church was giving it. The most bigoted Protestant could but confess the Catholics excelled when it came to the making of chicken salad, and I saw a kindly old priest wheeling a third cup of coffee from a Methodist sister when that sect was serving the supper.

I was seated at a table with several women and men, all strangers to me; but we introduced ourselves and entered into conversation. When they learned I was from Kentucky they began asking me questions about the Negroes and I drifted into a tale about old Aunt Sunie, who had belonged to Grandpa Ewing and who lived, at one time, in a cottage at Chatsworth. Aunt Sunie used to go to bed during the bad weather of February and March because of her rheumatism and a low fever that accompanied her aches and pains. She always took a settin' or aine ter ba" with her and would hatch out a brood with great success. There was a shout of laughter from my new acquaintances. Then a gracious lady demanded an introduction to me. She was the wife of one of the rich men of the town.

"Mrs. Sampson", she said, "I have hoped to call on you before this, but one thing and another has deterred me. I wonder if you would be so good as to waive all ceremony and come to a luncheon I am giving tomorrow at one o'clock."

"Of course I'll be delighted to come", I replied.

"And, Mrs. Sampson, would you mind telling that story at the luncheon?"

I didn't mind at all having, in a way, to sing for my supper
and was glad to feel that I could get into the first circles of society on Aunt Sunie and her little chickens hatched in her bed. Years and years after our experiences in Fort Dodge I put those bed-hatched chickens in a book and then used it in a black faced monologue I gave with some success at clubs and school entertainments. Blood is supposed to tell, that is blue blood; but it was not blood that told the tale of Aunt Sunie and that kind hostess cared not a whit who my ancestors were.

Many things happened while we lived in Iowa. My brother Joshua Fry Speed had graduated in medicine and he came to be with me and hang out his shingle in Fort Dodge. Mother came all the way from New York to visit me and while she was there decided to have a wholesale extraction of teeth. Has was ill with pneumonia; my little Emma was run over by a horse and buggy, injured not permanently, but seriously. I had to put on glasses and I learned how to make very good bread. This takes but a moment to tell, but it took a long time in the happening. I was sorry to leave Fort Dodge, but the right-of-way was finally all bought and the road was finished. The Colts went back to New York, bag and baggage, and four children instead of three.

Has got a job in St. Paul. We told all our kind neighbors and friends goodbye and moved to Minnesota.

Not prospering in St. Paul, Has accepted a job on the Insurance Field in Louisville and lo and behold we found ourselves back in Kentucky. Not for long, however, as the Insurance Field sent Has to Atlanta, Georgia. We were there two years when the St. Paul Fire and Marion offered him a very good job representing their company in Virginia, North and South Carolina and Washington, with headquarters in Richmond, Virginia.
What a lot of moving for a couple who liked nothing better than staying put! Our furniture suffered more than we did. Backless chairs, legless tables, mirrorless bureaus and springless beds were the casualties after so many freight moves. Once in one of our changes we acquired a chair. How we never knew and we did not inquire too diligently. Has said we might just put it down for profit after so many losses.

Little Emma had acquired a rolling A in Iowa. I was Motherrrrr and buterrrr fared equally well in the matter of A's. When we settled in Atlanta she lost them entirely and her speech went rather flat, but when we were permanently placed in Virginia she found some broad A's and still holds them.

Now more of my life has been spent in Virginia than in Kentucky and I feel that I belong here until I take a trip to Kentucky; and then I realize that no matter how long I may stay away from my native state, I am still a Speed from Kentucky.

My husband was a native Virginian, at least he always claimed to be cause of his ancestors; but he was really and truly born in Yonkers, New York. He used to say he was very small and couldn't help it, but had meant to be born at Montville in King William County, Virginia. That was the original tract of land deeded to a way-back Aylett by Charles II. It was there Patrick Henry used to come visit his daughter, who married Philip Aylett, Has' great-grandfather. The Virginians have been more than kind to me, coming here as I did with a ready-made niche in the social life because of my law kin. They liked me at first because of the Aylett connections and afterwards perhaps for myself, in spite of the fact that my father had been a Union officer,
an almost unpardonable sin in the eyes of the unreconstructed rebels, a sin that was visited into the third and fourth generation. That was more than thirty-five years ago and now being part Dam-yankeee is not considered something one cannot live down.

Richmond is my home and my well-beloved home. I love the people and am sure many of the people love me. I have had much happiness here and much sorrow; but whether it has been a time of rejoicing or one of mourning, many true friends have come to laugh with me or weep with me, according to what life has brought to me.

The greatest happiness that has been vouchsafed me in Richmond was the birth of my second daughter, Judith Aylett. That was thirty-three years ago, but it seems only yesterday that the nurse laid on the bed by me the tiny little Judy dressed in clothes much too large for her because in making them I was sure I was to have a huge baby and cut the clothes with a lavish hand. But Mammy used to say: "Little bit makes great big." And while my Judith is not great big, she is almost as tall as I am and not at all meager in build. She is happily married to Bobby Vincent, who is as near being a son to me as one not of one's own flesh and blood can be.

The next great happiness was the birth of my grandson, Martin Harris, Jr., Emma's boy. Seventeen years old now and always a pleasure and delight to me, my friend and understanding and sympathetic companion. Then to add to the joyful happening of my life Judith and Bobby had a little girl named Keats Vincent, named for my brother Keats Speed. Little Keats makes me realize more and more every day the wonderful experience of being a grandmother. She is now a charming child five years old with the ready wit of her grandfather Ira. I should call
him Henry Aylott Sampson now that he is classed as a grandfather.
Just has does not sound very grandfatherish. I wish he might have lived
to know these grandchildren and that they could know him.

The first great sorrow that befell me in Richmond was the death
of my beloved sister Nell, the first break in the ranks of Mother's
seven children, all of them grown and all married except Nell, Nell
then and always the flower of the flock. After a major operation in
New York her trouble was thought by the surgeon to be incurable and we
decided the best thing to do was to bring her to live with me; so
Mother and Nell, as soon as she was able to travel, arrived in Richmond.

Nell's unfailing courage and cheerfulness during that year of
painful and distressing illness were unbelievable. When this trouble
came upon her she had been busily engaged in writing a series of
books about college girls: "The Molly Browns", published by Hurst
& Co. of New York. She had finished and published Molly Brown's
Freshman Year, Molly Brown's Sophomore Year and Molly Brown's Junior
Year. After she came to me she wrote Molly Brown's Senior Year.
How she managed it I cannot see. No doubt had she realized that the
operation was not successful but had only put off for the time being
an even more serious condition, she could not have sat to the typewriter
and pounded out the fifty thousand words necessary for the book.
However, such was her courage, the knowledge that she could not live
might have spurred her on to even greater accomplishment.

It was the fall of 1922 when she and Mother came to me and in
August of 1913 she died. Nobody was ever do good and charming at the
same time as our Nell. There have been persons as good and others
as charming, but I have never known anyone in whom both qualities were
no pronounced. Added to goodness and charm was great cleverness.

Had she lived and been able to continue writing, I feel that she
might have accomplished something truly great once she got beyond
the semi-juvenile fiction ordered by Hurst & Co. "The Molly Browns"
and the other books she did under a mom de puse are excellent. Hurst
had contracted with Bell for six books in the "Molly Brown" series
and it was a real distress to her what she was unable to write
Molly Brown's Post Graduate Days. One day while I sat by her bedside
she said:

"Emma, don't you want to write the other Molly Brown's for
me? I am sure you could do it".

I must confess I was somewhat flabbergasted by this request.

How could I write a book? But I was so anxious to make my Hell's
last days as happy as possible, so determined to do everything in
my power to ease her mind that I immediately consented to try. She
had no plot for Molly Brown's Post Graduate Days in mind, but assured me
a book of that sort didn't depend on plot.

"Just be yourself, Emma, and try to think of your characters
as living persons and remember you are writing for young girls who do
not expect you to be very remarkable. Mark Twain said that he always
turned his characters loose in a book and let them do the work."

Excellent advice! I have endeavored to follow it closely in my
long career as a writer of juvenile fiction: by myself at all times
and let the characters in the books do the work.

Bell wrote to Hurst & Co. suggesting that I pick up the "Molly
Brown" where she left off. She wrote a will leaving me her name, not
only so that I might use it, but also so that a publisher could not
lot some other author take it as a nom de plume. Hurst was willing for me to try as he wanted the series completed, but of course would not guarantee the acceptance of my manuscript.

That was twenty-nine years ago that I sat by Nell and talked over the book I was to write. She never spoke of dying but always said: "After while" or "when you have time". Nell and I had always been good friends from the time she was born and I was a little girl of six. All through the years our friendship had grown and our love become stronger. We had always had much to talk about and during those last months we felt we hadn't near enough time in which to say all we had to say. Our talk was never sad and often quite gay. We reminisced about the old days at Chatsworth and I would tell her of happenings at Fort Dodge and Atlanta and she would tell me amusing experiences when she was at work as assistant editor of the woman's page on the New York World. I remember one thing she told me that makes me laugh even now when I think of it. This was the tale as Nell told it:

"I was alone in the office trying to finish up some work before going home when a strange looking woman blew in. She was a much overdressed person with a large, floppy hat and a thick meshed veil through which she peered at me with great black eyes that looked almost as though they had been burned in her face.

"I have come to see Miss Margaret Ayer because she is the daughter of Harriet Hubbard Ayer, for whom I had the greatest respect because of her excellent preparations for beautifying poor women."

"Miss Ayer is not in but I am her assistant. Perhaps I can do something for you", I suggested.
"You certainly can. I have suffered a great indignity at the hands of a so-called beauty doctor here in New York. I want the New York World to publish what a scoundrel he is", she said, her voice shaking with emotion.

"I am afraid we cannot do that", I faltered. "You see we'd have to have proof of his villainy. What did he do to you?"

"Oh! He did a plenty. He was to inject parafine under my skin so as to restore my lost beauty. Now I cautioned the wretch about certain things. I told him to fill in my frown wrinkles, but to leave my laugh wrinkles. I think a few laugh wrinkles kind of add to ones charm, don't you?"

"Oh yes, yes — decidedly!"

"But only look what he did to me". With that she raised her mesh veil and disclosed a most horrible countenance, laughable if it had not been so pathetic. The parafine injected under the skin had hardened in lumps. There was a lump where the frown wrinkles had been, lumps under her burning eyes, a lump for a chin and lumps in lieu of sagging cheeks.

"Look at my pleasant laugh wrinkles, gone — all gone. And my dimple —" She pointed to a much beringed finger to the lump on her left cheek while a great tear rolled from her black eye and found its way over hill and dale down to the corner of her mouth. "I used to have a lovely dimple in my left cheek, much admired by my German friends," she whimpered, and then her black eyes blazed. "That dirty dog filled in my dimple."

Many amusing things like that Ann told me as she and I talked. I marveled at her fortitude and sometimes marveled at my own that I could control my emotions as I watched my beloved little sister fading
away. I treasure the memory of those last months and the splendid talks Nell and I had. After all there is nothing to compare to long intimate talks.

I remember saying to Han when it was all over: "How I am going to miss those talks — and how I am going to miss Nell's outspoken admiration for me!"
CHAPTER 24
THE WRITING GAME

Yes, it seemed like a game to me: this business of writing. I was forty-five years old when I started on this career of writing books for the young idea and I have been at it pretty steadily through the many, many months that have intervened. First I wrote the "Holly Brown" series, four of those; for instead of the two to finish the work Nell had begun, the publisher demanded four. Then he wanted a new series; so I plunged into the "Tucker Twins" and wrote six of them; then started "The Carter Girls", all under the name of Nell Speed.

It was delightful to be making a little money. Like all women, who have made a living before marrying, I longed to get out of the class of so-called unproductive consumers. It was indeed very little money because Hurst & Co. paid only two hundred dollars for fifty thousand words. That was perhaps the price for that type of book, but it is little considering the physical labor necessary to the making of the book. Merely tapping out question marks or asterisks on the typewriter with no idea of making them live and breathe but only to cover the space that might be taken up by fifty thousand words would require labor. One is tempted to do some padding when pay is so small: I found myself having the heroine cry "Help! Help!" when one help was all that was necessary to get help. However, I did my poor best to write good little books in Nell's name and they must have been passably

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1This chapter also titled "The Writing Game" in ms. A.
good or the publisher would not have contracted for fourteen of them: four "Molly Brown", six "Tucker Twins" and four "Carter Girls". All of them are out of print now, gone to the limbo of similar books for girls. It is sad to think of spending so much time and energy creating characters, trying to make them seem alive and then have them die off so rapidly. It gives me a tremendous thrill when some middle-aged woman tells me she read the "Tucker Twins" when she was a girl and her daughter read them later on and she is saving the set with great care for her possible grandchildren. I had such a good time wringing about the Tuckers that I hate to think of their dying out entirely. Maybe they won't. I am sure they are more natural and certainly more entertaining than the "Elsie" books\(^2\), and only think how that smug heroine has attained immortality. By the way, I dickered with Hurst and got two hundred and fifty dollars for the Tuckers and the Carters. I wrote only three of the "Carter Girls" and my daughter Emma Keats wrote the last one for me and made a good job of it. Hurst never did know I didn't do it and we argued that what he didn't know wouldn't hurt him. At that time I had more writing to do than I could manage unaided and for financial reasons I could not afford to turn down any orders.

In May of 1918 Mac took me on a visit to Louisville. While there my old friend Nan Smith Carpenter and I were invited to spend the day at Pewee Valley with Mrs. Annie Fellowes Johnson, the charming lady who wrote the "Little Colonel" books. Annie Johnson, her stepdaughter, had been a pupil of mine in old days and was always my good friend.

I had never met Mrs. Johnson, but she was so cordial and kind to me that

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\(^2\)"Elsie" books, Series of 26 books written by Martha Finley (Martha Farguharson, 1828-1909) dealing with the pious and virtuous Elsie Dinsmore, her trials and adventures.
before the day was over I felt I had known her always. She too seemed to be an old friend. She was much interested in the fact that I was writing the books in my sister's name, but was shocked that I should be turning out so many words for so little money.

"Change your publisher", she advised. "Don't cheapen yourself, for that is what you are doing".

She suggested my writing to Reilly & Lee of Chicago and asking them if they were by any chance in the market for juvenile fiction. I knew they published the "Wizard of Oz" books and also Miss Minerva & William Green Hill. The latter was by an unknown author, Mrs. Frances Boyd Calhoun; but that one little book had catapulted her into national fame. It had been published in 1909. Mrs and I had read it when it first came out and had laughed uproariously over it. I had read it to Emma Keats and later on to Judith. It is a delightful little book, one that appeals to old and young alike. Mrs. Calhoun had died soon after it was published. It was indeed sad that she did not live to know of the success of this, her one book.

This was nine years after her death that I wrote to Reilly & Lee telling them of the type of work I had done and asking them to consider a series of juvenile fiction. When a letter came from Mr. Reilly suggesting that I try my hand at a sequel to Miss Minerva & William Green Hill I was a very happy woman. I read and re-read Mrs. Calhoun's book and sat down to my typewriter, feeling that I was so intimately acquainted with her characters that I could pick up where she left off and adopt the children about whom she had written so charmingly. Thus I wrote Billy and the Major. My manuscript was accepted
It took me only two months to write it. I had such a good
time doing it that I was almost sorry to find myself writing THE END.
However, THE END turned out to be only the beginning. Other Minerva
books followed in rapid succession. The next was Miss Minerva's
Baby and so on through ten titles; the last one, Miss Minerva's
Vacation, was published about three years ago. I think it is really
and truly the last. I do not see how I could keep it up through
another volume. All of these little books have been easy to write,
the only trouble being to give eternal youth to the characters,
not to allow the persons who were already old get old enough to die
and to keep the clever children forever plodding along in grammar
school. Orphan Annie seems to be able to stay young forever, but my
characters have a way of growing up in spite of the bricks that I
put on their heads, which is supposed to keep children from growing
too fast. These bricks were admonitions and threats from the publishers.
They kept ding into me that my boys and girls must be boys and girls
to the end. Now when Mrs. Calhoun's book was published in 1909
William Green Hill was six years old and had he grown as children
should grow in '39 he would be well up in his forties. But no! The
publishers demanded eternal youth; so I must let him be a case of
arrested development. My poverty and not my will consented to this,
although in the last book he did get to be about fifteen.

When the manuscript for Billy & the Major was accepted Mr.
Reilly then wrote asking what I expected in the way of pay. Of course
I said a royalty of 10% and asked for an ascending royalty in case of
large sale. I could almost hear Mr. Reilly's merriment all the way from Chicago to Richmond. An unknown author who had been willing to accept $250 for fifty thousand words was indeed a little crazy to expect such consideration on a book that was merely the sequel to a volume written by another person. However, he wrote and offered me $1,000 for the manuscript. He said the firm would never pay a royalty on a sequel to Miss Minerva's & William Green Hill, as that little book would carry any sequel and insure a large sale. I accepted the $1,000 with pleasure since it was four times as much as I had been making and lots of fun to write. I had never really expected to get an ascending royalty or any royalty at all, being of a modest, shrinking disposition in the matter of finances. I told Mr. Reilly the story and the Irishman's pig:

Tim Dooley had a pig he had been fattening for many months. It had grown into a huge hog, the pride and joy of the Dooley family and the envy of all the neighbors who had bet with each other and Tim on the weight of the hog. Finally the time came to drive the hog to market. The neighbors all gathered to see the departure of Tim and his fat hog. In the evening they gathered to welcome him as he came slowly over the hill to the village.

"How much did it weigh, Tim? How much did it weigh?"

"It didn't weight as much as I thought it would — I thought it wouldn't."

I was just like the pessimistic Tim. I wasn't going to make as much on Billy and the Major as I thought I would — and I thought I wouldn't. However, Mr. Reilly did give me a check for $200 extra on the book, which was certainly very kind of him. He also gave me an order for Miss Minerva's Baby almost before the first book was off the press, which showed me he had great faith in its success. I
believe it is still selling well, although getting no royalties from it I have no way to check up on it.

An amusing thing happened in regard to Miss Minerva's Baby. George Leu, Reilly & Lee's representative, was in Texas. He called on a book store in that state where he had landed a large order the year before for Billy & the Major and where Miss Minerva & William Green Hill had always had a steady sale. George was sure Miss Minerva's Baby would meet with a like cordial reception, but was much taken a back when the proprietor greeted him coldly with a positive refusal even to look at the new book.

"No sir", he shouted, "My store deals only in moral literature and I would never consent to have on my shelves anything bordering on the risque. My customers all are good religious people and it would shock them should I have for sale a book with such a title as Miss Minerva's Baby. Miss Minerva had no business with a baby."

By this time I was deep in the writing game. I had one job on top of the Hurst orders to get out, constant demands for more Minerva and then a request from Reilly & Lee for a novel, semi-juvenile. I picked a plot for Mammy's White Folks out of the air and keeping office hours with myself every morning from nine to twelve I got the book done in not so many months. Incidentally, I made more money on Mammy's White Folks than on any book before or since. It was published in time for the Christmas sales in 1919 and made a splendid record, not a best seller, by any means, but a very good one for that kind of book.
On January the first, 1920, my Haas was taken sick. On March the eleventh he died. I think he did not realize until towards the end that he was going to leave me but he was reconciled to being a semi-invalid for several months to come, and hoped finally to be, if not well, at least to be able to get back to work. It gave him satisfaction as it did me that I was capable of making real money with my writing. How well I remember when the first check for royalties on Mummy's White Folks came: $1,000 with promise of more to follow. Both of us shed tears. Haas was ever an easy weeper, but tears have always come hard to me; so I was forced to leave the room no have my cry out. When I returned he said:

"Honey, what are you going to do with all that money?"

"I have already started to squander it," I answered. "I have just taken a bath and washed with Acetimol soap all over. I usually wash nothing but my face with such an expensive soap."

After Haas died it was necessary for me to work very hard at this writing game to make a living. It was no longer a game but a business. Getting a comfortable royalty on one book once a year did not mean a sure income, nothing to depend upon. I can well see how authors must make writing an avocation and not a vocation. Reilly & Lee threw other work in my way besides that once a year book published under my own name: Emma Speed Sampson.

L. Frank Baum, that clever author of the Wizard of Oz, must have had the same experience of being forced to do pot-boiling to keep anything in the post. He had written the "Mary Louise" series under the name of Mrs. Edith Van Dyne. When Baum died the series was not completed and Mr. Reilly asked me to go on with it under that same name; so again
I was writing books for a departed author. The "Mary Louise" series was the finally the "Josie O'Gorman" series. I had lots of fun writing them because they were girls' detective tales in which the clever Josie solved any and every mystery that came her way. They too are out of print now and not to be got for love or money.

Then Reilly & Lee hired me to go on with a "Campfire Girl" series under the name of Margaret Love Sanderson. Whether there was ever such a person as Margaret Love I do not know, but only know that I pounded out many chapters telling of the courage and honesty of those campfire girls who always knew what to do in an emergency because of the teachings of their organization. Emma Keats wrote one of them for me and started another, but fell in love and was incapacitated for the time being owing to wedding preparations and I had to pick up where she left off. The one she wrote was Campfire Girls on a Yacht. Emma Keats had made quite a voyage on a yacht, so she was much more suited to write about it than I was. It was and is a good little book for girls, but is out of print now.

When her manuscript was in the hands of the published and she had become the proud possessor of $250 Mr. and Mrs. Reilly came to Richmond to see me. Emma Keats and I were having dinner with them at the Jefferson Hotel.

"How did you like Campfire Girls on a Yacht?" I asked Mr. Reilly.

"I haven't read it," he replied. "I hardly ever read that kind of stuff I have to publish. I have an editor who does it. Why do you ask?"

"Well, my daughter wrote it."

"You mean Miss Emma? That's the way you authors are always
putting it over on the publisher. Well, I shall read it the minute
I get back to Chicago."

So he did and wrote giving Emma Keats an order for another
"Campfire" book, but stipulating that in the new book there should
be no love interest. He contended that a book for young girls should
have no love interest at all. That was where the good Mr. Reilly was
greatly mistaken in the public job of adolescents. He had no children
and his partners had no children — no children in the organization
of Reilly & Lee. What did they know about girls? Nothing! I had
them and knew much about growing girls. I knew that a bit of romance
is necessary in their reading matter as a bit of sweet in their diet.
The joke of it was that I had inserted the love interest in Campfire
Girls on a Yacht. In reading over the manuscript, editing it and
supplying the colons (my favorite punctuation) I had slipped in the
love interest, that bit of necessary sweet. Emma Keats had nothing
to do with it and knew nothing of it, as she was abroad at the time,
having handed over her manuscript to me on the eve of her departure
that I might edit it and ship to the publishers.

I have had a few rules to follow in this game of writing, but
those few I have endeavored to follow religiously. The first I got
from my dear Nell: always to be myself and not try to be anyone else.
The next I got from Jane Austen, who in giving advice to a niece who
was contemplating writing, said: "Send your characters where you have
never been yourself but never try to take them there." I have endeavored
to follow the advice of the wise Jane, but it has not always been easy.
I was thankful that Nell had got Molly Brown safely through college,
as college is one of the many places where I have never been. I was
able to put her through a post graduate course by the hardest by
letting most of the action take place in Kentucky.

Another rule was of my own making: not to let a joke or story,
no matter clever, get the better of me by writing up to it and forcing
the manuscript. Kind friends are apt to help you write your books by
telling jokes or incidents with the suggestion that you make use of
them. Nothing is more deadening to an author than the remark: "You
ought to put that in one of your books!" I feel that nothing should go
in a book but what comes about naturally and no character should be
guilty of saying something that is not the kind of thing he or she
might say in real life.

Another thing that flabbergasts a writer of fiction is this:
"Where on earth did you find that character? You couldn't have
made her up. Where did you get the plot?"

You can declare in the words of Touchstone: "'Tis a poor thing
but mine own!" But somehow you are never believed.

One of my characters, old Aunt Peachy, in the Shorn Lamb I
can hardly believe I made up because she is one of the meanest and
most horrible looking old persons, black or white, that I have ever
know. How such a villainous darky could ever have come out of my
head I cannot tell because I am really a kind, nice woman given to
pleasant thoughts. But come out she did and I am glad she is out,
because as Kenny used to say: "There is no room outside than in."

I was working on the Shorn Lamb the summer after Has died,
working hard and glad of the labor because there is nothing like work
to ease the pain and sorrow. I was spending the summer with my
mother at her bungalow at Leonardo on the Jersey Coast. My brother,
Keats Speed and his delightful wife, Florrie had a neighboring bungalow. Nobody is so full of good stores as Florrie and nobody can tell a story as well. One day I was having lunch with her and she told the following tale about old Aunt 'Hiah who was cook in her home in Kentucky:

"My sister and I were expecting some beaus from the city and naturally wanted to make a good impression, so we told Aunt 'Hiah she must mind her manners and stop scratching before people. Aunt 'Hiah let out a great guffaw and said:

"Don't you give me none er yo' sass. Whenever I eaches I scratches wherever I is and wherever I eaches."

As soon as lunch was over I excused myself to hurry home.

"I am sorry to eat and run, Florrie; but I have to hurry and use that tale. I have just reached a place in the Shorn Lamb where Aunt Peachy would have said that very thing." And so she would and so she did.
CHAPTER 25

Looking back over this life I have so much loved I can but wonder why it is I have loved it so much and conclude it because I have been so busy and so healthy. Only one year out of seventy-three I was not busy and that was the one year when I was a semi-invalid recovering from an operation, necessary but not of enough interest to take up any space in this autobiography. Busy always but always busier than ever when it was necessary for me to make a living, and that at a time when the high cost of living had greatly increased. As a dear old colored man said: "Ev'rything goin' up but prayer!"

It took a lot of pounding on my faithful typewriter to make money which I found easier and easier to spend. We are supposed to be of Scotch Irish descent on my mother's side, but I am afraid the Scotch petered out before it got to me and the Irish characteristics predominated: that aisy come and aisy go disposition. Writing juvenile fiction was easy and spending was even easier. I had many responsibilities which I gladly shouldered. Robert Louis Stevenson's recipe for happiness: "Make a little money and spend a little less" was impossible for me. Make a little money and spend a little more was more in my line.

In 1922 the Virginia Legislature passed a law to have censorship of motion pictures in our state. When Governor S. Lee Trinkle offered me the job of serving on this newly formed board I accepted with alacrity and gratitude. It was a comfortable salary and on the whole pleasant.

¹This chapter also untitled in msms. A.
work, but it was not a sinecure, this viewing every motion picture that came into the state, viewing and passing on the, making what we considered necessary eliminations and sometimes rejecting a picture in its entirety. Then the row would begin and angry delegations would swarm into our office trying to make us reverse our decision. On the other hand if we let through scenes that shocked some dainty minded individual or group, we were besieged by reformers of both sexes who felt we were not doing our duty by the public in passing what they considered scandalous pictures. I was the one who, usually blamed because I was the woman on the board and in consequence of my sex was supposed to have the morals of old and young in my keeping. Even the Ku Klux Klan took issue with us because of a film in which an Egyptian prince loved a European. The Klan accused the Board of Motion Picture Censors of being in the pay of the producers and threatened us with dire punishment if we did not comply with their dictates as to race and creed. I got so angry I wanted to sue them; but my good companions, Mr. Chesterman and Mr. Moneure, who served on the board with me, were more peaceably inclined than I was and felt the best thing to do was to ignore the matter altogether. However, for some weeks we were in hourly expectation of a sheet-and-pillowcase party. It made me especially angry because up to that time the picture industry had done nothing for me than to take me to lunch on only one occasion and then we had scorched soup.

On one man harangued us for hours because we had passed a film in which the hero was illegitimate. He had taken his sister to see the picture and was forced to leave the theatre before the end, much was his mortification. Mr. Chesterman was much amused at me during the lecture because he saw I had my fingers crossed. I was afraid the
spirit might move me to speak my mind. I held on to myself like the perfect lady I wasn't. I merely mildly asked the purist what he would do in the case of say Henry Esmond. He replied:

"That's history and we cannot help history."

"That's news to me," I muttered. This same man had the reputation, among the girls as being such an ardent petter that none of them were willing to motor with him off the beaten highway.

One irate woman, the wife of a preacher, took us to task because we allowed a minister of the gospel to be called a "Sky Pilot". A very intelligent and highly respected physician called on us in high dudgeon because he had taken his small children to see John Barrymore in Don Juan and was extremely shocked by the story. When Mr. Chesterman asked him why he would take little children to see that type of picture he said he felt that with such responsible people to view the pictures that all of them should be suitable for old and young. Mr. Chesterman assured him we were doing our best as censors, but we could not perform the miracle of making John Barrymore plan Don Juan so it would be suitable for children.

A highly sensational, handsome and popular divine was constantly making complaints because of our being too broad-minded in our attitude towards pictures. He was quite glib concerning the lack of morals as depicted on the screen. Once I pinned him down asking him to tell us just what scenes had offended him. It turned out he had never seen a picture or play in all his godly life. He did not approve of the drama in any form, but felt himself to be fully capable of passing on our work. While he did not approve of the drama he was noted for being extremely dramatic in the pulpit.

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One thing was sure: while viewing a picture the censors must keep their eyes open and their wits about them or something unseemly was sure to slip by. One very hot summer day I was alone in the screening room. Mr. Chesterman was off on his vacation and Mr. Mancure out of the office for a few hours. I was engaged in passing on a dull western serial. The heroine was a perfectly respectable little girl, beloved by bandits and hero alike. I was overcome with the desire for sleep. Surely it wouldn't hurt if I shut my eyes for a moment. No harm could come to Sue if I let myself doze—just a little cat nap. Sue had already been capable of taking care of herself through many reels, so why worry about her now? Just as I was dropping off into forgetfulness I cracked one eye to make sure that all was as it should be with Sue. Then I sat up straight and banished all thought of sleep. Sue, the good and reliable little Sue, had stripped off every rag of clothing and after standing a moment on the bank of a singularly clear and transparent stream had dived in. She swam under water for a few seconds and then lay shamelessly on her back and gazed into the unclouded sky, registering the appropriate expression of happy innocence. I rubbed my eyes. Could I be asleep after all? Surely this could not be little Sue slyly inserting such a scene into a film to the undoing of careless censors! Yes, it was Sue and there were the inevitable bad men peeping at her from the bushes handing over that pure, transparent stream. Susannah and the Elders! A deletion was indicated: "Cut scene in which Sue disrobes and dives into stream. Cut scene in which she is shown swimming under water. Cut all scenes in which she lies nude on top of water. Cut all scenes in which unprincipled men peep from bushes
registering evil thoughts as they gaze on the nude figure of the young girl." That was the manner in which we made eliminations.

The day was saved. Suppose I had gone on trusting Sue and had slept through that reel!

Being a censor of motion pictures was on the whole pleasant work because I like pictures, even poor pictures. In the old days of silent pictures we often had more trouble with the sub-titles than with the scenes because the printed work back in the early twenties had to be without blemish or double entendre. Now in this day and generation when bad words that used to be found solely on the back fence are boldly set in type and are to be found in noble literature, had the motion picture script writers put them in the sub-titles the censors would have had trouble indeed.

When sound pictures found their way on the screen we had a hard row to hoe. Our equipment was inadequate, as our machine carried only silent films; and it took an act of legislature for us to be given money for new machines. For a year we limped along as best we could. The motion picture companies were required to send us the script for every motion picture submitted, and mine was the task to read aloud from this script while the actors on the screen mouthed their words. I did what I could with a shaded desk light and infinite patience. Sometimes I got ahead of the actors and sometimes they got ahead of me, but sometimes we came out abreast and then I felt very proud of myself. This reading of script made me have great admiration of the writers of said script and to realize their ability and the labor involved in the making of pictures.
The twelve years I served on this board were the busiest years of my busy life. I not only viewed pictures when there were any to view, but I managed to write many little books, utilizing every spare moment. I did a daily recipe in Negro dialect for several years with the help of my daughter, Emma Keats; I wrote reviews of the movies for a local newspaper. I marvel now that I could have accomplished so much. I could have not done it if I had not really loved my work and at the same time been blessed with glowing health. I was interested at all times in the pictures and the writing of juvenile fiction was ever a pleasant relaxation for me.

The other members of the board were my good friends and we worked together in great harmony. It was one of the deep sorrows of my life when Evan Chesterman died, a man of infinite charm and sweetness, widely read and with a breadth of vision that made him suited above all others to serve as a censor. His last years on this board were spent in a wheel chair. His bravery and cheerfulness were beyond belief, as he was in pain much of the time from arthritis.

Laboring faithfully and truly as I did as a censor I was bowled over when without warning or excuse I was dismissed from office. I had never looked upon my appointment as a political one, but fondly imagined I was given this honor because I was fitted for it and kept in office because I had learned the business and proved myself to be anything but a slacker. In fact it never entered my head the Virginia State Board of Motion Picture Censors could do without me, but alas! I was to learn that it was a political
appointment when the powers that controlled the office chose to consider it so, and the job was handed over to another woman whose friends had the necessary political pull. The joke on me and my conceit was that the board continued to function without me quite as well as it had with me. Nobody is indispensable.

After being ousted from the state job I was employed by the Times Dispatch to write a daily column: "Maids, Wives and Widows". I was to continue the recipe in Negro dialect, write a "Going to Market" article twice a week, edit the "Children's Page" for the Sunday edition and read proof whenever I had a moment to spare. Again I made a mistake in my attitude towards work and life. I began to think I was quite necessary to my paper. I worked hard and faithfully doing my level best to do what was required of me. Again I got a jolt. I was fired. No reason was given. I was just fired. However, I am sure I was missed by many subscribers because after seven years I am constantly receiving telephone calls from my one time readers asking my recipe for batter bread or green tomato pickle or more intimate advice concerning browsing husbands of saucy servants or children.

I do not flatter myself that the editor had my welfare in mind at all, but nevertheless I am sure had I been employed much longer by the Times Dispatch I would have had a nervous breakdown. Never having tried to write in a room with other persons it was difficult for me to concentrate in close quarters with four other females, four telephones and much talking and laughing on the part of male reporters loafing in our office while waiting for assignments.
Our windows opened on an automobile repair shop from which issued constant banging and beating and tooting of horns. On the whole a noisy, disagreeable place, in winter cold, in summer hot and at all seasons dirty. I am thankful for the experience in helping in my feeble way to get out a daily paper; but I am also thankful to the editor for firing me; but at the time it was a bitter pill to swallow, not even sugar coated.

Had I been a young person this job losing era might have had a sorry effect on my character. I might have felt: "Oh, what's the use in being conscientious in doing one's duty? Why waste time and strength on a job you are sure to lose? Why should I have spent twelve years sitting in a dark screening room looking at motion pictures, finally to be kicked out blinking at the unaccustomed light of the day? Why should I have labored so faithfully on the newspaper, giving my very best effort at all times when my second best would have been good enough? Why?"

Well, one reason was because I was not a young person and in spite of the knock-down blows I had received I seemed to have the philosophy of that toy known as a "Suey Damn", a doll so weighted that no matter how much you knock it down it right itself and land on its feet. Losing jobs did not make me bitter. I think it did me good. While it knocked the conceit out of me it made me realize how many good friends I had. It also made me realize how wrong I had been not to save money when there was money to save. The unjust thing about improvidence is that is seldom works a hardship on the prodigal but someone else has to pay for it. When I got in the job-losing habit my brother Keats immediately made me his responsib-
ility and ever since has sent me a monthly check — Keats, the youngest of the family of Speeds and the one to be depended on at all times. God bless him!

And so I near the end of the chapter. Of the seven brothers and sisters there are only three left, Ewing, Keats and I. Nell was the first to go, then Philip, then Jenny and then Josh. Mother died in 1932 and a few months later our precious Margaret Wright Hawkins, a beloved cousin to whose untimely death I never have become reconciled.

Ewing, after the death of his wife, came to live with me. We spend many hours talking about old times and old friends. It seems incredible that we are now old people. It seems but yesterday that we were lying on the rug in front of the fire in Mother's room while she read to us, and Ewing had the can't-help-its and had to be walked to bed while he yelled lustily.

Fortunately friends do not have to be old to be good. After all there is no reasonably old friends should be the best. It isn't how long you have known friends but how well you know them that makes them dear. It is quite possible to outgrow friends as to outgrow tastes. No longer could I lose myself in a novel by The Duchess or Rhoda Broughton, and I have long ceased to feel the height of my ambition is to go riding with a man with a black moustache in a red-wheeled buggy. I have made many new friends who I love and I

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3 The Duchess (Margaret Wolf-1855-1897)—An Irish novelist with the pen name, The Duchess; wrote Molly Bawn.

4 Rhoda Broughton (1840-1920) Initially had a reputation for audacity of which a younger generation deprived her much to her private amusement; best known books are Cometh Up As a Flower (1867), Not Wisely But Too Well (1867), Doctor Cupid (1886), A Waif's Progress (1905).
feel love me. My good friend Estelle Vincent, whose son Bobby married my daughter Judith, which makes Estelle and me the grandmothers of the same little Keats Vincent, is a comparatively new friend in this my long life of friendships. We now live together in my home in Richmond, Estelle, her daughter Miriam, my grandson Hardin Harris, Jr. and Ewing and I, making a happy household. Estelle takes such good care of Ewing and me that we bid fair to live to be as old as our old Butler great-uncles.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways;
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
By friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matters if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown;
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars came nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave comes to the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

John Burroughs.5

THE END

5John Burroughs (1837-1921), American scientist and essayist on nature subjects, influenced by Emerson and Thoreau; Books include Birds and Poets (1877), Locusts and Wild Honey (1879), The Breath of Life (1915), Accepting the Universe (1920).
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