CHAPTER I
Home and Family

My Uncle George had just read Paradise Lost when I first made my debut here on these low grounds of sorrow and disappointment, and he was so enamored with it he insisted on naming me Milton. My father, whose only reading was the Bible, compromised by prefixing the name of "Moses." Possibly the name of these two great authors are responsible for this page. It is lucky for yours truly that in these days of big claims for damages that neither of these great authors were alive to start suit. (The Holton Recorder, September 8, 1927.)

There may have not been as much politics to the square foot back in the 40's as there is now, but what little we had was of pretty much the same kind and character as that which now afflicts the county. Then they had no populists, but they had "Barnburners." They did not have third party prohibitionists, but they had "anti-Masons" and "Morgan Killers." Instead of calamity howlers they had "Locofocos," and the tariff reformers of the time howled for "free trade and sailor's rights." There were no green backers, but plenty of "hard money Democrats." The relations of gold and silver were reverse of what it is today. Then silver was the scarce metal, and not infrequently it commanded a premium over gold.

The first political campaign in which I "took an active part" was that of 1840. I do not remember much about it, as I had been a resident of this country a little less than two years. This short residence, however, did not make me backward about asserting my political convections. I have been credibly informed that the first connected sentence I learned to utter was "Hurrah for Tip and Tyler, too." So it will be seen that I was a Whig of the strictest type. Although, as I have said, I do not remember much about the "log cabin and hard cider campaign" of 1840, I do remember that there were numerous large gatherings or rallies, and that work was largely suspended and farmers would go for miles and take the whole family to hear the speaking and enjoy the excitement. The Democrats raised tall hickory poles, on which a possum would be perched, and the Whigs would then overtop their adversaries with an ash pole on which would be seen the emblematic 'coon. The hickory was in honor of "Old Hickory," the Democratic idol, and the ash of Henry Clay, whose home was at Ashland, Kentucky.

The first political speech of which I have any recollection was made by Caleb B. Smith, at Centerville. The crowd was so dense and I was so small that my father held me in his arms so I could hear and see and not be crushed. The only features of the address that impressed themselves on my mind sufficiently to be retained until to-day was a peculiar lisp of the speaker and the frequent repetition of the words "Rio Grande." I suppose the address must have been largely on the subject of our trouble with Mexico. I can remember yet some of the campaign songs with which the people were enthused, and I declare that they were just as silly and senseless as the same class of literature in later years. The Democrats had advertised a "grand rally" at a little town in the neighborhood, at which great speakers were announced in immense wood type on the bills. The day came, and at the same time the fall equinox storm, and it rained all day and the democrats were sadly disappointed and the Whigs were correspondently happy. A local genus of the Whig persuasion in our neighborhood, who, like Silas Wegg, sometimes "dropped into poetry," or what he imaged was poetry, composed a long song on this democratic calamity, the only part of which I remember was the refrain at the end of each verse:

"And the rain it made their chances flat
As polk root juice and 'possom fat."

The "polk root" referred to the Democratic standard bearer, James K. Polk.

News in those days did not fly over the railroads and flash over electric wires, but came lumbering across mountains, rivers and plains in stage coaches and on horseback, and it was only a few short hours after an election before the result was known. I remember very distinctly when the news came to our neighborhood that Polk was elected and Clay defeated and what a cloud of gloom and despondency seemed to enshroud the Whigs. I have a distinct recollection of somehow realizing that a great and overwhelming calamity had overtaken the country and that there was henceforth little in this world worth living for. Henry Clay was the idol of the Whigs. They almost worshiped him. I doubt if there has ever lived in this country before or since a man as popular with the rank and file of his party. James G. Blaine probably approached the nearest to the Clay standard in this respect. When the news of his defeat came to his enthusiastic followers, those of course who did not understand the inside workings of political campaigns were stunned. They could not realize it, and it was weeks before many could be made to believe the, to them, terrible fact. To the surprise of many the country did not go smash, as had been predicted, and as they had confidently expected. But the Mexican war resulted, and soon patriotism

triumphed over partisan feeling and the sympathies of the masses soon veered to the side on which our armies, led by the brave generals, Taylor and Scott, battled, although sentiment was greatly divided as to the principles and causes which led to the war. (The Holton Recorder, March 8, 1894.)

It was nearly a hundred years ago, in the campaign of 1840, that the Whigs rejoiced over the Maine election in a rhyme which has been repeated in some form ever since. The Whig candidate for governor was named Kent, the Whig candidates for president and vice president were Harrison, whom they called "Tippecanoe", and Tyler. This was the word sent out by the Whigs the day after the Maine election.

Have you heard the news from Maine?
Maine is loyal, Maine is true,
Hell bent
For Governor Kent
And Tippecanoe and Tyler too! - Hutchison news.

That was the first campaign I ever took interest in. I was nearly two years old and was learning how to talk.

My folks were ardent Whigs and the first sentence that they taught me to say was "Rah for Tippecanoe and Tyler too." They informed me later that I insisted on shortening it up to "Rah for Tip and Tyler too."

General William Henry Harrison commanded the army that defeated the Indians at the decisive battle of Tippecanoe near the seat of the city of Lafayette, Indiana, which ended the Indian War in what was then called the Northwest Territory.

President Harrison died soon after being elected, and Tyler became president. Tyler was a Virginian. He won the reputation of being something of a traitor to his party, and was the cause of the beginning of the disintegration and final disappearance from the map of the Whig party. (The Holton Recorder, September 13, 1928.)

How many readers of the Recorder remember when Daniel Webster and Henry Clay were the leading statesmen and most eloquent orators in this country? They both belonged to the Whig party. John C. Calhoun at that time was the leading Democrat. I remember of hearing Henry Clay make a speech in 1843 or 1844 at Cambridge City, Indiana. I do not remember much about the speech, as I was only six years old. (The Holton Recorder, June 7, 1928.)

The crowds that have attended the notification ceremonies of Hoover and Smith recall the nomination of Clay and Polk in 1844. I can remember the excitement of that occasion, though only in the sixth year of my age. Then there were no railroads to speak of and no telegraph wires. Anything like radiola for carrying news had not been even dreamed of. My parents and all my relatives were ardent Whigs and they almost worshiped Henry Clay. I remember how disappointed and sad they all were when it was finally ascertained that Polk was elected. (The Holton Recorder, August 30, 1928.)

The next political contest, in 1846, was peculiar. The Democratic administration had brought on the war, and carried it to successful termination. The country Whigs, as well as Democrats, were proud of the success of our armies and proud of the result. It would certainly seem under these circumstances that the Democratic party had extraordinary chances of success, and ought to win hands down. But they made a complete and conspicuous failure. Looking at the matter from my present standpoint, the causes of their overwhelming defeat seems to be that the Whigs out managed them and stole from them the glory of victory to which they were clearly entitled. This was done by the Whig nomination of Gen. Zachary Taylor, "Old Rough and Ready" as he was first affectionately called by his solders, and afterward by everyone. The Democrats nominated Lewis Cass, an old politician, who, in the then state of the public mind, stood no chance with the hero of Buna Vista. There were many other causes that entered into the contest to which I have no time to refer, except the principal one, namely, that then, as now, the incapacity of the Democratic party to successfully conduct the affairs of government when they had full control had been so clearly demonstrated under the administration of Van Buren and Polk that the object lesson could not fall of its legitimate effect. (The Holton Recorder, March 8, 1894.)

When I was about seven years old I indulged in my first show. I think it was Forepaw's Menagerie that came to Centreville six miles from where my father lived. My brother six years older and I had enjoyed the promise of a holiday for several weeks and in some way we had saved up pennies and five cent pieces until we had enough to pay our way in.

We lived close to a church of which my father and mother were strict and devoted members. As bad luck

would have it a sermon by a noted minister was advertised at eleven o'clock on the day of the show and the only condition under which we could go to the show was to first attend the meeting at the church.

I do not remember the text or anything the preacher said. My readers most of whom have been seven some time in the past, can imagine the interest I took in that sermon by that noted preacher. Mother favored us and hurried up dinner as soon as possible after the sermon which was an hour and half long and we had about forty minutes to go the six miles, both of us on one farm horse. I remember my father noticing my impatience became facetious and remarked that I should not worry and the main feature of the show could not go off until I got there. Isn't it a little strange how we remember the small details of unimportant things that happened so many years ago and how we are prone to forget important facts of last year? Well we got there on time, thanks to the speed (?) and vitality of "Old Bill" and I had the time of my life. I have attended many shows since ranging from Uncle Tom's Cabin to Grand Opera by Lillian Nordica's Company, but I am sure I have never enjoyed one so well as I did that Menagerie. (The Holton Recorder, July 7, 1910.)

During the crash that followed as the result of Democratic misgovernment from 1838 to 1841, my father, who had purchased a farm partly on credit, lost all his property and found himself in debt several hundred dollars, and we were compelled to give up our home and become renters. The years following, until I was twelve or thirteen years old, were years of hard work and self-denial in our family. The constable, was a frequent though unwelcome visitor, and gave us great trouble. The law then allowed a family only $100 worth of property exempt from execution for debt, and it will be readily seen that a cruel creditor had a poor man with a large family at his mercy, and creditors were no more lenient, as a rule, than now. To illustrate some of the straits to which poor people were sometimes reduced, I will relate a single incident out of many. My father had been sued for ten dollars, and the constable was about to levy on the only cow we had that was giving milk; and in this emergency my father went to his landlord, a wealthy farmer to get help. He stated the case and managed to excite the sympathy of the rich man, who, after much hesitation, offered to let him have ten dollars on the condition he would work for him in hay and corn harvest twenty-six days, a "dry month" and board himself. Ordinary wages then were fifty cents a day, the laborer to eat his breakfast and supper at home and his dinner with his employers. Of course my father had to accept the hard terms, and about the first "working out" for wages I ever did was to assist my brother to "make a hand" in payment of that ten dollar debt.

One of the great industries of our neighborhood was raising and feeding hogs for market. In the early winter buyers would come around, purchase the hogs and drive them in huge droves sixty miles to Cincinnati to market. My recollection is that the prices paid ranged from $1.25 to $2.25 per hundred. Well grown up boys and young men were employed to drive the hogs, and I can remember what heroes the lucky one were considered when they came home and related the wonderful adventures in the city and on their journey. I think the height of my ambition was to be large enough to be employed to drive hogs to Cincinnati, but my aspirations were doomed to disappointment, as before the happy time arrived the White Water canal was built from our county to the metropolis, and transportation was cheaper than driving.

Notwithstanding this, the hue and cry of the present for more currency, those living now can have no conception of the great scarcity of money from 1840 to 1855. Take a family of to-day in ordinary circumstances and I believe it no exaggeration to say that the boys and girls over fourteen each handled and spent as much money in the course of a year as did some whole families during the period alluded to. There is no question but families worked a great deal more and got much less for their labor than now. To illustrate, an average day's labor would then purchase eight pounds of raw sugar, now it will buy twenty-two pounds of granulated sugar. Then it would purchase three and a half yards, now twenty of good prints. Then it was about equal to two and a half yards, now to ten yards of bleached shirting. Then it took a man two months to earn a nice Sunday suit; now he can buy two suits as good for the proceeds of one month's labor, and so on through nearly the whole list of such necessities as were brought in those times. There were but few luxuries indulged in even went by the wealthy. Although we lived in one of the best and wealthiest farming districts in the state there were but two or three family carriages in the township, and the man that could support a top buggy or carriage was looked up to as a nabob. If there was a piano or organ or other musical instrument except violins (they called them fiddles then) in the entire county I never heard of it.

Previous to the completion of the canal, above alluded to, my father usually made two or three trips a year to Cincinnati taking down a load of produce and bringing back a load of goods for the merchants, and a few article for family use. I remember, I think it was about the year 1843, when he brought home a cook stove, one of the first purchased in that neighborhood. It was a great curiosity, and the neighbors came in from quite a distance to

see the modern wonder. There was considerable solicitude as to what the result would be when a fire was kindled and it was put to the actual test of cooking. "Would it bake bread?" was an important question; and "What about it keeping fire over night?" The latter was a very momentous consideration, for lucifer matches were not then in general use. I remember numerous times that I have been called up early, while it was yet dark, and sent off a half mile to a neighbors to borrow fire to start the blaze on the hearth. But the cook stove worked all right, and it baked splendidly; and if my recollection serves me that stove lasted many years, and was in about every respect equal to the modern nickel mounted kitchen ornament. (The Holton Recorder, March 1, 1894.)

I have concluded to write a piece about matches, not the matches that are said to be made in heaven, but those that are made on earth originally called "lucifer matches." I am not sure but "Lucifer" sometimes has a hand in the making of the other kind.

The people of today can not realize the difference in comfort and convenience now and sixty years ago just because of the manufacture and cheapness of matches. I can remember when matches were a luxury only enjoyed by the wealthy; when very few country people's houses were supplied with this luxury. The reason was that the matches five cents will now buy would then have cost thirty or forty cents and at that time five cents was harder and more difficult to get than thirty or forty cents is now. In those times when the fire went out which it frequently did in most homes where only the open fire place was used, a flint and a piece of punk was the last resort. If the flint and punk was lacking as was generally the case, a boy hiked out to the nearest neighbor's to borrow a few live coals. I remember once when we had all been off to a distant point in the circuit to quarterly meeting and on account of rain and storm had been detained over night, that when we retuned home the next day in the cold fall rain, of course the fire was out and I being just the size for an errand boy was posted off to a neighbor's a half mile distant for the fire. As I went by the old barn I picked up a couple of old clapboards that had blown off of the roof. Arriving at my destination I soon had a small fire brand between the ends of my boards. The top board kept the rain from putting the fire out and the seasoned boards soon began to burn freely. When about half way home the bottom board burned off letting my fire fall into a puddle of water. I then had to go back and get another supply of fire. Profiting by my former experience I got safely home, and it was not long we until we had a blazing fire in the fire place and in the cook stove, and soon a plate of fried ham, a pot of coffee, hot biscuits and butter made me forget all about the hardships and privations of this world of trouble. I presume my experience on this and the same on a score or more of other occasions has been the experience of most of the older readers of the Recorder-Tribune.

The writer remembers that on more than one occasion he was wakened up in the early morning by his father's voice calling, "get up, Adam, and run over to Smith's and get some fire." (The Holton Recorder-Tribune, December 13, 1906.)

These recollections of the past, in which I have been indulging, seem to be as popular with the public as Castoria is with children.

They are clamoring for more.

I am strong on "recollections."

One advantage I enjoy is that I date the incidents so far back that there is no one living who can rise up and dispute the record.

In this respect, "recollections" have a very decided advantage over theories as to who elected Wilson or why he was elected.

Back in the forties the exemption law gave only $100 to families, not subject to execution.

My father, while accumulating a good sized family, owing to the money panic and hard times, lost his farm.

There was no bankrupt law in operation then and "once in debt, always in debt," until the last farthing was paid.

We lost our farm, but we saved up a lot of debts, which were a constant draft on our resources.

The constable was a more or less regular visitor at our house.

On one occasion the constable appeared with a judgment for $10 and demanded payment or he would levy on one of the horses of our only team.

It was during the crop cultivating season, and we could not very well spare a horse.

The constable finally agreed to give us one day's grace.

We were living on a farm belonging to an old tightwad, the richest man in the community.

He owned some seven or eight hundred acres of as fertile land as could be found in Indiana, and had stock of

all kinds, also a balance in the only bank in the county.

My father went to see this magnate. They had been neighbors and friends for many years.

"Phillip, you must let me have ten dollars," begged my father. "They are about to levy on one of my horses." "All right, Bill," hesitatingly replied Phillip; "when and how can you pay it back?" "I will pay you in corn just as soon as I gather my crop," replied my father, "or I will work it out."

"All right," said Phillip, "I will let you have the ten dollars on condition that you will help me in corn gathering twenty-six days."

"But," argued my father, "that is only $10 for a dry month, while I will board and lodge myself. You pay your hand that amount for a wet month and board and lodge him."

"But," argued our tightwad neighbor, "I am paying you nearly six months in advance. That is the best I can do;" and the ten dollars was paid to the constable the next day and we saved our horse.

I said in former recollections that I never hired a farm hand. I did not mean from that I did not frequently work for a day's wages.

My brother, who was older than I, with what help I could give him, could make a full hand, so one frosty morning we went to work to pay our debt. It was understood that we should eat our dinner with our employer. When it came dinner time he appeared troubled and finally relieved his feelings by protesting against giving one hand two dinners, and my brother started me for home. I had got as far as the gate when our neighbor's wife called me back and informed her husband that I could have her place at the table and she would fast until the next meal. This settled the dinner question; and I doubt if the old man ever tried to send another hungry boy away from his table.

I relate this incident, to show that poverty was inconvenient, not to say a crime, seventy years ago, just as it is now, and that we not only have the poor with us always, but also the tightwads, and that the tightwads are frequently the cause of poverty.

Another incident that occurred a year of two later;

We ran out of corn one season, before the crop was finished, and we borrowed a wagon load of corn from our landlord.

That season he let us boys clean up an acre or two of new ground and we were to have what we could raise off it.

When corn harvest came we paid back the load of borrowed corn, and out landlord suggested that he thought he was entitled to some interest on the borrowed corn, and that Adam, meaning me, might gather a couple of bags of corn out of the boy's crop and bring it to his barn, which I did, transporting it from the field to his crib on an old blind horse.

We moved away the same year and my father went back to the old home to get the remainder of our belongings and stayed all night with his old landlord, and the next morning paid 50 cents for the horse feed.

About 30 years later my brother and I were driving through the old neighborhood viewing the old landmarks, and passing the old home we saw an old man digging potatoes. "I believe that is Uncle Phillip," remarked my brother, "shall we stop and say hello to him?" "Sure," I said; "expenses are no object to me on an occasion like this." The old man came to the fence and when he found out who we were, he was greatly pleased to see us, and with tears in his eyes and voice, insisted on us making him a visit, which we did staying with him over night.

The next morning he took us over to the new church he had erected, in place of the old one where we janitored at $12 a year; himself contributing most of the $10,000 it cost.

It is probably unnecessary to say that he presented no bill for entertaining man and beast, when we went to leave.

We learned from the neighbors that Uncle Phillip was a changed man, and contributed liberally not only to the church, but to relieve the poor of the neighborhood.

Which means that the most of us have good in us, provided the crust of selfness can be removed and the good given a chance to develop. (The Holton Recorder, December 2, 1916.)

How many of the reader's of today's Recorder ever saw a canal boat? I think it was in the year 1845, when the White Water Canal, from Lawrenceburg on the Ohio river, a few miles below Cincinnati to Cambridge City, in eastern Indiana, was completed. I remember when our whole family attended a celebration of this event at Milton, some two miles below Cambridge City. There were a number of things that make me remember this event. One was it was the first time I ever saw or heard a brass band. Of course it was the first time I ever saw a canal or a canal boat. As well as I can remember the canal was some twenty-five or thirty feet wide and the water

at the shallowest deep enough to float the flat bottomed boat. The boat was sixteen to eighteen feet wide and from forty to fifty feet in length, and two stories high. The lower story was exclusively for freight. The upper had some state rooms and a small sitting room for the few passengers who had the leisure time to travel in that fashion.

There was a tow path along one side where the horse, hitched to the tow line could walk. This horse was the propelling power. The "deck hands" consisted of three or four husky fellows, who, with poles, kept the boat in the center of the canal. The speed was from three to five miles an hour, or from 75 to 100 miles every twenty-four hours.

I do not know how many tons was a boat load, probably twenty or thirty. The boat was raised from lower to higher levels, and from higher to lower, by the means of locks, which were built in every few miles, and passing through which made the traffic slow.

There were a number of canals in the east, the most lengthy of which was the New York and Erie.

My recollection is that this White Water Canal was the farthest west canal ever built. Soon after this was completed, railroads were beginning to be built and it was soon demonstrated that the slow going canal boat in competition with the rapid running rail car was not in it.

The New York and Erie Canal started at Albany on the Hudson and its terminus was Lake Erie, giving water transportation, such as it was, via the Hudson river, the canal and Lake Erie from New York to Cleveland and other western cities.

I have stated the dimensions of canal boasts, and the width of canals solely from memory of impressions received when I was a kid. I never measured a boat or the width of the canal, and my figures may be incorrect. As a water craft the canal boast was compared with the Great Eastern and other ocean steamers of later construction about as the usual spout from the acorn compares with the giant oak.

The ox team that traveled from 12 to 15 miles per day, was, so far as I remember the first means of transportation and travel. Then came the canal which meandered along at some 60 or 70 miles a day. Then the railroad train that passed over some 400 or 500 miles every twenty-four hours. Now we read about the air plane that is reported to have obtained a speed of some four or five miles per minute. What may we expect next, or have we reached the limit? We are, sure, progressing. (The Holton Recorder, October 21, 1925.)

It will not be long now until we will date it 1930. I remember dating my first letter written to my aunt, Mary Starr 1846. It was not much of a letter but it pleased Aunt Mary. It was different then. Mail in Indiana all was carried on horseback and by coach. There were no railroads in what was then called the west, now called the central. It was in 1849 the first railroad in Indiana was built from New Albany to Indianapolis. As we were moving from the eastern part of the state to the western part of the state, I saw for the first time, a railroad train. (The Holton Recorder, October 31, 1929.)

This being harvest time, my thoughts naturally travel back to a time when I was a "harvest hand." I think I was about seven years old when, one morning, a company of some seven or eight grown-up harvesters passed our house and called me down to the roadside, and wanted me to carry water from a spring distant from the harvest field a few hundred yards. All day I met those seven or eight men at certain points with a bucket of cold water from the bottom of the spring. It was no eight hour day, either, but nearer twelve hours. For several days nothing was said about paying me until it became almost a neighborhood scandal. Then one morning the man who had hired me called me down to the roadside and magnanimously gave me a mutilated dime. (The Holton Recorder, July 8, 1926.)

John Doddridge was a bachelor school teacher, taught school in the winter time, and cultivated grain fields in the summer. When I was nine years old, he had a field of wheat get ripe, and hired a couple of shockers. He secured my services as water carrier from a spring some three or four hundred yards distant. I worked all day, meeting the laborers every time they worked around, with a vessel full of cold spring water. Several days passed and John said nothing about paying me, and the hired thirsty men for whom I had carried the water began to talk. John evidently heard some of the things they said, and one day as he was passing he called me down to the road and gave me a mutilated silver dime. I finally managed to get rid of the mutilated silver currency for five cents. (The Holton Recorder, November 3, 1927.)

When I was a kid some time nine or ten years old, a farm hand was supposed to be able to prepare the ground, plant and cultivate twenty acres of corn. A neighboring farmer employed two young fellows, one of them a boy

my grandfather raised, at $10 per month. They cultivated 40 acres. The next year the farmer proposed to increase the acreage planted to corn to 60 acres, and though to employ a third man. The two young fellows proposed to him that if he would raise their pay to $12 per month they would work a sufficient number of extra hours to take care of the crop. The farmer consented and I well remember seeing those two fellows out in the field before breakfast and after supper. During the planting and cultivating season those two hired hands worked on an average of fourteen hours a day for $12 per month, or 46 cents a day. Of course they received in addition board and lodging. (The Holton Recorder, September 15, 1927.)

When I was about seven years old I did my first traveling. An uncle and aunt had moved to the western part of the state, and my grandfather and grandmother and another aunt concluded to visit them. How they came to invite me to go along is a problem I have never been able to solve, except on the theory that old men and women, then as now, had a kind of sentimental weakness for grandchildren. Anyhow I became one of the party. We traveled in a two horse covered wagon, I think without springs. That was before spring seats were invented. Four chairs, a small one for me, served as seats. The distance was one hundred miles, due west, most of the way over the old National road. This road was the result of the internal improvement spasm which had attacked the country most acutely some ten or twelve years before, and one end was at Washington City and the other at St. Louis. The road was perfectly straight and laid out one hundred feet wide. It had been graded through the state and all the streams bridged. The bridges were covered and built on heavy stone abutments, and though built of wood, were so well constructed that some of them are still in use. A great many towns and villages had sprung up along this thoroughfare, and the traveler was hardly out of sight of tavern signs, which hung from tall poles erected by the roadside. The invitations to travelers painted on these large signs were of various kinds, all, however, in the most attractive and persuasive phraseology. The following are some of those I remember. “Entertainment for Man and Beast,” “Traveler’s Home,” “Wayfarers’ Inn,” “Ballard’s Tavern,” and many others which have escaped my memory. I recollect distinctly, however, that there was not a “hotel” or a “house” anywhere on the entire route.

I remember what longing and lively anticipation I felt to reach Indianapolis, and with what awe I was inspired, when late in the afternoon of the second day, the spires of the city first came in sight. As we drove through the main street I became almost bewildered with the sights, all of which it was impossible for me to take in at the speed which we were traveling. I hinted to my grandmother that I wished Grandpap would drive a little slower, which desire she communicated with him, but without much affect, as he argued that it was getting late, and, the nearer the tavern at which we would “put up” was to the city, the higher the price we would have to pay for our lodging. I remember the ruling prices charged travelers at country taverns. Supper, lodging and breakfast for one person, fifty cents. I remember once hearing the mail carrier say that he had a standing arrangement by which he paid 17-½ cents at an Indianapolis tavern for supper, lodging and breakfast and for feed and stabling his horse. Indianapolis at this time has some two or three thousand inhabitants, not as large as Holton by considerable.

There was a regular stage route on the old National road from Washington City to St. Louis. The stage coach was an institution, and the driver usually a character. He was looked up to by the common people and envied by all the young fellows. The coach was a large, lumbering vehicle, made very heavy and strong with a capacity of from four to eight inside passengers and from two to six outside. There was a rack on the rear sufficient to hold a half dozen trunks. It was drawn by from four to six horses, which when the roads were at all tolerable traveled from six to eight miles per hour. The horses were changed every ten or twelve miles, and in ordinary weather traveled from 100 to 150 miles every twenty-four hours. This was the only public conveyance except the canal boat on our canal and the steamboat on the river. Most of the traveling was done on horseback. The equipment for travel on horseback were a pair of leather saddle bags, a leather or oilcloth roll strapped on behind the saddle, and if it was winter, a long overcoat, leggings and buffalo overshoes. Women as well as men sometimes made long journeys on horse back. I remember a neighbor woman, who I think must have been at least sixty years old, who rode horseback to Plymouth and back, 300 miles, to look after and pay taxes on some land. She had several grown children, but preferred to attend to the business herself, and did not seem to regard it as a hardship. (The Holton Recorder, April 12, 1894.)

If we did not occasionally have bad roads for a day or two, would we appreciate the good roads we travel nearly all the time? I have a distinct recollection, when in my youthful days I accompanied my grandfather on a 100 miles trip through Indiana over roads much of which were paved “corduroy,” when we came to or near a town of importance and would get on a plank or macadamized road. My, what a change and how we enjoy the

change.

A "corduroy" road was made of logs from 6 to 10 inches in diameter split, laid with the flat side down and the round side up. If your imagination is sufficiently vivid, you may imagine how a wagon would go chug-chug over such a road. (The Holton Recorder, February 25, 1925.)

Speaking of vacation trips and excursions reminds me of a trip I took when I was 7 years old, with my grandfather, grandmother and aunt in a spring covered wagon from eastern to western Indiana. At the suggestion of my mother, I took with me a small blank book in which I wrote down the names of the towns we passed through in the hundred miles travel. As well as I remember the towns were Milton, Cambridge City, Doublin, Charleston, Knightstown, Indianapolis, Danville and Winchester. I have taken some trips since, both in America and Europe, but I never experienced the interest and excitement I remember to have felt on that first trip. (The Holton Recorder, August 23, 1928.)

The boys and girls of today can have but little conception of how small an amount of money a large family could live on a half century ago and be comfortable and happy. In the neighborhood where my father lived there were many well-to-do and a few wealthy farmers; that is they were considered wealthy as compared with their neighbors, and there were a good many poor people, "renters," who cultivated other people's land and got half of what they raised. When I say with the unimproved and crude instruments in use at that time an able bodied, industrious man could at the most plant and cultivate twenty acres of corn and sow and harvest ten acres of wheat and a small patch of meadow, and then have to divide this with the owner of the soil, it can readily be seen how they would have to economize to support a family. Corn usually sold at from 15 to 25 cents per bushel; wheat, 50 to 75 cents; butter, 5 to 12 cents per pound, and eggs 3 to 6 cents per dozen. Except corn and wheat, there were no cash prices for produce. These products had to be taken out in trade. On one occasion I got permission of my mother to save up eggs to by me a "palm leaf" hat, so I set about it and in the course of ten days or two weeks I had nine dozen on hand, which I took to the store and was allowed 3 cents per dozen for them. There were a number of them "cracked" in transportation, so they just paid for a 25 cent hat. I can now buy two as good hats for one dozen eggs. The farm and the loom then furnished most of the necessities of the family. Coffee, tea, spices and salt were about all that we had to purchase for the table, and many families were very economical in there use of these luxuries. A calico or lawn dress each for the girls and women in the spring and a "worsted" dress for Sunday wear in the fall and winter were indulged in by the "aristocracy," and the men and larger boys of this lucky class were supplied with a suit of "store clothes" once every year or two, but many of the poorer people depended on "home made" clothing nearly altogether. Every house was supplied with the old spinning wheel for spinning "rolls" and making yarn for knitting stockings and socks, I have no recollection of any one wearing "hose" and "half hose," and weaving jeans for the men's and boy's wear, and flannel and linsey for the women and girls. A few raised flax and made linen cloth for summer wear, both for the boys and girls, and table clothes, towels, and sheets for family use. Coverlets, blankets and counterpanes were mostly home made. Every family had a flock of geese which supplied feathers and feather beds, an article which by most people was deemed indispensable for comfort. As may well be imagined this all made a great deal of work, especially for the women. The men and boys usually "sheared" the sheep and the females of the family would do the rest, which consisted of washing and picking the wool, and after it came back from the carding machine in the shape of rolls, they would spin, reel, scour, warp and weave the cloth. Generally it was considered women's work to pick the geese. However, in some few families the hardest and most disagreeable of these jobs would be assumed by the men. In addition to the above "division of labor" the women and girls of many families assisted in planting corn and sometimes in harvest. (The Holton Recorder, March 1, 1894.)

A half to three quarters of a century ago most farmers had a flock of geese, also a flock of sheep. The geese were picked some two or three times a year, for their feathers, and the sheep sheared once a year, generally in the spring, for their wool. I have a somewhat vivid recollection of sheep shearing. After the wool was sheared off the sheep, it was washed, then picked. The wool picking was made the occasion of social gathering, at which dinners were served. After the wool was picked it was taken to the carding machine where it was made into rolls. The rolls were spun into thread on the big spinning wheel and then woven into cloth on the loom. The cloth was mostly jeans for men's wear, or flannel or linsey-Woolsey for woman's wear. It took a lot of work to dispossess the sheep of its coat and have it made into a coat for people to wear. (The Holton Recorder, April 11, 1929.)

I recall an occasion when I was about 9 years old, I gathered and carried to market 9 dozen eggs for which I

received a 15 cent straw hat, ten cents worth of pepper and two sticks of candy. The market price of eggs at the country store was three cents per dozen. (The Holton Recorder, January 21, 1926.)

A great number of former attendants of the Doddridge Chapel church and their friends were in attendance at the services last Sunday which marked the 112th anniversary of the founding of this little church and which occasion was made a real homecoming. Rev. W. C. Watkins of Milton is the pastor of the Doddridge Chapel church along with that of Milton M. E. church. - Cambridge City (Indiana) Tribune.

My home from infancy until I was eleven years old was within an eighth of a mile of this church of which, father, mother and older brother and sister were members. Aunt Avis Doddridge, the widow of John Doddridge, lived near the church and was a near neighbor. She was a remarkable woman, could exhort and preach with as much zeal and effect as the pastor himself. She also practiced midwifery, and presided when I made my advent into this world of trouble and tribulation. In early times when church was built a patch of ground nearby was secured as a cemetery. I have a number of relatives buried in the Doddridge Chapel cemetery. (The Holton Recorder, August 30, 1928.)

Fifty years ago nearly every home in Indiana had a trundle bed. The homes in that day were small, most of the farm houses being cabins, so to economize on space the trundle bed was invented. It was a low bed on castors, that could be rolled under the big bed, as they called it, out of the way during the day time. Now in the crowded apartments it's a drop in bed, but the idea is still the same. - Jayhawk Notes in the K. C. Kansan.

I was not in touch with Indiana customs fifty years ago, but I distinctly remember that eighty years ago we had two trundle beds above described, in our house and that nightly I occupied one of them. They may not have gone out of fashion thirty years later. (The Holton Recorder, June 2, 1927.)

I remember many unique signs of rain that were quoted and really credited by many, when I was a boy. It is remarkable how well we remember the unimportant and sometimes silly things that occurred in our childhood, and how the important and sensible things that transpired later have became effaced from our memory. For instance, I have read Shakespeare's plays from one to three or four times each and have witnessed most of them enacted on the stage, and yet it difficult if not impossible for me to make an appropriate quotation correctly without reference to the printed page. It is entirely different with ditties I read and things I heard when a boy. Going back to rain signs, many of them in rhyme, I think I remember nearly every one. I quote a few:

"A rainbow in the morning is the sailor's warning;
A rainbow at night is the sailor's delight."

Of course there cannot be a rainbow at night, but poetic license permitted "night" to be substituted for afternoon for the sake of rhyme.

"If the sun sets clear on Friday night it will rain before Tuesday morning."

"A cricket singing on the hearth means that copious rains will flood the earth."

"If the sun sets clear it will not rain before morning."

"When old Betty's joints began to crack the wise farmer will cover his stack."

"If it commences to rain before seven it will quit before eleven."

The so called Indian signs, which was always to be depended upon, was, "Cloudy all around and pouring down in the middle."

"The camp meeting will bring rain all right;" and it generally did. I remember an argument between two neighbors as to what was the most effective rain producer, the camp meeting or the circus. As I remember it the camp meeting man got the best of that argument solely on the ground that the camp meeting lasted ten or fifteen days and the circus only one. (The Holton Recorder, July 3, 1913.)

We old folks often revert back in memory to when we were boys and girls ranging in age from 6 to 15. The most pleasant of these memories was my going fishing in Nolin's Fork, a good sized stream about a mile from our home. The fish was supposed to bite best warm summer days after a shower of rain. As I remember I generally wended my way home along about sundown with a tolerably respectable string of perch and sunfish. The "suckers" were the most numerous brand of fish but suckers would not bite at a hook, but had to be caught with a seine or snare. Catfish bit better at night than in the day time. Bass were the larger species but also about the scarcest and the most difficult to catch.

I recall that my fishing experience afforded me two exquisite pleasures, the pleasure of catching fish and the pleasure of eating them. Readers of the Recorder who never ate fried fresh fish have missed one of the

gormandizing pleasures of life. (The Holton Recorder, August 9, 1928.)

There are a large number of Fords in this "Land of the Free and Home of the Brave" besides those in river crossings, and many of them seem to have the faculty of getting into the newspapers. When I was a youth we lived on the banks of a stream between two fords, one called "Fergeson's Ford and the other Beck's Ford. (The Holton Recorder, November 28, 1930.)

Few of those who indulge in the "maple syrup" sold in Kansas grocery stores have any idea of what real genuine maple syrup made of the sap of the hard maple tastes like. I presume for every gallon of maple syrup made there are fifty gallons of the so-called article sold. As long as people don't know any better it is all right. It is a case in which ignorance is genuine bliss. I am unformed that in these latter days the farmers have learned the art of adulteration, and much of the "genuine" syrup sold by farmers is adulterated before it leaves the possession of the original makers.

Thirty to fifty years ago maple syrup was not only a luxury, but a necessity of life. The farmer who was lucky enough to have a maple grove on his farm, if he was not too lazy and indolent, utilized it, and his family used a great deal more sweets than the family of him not so lucky or so industrious. I can remember when "New Orleans" sugar was scarcely over used at our house. Then, later, when the towns became larger and there was more demand for maple syrup, we would manufacture the product in our "sugar camp" into syrup and trade the surplus for "store" sugar. My recollection is that we would get eight to ten pounds of raw "New Orleans" sugar for a gallon of syrup. Now the money that it requires to buy a gallon of the adulterated syrup will buy thirty pounds of granulated or thirty-six pounds of raw sugar.

To the boys and girls on the farm the sugar making season was looked forward to with many pleasurable anticipations. During the winter after the corn was gathered preparations were made for the sugar making, which consisted of preparing fuel, making "sugar troughs" and spiles. The "troughs" were made by selecting a straight ash, popular or white walnut tree, twelve or fifteen inches in diameter. Cutting it down, and then into lengths from twenty-four to thirty inches, which were split in the center. Each half was then chipped out with an ax and foot adz, and made to hold from two to six galleons each, the capacity depending upon the size of the timber. The spiles were made by gathering alder canes, from one to one and a half inches in diameter, and sawing them into lengths of ten to twelve inches, and then punching the pith out, making them hollow, and whittling one end to proper size to fit the sugar hole bored into the tree. A furnace was also prepared on which the kettles were set, from four to six in number, holding from twelve to twenty gallons each. This was before the patent sheet iron boilers had been introduced.

Along about the latter part of February or the first of March when the sun would begin to shine warm during the day and the ground to thaw out, we would "tap" the trees. This was done by boring with a three-quarter inch auger a hole in a sound part of the tree a foot and a half above the ground and driving the spile in firmly so it would not leak the sap. Then the trough would be set under so the sap would drip into it from the end of the spile. If the temperature was just right, or, in the common parlance, if it was a "good sugar day," the water would drip rapidly and sometimes run in a small stream. During the warm part of the day a tree would usually drip from two to four gallons. Good sap runs always followed cool frosty nights when the temperature would fall low enough to freeze ice, followed during the day with a temperature warm enough to thaw in the shade. When the cool of the afternoon would begin to stop the flow of the sap, or before the trough would get full, we would gather in the sap, which was done by placing one or two barrels on a sled and driving around though the grove and transferring the water from the troughs to the barrels, which when full we would take to the camp and empty into barrels or large vats of various sizes, from fifty to five hundred trees. My father's consisted of about two hundred, and when the troughs were well filled would supply eight to ten barrels of sap. The "camp" was where the boiling was done, and was generally a shed or a log hut in which barrels vats and furnace were protected from the weather. With kettle capacity of say sixty gallons we could "boil down" from eight to ten barrels of sap a day. It required an average of about forty gallons of sap to make one gallon of good thick syrup. So it will be seen that our capacity was from eight to ten gallons of syrup per day. When the run was copious and continued day and night, as it sometimes did, we would have to boil at night, but this was seldom the case, and the night work usually consisted of the "stirring off" process. The syrup would be taken from the kettle before it was nearly boiled down to a consistency suitable for the table. It would first be "clarified" by putting a little milk in each kettle just before the syrup was dipped out, and then allowed to stand to settle, after which it would be strained or filtered and all put in a large kettle.

Now the fun commenced. How many of my readers remember when with their girls, or beaus, they visited the sugar camp? Or rather, who that has ever spent an evening in a camp, can ever forget it? The "taffy pullings" of this age give but the faintest idea of the enjoyment of sitting around a bubbling cauldron of luscious maple syrup, gradually thickening, first getting into the "wax" state, then to "graining," and finally to the "stirring off" process, when the big kettle would be taken from the fire and stirred until it became a great mass of rich yellowish brown maple sugar. Of course, when we made the product into syrup it was taken off just when it arrived at the right consistency. But this never prevented us from putting a liberal supply into a smaller pot and having our candy pulling fun. Young people of Jackson county may have just as much fun and enjoy the sweet things they say to each other, but in my opinion there is nothing ever invented that promotes so effectually genuine enjoyment and pure unadulterated happiness, which in the end leads to finally to "wedding joys and connubial bliss," as a maple sugar "taffy pulling" in an old fashioned Indiana sugar camp. (The Holton Recorder, March 29, 1894.)

I remember we used to call the kind of weather we have had, "sugar weather"; cool, frosty, slightly freezing at night and warm during the day, but when the sap would run freely. But we never, back in Indiana, had any of this kind of weather until March or April. There the "sugar season" lasted from, say, the last week of February until the middle of April, but only at intervals during this period. Many real winter days occurred in the month of March and occasionally one in April. (The Holton Recorder, June 13, 1927.)

I remember some seventy or seventy-five years ago when along about the middle of February we began to look forward to and prepare for maple sugar making. The preparations consisted of digging a furnace, setting the big 20 gallon iron kettles and making sugar water troughs and spiles. A sugar water trough was made by sawing or dropping a section of soft maple or white walnut tree some three feet in length of a three 12 to 14 inches in diameter, with an ax and adz digging it out until it would hold three or four gallons. The best sugar weather is when the ground is damp and there is a slight freeze at night followed by warm sunshine.

We had in our sugar camp on my father's farm some 200 hard maple trees, when the troughs were well filled, we would gather in six or eight barrels of water, about what we could reduce to syrup by boiling the day. Average sweet water would make about eight pounds of sugar or one gallon of good thick maple syrup per barrel. There was a lot of hard work about the business, but we, especially we young ones, enjoyed the sugar making season. The season usually began along the latter part of February and continued through March. (The Holton Recorder, February 16, 1928.)

Most of the sugar water was caught in troughs hewn out of logs which would hold from three to six gallons. To prepare for the sugar making season we first made the troughs and spiles. The spiles were made of elder stems and were about twelve inches long. A five-eights inch auger was usually used for tapping the tree, the spile was whittled down to fit the hole and served to convey the sap to where it would drip into the trough. It took about a barrel of sugar water boiled down to make a gallon of maple syrup or six the eight pounds of maple sugar. Sugar making was hard work and not fun except when we would "stir off" at night with sort of a candy making folic. (The Holton Recorder, February 14, 1929.)

The first tomato I remember seeing was in my grandfather's garden, planted and cultivated mostly by my grandmother. They were small, red, and looked luscious, but no one thought of eating them as they were thought to be poisonous. (The Holton Recorder, August 12, 1925.)

Eighty years ago when the Beck family moved from eastern to western Indiana in a "covered wagon", Indianapolis as well as I can remember, was a town of some 2,000 inhabitants. The only railroad then in the state, the New Albany and Salem, had just started running cars from Indianapolis to New Albany. At that period people traveled mostly by wagon and on horseback. What was called a good saddle horse was a valued possession. (The Holton Recorder, May 30, 1929.)

In 1849, my father, with his family, moved from the eastern to the western part of the state. The third night out we camped ten miles east of Indianapolis. The first railroad built in the state, that from Madison to Indianapolis, had been finished only a short time before, I think about a year or less. I had seen a picture of an engine and cars in my geography, and this was the extent of my knowledge of this modern means of transportation. We learned from the tavern keeper that the train left Indianapolis at 9 o'clock a. m., and my older brother and myself determined to satisfy our curiously by starting early enough to reach the capital in time to

see the train start. We had along an extra horse, a young filly, which about daylight we saddled up and mounted, I behind, and started. The country east of Indianapolis is quite level and during the rainy season would get so muddy as to become impassable. Hence much of the national road through this flat country was improved *a la* corduroy. This was done by "paving" it with round logs or poles from six to ten inches in diameter, and laid side by side. When new this kind of road is terribly rough for wagons, but when a little old and every few feet of the log has decayed and disappeared, this jolting is indescribable. This was the kind of road we started on to "see the cars." The young mare was loath to leave the other horses and kept looking back. She also probably had an idea that two on one wasn't exactly fair, but we urged her into a fast trot, and when about a half a mile ahead of the wagon she stumbled and fell turning a summersault. Fortunately the girth of the saddle broke and saddle and boys landed ten or fifteen feet in advance on the corduroy logs. The mare made her way back to the team and we gathered ourselves up and were ready to catch her and renew our journey as soon as they came up with us. We had no further mishap and arrived in the city in ample time to make the train. We were afraid to ride the mare down to the depot so we put her up at a livery stable and walked down. The train was standing on the track and we cautiously approached to within fifteen or twenty yards and halted. We didn't care to take any extra risks, and we felt that this was one of those peculiar views to which a reasonable distance would lend enchantment. I do not remember just how long we stood there in awe and admiring silence, when without warning the engine gave the most unearthly shriek I had ever heard. I can not say with accuracy just how high I jumped or how pale I felt, but I can say with truth that fourteen years later, when Bragg's massed artillery of forty guns suddenly and without warning opened up on our position at Chickamauga, I was not scared half as bad as when the locomotive whistled. In a few minutes, and before I had regained my composure, the trains started and rolled out for the Ohio river, and I felt glad that it was gone. I did not get over my scare for some time, and felt that I had experienced a hair breath escape, for which I would ever after feel thankful. My brother, who was some six years older than I was, has always maintained that he was not at all frightened, and as he is a preacher I have never dared to dispute his word. Some two or three years later the second road built in the state, the Terre Haute & Richmond, was completed and ran only some six miles from where we lived, and in 1854 the New Albany & Salem railroad was built and missed us only by a mile and a half, so that I finally got used to the whistle, and even brave enough to ride the cars. (The Holton Recorder, April 19, 1894.)

The first railroad built in Indiana ran from Indianapolis to Jefferson City and was finished and had cars running in the summer of 1847. That fall, in October, we moved from the eastern to the western part of the state. Our road lay through Indianapolis. We camped ten miles east of the city and early the next morning my brother and I mounted an extra horse we had along and rode to the city in time to see the train start out. It was several days before we finished telling the rest of the family of all the things we saw and experienced. I remember we successfully described everything but the whistle. That was too much for us.

A little reminiscence squib on another page of this issue says. "The first railroad built in Indiana ran from Indianapolis to Jefferson City, and was finished in 1847." It should have read that the road run from Indianapolis to Jeffersonville, and was finished and had cars running in the summer of 1849." (The Holton Recorder, September 31, 1922.)

I remember making a trip from the eastern part to the western part of Indiana over the old National road of upwards of eighty years ago, the rivers and creeks were spanned by covered bridges. There are no covered bridges anymore. It is said the last one in Kentucky is being replaced by an uncovered stone structure. The old National road from Washington city to St. Louis was laid out, bridged and made a road over which people could travel by the government. The covered bridges were of wood. I recall that near and through most of the larger towns the roads were piked, either with broken stone or coarse gravel. Evidently Uncle Sam did not know then how to make cement surfaces. (The Holton Recorder, July 12, 1928.)

When the road from Holton to Topeka is surface graveled to the south line of the county where it will be connected with the concrete surfaced road in Shawnee, some of us old fellows will be reminded of the graveled roads we drove over in our younger days. There, however, will be this difference, there will be no "toll gates" to pass through on the modern road, as there were six or eight decades ago. I do not remember the distance between toll gates, but I do remember every few miles we had to cough up from five to ten cents, road fare. A toll gate usually consisted of a small box-like shelter for the keeper and a contrivance like what was called a "well sweep" that the keeper could pull down, which served to stop the traveler until the fare was paid. In those

days a graveled road was considered a good road and I predict that in the future on many county roads where gravel does not have to be hauled too far, it will be used instead of concrete. In those early times in Indiana and many other states there was, the "macadamized road", which was made by surfacing it with broken up limestone instead of gravel. In those days these surfaced roads were generally called "pikes." (The Holton Recorder, June 6, 1927.)

A young farmer, who, after we moved to the western part of the state, was one of our neighbors, in 1841 had brought an eighty acre farm, raised his first crop of corn with which he had fattened thirty head of hogs. As he owed a considerable payment on his farm, it became incumbent along late in the fall to turn his hogs into cash, but unfortunately there were no buyers. After waiting in vain for a purchaser, he went over to a neighbor, who had fifty or sixty head of fat hogs of his own raising, and after consulting they decided to buy up enough to make a respectable drove and drive them to Madison on the Ohio river, 120 miles distant. This was before the Wabash canal was built, and Madison was the nearest market. It was no trouble to find the hogs. There were plenty of them, and they soon had a drove of 250 purchased at prices ranging from $1.25 to $1.50 gross. Hands were employed, and they started out along in the first days of December on their sixteen to eighteen day's drive. It rained and snowed, and the roads were muddy, and rivers had to be crossed, but time and perseverance conquered all the difficulties and overcame the obstacles, and finally Madison was reached. But the market was gutted and prices exceedingly low, and our speculators finally decided to have their hogs butchered. The younger partner remained to oversee the job and dispose of the backbones and tenderloins and look after the rendering of the lard. Before he left he made a sale of that part which had been converted into "mess pork." The hams and shoulders had been salted down. Early in the spring the other partner rode on horseback to Madison to try to sell the hams and shoulders, which had been cured and smoked, and were ready for sale. The market was dull, but he finally closed them all out at three cents per pound and took his pay in state script, worth fifty cents to the dollar in gold. Fortunately this script would pay debts and taxes at its face, and our speculators owed enough to consume the bacon brought and, unfortunately, a good deal more. After paying for the hogs purchased and all the cash expenses, they realized a little less than $1.25 per hundred pounds gross for the hogs they had raised. They had all the fun of riding on horse back to Madison and return three trips for their profit. I relate this as a sample of how the farmers used to "coin money" in those good old Democratic times before the country was "cursed with Republican robber protection." (The Holton Recorder, April 12, 1894.)

Seeing the truck loads of hogs gliding past the office reminds us of a conversation we had with Uncle Billy Samuels, before he went away. He said: "Mickel, when I was a young man in Illinois we used to drive our fat hogs 125 miles to market, received $1.25 per hundred for them, took the pay in State Bank money, and when we got home it was not worth a cent." And he did live to see an automobile. - Soldier Clipper.

I remember those days. Our market for hogs was Cincinnati, 60 miles distant. The hog buyers would drive them to market in droves from 150 to 300. They hired drivers at about 50 cent a day. As there were no ice plants or refrigerators in those times the hog drivers had to wait for cold weather in December. If a drover happened to get to market during a warm spell, he was compelled to keep his hogs in the stock pens and buy corn at a high price to fed them until a cold snap blew up, and see his profits go glimmering. Always one, two or three wagons accompanied each drove to haul the hogs that broke down or gave out. The drivers returned to their homes in these wagons. It took about six days to get the drove to market and the drivers and teamsters were allowed and paid wages for a day and night in the city to see the sights, and for two days going home. This made nine days at 50 cents a day. The boys had $4.50 less the amount spent going to the theatre, and the proceeds of the trip. In addition they had the distinction of having been to the city and seeing the sights of the same. I can remember, as a lad, of listening to them recount their experience, which caused me to long for the time when I was grown up enough to make the trip. But alas! When I was grown up there had been dug a canal, and builded a railroad to take stock to market. (The Holton Recorder, February 7, 1924.)

A postoffice inspector told us this one. He was down in Kentucky not so very long ago on departmental business. When he arrived at a certain town and approached the post office he found it locked and the postmaster nowhere in sight. A loafer told him the postmaster was fishing. The inspector went to the river, close by he saw a man in a boat fishing and asked him if he was the postmaster. "Yes, I be the postmaster," the fisherman replied, "what is your name?" "I'm So-and-so," the inspector said, giving him his name. The postmaster raised up a little so he could reach into his hip pocket, pulled therefrom a bunch of letters, thumbed them over, spat out a wad of tobacco, turned to the inspector and said: "Nothin here for you." and resumed his fishing. - A. E. Palmer in the

Kingman-Courier Leader.

The above reminds me of the stories of "Uncle" Alex Dunington, who was postmaster at Bainbridge, Ind., in an early day, before the daily newspaper became common. Uncle Alex was seldom in his office after the semi-weekly mail was received and "spread." The postmaster was a great politician and would rather argue politics with some disputant on the other side than to eat, although he was something of an eater too. It was said to be his habit, in distributing the mail, when he came across a letter addressed to one of his patrons with whom he loved to argue, to put it in his coat pocket and would deliver the letter when he made his rounds, when he did not forget it. It is said that he carried some letters that were so pocket worn that they could not be read. (The Holton Recorder, March 27, 1924.)

Do any of you fellows who have been gallivanting around over the country, stopping at hotels, paying $1.50 for a meal, remember when President Miller lodged and boarded students in Campbell College for $1.50 a week?

No one is old fashioned enough to admit now that he once drove ten miles an hour and thought he was going fast.

In out little town "Boss" Carter was the principal horse man in the late fifties. I remember, he had purchased a somewhat noted trotter, and one day hitched him to a two-wheeled vehicle, to see how long it would take him to drive to Greencastle, ten miles distant and back. The time keeper reported the time just two hours. There were those who never that believed that Boss went all the way to Greencastle. (The Holton Recorder, December 2, 1925.)

When I was a kid, there were no women traveling over the country, instructing fathers and mothers how to raise a family of children and how detrimental it was to make them work. Possibly that is the reason why I never amounted to much. My father was a poor man, with a family of nine to fed and clothe and furnish with school books, and at the time it appeared to him that everyone who could, ought to help. Anyway when I was seven years old, I learned to drop corn and help in the cultivation of the crops. And by the time I was ten, I seldom was out of the corn, wheat and hay fields during the cultivating and harvesting season. If we kids had not worked, it would have meant short rations on the table and a lack of clothing. However such a program may have effected marred or otherwise, my career, I call to mind some very excellent citizens, men and women, the result of such a regime as I have described. That generation furnished this country some of the greatest statesmen and men and women of force, men who in their boyhood picked brush, planted corn, pulled weeds, raked hay and husked the down-row. Women who cooked, washed, ironed, spun, cleaned house, and sometimes worked along with their father and brothers in the fields. (The Holton Recorder, April 29, 1920.)

A farmer friend desires to know why I do not write more agricultural items. Well one reason is that about all I know about farming was learned when they got ready and ran furrows four feet apart in the field. Then the planting commenced. Cross furrows four feet apart were made. A man or a boy, sometimes a girl followed dropping three to four grains of corn where the furrows crossed. This process was followed by three men, sometimes boys and occasionally a woman, with hoes covering the grains.

When the corn came up cultivation was commenced by running one or two furrows with a single shovel plow between the rows. Sometimes a harrow was used for the cultivation. Then another cultivation with the shovel plow. Then if the ground was foul, which it usually was, all the able bodied members of the family would go over the field with hoes, chopping out the cockle burs, Spanish needles, smart weed, fox tail and other various weeds that had escaped the plow. Next the crop was "laid by," with the single shovel.

With a limited knowledge of farming a half century or more old, my advice to farmers would be about as much valuable as would be the advice of a person on the fashion of woman's dresses, who had been asleep since the days of long dresses, wide spreading hoop skirts and tight waists. (The Holton Recorder, March 27, 1924.)

This being fashion week in Holton, of course the Recorder needs to have a fashion editorial. But, of course the readers of the Recorder who have seen me will be surprised that I assume to know anything about fashions. There is just were they are wrong.

In my personal habits I never attempted to follow the fashions, but all the same I have kept my eyes open and learned from observation.

When I was a kid, a matter of four score years ago, I distinctly remember that women, I mean the fashionable women, wore tight long waists with pleated bosoms and long peaks stiffened with whalebone down in front. They wore bussels over the hips and just under the waist to make the dress stand out. These bussels were round

rolls of some light weight stuff, from four to five inches in diameter and long enough to reach across the back and over the hips. They were shawls and occasionally a cloak was seen. To wear a Pasley shawl was a label of aristocracy, recognized by everyone. The Pasley shawl was an imported article and cost from $20 to $40 as I remember. The skirts were long, sometimes so long as to trail the floor or ground for several inches.

The next fashion as I remember was the wide spreading hoop skirt. The hoops were sometimes ratan sometimes metal, but made as light as possible.

Then some genius who wished to cater to curious men with an investigating disposition, invented the tilter. The tilter gave only a momentary glance but in most cases that was sufficient to satisfy the glancer. The style was very different from the present day skirts. I do not remember just the date but I do remember the big sleeves that took almost as much cloth as a 1925 gown.

The old fashioned bonnet with its little crown to cover the back knot of hair and the head, and then the flaring expanse that shaded the face would now be considered a fright. I cannot describe that wonderful headpiece, than to say that it was just the opposite that is worn at present.

The style of over wear has changed about twice a year as far back as I can remember.

The style of woman's dressing in every age has been designed to make the wearers more attractive to men, and as ridiculous as some fashions now seem to be, I think they generally succeeded in accomplishing the object. Men have always fallen for what tyrant woman has demanded of them. (The Holton Recorder, October 2, 1924.)

Surely! I remember some thing about men's fashions of an early day. I remember there were "dandies" instead of "dudes," in those times. The "dandies" were recognized by them wearing dress suits to church on Sundays. Well I presume they were excusable for the reason that in most neighborhoods society events were few and far between. The churches all opposed private as well as public dances and would expel anyone found guilty. We had no Episcopal church in our locality. Some of the "dandies" when decked out in a dress suit made themselves still more ridiculous by adopting a peculiar strut in their walk.

In those times men and boys journeyed to places they could not reach by stage coach, traveled horseback, and they wisely arranged their dress to suit the mode of travel. Over the ordinary suit they first wrapped their legs from the hip down to over their shoes in leggings. The legging was a square piece of woolen cloth, generally green in color, in which they would wrap their legs, the protection reaching down over the buffalo overshoe. The overcoat was of some sort of woolen felt cloth and made to come down to the ankle with a long cape that fell well down to the hips. About the most ridiculous article of apparel many wore was the "stove pipe" hat, a stiff, tall head piece that was neither comfortable nor handsome; even more uncomfortable than the flaring bonnets worn by the women.

To people who have observed the fashions of men and woman and the frequent changes from bad to worse for the past seven or eight decades, when it comes to criticizing present fashions, they are inclined to modify their voices. (The Holton Recorder, October 2, 1924.)

Looking over some old papers the other day, I ran across an old record which told of the results of farm operations that year. The document was not dated, but I think it was about 1852 or 1853. Father and sons, one son 20 the other 14, were the laborers.

"Raised and harvested 12 acres of wheat which averaged 14 bushels to the acre, 6 acres of oats, only moderate yield, 10 acres of meadow, clover, timothy and red top mixed, yield about 12 tons, 40 acres of corn, cultivated 5 times with a single shovel plow, 4 times two furrows in a row, last time three furrows, yield an average of about 30 bushels to the acre. Fed 35 head of hogs which averaged 275 pounds, which sold for $2.75 per hundred. Corn was worth 30 cents per bushel, but after feeding the hogs had none for sale. Wheat was worth 65 cents per bushel, but after feeding a family of eight, had none to sell. The year was about average for crops, prices a little advanced on what they had been a number of years." (The Holton Recorder, October 2, 1924.)

Seventy-five years ago a steam larger than Grasshopper creek ran though my father's farm, but unfortunately the public road followed the banks of the creek for three or four miles, which prevented us kids from enjoying the bathing and swimming privileges. That was before bathing suits had been invented - at least, it was before they had been introduced in our neighborhood. (The Holton Recorder, October 11, 1928.)

I frequently read fish stories that remind me of when I used to go fishing in "Nolin's Fork" in Wayne county, and in "Big Walnut" in Putnam county. The brand of fish in these waters were perch, red horse, cat, sunfish and suckers. The suckers were the largest, but they did not bite at a hook and bait, and had to be caught with a snare

or seine. Cat fish, perch and sunfish were the biters and could be caught by the angler. Perch were the best when cooked. Cat fish were the only kind that would bite and could be caught in the night time. While going fishing was regarded as a kind of sport, it frequently furnished the breakfast, dinner or supper table with food that was luscious. (The Holton Recorder, November 22, 1928.)

It reminds us of our kid days when we dug fish worms for bait. We lived on the banks of a creek that we sometimes called a river. There was a deep hole a half mile above our house and the "big drift" was half or three-quarters miles of a mile below. We caught mostly black perch and "red horse." There were plenty of suckers, but suckers would not bite and were caught only with a seine, a dip net or a snare. It required some skill to catch them but more to eat them without getting some of the numerous fish bones lodged in the throat. (The Holton Recorder, August 14, 1930.)

A man in Brown county owns a "coon dog." I remember back in Indiana when many owned "coon dogs" and where raccoons were quite numerous. In the fall and early winter evenings coon hunting was a popular sport. Coon skins were valuable in proportion that the fur was good. (The Holton Recorder, November 28, 1930.)

I think no one deprecates profanity more than I do. The habit some men acquire of swearing is not only wicked, vulgar and evidence of bad breeding and worse training but it is silly and as a general thing without excuse. Possibly there may be exceptions as to it being entirely without excuse. I remember when I was about thirteen or fourteen years old we cleared up a piece of new ground some fifteen acres in extent. It was covered with stumps and the ground was full of roots. In breaking up the ground, the roots would be broken and frequently one end would remain fast in the ground. When the corn was large enough to cultivate, I was set to work with a single shovel plow, drawn by a large old half blind horse named "Bill." The horse was always hard to get started and when going was still harder to stop. When the plow would strike an unseen obstruction I in a measure realized how it was when "an irresistible force ran up against an immovable body," and I was compelled to be constantly on the alert to keep the plow handles from knocking me out of the game. But the worst I had to contend with were those roots with one end fast in the ground. The plow would run under the root maybe two or three foot long, pull the loose end forward and when it let go, the thing would spring back almost without warning and if I were not watchful would rap me across the shins. Finally this is just what happened. The springy root came back with such force that I thought at first the bones must be broken. It hurt terribly and when I finally got old Bill stopped I sat down and cried. Crying did not seem to met or in the least modify the situation and I deliberately concluded to try swearing. I had never in my life sworn an audible oath but this did not deter me so I blurted it out.

The sound scared me, at first, and I remembered my next sensation was one of gratitude that no one had heard me, not that I realized the wicked enormity of my conduct but because of my awkwardness on constructing the expletive. I am satisfied there never was a more ridiculous sentence constructed, and I then and there resolved that if I had to learn before I could swear respectably and scientifically I would give it up. I have never attempted to indulge in profanity since. (The Holton Recorder-Tribune, June 13, 1907.)

Speaking of labor saving machinery recalls to my recollection the laborious method of getting in the spring corn crop. If it was a stalk field we cut the stalks with a hoe, raked them into piles with a horse rake, burned them and were then ready to introduce the stirring plow. After breaking up the ground, it was then harrowed to break up the clods, then furrowed off with a shovel plow in furrows four feet apart. Then it was ready for planting. The planting process was as follows: Cross furrows four feet apart where run with the same old shovel plow and the corn was dropped, 3 or 4 grains, by hand, where the furrows crossed. Three men or boys with hoes followed, covering the dropped corn. There are probably some corn raisers who still follow the old custom, but most farmers now use the planter, a machine that drops and covers the corn. It used to take five to plant say 8 acres per day, work now accomplished by one man, a planter and a pair of horses. (The Holton Recorder, March 1, 1928.)

When I was a boy I remember in our neighborhood there was a lane between a couple of farms about five feet wide, grown up with weeds and brambles. As nobody seemed to travel it and it seemed to be put to no use whatever I was at a loss to understand it. When I grew up and come to know a little more I discovered that it was the dividing line between two hardheaded, contrary old farmers. These two men were both church members, in good standing and professed Christians. They both died long ago and after their death one fence was sufficient

to divide the two farms. I have often wondered if there are any line fences in heaven, and if those two men happen to join, whether or not there is a five foot lane between them. (The Holton Recorder, March 10, 1904.)

I am not a friend to the fly, the common, ordinary, everyday, too numerous to mention house fly and never have been.

For a man who is not bald headed I suppose my antipathy to the fly is as deep seated as most people's, and yet it seems to me some persons of the feminine persuasion exaggerate their troubles because of the few flies that stray in when the screen door is flopping. Fifty years ago there was not a window or door screen in our entire neighborhood and so far as I know in the universe. Wire screens are a modern institution. In those times the pestiferous flies wandered at will in and out of the kitchen, the dining room, the sitting room and the bed room. When the dining room table was set for a meal, some one had to be detailed to keep the flies off. In our domicile the job frequently fell to me. Some of the more wealthy and aristocratic people could afford fly brushes made of long peacock feathers but the poorer class, of which I was a distinguished member, had to use a green switch with the leaves on. I can remember how tired I used to get standing and waving the bush over the table while the dinner was being prepared taken up and placed on the table. And then frequently when we had company the table would be full and I had to wait and as I had nothing else to do I was required to hold my position as shoo fly general.

I remember how it tried my patience as well as my boyhood to have to stand by and see the very best parts of the chicken, the pie and pound cake disappear and to see my chances to get a square meal of the things I liked the best dwindle and finally disappear. I imagine Rockefeller if he has to pay that $29,000,000 fine will not begin to feel the regret I did when the last piece of raspberry or currant pie went the way of all earth. I remember I then made vow that if I ever had children of my own and happened to be in a position to be able to control matters, they should never be required to wait if I could manage to in some way get lumber to make the table large enough and dishes to fill it, and I have always religiously or otherwise kept that vow. (The Holton Recorder-Tribune, August 15, 1907.)

Cigarette smoking women don't shock Clyde Gerard. He writes, "The girls who smoke haven't anything on their grandmothers if they go back far enough. We can remember when many, if not most of the country women smoked little clay pipes. When a few of the neighborhood ladies called for a social afternoon they would sit outside the cabin under the trees and enjoy several hours of visiting and smoking and it was an exception when the husband didn't both chew and smoke. As the country prospered and became more thickly settled and other forms of social life presented themselves, the habit of smoking among the women disappeared." - Manhattan Republic.

Where I spent most of my boyhood days in Indiana pipe smoking among elderly women was very common.

I remember an aunt I used to visit. After supper every evening she, her husband and her husband's mother always lit up their pipes and filled the room with tobacco smoke, which to me at that time was very offensive. This was not on the frontier or back woods, but in one of the oldest settlements and best neighborhoods in the state. (The Holton Recorder, April 29, 1926.)

Smart paragraphers and other Alecks have much to say about "hen-pecked husbands", but I do not now remember of ever reading anything about a roosterpecked wife. My observation convinces me that more woman suffer in this line than men. I remember when I was a kid, we had a neighbor, Wyley Tacket by name. Wyley was a big fat lazy specimen who never worked when he possibly help it. He complained of being an invalid, and had his wife and children completely locoed. They did the work on the little farm, and it was said, frequently went hungry, and denied themselves sufficient clothing that "pap" might be well fed and clothed, and it was said that they did so willingly and cheerfully. Wyley has a notion that fat meat did not agree with him, so at the table he would strip out the lean, for himself, leaving the fat for the others.

A story went around the neighborhood, that on one occasion, a little son whimpered to his mother to give him some of the lean, and that she reproved him by saying "papa is sick dear, and must have the lean."

How many readers have known of similar conditions in families of their acquaintance. I have known a number of "Wyley Tacket's" whose treatment of their wives made the average "hen-pecked" husband look like a pampered favorite of fortune. (The Holton Recorder, February 6, 1913.)

What would the young farmers of Jackson county think, if this spring they had been compelled before putting in a crop to spend two or three weeks grubbing, burning and picking brush before they commenced stirring the

ground. Then when the ground was plowed, of that portion of it not taken up with stumps and roots, it would have to be harrowed to break up the clods, "crossed off" both ways with a single shovel plow, then the corn was dropped by hand, three grains to a hill, then covered with a hoe, then cultivated with a single shovel plow, at first two and then three furrows to a row, going over it at least four or five times? With this process in mind they can understand how it was that their fathers and grand fathers were not able to cultivate more than fifteen acres to the man, and had to work from twelve to fourteen hours a day to do that. I have omitted one important feature, I see, and that was the hoeing. A great many people thought they could not raise corn without least one hoeing. If I recollect rightly it did do a great deal of good in the stumpy fields, where the roots prevented effective cultivation with the plow.

Then, when harvest would approach, the "cradles" would be taken down from the peg in the barn or outhouse, where they had reposed since the last harvest, and such repairs made as were needed to put them in working order. I do not allude to the cradles in which babies were rocked, although this kind was a necessity, too in every well regulated family, and were in use much more continually than the grain cradles. This was because the crop of children as about as sure and nearly as frequent as the wheat and oat crop, and the harvest lasted longer. One good cradler could cut about three acres per day, and it required an expert binder to keep up with him and transform what he cut into bundles. Then in the evening, and sometimes after night, all hands, frequently with the women of the family to assist, the bundles would be put in shocks. This process, slow and tedious compared with the way grain is harvested now, will explain why ten or fifteen acres was a big wheat crop for only one or two hands,

Swapping work was very popular and became a necessity in harvest time. Four or five farmers who lived adjoining would all go into the first field to ripen, harvest it in a day or two, and then to the next field that was most matured, and so on until all had their harvest in the shock. Great preparations were made in the house as well as out doors. A fat heifer would generally be killed for beef, spring chickens, which if they had been planted early enough in the spring, were ripe enough to pick, and bacon and beans also supplied an important place on the table and filled a long felt want in the stomachs of the hungry men. The harvest was on this account a kind of frolic, in which the youngsters, and I think the older ones, too, looked forward with pleasure, rather than regret because of the hard labor. The oat and hay harvest followed, but the rush was not so great, because the oat crop was not so large, and the grass could wait a few days without great detriment to the crop. Then would come the stacking and threshing. This latter process differed greatly from the present method. I can remember when threshing machines were very scarce, and what there were did their work very crudely. Such a thing as a "separator" was unknown prior to 1844. The machine threshed the grain out of the straw, but did not separate the grain from the chaff. This was done afterward by a fanning mill. Nearly every farmer then had what was termed was a "barn floor." This was a large floored space under cover, usually between the crib and the stable. The wheat bundles were taken in, the bands cut and the bundles spread out in a circle as large as the floor would admit, say twenty feet in diameter, to a depth of a foot or eighteen inches. Then a horse, or generally two horses, were driven or ridden over it until by this tramping process the grain was all forced out of the wheat heads. Of course it was a slow process, but much more expeditious than the still more primitive "flail." The "flail" consisted of two stout poles some two inches in diameter, one about six feet and the other three feet in length. These were fastened end to end with stout whang leather, the fastening serving as a joint. The thresher would grasp the long piece and with a dexterous movement bring the short piece down on the wheat or oats and keep hammering away until the grain was thoroughly separated from its original place in the wheat heads. Even in my recollection there was yet an occasional farmer who cut his wheat and oats with a sickle and threshed it with a flail. Of course, to such low price of wheat did not seriously effect his finances, as no effort was made to raise more than was required to "bread" his family and supply a limited amount of feed for his team.

The harvest season has been in full swing this past week. Harvesting is different from what it used to be. When I was a young man and worked on my father's farm, I never heard of harvest hands being shipped to the wheat growing regions in droves. Every farmer with his boys and possibly a hired hand, expected to, and did his own harvesting. There were few big wheat fields of hundred of acres in those days. From ten to twenty acres was the ordinary wheat crop on a farm. The process was as follows: Three or four farmers would combine and would go into the first field that ripened, say with three cradles, three binders and a shocker. The seven or eight men would harvest on an average of ten acres a day. Then they would go into the next field that ripened. Generally in a week or eight days the wheat would all be in the shock and the farmers would go to "laying by" their corn. They would do this by going three furrows in the row with a single shovel plow. By this time the corn would be up to the

horses sides, making it very hot work for both man and beast.

It took a pretty good horse to "lay by" two acres a day. After the corn plowing was finished, hay harvest was on hands. The hay was cut with a scythe, and spread out so that it would cure, with a fork. Then it was raked up into swatches and pitched up onto the wagon with a fork, hauled to the stack or barn mow, where it was pitched up with a fork and stacked or stored away in the mow.

The whole business of harvest required hard, strenuous work which was as different as possible from riding on a harvester or mower spring seat or driving a hay loader and stacker.

We did not get to go to town very often and when we did go we did not ride in an automobile, but on the back of old Dobbin, or a skittish colt that needed breaking. There were no picture shows, carnivals or other entertaining features to make town attractive so we were content to plod along in the wheat or hay field. (The Holton Recorder, July 8, 1920.)

I cannot say how it was a hundred years ago, but I have a very distinct recollection of how harvesting was done eighty years ago. A fairly good cradeler would cut three acres a day and an extra good one would sometimes cut four acres between sun up and sun set. A good binder, would, as it used to be termed, "keep up with the cradler." One man would be able to shock as much as three or four cradlers would cut. In busy harvest time in those days there were no eight hour days. (The Holton Recorder, November 3, 1927.)

I wonder how many people there are, readers of the Recorder, who ever saw the old traveling threshing machine in operation? The motive power of this thresher came from one of the hind wheels which was heavy with corrugated tire surface. In front of the thresher proper was a rack that would hold ten or twelve dozen sheaves. The machine was powered by four or sometimes six horses. After the sheaves were loaded at the stack or from the wheat shocks, the power was attached and business started. The track was generally over a level strip of blue grass pasture and was of sufficient length to thresh ten or twelve dozen sheaves. The threshed wheat, mixed with considerable chaff, was caught in a chest under the back part of the machine which was emptied onto a wagon cover or other canvass spread out on the ground. The wheat had later to be run through a windmill to separate it from the chaff. After the threshing the straw was distributed over a track a quarter or half mile long, was collected and racked.

A "Traveler" as they were called, could thresh, if well managed and kept busy, about 90 or 100 bushels a day.

It required at least four men to run the threshers, the feeder, the driver, the sheaf hander and the band cutter. In addition it required at least three men to clean and take care of the threshed grain; one to turn the crank of the windmill, and two to measure and put in bags the cleaned wheat. Seven men in all, who if they had to be paid the wages of today, and the wheat threshed had been sold for the price then prevailing, the outfit would at the end of each day, have come out in debt. However, in those days in old Hoosier, very little was sold in market. It was used to furnish bread for the family. Except the threshing gang labor was not hired, but farmers swapped work. (The Holton Recorder, May 14, 1924.)

When I was a boy in Indiana, farm work was about the only employment within reach of the young man.

Then there were no big manufacturing establishments, no railroads, no telephones, no electric plants, no nothing to speak of, where wages could be earned, except on the farm.

Things made of iron and wood were manufactured at the neighboring blacksmith and cabinet maker's shop. There were carpenters to build the few houses that were not made of logs.

Things made of leather were manufactured at the neighboring shoe shop and saddle and harness shop.

I have no recollection of ever seeing a pair of ladies' shoes with anything resembling the French heels, that now disfigure woman's pedal extremities; or of ever hearing of anyone paying from eight to fourteen dollars for a pair of fashionable shoes.

Men's boots (the men all wore boots) cost from $3.50 to $5.00, and woman's shoes from $1.50 to $3.00.

The regulation wage paid farm hands was $10.00 a month, board, lodging and washing.

If a young man was able to own a horse, his horse was pastured in the bargain.

With most farmers, wages were paid only through the crop season, say from April 1st until Christmas.

In some cases the farm hand was kept all winter, but without being paid wages. He would chop wood, make fires and help take care of the stock for his board.

There was no eight hour business in those days. During the crop season the hired man was up as soon as it was light enough to do the chores, and was expected to work as long as it was light enough to see, whether that time was twelve or sixteen hours.

Once in awhile the farm hand and the farmer's daughter would fall in love with each other and light out and get married.

It very largely depended upon the disposition, temper, etc., of the old man whether or not that farm hand subsequently had the soft snap he had calculated on.

As a rule, farm hands, if they were respectable, were received into the neighborhood society, and were accorded about the same consideration as were farmer's sons. I think all classes were accorded consideration on their merits more than they are in these more or less degenerate times.

I never worked as a hired man on a farm, but I worked as a hired hand in a store, and put in on an average of 14 hours a day, six days a week, for which I received the first year, besides my board and lodging, $6.25 per month. The second year $12.50 per month. When my wages got up to $40.00 per month, I considered I was going some. I did not in the least envy Nicholas Longworth, who was regarded as the richest man in Cincinnati.

In those times when hired farm hands were receiving $10 per month, congressmen got $8 per day, and the president received $25,000 per year.

Now when farm hands demand and get $25 to $30 per month, congressmen have fixed their own salaries at $25 per day, and the president's salary at $75,000 per year. So you see the proportion between the farm hand's salary and the salary of presidents and congressmen is about the same as it was sixty or seventy year ago.

Hired farm hands were not, and are not now allowed to loaf on their jobs like congressmen are.

As a matter of fact, congressmen and U. S. Senators get a matter of forty dollars for every day they actually put in saving the country.

In those times a good reliable farm hand never had any trouble getting employment. A poor hand who shirked and slighted his work, was not considered worth "his board and washing." (The Holton Recorder, December 14, 1916.)

My readers have frequently heard the expression, "Take turns like going to the mill." In the early days there were mills scattered all over the country, where ever sufficient water power could be found. Some of these manufactured flour and meal, and some of the smaller ones only corn meal, and here and there one was found with a "still" attached that made whiskey. Sometimes the farmer would take several bags of wheat and corn to the mill in his wagon, and sometimes only a single bag of wheat or corn on his horse, and once in a great while a customer, generally a hard customer, would go to the mill with the "still" with a little corn or a big rock in one end of the bag and a jug in the other end. Each customer had to "take his turn" and wait for his grist until that turn came. If the mill was somewhat behind he would go home and come back another day, but if not he would only have to wait until the dusty miller "could grind his grist." I well remember the fun we used to have fishing and swimming while waiting for our grist. (The Holton Recorder, May 10, 1894.)

In the good old days when the meal barrel began to run low and the old man, after supper, brought in a bag of corn to shell, to take to the water mill the next day to have it ground into meal, or carried on a horse to the mill to be ground into flour, hog killing time was a great event.

Hog killing generally came in two relays. The first was as soon as the weather turned sufficiently cold in December to make it safe; the second was a month or six weeks later. This making two killings was to have the spare ribs, back bones and sausage fresh and palatable during the winter.

When hog killing time came around the boys of the family were hustled out of bed early in the morning, to start a fire and prepare to heat water in the big iron kettles, used for scalding the hogs. When preparations were complete the hogs were killed with a rifle or knocked in the head with an axe. Then they were doused, one end at a time, in a barrel of scalding water - the barrel fixed so to slope at about forty-five degrees, to make it convenient to get the porkers in and out. Then the hair was removed by pulling and scraping, the hog hung up and "dressed." "Dressing" a hog was in some ways similar to undressing a person.

After the dressing process and the animal heat had been evaporated, the porker was "cut-up," the lard portions removed and the "trimmings" for sausage.

Generally the sausage meat was ground or chopped and "stuffed" after supper, and this being a somewhat laborious and tedious job. We would not get through before midnight.

The next day the lard would be rendered out, and the feet and heads would be cleaned and cooked for "souse" or head cheese. Hog killing was a great event on the farm, and the boys, and girls too, of that day, will never forget the glad time. We had a good many meatless days in those times, but they did not occur in the weeks succeeding "hog killing."

As we remember it now, there was much hard, disagreeable work connected with "hog killing," but then we boys regarded it as a kind of folic, and enjoyed it, too. (The Holton Recorder, January 3, 1918.)

I was reminded of the good old times of spare ribs, back bones and home made sausage the other day when my neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Zabel, sent me over a good big mess of that same old country sausage such as my father and mother used to make. Say! Those hog killing times were great; but I hardly think we kids appreciated them at their full worth.

The boys of the family were up early and by breakfast time we had the out-door fire made and the big kettles on, filled with water, and the sloping barrel in position in which to scald the porkers. When night came and the butchered hogs were sufficiently cooled we would carry them into the smoke house, cut them up, cut out the sausage meat and lard, and them chop up the sausage or grind it, if we could get a sausage mill. I can remember when there was but one sausage grinder in the neighborhood. That mill was kept in use constantly thorough the butchering season, but many could not secure its use and chopped their sausage with an axe or cleaver. (The Holton Recorder, December 23, 1920.)

Yes, we used to enjoy the Christmas holiday just as much, and I am not sure, but a little more than people do nowadays.

If there was snow on the ground and the sleighing was good, how we would enjoy it.

Father would put the wagon bed on the old wood sled or on bob sleds, fill it up with straw and blankets, boys and girls and go off to spend the day and evening at old Aunt Mary's.

The grown up young folks would get up skating parties, oyster suppers and coasting parties.

I recall one year when I was twelve or thirteen years old, when Christmas came on a Sunday. My father had brought me a "Kossuth" hat for a Christmas present and on Sunday morning I donned my Sunday school clothes and "Kossuth" hat and slipped off to a neighbor's, where a "shinney" party had been arranged. "Shinney" was the forerunner of golf. A shinney club was the same as a golf stick, only we did not buy them ready made from the sporting goods store, but made them from dug up shrubs in the woods. We had a good time that Christmas Sunday and I recall I enjoyed myself fine until one of the boys accidentally tore one side of the rim of my new Kossuth hat off with his shinney club. It was not only the destruction of the hat that worried me but the fact I had been indulging in a Sunday game was bound to get to my father, who as a very strict Methodist, disapproved of all kinds of Sunday diversions, except church and Sunday school.

The home going was a terribly sad affair for me. It amounted to a tragedy. (The Holton Recorder, December 18, 1919.)

I have a distinct remembrance of several Christmases sixty-five or seventy years ago. The outside settings and decorations were very different from what they are now on Christmas. There were no Christmas trees then in our vicinity. If the Christmas tree had been invented the innovation had not reached the remote west. The remote west was then in Indiana and Illinois. The Christmas feeling was then about the same as it is now, possibly a little more reverent and more in accord with the principles of Christ.

My grandmother's contributions were cookies cut out in the shape of animals. My mother's was a baked chicken, goose or turkey, with sage dressing and plenty of gravy, pumpkin or mince pie and pound cake. My father's was a pound of candy. If the hickory nut or walnut crop had been good we had nuts and popcorn and apples and cider. Those were great times. (The Holton Recorder, January 6, 1916.)

It may sound incredible but I was once a boy; and what may seem still more strange I was like other boys and would rather go to a circus than to Sunday School.

When I was twelve or thirteen years old a circus was advertised to appear that the county seat some ten miles distant, and I wanted very much to go. My father agreed that if I could hustle up the necessary fifteen cents I could have a day off and old Jim to ride. The circus was to appear on Tuesday, and on Sunday previous I was taken sick with a hard chill and was very sick all day. I did not mind the pain and distress so much as I did the prospect of staying away from the circus. Monday morning I felt much better but dreaded an attack the next day, as the every-other-day chills were conceded to be the worst of the disease, so I hiked out to consult the doctor. I explained the situation to him and impressed him with how much I wanted to attend the circus. He compounded as large and very bitter dose and I took it down without batting an eye. It did the business all right and the next morning I was all right. I ate an early dinner which mother fixed up for me, and struck out for the circus where I arrived in time to join the mob clamoring for tickets. I guess I must have had a slight chill followed by some

fever, for I had not been in the hot, bad smelling enclosure long until I began to be consumed with thirst, I had spent all my money for an admission ticket and had not enough sense to know that I might get a pass out that would enable me to return, so all I could do was stand around and see others drink ice cold red lemonade. Just before the performance commenced and as I was seriously considering whether or not I should sacrifice the show for as drink of cold water, the lemonade man pointed to me and said "here boy go out and get me a couple of buckets of water," and handed me a quarter and a pass out and back. I think at the time, I in sort of a vague way, looked upon it as a kind of interposition of Providence and all I have ever been taught since about the wickedness of the circus has not changed my mind. (The Holton Recorder, January 7, 1909.)

I have never seemed to have much luck. When I was a kid in a family of a goodly number of other kids, and the whooping cough, measles, chicken pox and mumps would have their runs through the family I was never sick enough with any of them to attract any attention, while the others would have the doctor and be nursed and coddled and sympathized with. I remember, when I had the whooping cough, I would cough, and whoop to beat a band of Indians and try my best to lose my breath and scare the family as some of the other children did; but without any satisfactory results.

This same brand of bad luck has followed me all through life, I have never been able to command much attention, sympathy or applause. (The Holton Recorder, March 27, 1913.)

It used to be the fashion when any of the family contracted or was threatened with a "bad cold" to have them before retiring for the night, immerse the lower limbs in a vessel of water as hot as it could be borne, and then, when all of a sweat, jump into bed and sweat it out between feather beds. (The Holton Recorder, May 19, 1927.)

It was in 1852 when the New Albany & Salem now the Monon, railroad was being built from New Albany on the Ohio river to Michigan City on Lake Michigan. The part of the road was being built from Lafayette south, the rails had been laid to about six miles south of Bainbridge, near where I lived in a farm. One evening I was in town with some of the boys and the work train came along loaded with ties and rails. We all jumped on for a ride, about a dozen of us. We were rather surprised that no one objected, and before the adventure was over we found out why they did not. The train bumped along over the rough laid rails with frequent stops until we arrived at the end of the track. Then we were informed by the workmen that if we expected to ride back we would have to assist in unloading those cars, which we proceeded to do. It commenced raining about the time we commenced our job - one of those late fall, cold, wet Indiana rains. It took a couple of hours to unload the cars and get started back. When we got about half way to town the train stopped. We were informed that the engine was out of water and that if we expected to get home and out of the wet that night we would have to carry water in buckets from an adjoining creek to fill the tank. This took another hour. We finally got home about 2 o'clock in the morning, thoroughly soaked and chilled. I doubt if many soldiers of the Civil war, that occurred nine years later, or the more recent World's War, ever spent a more uncomfortable six hours than we fool boys did on that, our first railroad ride. (The Holton Recorder, March 23, 1921.)

Occasionally I read of an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show giving entertainment, generally in small towns. It was in the early fifties that Mrs. Harriett Beecher Stowe wrote this remarkable book, that was destined and did build up an anti-slavery sentiment that brought on the Civil War, doubtless, several years sooner than would have occurred if there had been no "Uncle Tom." I remember of reading it under conditions almost as strenuous as were those attending the escape of Eliza on floating cake of ice, across the Ohio river.

There was an old maid school marm boarding at our house and she had borrowed copy of the book which she carelessly left within my reach. Interesting reading matter was rather scarce in our house in those days, as it was in most country houses. There wasn't on story magazine then in circulation where there are now a hundred or more. Suffice to say I got hold of the book and became interested in the fate of Uncle Tom, Eliza and little Eva before Miss Bickle caught me and informed me that it was a borrowed book and she did not want me to get my "dirty hands" on it. She hid it, but the premises were small and inadequate and did not prevent me from following the destinies of Uncle Tom, Eliza and little Eva to the end of the chapter. (The Holton Recorder, August 26, 1926.)

Speaking of libraries, I remember when the only books in my father's house was a big family Bible, a Methodist hymn book, McGuffey's second and third readers, Hale's History of the United States and two volumes of the works of Flavius Josephus. Later we got a fourth reader, an arithmetic and grammar book and a

Columbian Orator, a book for school exhibitions. In those times a single newspaper was made to serve three or four families. (The Holton Recorder, August 2, 1917.)

It was fashionable in those days to get married. In fact this is one of the customs that never seem to change. Ever since Adam was smitten with Eve in the Garden of Eden and Eve reciprocated the attachment, young men and maidens have in all the ages had a weakness for falling in love and marrying, and all the floods and wars and pestilences and famines and droughts and grasshopper scourges and calamity epidemics have not been sufficient to do away with or even modify the custom. But forty or fifty years ago people did not go off to wedding "towers" and spend a month or two in uncomfortable travel and sight seeing. The sensible custom then practiced was for the company to be first invited to the bride's home, where the marriage would be solemnized, usually in the evening, and the festivities would begin with the wedding supper and generally last until midnight or later, when those who lived convenient would go home and the others would be provided with sleeping accommodations in the house of the bride. The next morning after breakfast the happy pair, accompanied by the whole family and the friends who had remained overnight, would repair to the home to the home of the bridegroom, where another large company would be invited to the "infair." The dinner prepared was usually an elaborate affair, and there was not infrequently considerable rivalry as to which would be the greatest culinary display, the wedding supper or the infair dinner. The young people of the company would be expected to remain to the evening party again, which generally lasted until the "wee sma' hours." The next day the new married couple would settle down and begin the routine of labor that was expected to last with scarcely an interruption the balance of their lives. This programme will doubtless seem to the young readers of The Recorder to be very homely and uninteresting, and they might wonder how people could enjoy life under such circumstances, but my judgment is that they were just as happy and had just as much enjoyment as they now do under the very different conditions that surround us. I am assured of one thing, and that is that there was consistency, fewer scandals and not nearly so much business in the divorce courts then as now. (The Holton Recorder, April 19, 1894.)

Speaking of old fashions, I would give something considerable to again see as I once did, the groom on a horse with his intended on the same horse riding behind, ride up the minister's residence, bound off, go in, get spliced, go out, mount old Dobbin, ride home in time to do the milking and other chores. (The Holton Recorder, October 2, 1924.)

I think perhaps there is no class in the community more imposed on and less intelligently understood that boys from 14 to 16 years old. They are that age that, expressed by a wag "They know to much for a boy and not enough for a man." My judgment on this subject is formed from my own experience when I was passing through this transitional period.

A fifteen year old boy falls in love, or thinks he does, on the slightest provocation and even when there is no provocation except a flaxen haired, freckled faced girl, he falls in love any way. After the catastrophic happens he does not know what to do. He is as helpless as a baby, an over-grown specimen of which he proves to be.

I remember my father sent me to town to attend the high school where he hoped I might get a smattering of algebra, geometry and other high studies. The town girls did not look to me like country girls. They were better dressed, that is more fashionably dressed and I thought much prettier. I do not think that I ever mustered the courage to voluntarily address one of them. When they would speak to me I would become too embarrassed to give an intelligent reply. I however worshiped them, at long range. I remember I would look at them from behind my slate or book, and wish that some sort of cataclysm or earth-quake would occur to mix us up.

Everybody has a pick at a boy of that age and no one yet has ever regarded him as having any rights or feelings that anyone feels bound to respect.

The fifteen year old boy is never supposed to get tired, if he happens to live on a farm and has the ambition to make a hand in the field, it matters not how hard he has worked. If there are any chores to do, he is expected to jump lively while the full grown men are resting. The work however is the least of his troubles. The fact that he is ignored socially and in almost every other way is what hurts him the worst. If there is distinguished company in the house the smaller children are dressed up and put on dress parade and are encouraged to show off, while Jim is shoved into the back ground, where the only consolation he has is the fact that there he can hide the patches on the seat of his trousers.

There have not been as mean flings by smart paragraphers made about the boys as there have about the mother-in-law, simply for the reason that the boy has been considered of too little importance.

The fifteen year old boy has, so far as we can discover never had but one friend and defender that he could depend on and she was his mother, and there are cases on record where the mother failed to come to the rescue.

I remember when I was about fifteen, my older brother was married. There was to be a wedding at the bride's home and an "infair" at our home.

I was promised that I should attend the wedding and as it happened that there was an extra girl from our neighborhood, I had the inestimable pleasure of riding with her over to the wedding. The fact that she was a little more than twice my age did not, as I remember it, detract from the pleasure.

Alas! Alas! the supper festivities were hardly over, when father called to me "Adam get your horse, we must hurry home, as there are chores to do to get ready for tomorrow."

The next morning it was raining a regular downpour and I was sent out over the neighborhood to borrow umbrellas for the wedding company which I had to carry over to them. When I arrived with my bundle of umbrellas I selected one of the best for my own use, with perhaps a vague notion that this might be an inducement for some girl to ride with me, but I was detected and my scheme came to naught. My umbrella was given to a dudish fellow by the name of Hal Minor. Hal was decked out in the latest fashion and had for his partner the girl I especially wanted to ride with. They were the last couple in the procession and I brought up the rear. There was a creek to cross and the rains had raised it so that it was almost past fording. The dude was riding a skittish young horse which when it got to the deepest part of the stream concluded to fall down so it and Hal went under. The fact that he was not drowned was not in answer of any efforts or prayers of mine.

There was some compensation in the fact that he had to deck himself out in a homespun suit of father's until his could be dried and pressed.

When I got through taking care of the horses I was wet to the skin, but as far as I can now remember no one suggested drying and pressing out my suit. The whole affair was a sore disappointment to me, I did not begin to cut the figure I had anticipated, I would.

It was, for me from my standpoint, a stupendous failure and because of it, I for a considerable time, seriously contemplated becoming a misanthrope and woman hater. (The Holton Recorder-Tribune, February 4, 1909.)

There is in the life of every youth, a period calculated to make or mar character and career. It is that period when a fellow arrives at an age when he has the ambition and desire to be a ladies' man, but is too young and shy and inexperienced and gawky to succeed. At this stage, when he is to old to enjoy being a boy, and too young to be a man, he wishes he was dead, and everyone else, except, perhaps his mother and father, wishes so too.

It was at this period in my life, when I was about bitter sixteen, that my older brother got married. I attended the wedding and in the dusk of the evening, as I was anticipating the festivities in which I was calculating to participate, my father notified me it was time to go home and compete preparations for the "infair" which was going to be pulled off at our house the next day. I went home. That night it rained an old fashioned Indiana rain, and was raining the next morning.

I and a young brother of the bride, about my age, were sent out to scour the neighborhood to borrow umbrellas. We selected an umbrella apiece for out own personal use. We argued that it would be an inducement for some of the girls to want to ride with us. There were two swollen streams to cross, and everyone rode horseback. There were no autos in those days, and mighty few buggies. When the company came to pairing off, there was not enough girls to go around, and Harve and I had to ride in company with each other; neither were there umbrellas enough, and I had to give mine to a dude by the name of Hal Minor. Harve and I rode at the tail end of the procession and next in front of us rode the dude, Hi Minor, with the girl I hoped I would be permitted to escort. Hi was riding a skittish young horse and when crossing the swollen creek, his horse began acting up and fell, completely immersing the dude, much to the gratification and amusement of Harve and myself. The stream, much to the disappointment and chagrin of us boys, was not deep enough to drown my rival, but when he waded out, he was about the worst bedraggled, dilapidated dude in the business! His horse also got out and struck out for home, before anyone had the presence of mind to secure him.

Then I was subjected to the limit of endurance, and I declared "war to the knife, and knife to the hilt on humanity." I was made to give up my horse to the bedraggled dude, and we had to foot it the rest of the way through the mud and slush.

Is it any wonder that sometimes, even after the decades have piled up upon the other, that once in a while my pen gets the better of my judgment, and makes me the author of sentiments that grate harshly on the sensitive ears and feelings of my readers.

The moral of this story is that boys, even at the unpopular and disgusting age of sixteen, have rights which deserve consideration. (The Holton Recorder, June 24, 1920.)

When I was a boy growing up, I remember there were certain dishes that appealed strongly to my appetite, and of which I scarcely ever seemed to get enough to satisfy. There were also certain pleasures and pastimes, such as fishing, hunting and going to the circus, for which I seldom had either the time or money to indulge. I remember how I used to resolve and plan how when I grew up and became independent of parental restraint and could command my means, I would satisfy my appetite for favorite food and my desire for worldly pleasures and pastimes. Somehow or another, when I grew up my appetite and desires changed and I did not care for the things I craved and desired when they were beyond my reach.

I guess it is a natural weakness, defect or whatever you please to call it, to want those things that are unattainable and undervalue the things that are easy to get. It tends also to solve the problem we used to debate in our "lyceums "Resolved, that there is more pleasure in anticipation than in realization." (The Holton Recorder, May 5, 1921.)

I have a very distinct recollection of hearing of an old-fashioned mother, who used to stint her individual breakfast so that her children's lunch they took to school with them should be as elaborate as the lunch children of the richer people ate.

I now call to mind a neat, good looking girl, who wore a dress of "linsey woolsey" the whole five months of the school session. I think without a change. My recollection is that it was made high in the neck and came down a little below the shoe tops.

Since tops in those days did not extend in an upward direction nearly so far, say by a margin of from six to ten inches, as they do now.

Once when I was connected with what was called a "general store"- a general store was a store that sold sugar and nails, molasses and calico, hose and hats, coffee and women's shawls and other things, as the sales bills say, "too numerous to mention." I purchased a few pairs of women's shoes, that, to make a profit, I would have to have to sell at $5.00 a pair. I think I sold two or three pairs at a profit, and was glad to get rid of the remainder at cost.

The young women of most families in those times generally had about three dresses. One for Sunday-go-to-meeting wear, a house dress, and another, suitable to put on when she went out into the field to help her father in corn planting or to assist in getting up the hay when bad weather threatened.

They did not generally possess party dresses, but would wear their Sunday-go-to-meeting dresses to "apple peelings," "quilting's." "candy pullings." and such other simple gatherings as were indulged in.

About the only "joy rides" indulged in were sleigh rides. When a snow would fall, such as we have had the past week, everybody slid around on "runners." The smooth sliding vehicles ranged from one-horse jumpers to four-horse bob sleds, with big wagon boxes filled with straw, blankets and girls and boys.

The old folks would also sometimes catch the mania and rig up a contraption of some kind, in which to attend the revival meeting in Sleepy Hollow church. The Holton Recorder, December 4, 1919.)

Talk about your joy rides in automobiles and of coaching parties, there never was and never will be anything to beat the old fashioned sleigh ride, when the big wagon box was placed on the wood sled, filled with straw, blankets and buffalo robes, with just room enough left for half a dozen country girls and their beaus to crowd in. Four horses decorated with cow bells, sleigh bells or any other old sort of bells, furnished the motive power, and it was difficult to tell what furnished the most noise the bells on the horses or the belles in the vehicle.

I never knew a more serious accident occur than an upset, depositing the load promiscuously in a soft snow bank. It is my recollection that a joy ride of this kind was not regarded as a complete success unless one or two upsets occurred. My! How we enjoyed those suppers after eight or ten miles of hilarious travel in the cold crisp night air.

Nothing I can remember so contributed to matrimonial results as the ride home under the bright stars, or it may have been through a blinding snow storm. (The Holton Recorder, December 19, 1912.)

This was also back in Indiana. There was a chump of a fellow whom I will call Bill because that was his front name. He was having fun one day with a lot of mischievous girls, and they proposed to Bill that it would be a great stunt for him to get into a barrel and allow them to roll it down a long hill. Bill was finally persuaded to try the experiment, so the barrel was rolled to the brink of the hill and Bill got into it and after getting himself

well braced for the trip made the announcement, "let 'er rip gals." The "gals" let her rip, and down she went with accelerating speed, until it struck a stake and ridered fence. Bill was separated from the wrecked barrel and finally brought to life again, but it was several days before he would have been recognized by his friends if they had not been told it was he. The next time the girls wanted to have fun they had to secure another victim. Bill had had enough. (The Holton Recorder, February 8, 1912.)

The story recently printed that a fool, to win a bet, put a billiard ball in his mouth and it took a surgical operation and the removal of five teeth to get it out, reminds me that back in Indiana I knew a simpleton whose front name was John. One day John was with some girls who were having fun putting hens eggs in their mouths, and John declared that he could put a goose egg in his mouth and the girls dared him to do it. John was brave and wouldn't take a dare, and by dint of perseverance he got the goose egg in, but when he tried to take it out it wouldn't come out and when he was threatened with lock jaw, the girls got scared and hustled John off to a doctor. The doctor after diagnosing the case doubled up his fist and with an under cut belted John one in the chin. John was relieved but the egg never amounted to much as a goose egg afterward. We are sorry to relate that the experience did not do much good in curing John of the silly habit. John kept on biting off more than he could chew for the remainder of his life. In this respect John was not unlike a good many politicians and would be statesmen I have known. (The Holton Recorder, February 1, 1912.)

Speaking of the difference in times now and, say, two generations ago, I recall that money was very scarce and hard to get. Then people raised and manufactured most they ate and wore, and as taxes were light they did not need much money. Lawyers would come out from the county seat six miles distant and spend a whole day pleading a case before a justice of the peace for five dollars or less. I think five dollars was the limit, and they not infrequently took their pay in something to eat, vegetables, flour, meat or fruit.

One of these trials was pulled off one rainy day before Squire Furray, an Irish justice of the peace, and as I could not work in the field, I was permitted to attend. George W. Julian was one of the best lawyers in the state, and afterwards was the nominee of the Abolition, or Free State party, for vice president. My recollection was that I was pretty badly scared, thinking that he and the opposing counsel were going to fight and that there was going to be blood shed. But nothing off the kind happened, and when the trial was over, the two lawyers, after receiving their fee of five dollars or less, got in a buggy and drove off as thick as thieves. (The Holton Recorder, October 11, 1917.)

Seventy years ago today I climbed out of a hay field, brushed the hay out of my hair, put on a pair of shoes and went to town to clerk for my uncle in a small country town store. Suppose, for instance, I had remained a dirt farmer, there is no telling how often I would have been defeated for congressman, governor, etc. (The Holton Recorder, August 19, 1926.)

Speaking of the "good old times," I recall that when I was a youth, I clerked in a general country store. There were no banks, and of course no one had a bank account. A majority of our customers settled their accounts once a year, when they sold their hogs or their wheat. In many cases when the wheat crop had failed or the hog money was not sufficient to go around, the customers would give six or twelve months notes. I think a majority, or at least a large minority of the farmers were from six months to a year behind. When at rare intervals a customer paid the cash instead of having it charged, we would feel quite a shock. (The Holton Recorder, May 26, 1921.)

Countess Primo Magri, formerly known as Mr. Tom Thumb, died at her home in Middleboro Tuesday of last week. I remember when P. T. Barnum brought Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb with his show to Bainbridge, Indiana, sixty years ago. Hotel accommodations being limited, the couple were entertained at a boarding house across the street from the store in which I clerked. Her maiden name, if I remember correctly, was Minnie Warren. I am not sure the couple were married at that time. They were, as small as they were, prominent features of the show. (The Holton Recorder, December 4, 1919.)

An interesting story of P. T. Barnum, a noted showman of a couple of generations ago recalled the first time I saw Barnum's "aggregation."

It was at Bainbridge, Ind., I think, in the year 1857. I was clerking in a store and I well remember the excited anticipation exhibited by the people of the town when the flaming showbills were posted by the advance advertiser.

Bainbridge was a small county town but on show day the country people from far and wide flocked to town and filled the big tent. The leading feature of the show was "Tom Thumb", who had been discovered by Barnum a year or two previous. Tom was advertised, I remember, as a midget 18 years old, 28 inches tall and weighing 28 pounds. Another feature was a man without arms who with his toes could write a fair hand, probably it would be correct to say a "fair foot," load and fire a pistol, and perform other wonderful feats. I remember one of Tom's stunts was, dressed up to impersonate Napoleon Bonaparte. The little country hotel was crowded and Tom and Barnum had quarters at a boarding and rooming house just across the street from the store in which I clerked. Through my intimate acquaintance with the proprietor I was permitted to see and have a few minutes conversation with the midget.

He was quite intelligent and altogether an interesting character. The great showman passed through the room but did not stop to interview me or to be interviewed by me. This was some eighteen years before I became a newspaper man which accounted for the fact that I was too modest and retiring to head him off and get his opinion of politics and other humbugs.

As well as I can remember it was a year or two later that Barnum discovered Jennie Lind and brought her over to this country where she captivated every one who was privileged to hear her sing. (The Holton Recorder, April 19, 1923.)

It was election day in November, 1858. In my home town in the old Hoosier state, the campaign had been exciting. The anti-slavery sentiment had been growing and Republicanism had, since the Buchanan-Fremont campaign two years previous, also had been growing stronger. The paramount issue was "Is slavery national or sectional?" In other words shall the members of both parties had on their fighting clothes, and in some cases, new western territories knocking at the door of the Union, come in as slave or free states. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise by what was known as the "Kansas-Nebraska bill" had precipitated the issue. The concealed somewhere in their clothes were Colt revolvers.

Election day in the little town referred to, had been somewhat strenuous. There had been numerous rather rabid discussions and a knockdown or two. A half an hour before the polls closed I was eating my supper a block away from the polling place, when I noticed six men riding rapidly on horses wet with sweat. They were strangers to me going in the direction of the polling place. Before I had clearly made up my mind what this portended, an old man also on a galloping horse passed in the same direction. I grabbed my hat and followed as fast as my legs would carry me, and that meant pretty fast as I was something of a sprinter in those times. As I neared the election place I heard the old man shout, "I challenge those men, not one of them lives in this township." At the moment it looked a little ominous for the old challenger, there were six to one, and the six assumed a threatening attitude. This disparity did not last long, soon it was six to a dozen or more. While the augment was still going on the announcement was made "the polls are closed."

Later it was ascertained that these six outlaws had voted in at least two precincts. They were not prosecuted, probably for the reason that illegal voting was practiced more or less by both parties.

I have within the past few years heard fellows brag that they voted for Fremont or Lincoln before they had arrived at voting age. That old man, who followed the six outlaws from his country precinct five miles distant where they tried to vote, was my father. (The Holton Recorder, November 27, 1924.)

I remember when three or four of us boys rode on a hand car, which we had stolen, ten miles to Greencastle, Ind., to hear Governor Porter make a Republican speech in 1858, and we not only ran risks of meeting a train and getting knocked into kingdom come, and being arrested for theft, but we had to pump the blamed thing back home on the up grade, through an old fashioned Indiana fall rain storm and not a single mention of it was made in a single newspaper. (The Holton Recorder, December 12, 1917.)

My old friend, James A. Troutman, brags that he has been a resident of Kansas 60 years but reluctantly admits that there are 108 people in Shawnee county that beat him to it. Only a circumstance I was unable to control prevented me from getting here before Jim did. It was the spring of 1858. I experienced a violent attack of Kansas war fever. I had a very intimate chum who also contracted the disease, caught it from me. I throw up my position as clerk in a store, purchased a land warrant, got my picture taken to be distributed among my friends and expected to start in a few days. My chum's family bitterly opposed his going and finally his father bribed him with 11 yearling calves to stay at home. I did not fancy going alone so I gave it up. Some two and half years later I had another attack. This time there were about a half a dozen of us involved. We planned to form a colony and settle out on the border. We sent out a man to spy out the location, but before we got arrangements completed

the war started and the fighting nearer home seemed to be more interesting than the Kansas brand, so again my "Westward Ho" aspirations were checked. I with some of the other boys enlisted. It may be asked, why did you not come as soon as the war was over? Well to be frank I had had about all the fighting my system seemed to demand. I had become a man of peace, a condition from which I never recovered. (The Holton Recorder, December 4, 1924.)

I well remember when, 67 years ago, Kansas was admitted as a state. I was chairman of the Monroe township Republican Club in Indiana and headed the procession in our torch light marches. In the 1860 campaign we erected a bed on a big log wagon, in which we had seats for fifteen young ladies all dressed in white, one representing each anti-slavery state then a part of the union, and one dressed in black representing "bleeding Kansas." In those days politics was a somewhat strenuous problem. (The Holton Recorder, February 2, 1928.)

I notice that some eastern fellows are leagued together to get up a new kind of Fourth of July in which the dangerous explosives, the foolish flopping eagles' wings, the noisy merry-go-rounds, and the health destroying red lemonade will be left out.

If this scheme should prove a success, I wish to inform these wise eastern guys that I and probably half a dozen others still living beat them to it and hold a patent upon which they will infringe at their own peril.

I think it was in 1860 just fifty years ago that the young people of a little Indiana town decided to celebrate the Fourth in a new and patriotically unique manner. They put their heads to work and got up a lot of charades which were performed by enacting patriotic scenes in which our early pioneer fathers played a conspicuous part. One of the scenes was "Pocahontas saving the life of Captain John Smith." The writer of this was Captain John Smith and if a kodak picture of the scene could have been taken of the prostrate hero, the beautiful tender hearted Indian maiden, the savage Powhattan with his cruel club and other savages executing their war dance, the undersigned would cheerfully swap his interests in Guggenheim's Alaska coal lands for a copy of the picture. Another scene was the signing of the Declaration of Independence in which Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, John Adams, John Hancock and other prominent revolutionary patriots were in evidence.

Another scene was the surrender of Yorktown, and another was the Champion pugilistic battle between Sayers and Heenan which had just came off and which was reproduced with startling effect.

It was fortunate for the show that the movement to suppress moving pictures had not yet been inaugurated as the prize fight was about the only performance a large part of the audience seemed to understand or appreciate. I remember hearing one old lady remark after the curtain had fallen on the Captain John Smith-Pocahontas tragedy, "I just wonder what the start naterl fools air a tryin to do ennyhow."

Well that was half a century ago. Both Heenan and Sayers are dead. Thomas Jefferson, John Hancock, George Washington and John Adams are dead. Molly Stark, Martha Washington and most of the continental congress and a majority of the Indian braves have folded their tents and departed to the land of shadows. Captain John Smith and Pocahontas are still on earth but Powhattan long ago passed over to the happy hunting ground.

Until last week, so far as I know and believe no one else ever proposed to reproduce anything resembling that Fourth of July celebration in the that small town in 1860.

I hardly know whether or not it could have been called safe and sane.

If the sanity question had been left to a vote of the audience the probabilities are that it would have been against us by a small majority. The fact that I am here to tell the tale is proof that the audience was conservative even if not all of them were up to date on the historical events of their native land. (The Holton Recorder, July 14, 1910.)

I notice in the Publisher's Auxiliary that a paper, the Bainbridge Messenger, has just been started in my old home town, Bainbridge, Ind. Reading this, there was recalled to my mind the first news(?) paper published in the town some sixty-two years ago. It was edited and published by four or five young fellows of whom I was one. We did not have any type, not even a "shirt-tail Full" and of course dispensed with a printing press. We wrote it out on a big sheet of paper. It was edited and written behind closed doors and the editors all remained incog. They had to, or face a libel suit or two. It was noticeable that after the second issue, which was the last, that there were fewer roughnecks sneaking around a certain business house via the back door.

The paper was branded "The Sharp Stick," and the motto was 'devoted to punching people up." (The Holton Recorder, March 24, 1921.)

There are sometimes expressions of contempt for the "good old days" when conditions were much different from what they are at present time. But after trying to park and finding no place within several blocks of the

business district, almost any sensible man will wish he were back in the time of hitching racks. - W. Y. Morgan in the Hutchison News.

We are inclined, frequently, to exaggerate the "good' in the so-called "good old days." I remember on one occasion I drove my old one horse buggy to Green Castle, Ind., and could find no place to hitch old Selim within two blocks of the business streets. (The Holton Recorder, March 22, 1928.)

When President Taylor died suddenly, only a few weeks after he was inaugurated, there were dark and ominous hints of foul play. This was the second Whig president that had been elected, and both died soon after entering the office. President Harrison lived only a few months to enjoy his honors. I can well remember how the Whigs felt and how many of them believed that the Democrats were determined that no Whig should be president. They were confirmed in this idea when they remembered that Tyler, the vice-president, who succeeded to the presidency when Harrison died, turned traitor to his party, and vetoed the principal measure for which the Whigs had fought. I mention this fact, not because I now believe there were any good grounds in either case for the Whig's suspicion, but to show that party rancor and party prejudices were just as strong and unreasonable then as now. In the campaign of 1852 the Wigs attempted their tactics of running a man on his war record, and passing over Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, their two great statesmen, nominated General Winfield Scott, whose military achievements in taking the Mexican capital had made him a great and worldwide reputation. The Democrats has some experienced statesmen and able men in their party, but they passed them by and took up a third rate politician from New Hampshire named Franklin Pierce. Pierce had been a colonel, or, perhaps, a brigadier general, in the war, but had achieved no distinction. They probably gave him the nomination for the same reason they gave it to Polk, because never having did anything of importance no one could accuse him of doing anything very bad. The Whig newspapers and speakers made all kinds of fun of Pierce, and caricatured him in every ridiculous way, but he was elected.

For several years previous to this the slavery question had been becoming more and more a national issue, and although both parties played fast and loose with the question, the Democrats were the shrewdest and most successful in riding the pro-slavery and abolition horses at the same time. The defeat of Scott, and soon after, the deaths of the great Whig leaders, Clay and Webster, was a death blow to the Whig party, and its disintegration began. In 1853 or '54 the "Know-nothing" party sprang up, and for a year exhibited wonderful vitality. This party got its inspiration from the anti-Catholic and anti-foreigner sentiment that was very strong at that period. The "Know-nothings" was a secret society, organized at first much like the Alliance, and, like that organization, afterwards turned by its ambitious leaders into a political party, which flourished for a year or two, carrying elections in many counties, and gaining the ascendancy in two or three states. But, like the Alliance, and all other political parties that depend on grips and passwords and secret oaths, soon began to decline, and in 1856 ceased to be a factor in politics. After 1844, and up to 1856, there were no such enthusiastic political campaigns as those we described in our last; but now the slavery question had come to the front to stay. People were looking to the western territories of Kansas and Nebraska. This country, which up to a few years before had been represented on maps as the "great American desert," and believed to be good for nothing, was ascertained to be the most fertile and productive. The Missouri Compromise, which had said that slavery should not go north of latitude 36° 30', had been repealed, and "Free territories for free people" became the battle cry of the people of the north opposed to slavery. On this one issue the Republican party was organized, Freemont and Dayton nominated, and the preliminaries, which finally led to the war and the extinction of slavery, inaugurated. Although the Republican party was only about a year old, it gave the old Democratic party such a scare that I do not think it has fully recovered yet. Buchanan, the Democratic candidate, was elected by a scratch, but two years later the Republicans elected a majority in the lower house of congress. The border warfare in Kansas over the question whether Kansas should be a free or slave state, had been raging since 1855. Both Pierce's and Buchanan's administrations had manifested such strong pro-slavery tendencies, and had leaned toward the southern interests that finally the northern wing of the Democratic party, led by Stephan A. Douglass, rebelled and finally resulted in a split, which made it easy for the Republicans to elect Lincoln. I will not try to describe this interesting and exciting campaign. The Republican rallies far eclipsed either the Whig or Democratic rallies of 1844. At all the immense meeting in all of the northern states, "bloody Kansas" played a prominent part. Some of the Kansas scenes, in which "border ruffians" from Missouri had sacked towns and dispersed free state legislatures, were enacted in the most realistic way, and John Brown and Jim Lane were to these scenes what the melancholy Dane is to the play of "Hamlet." In the little town were I was clerking in the store at the time, most of the boys here were Republicans, and business was almost suspended. We built a two story structure on a big log wagon that

would carry thirty-six young ladies, one to represent each state in the Union, and one the Goddess of Liberty. The young lady who represented Kansas was dressed in black and was as mournful looking as she could be made. With this turn out drawn by eight horses we went to rallies far and near, sometimes starting before daylight and not getting back much before daylight the next morning. I do not believe we slept more than a average of five hours a night during the whole campaign. As the Democrats were divided and had two candidates the election of Lincoln was a foregone conclusion.

While we had a great deal of fun and excitement, as young people will, I can remember now that we sometimes felt the oppression of future calamity caused by the ominous threats of the divided and desperate Democracy. The joy and exultation of victory was greatly modified by the threatening condition of things in the south. Though a young man, having just cast my first vote, and inexperienced and devoid of political sagely, I was so impressed with what seemed to be a decided conviction of coming trouble that I was not at all surprised when the first state, South Carolina, passed the ordinance of succession and declared her independence of the Union, and the same state of action of state after state prepared everybody for the final act - the firing on Fort Sumpter, which inaugurated the greatest war of either modern or ancient times.

The news of the firing on a United States fort, though not all together unexpected, caused intense excitement throughout the land. In the little town in which I lived, the feeling was indescribable. There was but little loud talk and no controversy. For a time there was apparently but one party, and that the Union party. The rebels and sympathizers kept discretely silent. Democrats with Republicans in their declarations of loyalty to the government, and many of the former there and then changed their politics permanently. I remember one old man who had been a Democratic leader in the locality for some years. I had heard him argue by the hour in defense of Buchanan's Kansas policy, and of the Kansas-Nebraska bill. He never pandered a jot or a tittle to the anti-slavery sentiment, and was considered by Republicans as the most incorrigible Democrat in that part of the county. The day that the news of Lincoln's proclamation calling for 75,000 volunteers arrived this, old man came into my store and stood for a few moments without speaking, and then with tears running down his cheeks, his hand raised to heaven, and with a voice trembling with emotion he said: "I have been a Democrat all my life. I have talked and voted against abolition. I have stood by and defended the administration to the best of my ability; but from now henceforth as long as God lets me live, I am not only for the Union, but am abolitionist." And he kept his word. The Republican administration had no more zealous defender, and when the proclamation of freedom was issued, the old man's emphatic "Amen!" was heard a whole block. He lived to see the rebellion put down and the slaves freed. I relate this instance as a sample of the course of many Democrats

If there was one thing of which the young men and boys of the early part of 1861 were utterly and unqualifiedly ignorant about, that thing was the war. I smile as I now look back and realize how little we knew about the military science of killing. I enlisted among the first, only four or five days after the proclamation … (The Holton Recorder, March 15, 1894.)

I well remember the patriotic enthusiasm that prevailed when the Mexican War started. I did my first newspaper reading about that time, and read with interest the accounts of the battles and victories won by our army. Fifteen years later there was still greater excitement and enthusiasm among the people of the North when the Civil War started. Most of the young men of military age enlisted. We had in out neighborhood in Putnam county, Indiana, two brothers, Vol and Henry Stone, sons of a Kentuckian, who had recently moved in. Vol, the eldest of the two sons, was the first man that enlisted from our town in the Union army. Henry, the other son, later went back to Kentucky and enlisted to fight for the south. I never saw either of them after the war was over. (The Holton Recorder, April 19, 1928.)

I have mentioned in a former article that when Ft. Sumpter was fired on and President Lincoln called for volunteers that many loyal and patriotic Democrats declared themselves in favor of the Union, and many of the young men who had adhered to that party enlisted and marched to the front side by side with Republican boys. Some of the older Democrats also were enthusiastic Union men, and, like their political chief, Stephen A. Douglass, stood by the administration, and in every way in their power aided in recruiting the army. But I am sorry to record the fact that a large majority of the party in the locality where I lived were either open and avowed sympathizers with the rebellion or were half-hearted, grumbling Union men, who professed to want to see the Union preserved, but wanted it done in a way exactly reverse of the manner in which the administration was proceeding. D. W. Voorhess and Thomas A. Hendricks were the champions of this latter class, and it is my opinion that by their captious but able and influential opposition to every war measure introduced they did more

to prolong the rebellion and pile up the war debt than any two men in the so-called Southern Confederacy, Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee not excepted. In our town we had a number of sympathizers with the south who combated and gave the Union people a great deal of concern during the entire four years of the war.

The little town of B ---------- was built at the cross roads, and the business was mostly concentrated on the four corners and the lots immediate adjacent. On one corner was a store kept by a staunch Republican, and diagonally across the street was one kept by a rebel sympathizer. On the Republican corner a tall pole was raised from the top of which floated the flag with all the stars. The Democrats raised a pole on their corner, but on their flag was but sixteen stars, representing only the northern states. Early in May, 1861, word came over the wires that the gallant Ellsworth was killed in Alexandria, Va., while tearing down a rebel flag. The Republicans immediately ran their flag down at half mast in respect for the first martyr of the war. A hour later the dispatches announced that Jackson, the man who murdered Ellsworth, had been shot by the Union forces. Soon after the receipt of this news the Democratic flag was ran down to half mast. By this time there was great excitement, and a number of Republicans had assembled, and one young fellow declared that he was going to find out what the sympathizers meant by their action. He crossed over and asked the little squad in the store why they had draped their flag, and was answered by a strapping big fellow that "it was for Jackson." The Union boy marched up to their pole and seizing the lanyards ran the flag up and informed the Democrats that he would knock down any man who attempted to run it down. This kind of dare from a boy only about half his size was more than the Democratic bully could take, so he ran out, seized the rope, and was in the act of running the flag down, when a stone hurled by the Republican laid him senseless on the sidewalk. The flag remained floating from the top of the pole.

Two years later, when the draft was ordered, the enrolling officer in that township was mobbed and his books destroyed, and he was marched into town and given notice that if her attempted to perform his duty he would be killed. The perpetrators of this outrage were leading Democrats of that locality, and their names were sent Governor Morton, who sent down a squad of soldiers and arrested them. They were tried, found guilty and fined several hundred dollars. A few days after they had paid their fines, five or six leading Republicans, one of whom lived in Holton now, who were suspected of having sent the names to the governor were notified that if the amount of the fines were not made up and returned to the parties in a given time their property would be burned. These threatened gentlemen got together and after talking over the situation, appointed a committee of three, who preceeded to the residence of one of the leading Democrats, and one of the wealthiest men in the neighborhood. This leading Democrat was shown the anonymous threatening communication and informed that if an attempt was made to destroy or injure the property of any Union man in that locality, his houses and barns, and not only his but the property of other leading and wealthy Democrats would go next. To say that the rich old Democrat was scared and excited, would only feebly express it. He saddled his horse and rode for the next twenty-four hours until he had seen every one of the mob who were responsible for the threat. There were no houses burned, no property destroyed, and no more threats of the kind. Retaliation is not always a Christian virtue, but in this instance it proved to be a very effective peace measure in time of war. (The Holton Recorder, May 3, 1894.)