



THE AUTHOR, 1910

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
EDWARD M. BASSETT



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PREFACE

THIS BOOK was intended to be mimeographed and not printed. It is especially for my children and grandchildren who have asked me to make such a book. I have tried to set down everything that I can remember of my earliest life. The reader will have to excuse me for not always putting down precise names and dates. These would often take a long time to verify and for the most part they are not important. I would give more names, dates and places if *The Bassett-Preston Ancestry* by Belle Preston, my mother's autobiography, and my scrap books were not available. I have kept these scrap books for about forty-five years as a short-cut method of jotting down the main facts in my life, without any effort to select what is complimentary. There are several volumes of these books. I have not gone over them as it would be a laborious task.

For many years I have been too busy to write a book like this. Now, however, I should not put off the writing any longer. I completed my books *Zoning and Master Plan* June 1, 1938, and decided to take up this story next. My dictaphone and the help of Elizabeth Wallace have made this easy work. The assistance of my son, Howard M. Bassett, in editing and printing has been indispensable.

EDWARD M. BASSETT

August 1, 1939

CHAPTER I

My Parents

MY FATHER was born December 14, 1836, on a farm at Spruce Corner, Ashfield, Mass. His family had lived on farms for two hundred years, first at Cape Cod and later migrating to the wilderness of western Massachusetts.

As the seventh of a family of nine (the seventh child of a seventh child) he left the traditional farm work and at the age of fourteen set out on foot with a pack on his back to peddle silk from farm to farm.

This was a common business at that time and particularly popular with Ashfield boys. Ashfield long had the reputation of being the home of many ambitious boys who started their business careers in this way. On one trip which extended into New York he met my mother in Ballston. He was then eighteen and she was 9 months younger.

My mother was born in Aurelius, N. Y., on September 17, 1837, and was also one of nine children. She taught school when a young woman.

Five years after this first meeting they were married, September 17, 1860, at Ballston. My father was then selling gold pens on the road for John Foley of New York City.

They made their home at Ballston for about two years

MY PARENTS

during which time George was born. The following spring they moved to Brooklyn.

CHAPTER II

Childhood in Brooklyn

Before Patchen Avenue

OUR FAMILY moved to Patchen Avenue, Brooklyn, when I was three years old. This seems to be the beginning of my continuous memory. Incidents before this are based partly on hearsay. I was born February 7, 1863, in a white frame house on the south side of Gates Avenue, a few doors west of Classon Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Guertin rented the downstairs and my father the upstairs. Mrs. Guertin, so I have heard, called up to my father and mother one morning when I was five months old that the North had won the Battle of Gettysburg. Later while a little boy I knew both Mr. and Mrs. Guertin who were kind friends to our family. Mr. Guertin was French. After visiting Coney Island when we lived on Gates Avenue he described it as follows: "There was nothing there except a long wagon where they sold clam at one end and gingersnap at the other." The Gates Avenue house is standing today. It is one of two semi-detached houses, No. 168.

The family moved to Mr. Barstow's on Classon Avenue near Gates Avenue to board when I was two or three. My

earliest memory is of Mr. Barstow, a short stout middle-aged man who would get down on the floor on his hands and knees and let me ride on his back.

My mother dressed me up in white—a starched white dress—and took me with her to call in the neighborhood. I wandered to a hydrant nearby, the old-fashioned sort that was controlled by a ball handle and attached to the city water. People in the neighborhood could thus get their water supply from the street. I found some other boy who played with me around the hydrant and when the fun was over my dress was wet and I got a deserved whipping.

My mother took me with her to shop downtown. Horse-cars took us to the lower Fulton Street locality in sight of the East River. Here were all the principal retail stores of that day.

My mother or aunt took me to Barnum's Museum on Park Row where I saw men ride velocipedes (two wheels without pedals) by pushing with their feet. The men did not seem to be regular performers but customers who took a try. George says this was in Brooklyn.

I remember the last four incidents.

My family may have moved once or twice before we went to Patchen Avenue.

Patchen Avenue House

As I have said, when I was three we moved, that is, Father, Mother, George and I, to the Patchen Avenue house. This was a white frame house, detached, with two

side yards. Mr. Reynolds, who had a son of fourteen or fifteen named Josh, lived in a similar house next north of us. Our house was on the west side of Patchen Avenue near Hancock, No. 168. Long after we moved away this house was made one story higher. Both it and the Reynolds' house are still standing. The Reynolds had a fine, small peach orchard.

When we moved into this house I was frightened by the newness of everything and did not like the upset condition caused by moving. I found a dark hallway and cried about it. This impressed itself on my memory.

We had no gas but used kerosene lamps. There was no faucet water. A pump stood in the street at the corner of Patchen Avenue and Hancock Street where I would get water and carry it home. Geese were usually around this pump and would hiss at me when I came. They were braver than I was for I remember that I usually waited until they went away. Years later when I was in law school I found a stone sidewalk slab nearby with a semi-circular cutting in one side into which the old pump fitted. The pump, however, had long before disappeared.

I here began to be one of the boys, sliding downhill in winter and with the other boys wandering all over the neighborhood, sometimes a third of a mile away. I had the reputation of going through the hole of a chicken coop if it was large enough to let my head in. George thought I was quite wonderful in this respect. With other boys we wandered to the tollgate on Fulton Street, probably half a mile

away at about Ralph Avenue. We boys would run across the platform of the tollgate imagining that we did something wrong and might be arrested for it. We were never caught and probably nothing would have happened if we were.

Truck gardens were numerous in the neighborhood and we boys knew where good turnips and carrots were grown. We ate these raw and thought it was great fun. My father rented a vacant lot next door to our house to a neighbor who planted it to potatoes. I must have thought that I had a proprietary interest in this potato field for I invited my boy friends to dig some of the potatoes and cook them in a bonfire. We were caught eating the potatoes, I think by my father. I probably got all that I deserved but I cannot remember the particulars.

The horsecars used on the Fulton Street, Halsey Street and Gates Avenue lines had deep straw on the floor in winter. I do not think that a stove was in each car at this period. They all ran to Fulton ferry. The crosstown cars running on Nostrand, Tompkins, and Reid Avenues went to the foot of Broadway, Brooklyn. My father would often use the latter cars, taking the Catharine Street ferry to Roosevelt Street and thence walking via Chatham Square to his business at 173 Broadway, New York. Usually, however, he went by Fulton ferry, walking through John Street. There were no chains on the ferry boats and passengers lined the very edge of the deck jumping two to four

feet over the water as the boat approached the pier. Every once in a while some one would fall into the water. I sometimes went with my father and remember that the newsboys meeting the homeward bound people at the Brooklyn end of the ferry shouted "*Eagle or Argus.*"

I went with my father to the Stock Exchange which was a pit with tiers of benches in circles rising above it.

We had no bathroom or toilet in the house. All the houses had privies. A goat of my acquaintance was accustomed to inhabit our privy. I was butted by him once as I went in. After that I was careful to give the door a push and then stand one side so that the goat might bolt out without upsetting me. After his exit I could go in. The brown paper attracted the goat.

A momentous occasion was when two or three of the boys and George and I mounted the roof of a temporary shed almost overhanging the sidewalk in front of our house. With a thread and bent pin we hooked the hat of a policeman and to our surprise the hat came off and was left dangling in the air. The policeman spied us on the roof and although he did nothing to us we had a first rate scare.

Elmer McCumsky was a little larger than I. He was always interested in getting up fights. I probably admitted that he could whip me but one day I incautiously declared that I could whip a certain small boy. He bolted like a streak to find the boy and bring him where I was but I left equally fast and ran home.

From this house I started public school, going to the Gates Avenue school near the corner of Broadway. School was always a great treat to me. Words to me were spelled as they sounded and I quickly learned to read fairly large words when I was five, possibly on the verge of six. Returning from school one day George and I got over the fence to gather some ink berries. The woman owner spied us, gave us chase and ran after us all the way home. She complained to Mother, but Mother finding us, explained to her that we were going to squeeze the ink berries and use the ink at school. It was difficult for me to see why this mellowed up the lady but it did and she was loud in praise of George and me because we were so industrious. She had thought we were stealing corn.

When in the fall of 1868 Grant ran for president the candidates, I remember distinctly, were Grant and Colfax, Seymour and Blair. Great excitement among the boys! I shouted Grant and Colfax but the Irish got me down and punched me till I shouted Seymour and Blair.

My sisters Mary and Effie were born in this house. George and I went to a Christmas tree party at a little Episcopal Church almost opposite which is still standing. We had probably gone a little while to the Sunday school. Each child got a cornucopia of candy. Almost no event since that time has made such an impression. The nearest grocery store was Runkel's on Reid Avenue where Mother sent me to buy things. Life must have been a great joy to me because I have always remembered the two years at Patchen

Avenue as covering nearly half of my life. There I first had playmates, there I learned the fun of adventure, and there every happening was a great event.

Pacific Street House

When I was six we moved from Patchen Avenue to a rented house on Pacific Street, north side, second house east from the corner of New York Avenue, No. 1375 Pacific Street. This was a three-story, basement and cellar, brick house 20 feet wide. Either Aunt Emily or Aunt Melissa, or both, lived with us here. Aunt Emily was an invalid but Aunt Melissa was active and businesslike. She was a helper to Dr. Jacobi, the famous children's physician. My later friend, George McAneny, married the daughter of Dr. Jacobi. This house had a furnace in the cellar, running hot and cold water, sewer connection, and bathroom with toilet. It had gas which was a novelty. The street paving was cobbles. The locality was well built up with about one-half block houses and one-half detached. On the same side of the street and in the same block was a row of frame block houses. In one of these I went to my first party. I thought the girls were beautifully dressed and very attractive.

George and I continued in the Gates Avenue school which was a long walk, about one and one-half miles. We found a short cut among fruit trees and through a cow pasture in the neighborhood of Lewis and Stuyvesant Avenues. Here we were chased by a cow which made a great impression. We also discovered a cherry tree, and so

far as I know the owner made no objection to our taking some of the cherries. The walk to and from school was too far and on this account Mother probably made a change. We went for a time to a private school on Herkimer Street near New York Avenue. This little school of about twenty scholars was on the north side of Herkimer Street five or six houses east of New York Avenue. Here I began geography which I thought was the most interesting study that ever was. All the studies seemed so easy that they were mere play. Very likely the discipline was poor. Next door or almost next door was the little factory of Mr. Wood who made plain gold rings. Mr. Wood was quite a character. I knew about him off and on until I was twenty-three years old. When he went to New York he would always carry a little black satchel in which he had his assortment of gold rings. He never sold rings with stones or ornamental engraving. He established, however, a notable business. His shop caught afire and with other boys George and I helped to carry out some of the furniture and tools. This was my first fire and afforded great excitement. The building was not destroyed.

I just happened to fall in with ten or fifteen playmates. We constituted a gang and had fights with stones with boys who lived further east and who would periodically attack us. I suppose that ten or fifteen boys would engage in a battle. We would drive each other around a block. I did not look on it as play but as a very serious and necessary pursuit.

Effie had to be wheeled in her baby carriage, and where the sidewalk came to the curb at the corner of New York Avenue the curbstone projected above the sidewalk an inch or two. It took quite a knack to push the baby carriage over this curb without upsetting Effie. One of the first times that I tried Effie was upset into the street and I have a distinct picture of Mother coming out of the house with her hands raised to save her child. John Stevenson lived in a house with large grounds at the northwest corner of Pacific Street and New York Avenue. The garden was full of grapevines and pear trees and his people kept Shetland ponies. This is my first clear picture of great luxury. Johnny and I were friends and he allowed me to have a part in everything. Later Johnny and I were classmates in Columbia Law School, he having gone to Yale. He did not become a lawyer but went into business.

It seemed a long walk to Fulton Street where we bought groceries. Many times since I have thought back to this walking distance which seemed so long to me then but which later seemed only a few steps. One crossed Atlantic Avenue on which a donkey engine all exposed, mounted on a platform car, drew one car, I think, behind it. The St. Marks Avenue district was the neighborhood of wealthy men with beautiful detached houses and elaborate grounds. I looked on this locality with awe and admiration. None of my friends lived on St. Marks Avenue. It seemed a long walk away.

After a time Mother put us into Bedford Avenue School

CHILDHOOD IN BROOKLYN

No. 3. Our schoolroom was in an old church building opposite the school proper, that is, on the east side of Bedford Avenue. Over our room was a livery stable which was on the same level as the street, our basement room being below grade but opening out on a lane.

The Capitoline was a large tract of land bounded by Nostrand Avenue, Halsey Street, Hancock Street and Marcy Avenue. It was a privately owned area with a board fence around it too high to climb. Through the knotholes we boys would watch the games of early baseball. I remember the White Stockings and Atlantics. The men had long beards usually and would play with a large soft ball. The pitching was strictly under hand. Later when I was eleven years old and we boarded about six months on Madison Street between Bedford and Franklin Avenues I went to skate on the Capitoline. Here I first saw ice boats. Probably I did not go more than five or six times, and as I remember I paid 10 cents each time. This time I went to the main school building of No. 3.

While living at the Pacific Street house I learned to play ball with five or six of the other boys.



MRS. BASSETT, MR. BASSETT AND BELLE PRESTON

CHAPTER III

Boyhood in Watertown

State Street House

IN THE spring after I was seven the family moved to Watertown, N. Y. Father decided to sell dry goods and Yankee notions from a peddling wagon to village stores in New York north and west of the Adirondack region. He thought it would improve his health which had not been good. We stopped a day and night at Fonda as Father had some thought that this might make a good headquarters. We then moved on to Watertown. As we came into Watertown I saw the Suspension Bridge over Black River and I estimated that the day would still be long enough for George and me to do some fishing. Mother had different plans, however. We found a boarding place kept by Mr. and Mrs. Waterman on the south side of State Street not far from the high school. I immediately got acquainted with all the boys in the neighborhood. This summer is a notable period in my memory. It seems as long as four or five years although it was only six months. Everything was new and full of adventure. I learned all the mills, went through them, watched the machinery, investigated Black

River, its flumes and waterfalls, walked along the edge of flumes and did athletics on the cables of the Suspension Bridge. I went with other boys out Factory Street, where were the great buildings of the Davis Sewing Machine Company and the freight car works. There were several railroad covered bridges. It was great fun to get on the tops of the piers with the ties overhead and lie there while freight cars went over us probably within two or three feet of our bodies. During this period I must have been among many dangers but I did not have an accident.

My next door neighbor was Charlie Chase, whose father was a baker. He ran a one-horse baker's wagon to sell his bread, cakes and pies and would ring a hand bell as he approached a house. He would often take me with him to hold the horse. When he had an oversupply of pies he would treat us boys to more than we could ever get at home.

Farmers from Chestnut Ridge brought watermelons into the city, rather small, costing from 5 to 8 cents each. We boys wanted them badly but had no money. One of our main occupations was hunting old iron along the railroad and around the factories, taking it to Harbottle & Howard's hardware store where we got about one-half cent a pound for it. The stores around Washington Square were very interesting to me. I learned what took place in each store, the name of the proprietor and was proud to be able to name all the stores around Washington Square, perhaps forty in number. We learned all the creeks within a mile, and caught frogs, cooking and eating their hind legs.

In the fall I went to the public school on Academy Street which had, I think, four teachers, all women. Whipping with a rattan or ruler was one of the main activities. If a boy missed a word in spelling he was whipped. A whipping of the hand seemed to be necessary for almost every occasion. A girl sitting not far from me reported that I was eating an apple. This was the occasion of my first school whipping.

Charlie Chase and I were busy on some adventure one morning and although I knew that I was staying away from school I did not seem to realize that it was a serious matter. I reached home about eleven o'clock and when Mother approached me sternly I said, "Is it school time yet?" She declared that it was. This time it was done with a hair brush.

Washington Street House

That fall we moved to a rented house on the west side of Washington Street near Baker Street known as the Hemingway house. I became eight years old while in this house. It was a commodious brick house with plenty of land around it. A furnace in the cellar used cord wood. We used kerosene lamps. There was hot and cold running water in the bathroom. The great drawback was the pipes freezing in the winter. One time in midwinter the pipes in the bathroom froze and sprung a leak. My mother twisted the lead pipe so that the water would spurt into the bathtub. Calamities like this always frightened me. I went to my room, got my bank which had about \$3 in it and started for down-

town with the vague notion that I was escaping some overwhelming catastrophe.

Uncle John, my father's brother, visited us that winter and I was proud to tell him about the sidewalks of Watertown, what ones were wooden and creaked as one walked over them. Snow was very deep. George and I helped to shovel the walk, George more than I. We tunneled through one drift which stood up for a day or two. I think full-grown walkers could pass under it. The main business of that winter seemed to me to be shovelling snow. Father hired a man who probably did the real work.

My special friend at this time was an Irish boy whose father was a carpenter. He and I explored the new houses. I learned to skate this winter. I changed to the Mullen Street school where whippings were not so frequent. Here I sent my first valentine to a girl whom I admired from a distance. I became acquainted with a larger circle of boys and we roamed over the entire city. Some of the places we went to were at least two miles from my home. I knew all the orchards, swimming holes, creeks where frogs could be caught and all the scalable cliffs along the river. Here I became acquainted with James and Harry Woley who lived near on Paddock Street. They were splendid playmates, not adventurous like the boys I had been travelling with. James was lame. Harry always had toys like a velocipede that he would loan me. Later when James was a junior and I was a freshman in Hamilton College he took me in as a roommate.

During vacations my father would take me once in a while on trips to hold the horses. He had a fine peddling wagon and two bay horses. His trips were usually about two weeks long but I would seldom go on the long trips. In this way I went to villages along the St. Lawrence and to nearly all the villages along or near the Adirondack region from Utica north to Malone. We would stay in village hotels where Father would usually get half-rates for me. On one of these trips I had my first ride in a canoe at Ox Bow on the Oswegatchie River and thought it was the most wonderful thing in the world.

We went to the First Presbyterian Church of which Dr. J. J. Porter was the pastor. His son, Fred Porter, became my intimate friend. Later we went to Hamilton College together and when our Class of 1884 absented itself a year from college he joined me in Amherst College although he could not matriculate.

I would go with two or three boys, sometimes I think with George, on long walks to swimming pools two or three miles out of the city. We would turn our coats inside out, go to the farmhouses and ask for something to eat. So far as I remember we were never turned away. The mothers were probably never deceived but they thought we needed food.

Keyes Avenue House

We moved to the rented house on the south side of Keyes Avenue not far from the Orphans' Home when I was nine. This was a handsome frame house with a particularly

ample and good looking stable. While here I first went to the dentist—Dr. Huntington, a large, strong man who did not like small boys and said so. He had no painless dentistry tools but everything he did was by main force.

Here I went again to the Academy Street school which, as I remember, was the champion whipping school. One of the boys in my class was not bright. Practically every day and sometimes more than once he received a whipping because he did not know his lessons. As I look back on it it seems a shame to whip a boy who had no mental capacity to learn. He took his whippings as a matter of course, always cried a little, and then the trouble was over for that time. He like all the rest of the boys seemed to consider that whipping was part of one's education. No complaint was made. The principal had what we all called a bull's-hide which she kept for special occasions. This was not applied to the hand. The only cause of complaint that I remember was once in a while the teacher would hit the hard part of the hand with a ruler instead of the soft part. This would make the hand sore for a long time and it would sometimes swell. Mothers complained of this and the teachers were supposed to avoid it. I always liked school. I cannot remember a day when I dreaded to go to school in all my life. I dreaded most the days when I had nothing to do.

George and I played in a quarry near our house where we and the other boys kicked around what we called a petrified sewer pipe, a cylinder of limestone about 18

inches long and 6 inches through with annular ridges. One day Herbert Hill, who was ten years older, picked it up and took it away. Later we learned that he sawed it the long way into two parts, polished the parts and it showed up as a beautiful orthoceras. It contained calcite crystals arranged in cells as is always the case with fossil cephalopods. The State Geological Museum at Albany secured one-half and it is still there. The Watertown boys were in a remarkable district for Lower Silurian fossils. It was the Black River limestone. We could identify trilobites, crinoids, cyathophyllum, orthis, bellerophon and many other common types. Nearly all of us began collections.

My constant friend was Ed Weatherby who lived almost next door. We both supposed that we were athletes. We built trapezes and horizontal bars and tried to persuade our mothers to let us sleep in greased sheets because we had heard that this would make the body supple. We could do all the ordinary tricks like hanging by our knees, by our heels and by our toes. We with two or three others advertised a performance in our barn at five pins per person. We stated that we were going to present a game or play. The audience, mostly of little girls, arrived and then we discovered for the first time that we had not planned our performance. In our humiliation we decided to have a rough and tumble fight and we rolled over one another in a heap on the floor, probably to the disgust of our paid audience.

We removed rather regretfully from this fine home when it was sold to Denis O'Brien who altered and enlarged it

making it into one of the best houses in this part of the city. We all knew Judge O'Brien and his family well. He later became a Supreme Court Justice and an Associate Judge of the Court of Appeals. When I was on the Public Service Commission and on trips to Albany I would often have supper at the Ten Byck Hotel with Judge O'Brien or part of his family.

In 1872 Grant ran for president the second time. He and Roscoe Conkling spoke from the balcony of the Woodruff House on Washington Square. Conkling was large and vigorous and had a loud voice. Grant was small and seemed to have an inferiority complex. We could hardly hear him although we were standing up in front. Greeley was his opponent. The Democrats had a Greeley parade. One of the features was a live eagle that had been captured in the woods and attached to a long pole. He was supposed to keep flying and look patriotic. Instead he hung down like a dead turkey.

Paddock Street House

When I was ten or eleven we moved to a frame house on the south side of Paddock Street, the second house west of Sterling Street. Again the Woley boys and George and I became good friends. George and Jim used to like to whittle and make things. Harry and I were more intent on having fun.

Father bought a new grand peddling wagon beautifully varnished. In the front was the driver's seat which would

accommodate three in a pinch with a leather hood over the seat to protect the driver against sun and rain. The wheels were large and heavy, of course shod with wrought iron. The body of the wagon was about ten feet deep and the height above the axles was about four feet. It was filled with drawers and other receptacles so that a large stock of jewelry, millinery goods and Yankee notions could be carried.

The average bill of goods that Father would sell at a store was \$100. Sometimes he would go so high as \$300 and other times only \$10 or \$20. At this time he bought two powerful and heavy gray horses, each 16½ hands high and each weighing about 1,600 pounds. He did not dispose of his two bay horses at once and for a considerable time we had four horses in the barn. George and I had to exercise these horses. We never owned a saddle but would ride them with a piece of cloth bound by a surcingle. A headstall would do for a bridle. This did not look very good because the blinders were on the headstall. I rode any one of the four horses from time to time all around town and on errands.

Once in a while when one of the big grays got home to the barn it would start to roll. This required nimbleness to slide off at the right time. George and I used to take care of the horses. George was a better worker at these things than I was and probably I never did much more than to help to a slight extent. George was a steady worker but I was good at all sorts of adventure, in other words fun.

In the winter Father would place his peddling wagon on runners. One spring he was marooned not far from Gouverneur by the snow melting. He came home on the train and sent me up to bring the two grays home. It took me two days. I slept in the village of Black River that night in a small hotel, got acquainted with the landlord and some of the travelling men and had a good time generally. It was not easy to ride one horse and lead the other. They had not been working hard and were rather nervous and playful. I got them home all right, however, and was rather proud of my achievement. Later Father went up with his wheels, altered the peddling wagon and brought the whole establishment back to Watertown.

About this time my sister Helen was born. Something went wrong about the nurse that Mother had arranged for and I was sent as messenger to Mannsville twenty miles away where Mother learned a good nurse was obtainable. I went on the train, found the nurse, told her my errand and somewhat against her will persuaded her to come to Watertown. I kept close to her until she landed in our house. She was a good nurse and Mother felt very thankful that I had been successful on my errand.

Our barn was fine to play around. We could crawl under it and go all over the roof and from one haymow to another. All of a sudden the boys about four years older than we were came to our barn to play games with us. For a time we did not understand. Soon it dawned on us that the cause was a visit from Emma and Carrie Bassett who lived

in Brooklyn and who came to Watertown to stay about two weeks for an outing. They were city girls, good looking and wore the latest dresses. The young men got acquainted with them through us and then deserted us and our games and from time to time would take our cousins riding. I thought that I was gaining in popularity among the boys. My popularity ceased as soon as our handsome cousins went back to New York.

George raised hens and let me into the partnership: As I remember we sold them when ready to eat to our mother at about 35 cents each. She took eggs at the market price from 12 cents to 20 cents per dozen. George became expert in attending to these hens. He put a wooden leg on one, and performed an operation on another in which he opened the crop, took out a ball of horsehair and sewed it up again. Here also Father began to keep a cow. George did the milking. I drove the cow to pasture and got it at nightfall. The pasture was about a half mile away. Bert Lansing's father kept a cow in the same pasture and Bert and I often drove our cows along together, both of us barefoot. Later Bert became U. S. Secretary of State. We knew each other well in high school and in Amherst College. Bert, although younger than I, had read all of Scott's novels, so it was said. I had not read so many books but had become a great reader. When I was six or seven Mother read *Line Upon Line* and a companion book *Precept Upon Precept*. These were Bible books, very interesting, and I always liked every story until it came to the lesson at the end of the chapter. I

began to read these books myself and other similar books about then. When I was about ten I got into the *New Testament* which I read several times, then *Pilgrim's Progress* which I went through three times. I then discovered that it was an allegory and stopped reading it. Then followed *Gulliver's Travels*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Swiss Family Robinson*, *Arabian Nights*, *Grimm's Fairy Tales* and other standard books. This was the beginning of my love for books. I kept at it not as a duty but because of sheer love for what I read. Later I had the usual craze for the books of Oliver Optic, Horatio Alger and similar authors. I went through all of Cooper's novels, and other fighting and Indian books. When I was fourteen I began Shakespeare. I read every one of his plays and every poem. Many of the plays I read over and over until I could repeat whole pages.

Baker Street House

The family moved to the Baker Street house when I was eleven. This house was on the south side of Baker Street about 250 feet west of Washington Avenue. It was a white frame house, two stories and cellar. Father rented it for \$115 a year. The barn was old, unpainted and in bad repair. The land itself had several fruit trees and a small garden. It was a very comfortable home. The owner had lived in it and kept it up well. It was not very substantially built, however, and several things were out of order while we lived there. It had no gas and I think no furnace or bathroom. For baths we used a large tin tub in the form of an

armchair without any legs. It was painted yellow on the outside. I am inclined to think that we had this tub in Paddock Street but am not sure. This house was less grand than the three former houses that we had lived in but my memory is that it was exceedingly cozy and homelike. Mother used a corner room for a conservatory and had many plants together with a few flowers.

When we moved I carried one thing and then another to the new house. Mother gave me things that were dangerous to pack. One of them was our main student lamp which I took over with shade and chimney, using two hands. The constant succession of these errands (the distance was perhaps 600 feet) interested me very much. I probably felt that I was accomplishing something and was of some use in the world. I discovered how much one could accomplish by quickly doing one thing after another. It had never dawned on me before that I could be of much use but after this day I was anxious to help and to accomplish things. I think my decision had a good effect on school work and all along the line.

I went to the public school on Arsenal Street which had the two years previous to high school. This was a longer walk than to Mullen Street. I made new acquaintances, among whom was Fred Holden whose father was a member of the firm of Holden & Tilden who ran six or eight red tinware wagons. These were something like my father's peddling wagon but not quite so large. Each wagon had a stock of tinware and the driver would trade the articles for

old rags. The rags would go to the paper mills on Black River. Another new friend was Charlie Mosher whose father owned the book store.

Another was Theodore Hooker whose father ran a large farm about three miles north of Watertown. Theodore was stronger and heavier than I was and had a penchant for fighting or pretending to fight. In the earliest days it troubled me a good deal because he sometimes hurt and I would go around the back ways to get to school without meeting him. He was not a bully. Very likely he was playful without knowing how to play. Later we became great friends and for a time he went to the high school. I used to go out to his father's farm and with Henry Williams and others play around the barns. At the Arsenal Street school when I was twelve I first became conscious of girls. Before this I played, of course, with my two sisters but apart from them all my playmates were boys. At the Arsenal Street school I walked a block near the school on the way to school twice with a girl about two years older than I and once with another girl about my own age. These three occasions frightened me because I was afraid that the other boys would see me and make remarks. About this time Anna Lewis and Alice Baker, two fine girls about the age of George and me, came once or twice with their sleds to induce us to play in the snow. We both ran away. Perhaps this was about one year before I walked three times with the girls near school.

When I was eleven Mrs. Pratt living opposite came to

her front door shouting "Fire." I ran across the street into the house, seized the student lamp which had run over and was blazing (as they were accustomed to do) and keeping the blaze behind me I ran to the front yard and placed it in a snowdrift where it quickly went out. Her husband, Stephen Pratt, was connected with the *Watertown Daily Times*. We all were surprised to read the next day that "Little Eddie Bassett ran into the house, seized the blazing lamp and taking it outdoors submerged it in a snowdrift." This was the first time that I broke into the public press.

CHAPTER IV

My Grandparents

WHEN I was nine, ten and eleven George and I stayed on more than one occasion with our grandparents. Grandfather and Grandmother Bassett lived in Ashfield, Mass., in the house on Ashfield Plain owned by them. They kept oxen for hauling hay and manure. There were eight or ten cows. Grandmother made butter and cheese. She had a reputation for sage cheese. In the cheese room which was between the kitchen and woodshed there were tables and shelves on which I have seen seven or eight large cheeses. She had the forms that were used in pressing and shaping the cheese. Butter was made by churning in wooden churns by hand. They made candles in this house and the tin molds were common household articles. About five pigs were kept near the barn. If any one started anywhere in a buggy Grandma would appear with a pail and on handing it over would say that they might come across some berries that they could pick. She never wasted a penny. Grandma came to Brooklyn once and on Broadway, New York, asked whether church was just out. This was the only way that she could account for so many people.

George and I stayed longer periods with Grandfather

and Grandmother Rogers at Ballston, Saratoga County, N. Y. They lived in a small white frame house at Bloodville, about two miles west of Ballston, on Kayaderosseras Creek. Grandfather had migrated from Massachusetts to Auburn, N. Y., where he forged scythes. Isaiah Blood persuaded him to go to Bloodville because he was such a good scythe forger. There were the scythe factory and also the axe factory owned by Isaiah Blood, both large establishments for that day. These factories were down in the creek bottom about one hundred feet below the road which ran along the top of the river-cut and which was level area.

Grandfather Rogers was then seventy-two years old. He claimed to be seventy-three but Grandma said the Bible showed him to be seventy-two up to the time that Grandpa changed the family record in the Bible to make himself one year older. He was retired from the hard work of forging and had become an industrious and skillful gardener. He raised the largest pumpkins and squashes in the neighborhood. He began his gardening at 4 A. M. in the summertime and had his day's work pretty well done when the sun was hot. The house had no running water and no bathroom. No newspapers were thrown away, but were carefully cut up for toilet paper. I mention some of these things because nothing shows better the economy of old people of that time. They were not rich but they never thought of such a thing as taking money from anybody outside the family. They were just as proud of their independence as Rockefeller is today. When Mother was nine or ten there

was an epidemic of smallpox in the cluster of houses near the scythe factory. Some children had it in the same house. Grandmother fed her large family on hasty pudding for several weeks and none of them caught smallpox.

I sometimes think of these conditions of American life when there was almost no wealth but at the same time there was no poverty and almost no dependence.

Later my mother taught school and the other girls earned money at various callings. They all contributed to the family expenses. They had all lived in the little white house but when George and I were there all the children had gone. Our attention was mainly given to the big creek, the machinery in the axe factory, the flumes, waterfalls and dam near the factory, the beautiful woods on the level edges of the stream down in the valley, the small animals and fish. We would sometimes catch bullheads. One day Grandpa declared that he could catch large fish and we started down with him about 5 o'clock the next morning. Just below the dam while the water was coming over the top he pulled out about twelve good-sized chub weighing about $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds each. He was a famous hunter and fisher. He knew all the curves. Next morning there were half a dozen workmen trying to get fish in that spot but they had no luck. Grandfather used to shoot woodcock in the early days around Ballston. I have a bullet mold which he used.

George and I went to Saratoga and saw the Indians. The boys shot with bows and arrows. This gave the fever to George and me and we were busy with bows and arrows

for a month or two. There were fine places to swim in the creek—plenty of spots where the depth was just right and no danger. Strangely enough I had not learned to swim around Watertown nor could I learn in the creek at Ballston although I tried by the day and hour. Later I got the knack of it in the Black River in Watertown when I was about thirteen and became a fair swimmer.

The moving water was a great attraction to George and me. George made beautiful waterwheels and trip hammers. Grandpa took the *Weekly Ledger* containing blood curdling Indian stories. We liked to read the stories as well as he did and would try to get the paper first. He outwitted us, however, by arranging to hide it from us until he had read it himself. Similarly we tried to get fine chestnuts under the big chestnut tree when they first fell. He discovered that we were getting all the chestnuts and got up early and gathered them in himself. As I think of these things later I conclude that his grandchildren were not unalloyed comforts. He never scolded us and neither did Grandma. The attic was full of paper covered standard books and on rainy days it was a great treat to read them. Later when I was in the water-works business in Buffalo I went to Grandfather's funeral in this house.

I should not omit at this point our visit—one of several weeks—at my Aunt Emily Eldridge's at Hawley, seven miles from Ashfield. Uncle Thomas Eldridge was a farmer owning about one hundred acres of land and a sawmill on the creek. His son Fred was four or five years older than I.

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Bertha was about one year older and Kate and Ned were a little younger. We were great friends and when we were there we had the times of our lives in the hayfield, picking berries, playing in the barn and above all fishing for brook trout. We always caught a few of the trout. Once I caught by myself a brook trout weighing about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a pound and sent it to Grandfather Bassett in Ashfield. We all admired Fred especially. He knew everything about fishes and woodchucks and birds.

The family had no cash crop. Therefore they made a fair amount of butter which went to the market. The girls wove farmers' straw hats and Uncle Thomas and Cousin Fred made on a turning lathe whipstocks which they sold in Westhampton and broom handles which found a rather ready sale in the Connecticut Valley. Every Sunday saw them all in the Hawley Congregational Church. The choir loft was in the rear. The audience turned around when hymns were sung. Uncle Thomas played a violin in the choir. Rev. Mr. Seymour, father of our friend Charles Seymour who sometimes comes to our Newkirk Avenue home, was the minister.

Cottage cheese and berry pies seemed to me to be the specialties of Aunt Emily. I have thought of them every year in later life. While I was in Amherst College and before that when I was a book agent I often visited at Hawley. Bertha and I were especially good friends. We read a number of books together, among them *John Halifax, Gentleman*. I have often walked up the hill from

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Charlemont to Hawley about four miles, a good stiff climb part of the way.

CHAPTER V

*Education**Watertown High School*

IN THE fall of 1876 when I was thirteen I began the four-year course in the Watertown High School. This was a period of the greatest delight to me. I liked school far better than vacation. William K. Wickes, Amherst '69, was principal, a gentleman of high character and a broad scholar. Later he was principal of the high school in Syracuse. He taught Latin, Greek and political economy. Cornelia Johnson was assistant principal, a particularly lovable and helpful woman then middle-aged. Her province was English literature and history. Prof. Bosworth was excellent in sciences. Under him I had physics and chemistry. Fannie, a sister of Cornelia Johnson, had charge of mathematics. She was good but not so extremely interesting as Cornelia.

As I look back at this group of teachers I again become exhilarated as I was during the four years. I thought there never was before such a school and such teachers. I never had a falling out with any one of the teachers and I do not remember a particle of unfairness. Mrs. Maier taught Ger-

man. I became well acquainted with her but did not take any lessons under her. She was as fine as the rest. After I went to college and returned on vacations I would always call on these teachers. I had a real affection for them. Classes were small and there was a personal relation which was stimulating.

When one thinks that in this city of 7,000 people the high school was a building perhaps costing \$10,000 to erect and the total school attendance only one hundred, one wonders at the great increase in high school attendance since that time. Today Watertown has a high school that probably cost \$150,000 and the classes are five or six times as large as they were in my day although the city is only about three times as large. My class had five boys, Henry Williams, Burt Wilmot, Daniel Cahill, George Seaver and myself, and between twenty and twenty-five girls.

I started Latin in my first year and ate it up. The conjugations were a very special delight. The differences of meaning by slight change of a suffix were of never ending interest to me. I studied ahead of each lesson because I simply could not stop. English derivations from Latin tickled me through and through.

When I began high school I had no thought of being a lawyer. My notion was that if I worked hard I might run a dry goods store like Mr. Sanford who kept the leading store for ribbons, thread, dress goods, women's ornaments, etc. Because I was going to be a businessman I did not

select Greek at the beginning of my third year. Henry Williams and Theodore Hooker and one other boy, the last two not regular members of my class, made up the Greek class. The middle of the third year I became so interested in Latin that I decided that I would be a teacher and that I would need Greek. Consequently Principal Wickes let me join the Greek class after it had progressed four or five months. It was so easy to make up the back work that I never remembered it. Greek came to me as naturally as Latin, perhaps even more so. All the time that I studied Greek in the high school I was translating Greek writings outside the course. I read far more Greek outside the course than I did in the course. It interested me as much as archaeology of Mesopotamia does today.

In the vacation between the sophomore and junior years I earned some money by renting Father's horse and buggy to some of the boys a little older than myself. With this money I bought a Liddell & Scott's *Unabridged Greek-English Lexicon* which cost me \$7. I wanted to learn all there was about every word. Sometimes I would study a whole column of fine print in order to get every shade of meaning of a Greek word. The small Greek dictionaries did not give me nearly enough.

I longed to study Hebrew and Sanskrit and I read everything I could about these languages. I learned the Hebrew alphabet from Webster's *Unabridged Dictionary* and even today I can repeat the alphabet and identify the different letters. Mr. Wickes suggested that Williams, Hooker and

I present a play in Greek. He or we chose the episode in *Oedipus Tyrannus* where Jocasta, the wife of Oedipus, discovered that she was also his mother. Our piece probably lasted about twenty minutes. We gave it twice at the high school. The First Presbyterian Church heard of our success and invited us to present the play. There was no stage. The Sunday school room was rather wide and when Theodore Hooker, my wife, for I was Oedipus, entered from the wing, that is, the rather distant outside door, she had to hurry to reach Williams and me to begin her first line. She came in like a racer tied in a sack. This was on account of her flowing garments. When she reached Henry and me she was going so fast that we had to catch her and set her up on her feet.

Burt Wilmot was easily the best scholar among the boys in our class. His knowledge of Latin was superb. I always learned a great deal from him. He did not take Greek. My constant companionship with Wilmot and the stimulation that I had from him in Latin and English literature was one of the great features of my high school course.

While I was a junior my brother George joined the geometry class that I was in. He proposed that we should demonstrate all the theorems without looking at or depending on the demonstrations given in our book. We did them all including the 39th theorem sometimes called the pons asinorum. George worked it out first by the triangular method. It is the theorem that the sum of the squares erected on the two sides of a right-angled triangle are

equal in area to the square erected on the hypotenuse. George was always far superior to me in mathematics. But I liked the subject just as much as he did.

During these four years debating was one of the main purposes of life. We debated at high school, at the Y. M. C. A. and everywhere else that we could get any one to debate with us. James Woley, who was two classes ahead of me, advised me to come to the prayer meetings at the Y. M. C. A. because it afforded an opportunity to stand on one's feet to pray and thus speak extemporaneously. I did not follow his advice.

Outside of my school work I was reading books constantly. Most of the books were obtained from the city library. Henry Williams was librarian part of the time. Early in this period I read every one of Capt. Marryatt's books of English-French naval warfare, many books of adventure and short sets of books like Bulwer-Lytton. I was enraptured with Shakespeare and would sit in the second story front room of the Baker Street house on holidays and Sundays looking out on a beautiful mountain-ash tree and read the plays over and over. I read every one of the plays at least once and some of them five or six times. Books divided themselves into strata. I think I must have kept trying books that were too ponderous for me and left them until a later time. I came to them all, however, in due course except writings on philosophy. While in the high school Dickens, George Eliot, Thackeray and Scott were too ponderous for me. I read them somewhat but not

through from cover to cover the way I did later. In college I read all of Thackeray and Dickens. The last year of college and the first year in the law school I read all of George Eliot. When I was early in the water works I read Scott, every volume, in paper covered editions that I could easily carry in my satchel while traveling. I always liked autobiographies and histories. I read between this time and my marriage all the principal histories—for instance, all five volumes of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

When I was eleven or twelve George and I went down Black River to Brownville and hired a rowboat. We placed it in the water in the chasm below the rapids, hauled it over the dam at Dexter, sailed through Black River Bay passing the night at Three Mile Point. We propped up the boat with sticks and slept under it. The next day we went in front of the points that jut out into Lake Ontario before one reaches Cape Vincent and the next night we slept under the boat at Cape Vincent. We went up into the village to buy some provisions. The next day we spread a small sail made by George and with the wind coming from Lake Ontario and with the aid of the current we sped down the river through the Thousand Islands bringing up at Westminster Park, where Mother was staying a little time. We stayed here two or three days but it was out of the question to row back against the wind and current. Accordingly we arranged to have the boat sent to Brownville by freight. We paid the freight and paid the boat owner. I

imagine that George did most of the paying. He had been earning some money in Conger's drugstore. But I remember that I did what I could. The exploit nearly bankrupted us. With George Seaver we explored the caves along Black River especially near Sewall's Island. Some of the deep caves we entered with strings and candles but did not hesitate to enter the shallow caves with mullein stalks which if lighted one after another would make an adequate fire.

Sam Child, who with Fred Porter was a class above me, lived about three miles out of Watertown up the Black River. I knew his father and mother well and often went out to visit the family. Sam and I have kept up our acquaintance from that time and today when he comes to New York he almost always has luncheon with me.

Edward Jones, a Welshman, was a Watertown friend of my father. Mr. Jones could speak, sing, tell stories and was an all-around entertainer. He got up a shoeblacking company and Father took some stock but lost. A friend of Mr. Jones came from New York who wanted to fish. Mr. Jones and my father planned to take a trip to Stony Island, a good fishing ground which lies about fifteen miles out in Lake Ontario from Sackett's Harbor. They took George and me. We went by train to Sackett's Harbor. There we rented a sailboat owned and operated by a young man who was lame but who was expert as a sailor and fisherman. We had a small boat for trolling. We slept one night at Stony Island in an unused shanty built by fishermen, having some straw and plenty of bed bugs. We caught black bass by

trolling and the handyman cooked them. Mother had put up several cans of potato salad. She also gave us several pies. I qualified as a good oarsman while Mr. Jones' friend trolled for bass. The second day we figured that I rowed at least fifteen miles. This was the first outing of the sort that I ever had and it has remained the most memorable.

No ordinary businessman in Watertown had a summer vacation. The Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence were only twenty-five miles away but there were then no cottages on these islands. Mr. Hart of Watertown, a photographer, built a shack on a small island and took all or part of his family there for several summers. He was famous as actually having a vacation. The country folks would have picnics. These would last a day and although the men had a good time the women had a lot of hard work. There were camp meetings here and there that would last about three days each. Outside of these every one worked during the summer the same as in the winter. If one man had asked another when or where he was going to take his vacation the second man would not know what the first man meant. School children and teachers had vacations but no one else.

In my junior and senior years in high school I was elected class president. Our business in the first of these two years and the early part of the second was the monthly class "jamboree." I think we were the first in the city to borrow the name and we invented this form of entertainment. We took up a subscription, bought some ice cream, the girls brought some cake and the class spent an evening

eating, discussing and debating. We did not know how to dance and we did not know games that all could play. In senior year my main work as class president was to preside at meetings preparing our commencement and annual picnic. I had already studied Robert's *Rules of Order*. All the boys did this. We were adepts on the previous question, debatable and undebatable motions and appeals from the decisions of the chair. When I was a junior the seniors' annual picnic was to the old French fort on Wolf Island, St. Lawrence River. The picnic of my class was to Trenton Falls. I took Lucy Moore, a classmate, to both of these, notwithstanding the gibes of all the boys. Lucy Moore and I went together to Washington Square one evening in the summer of 1879 and saw our first electric light. It was an arc light, a great event.

At graduation in June, 1880, I was valedictorian and also took the first prize in oratory. The prize was a set of Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*. For some reason I traded it at Mosher's bookstore for the complete works of William Shakespeare in one volume and the poems of Robert Burns. Rev. S. A. Hayt, minister of the Second Presbyterian Church, was one of the judges. He signed the slips that were pasted in the front of my two books. In former years Mr. Hayt was a minister in Ballston and my mother knew him in that village.

A small orchestra played at the hotel at Trenton Falls. I thought it was the sweetest music that I ever heard. Mr. Moore owned the hotel. Forty years later Belle, Annie and

I knew Mr. Moore well at the church in Flatbush. He made a collection of Trenton Falls fossils, especially trilobites. I bought from him a few years before he died the beautiful coiled trilobite which I still own.

Henry Bannister, a farmer boy, was an irregular student while I was in the high school. The best boxer and wrestler in school, he was smart in everything but his studies. He insisted that "nothing" was a present participle because it ended in "ing." After we graduated Henry Williams and I hired out for a week to do farm work on the Bannister farm at 65 cents per day. I had done farm work here and there but never before for a whole week. We with two or three other farm hands had great fun singing evenings. The responsible farmer was Henry Bannister's brother who married his maid of all work a day before our week ended. The Bannisters had a reputation for being rather "near." The brother said that it cost less to have the lady as his wife than to pay her wages. He and his new wife requested Henry Williams and me to give them a send-off in the *Watertown Daily Times*. Henry and I sat down to write them up. They chose my send-off which I remember ended with the words:

"After the ceremony the happy couple departed for an extended tour in the West."

I had failed to say that they went to Hounsfield, about seven miles away and stayed one day. It was printed in the *Times* and sounded like a society wedding. After the brother returned from his wedding trip he took some pro-

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duce to the city and along with it took Henry Williams and me for we had completed our week. He took us to the drug-store under the Woodruff House and treated us to one glass of root beer to be drunk one-half by each.

Frank W. Woolworth began a 5 and 10 cent counter in Moore & Smith's dry-goods store in Watertown. He was eight or ten years older than I but I knew him well. This was the first 5 and 10 cent store in this country.

Hamilton College

During my last year in high school I decided that I wanted to be a Latin and Greek teacher and also that I ought to go to college. Mother agreed with me on my going to college but Father was not enthusiastic. None of the family had ever gone to college and Father thought that life was too serious and the need of earning some money too great to warrant spending four years with a doubtful result. Mother said she would squeeze out a little money some way and I said I would pay it back to her. James Woley went to Hamilton College and urged me to go there. This was very generous of James because he was always well dressed, kept his hair brushed and was much more a member of polite society than I was. He even went so far as to say he would try to get me into the Delta Upsilon fraternity. I went to Hamilton College, Clinton, in the fall of 1880. By correspondence with the college and with the help of my good standing in high school I was given a scholarship which had been held by Eugene Lytle

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for four years and then by Henry Porter, the brother of Fred. This paid my tuition but not my room rent.

Admission was so easy that I hardly remember the examination. I roomed with James Woley and became a member of Delta Upsilon. Hazing was terrific the first month or so. If I passed under a window a pail of water would be poured on me. I could not go to the village, one and a half miles away, or about the campus except with an upper-classman, that is, a senior or junior. Unprotected freshmen were taken to the well and soused. If caught in the evening they would be tabled—that is, stood up on a table by the sophomores and their toes would be pounded until they danced. A hundred other methods were thought of. Almost every morning the sophomores tried to eject the freshmen from chapel at a faster pace. Several times the seats were torn up and the fighting continued on the campus, clothes being torn off and plenty of minor hurts. A freshman was measured by whether he went into the rows or went to his room. I attended all the rows and must have been fairly active because I was elected class president a little later in freshman year. I was re-elected in sophomore year and again in junior year. No faculty member lived in the buildings or on the campus. The only authority was upper-classmen. Their word was law. Every lowerclassman, that is sophomore or freshman, must obey.

This college was rather primeval. Each pair of roomers owned their own coal stove. We carried up the coal three flights. A student lamp was our steady companion—no gas.

Each two men had a study room and an alcove bedroom. The college did not furnish a shred. If we needed curtains we bought them. Drinking water was obtained at a chain well near the library by hand power. The cistern that furnished the washing water was deep and one had to lower a bucket into it by means of a long crotched pole. There was a latrine about 200 feet from the college.

This was all a paradise to me. I thought there never was another such college. The library was ample and I made good use of it. Early the first winter Bob Thompson, head of the new Y. M. C. A., conceived the idea of bringing up the college mail and charging each fraternity a small sum. I was Bob's helper and coadjutor. I put up the row of fraternity boxes in the reading room assigned to the Y. M. C. A. and I carried the mail between 11 A. M. and 12:30 P. M. In winter I slid down the long hill at least half a mile, leaving my sled at the foot until I walked to the village, about three-fourths of a mile. I used a light canvas mailbag. Before this time each boy had gone to the village once or more each week to get his mail. Some of the faculty who lived on the hill joined our mail outfit. This trip of about three miles before dinner must have given me an appetite for Frank Joslin, a senior, began to call me Bosko, a name he found in the Greek lexicon, meaning I eat like a cow. This name followed me through Hamilton College and was used by all of the Hamilton boys. I hear it every year even yet. While writing this story I had a letter from Bob Brodie beginning "Dear Bosko."

Beginning sophomore year I ran the fraternity table buying the food, carving, paying the bills, employing the matron, Mrs. Fell, at whose house we ate, and collecting the board from the boys. I kept the cost of board down to \$3 per week. Mrs. Fell's cottage was almost up the hill, was surrounded by a beautiful hedge and she had a well kept flower garden. The dining room was exceedingly cozy. There was a piano in the next room. It seemed to me that our singing (never with notes) was the finest in the world.

Four or five times a year some upper-classman would start a walk around in the dormitories. At about midnight he would pick up some classmate and then proceed to every room. If the occupants did not open the door they would push it in. Every one had to put on what clothes he could and join the procession. When the entire college had joined the walk around it disbanded.

A year before I entered the sophomores drove a horse up three flights of stairs in North College and left him on the top floor. The janitor with helpers got him down in the morning.

President Brown inadvertently left three barrels of cider in a wagon near his barn, half way down the hill. Some one spied it out and in the night gathered twenty or thirty boys together who pushed the wagon up to the campus and all the boys filled up their washbowls and pitchers with good sweet cider.

Dr. Darling became president my sophomore year. He

had six daughters. They were in the front seats in the gallery when I happened to come on in public speaking. My piece was out of a sermon by De Witt Talmage. When I came to the words "galleries of angels look down upon us" my audience of boys literally went up in the air. I saw waving hands and feet. The din was fearful. One would think the girls would be embarrassed but they were not.

One Monday night the freshmen stole the Darling clothesline and wash, brought it up the hill and suspended it about forty feet high from the chapel belfry to a large tree. Then they battened down the trap door of the belfry, leaving the stockings and underclothes of the girls swinging in the wind. The professors and Dr. Darling coming to morning chapel were aghast. DeRegt, the college carpenter, got down the line before noon. Consternation! Who and what caused the wash out on the line?

Burning the algebra was performed by the freshmen after dark at the end of fall term. The algebra was placed in the head of a regular coffin which was inserted in the funeral pyre. The sophomores were supposed to prevent the burning and if possible to get the algebra. The freshmen would encircle the pyre which was drenched with kerosene and composed of the most inflammable material. Their duty was to prevent the sophomores getting to the pyre. When I was a freshman the sophomores failed to prevent the burning. I devised the strategy when we were sophomores. Even members of my class did not know the plan which depended on perfect secrecy. I arranged that

half the class would attack the freshmen surrounding the pyre when the word was given by the upper-classman. When all were pretty well entangled a large ladder would appear with about twelve of our men carrying it pointed toward the pyre like a battering ram. When this emerged from the darkness any freshmen who were free would attack the ladder and its carriers. About ten sophomores were then to come on the field from the other side to begin wrestling with any unattached freshmen and to protect me when I appeared. I pretended that I had been hurt in a row three days before and I limped around the campus for several days. As a matter of fact I was in good shape and had procured at a blacksmith's shop a long hook which I could run down inside my clothes from my shoulder to my foot. We put this secret plan into force. When all the strategy was working I quickly stepped to the head of the pyre, pulled out my poker and pulled the coffin out in the open. Quickly taking off the lid I seized the algebra and was out of reach in a second. All my class met in the top story of my dormitory and each took a page as a memento.

Fraternity members usually roomed together, each upper-classman taking an underclassman. In freshman year my fraternity classmates were Fred Porter, Louis Scovel, Chester Donaldson, George Warren and Tuck Adair. In sophomore year Adair and I roomed together. Adair was a good student but rather disorderly, a little worse than I. I had to care for the lamp otherwise it would not have burned. We never made our beds. We swept in alternate

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weeks but he would sweep the dust under the bed and the stove. I would take it out in my week. Tuck was wonderful in history and literature but weak in mathematics. After I went to bed he would copy my problems and somehow or other he got away with it the next day. For instance, in geometry he was all right if the letters on the diagrams were not changed. If they were changed he was all at sea.

In the first term of my junior year my chum was E. Root Fitch of '86, the son of a Westmoreland farmer. In later life he inherited a large amount of money from J. S. T. Stranahan, the founder of Prospect Park, Brooklyn, whose statue is now there.

I went into every prize contest that came along, winning first prize for an essay on *Deserted Village* and a second prize in conic sections and calculus.

I entered some athletic events every field day. My records were 20 feet broad jump, 39 feet hop step and jump, 11 feet 6½ inches standing broad jump with weights, 4 feet 10½ inches standing high jump (side), 9 seconds 100 yard dash (undoubtedly bad timing). In junior year in Amherst my record in running high jump was 5 feet 2 inches. I never knew how to make a high jump from the side. We had no trainer. My clumsy way was to jump straight with feet first. This figure of 5 feet 2 inches won me second prize however. My classmate Greene beat me. Preston jumped 5 feet 9¾ inches although not as tall as I. He was 5 feet 9 inches tall. I won first prize more than once in the hurdle race.

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I never thought seriously of becoming a minister. Rev. Dwight Scovel, father of Scoop, had several heart to heart talks with me however. He had moved to Clinton. I knew all the family. They were great friends of the Preston family, having lived at Marcellus and the two fathers having travelled through Europe together.

Near the close of freshman year a bright young business man came to college to pick up book agents to sell *Royal Path of Life or Aims and Aids to Success and Happiness* by T. L. Haines and L. W. Yaggy. This book was copied from the ancient philosophers, the *Bible* and other profound works. Farmers and mill workers would buy a book which they thought contained everything on a given subject, for instance religion and philosophy. I became a book agent, being assigned to part of Columbia County, N. Y. My first places were Philmont and Mellenville. When I reached Philmont I went to a little hotel where I was never so homesick in my life before or since. My nose bled, I could keep nothing on my stomach and I was completely woebegone. After a few days I found a boarding place at the home of a widow who with her daughter boarded two factory girls and a fat boy who ran a confectionery and soda water store. The fat boy would not get up mornings and the widow would throw up shoes and other articles from time to time to wake him. One of the girls named Muller who worked in the factory told me once in a while that I did not have any fun in me. I was still afraid of girls.

I did well at selling books, first in Philmont where by

making gifts of the book, I got testimonials from five ministers. With those testimonials I proceeded to sell the book to the congregations and especially the mill hands. When the factory towns of Philmont and Mellenville were thoroughly canvassed I went out into the country—long walks, very hot and only a few sales.

The house of Stupplebeen was said to be especially down on book agents. I learned the ropes beforehand, went to the farmhouse at the right time and entered the front gate. The father was mowing in the front yard and informed me that it would do me no good to go to the house. I went to the front door and the mother opened it a crack and told me to go. I said I was tired and could I go around on the side porch and rest a few minutes. She allowed I could and I went there knowing that the married daughter had two rooms that opened on the porch. After I sat there five or ten minutes the married daughter made her appearance and we got acquainted. I said I would gladly pay if they would let me stay to dinner. She put me up a chair and I ate with all the family, farm hands and everybody. After dinner I began a speech on the wonders of my book. I got a subscription from the old man, one from the son-in-law and one from one of the farm hands.

Another feat was to sell a book to two women, one blind and the other deaf. The blind one heard and the deaf one saw and among the three of us they became well informed. They said it was a new experience and they enjoyed it.

I had meals frequently with farmers. Almost always they

asked me to say grace, evidently expecting that any hard working college student was preparing for the ministry. Several women subscribers said they bought because I was preparing for the ministry. My disclaimer made no difference.

I sold enough books to clear \$300 that summer. I also took a prize as one of the leading canvassers. It was a family Bible, large with plenty of gilt. This Bible I turned in to my boarding-house widow on account of my board and she was glad to get it. She treated me wonderfully—one of those fine, hard working, generous women without any property but her house, but having sympathy for everybody.

I did so well that vacation that I was offered a position as general agent for next vacation, that is between sophomore and junior years. The book was *Museum of Antiquities* which purported to tell all about ancient history and contained magnificent steel engravings of the palaces of the Caesars, the Roman aqueducts and several other marvels. It was not so good a seller as my former book, probably because there were no elements of religion in it.

I had at one time more than one hundred agents under me, having gathered them up in Hamilton, Madison, Williams and Amherst Colleges. They were distributed in western Massachusetts and the New York state counties north and south of Albany and Troy. About twenty-five of them did excellently but most of them petered out. One of the main drawbacks was that they would get acquainted

with girls in their boarding places and spend their time boating or picnicking. I would visit them as often as I could, accompany the backward ones on trips for customers, reassign their territory and in general try to keep them at work and happy. My headquarters were at Chatham, N. Y. I traveled all over Columbia and Rensselaer Counties, N. Y., and all the Massachusetts counties west of the Connecticut River.

My intimate friend Ormiston, Hamilton '85, had Northampton for his territory. He boarded with Mrs. Nowell in the corner of what is now the Smith College campus. He fell in love with the daughter and unfortunately did not sell many books. When he finished college they were married and started for Robert College, Constantinople, but she died on the voyage and was buried at sea. Ormiston was a long, lanky boy from Ox Bow, N. Y., Scotch, considerably older than I. Miss Hamlin, a distant connection of Annie's, taught later at this college. She said to a friend one day, "What do you think is the most absurd thing that I could do?" The friend at once said, "Marry Mr. Ormiston." Miss Hamlin in great confusion said, "That is precisely what I am going to do."

I earned about \$400 this summer.

Amherst College

I went back to Hamilton College that fall and stayed the first term, that is until Christmas. Then I went to Amherst College. Hamilton was poor. Her best professors taught

the first two years. Those teaching the last two years were hit or miss, not steadies or the best. I was ambitious and was afraid that I was not making the best use of my time if I stayed at Hamilton. Having become a little acquainted with other colleges, especially Williams and Amherst, in hunting up book agents I decided that at Amherst College I would come under the best professors. So I decided to go. It was hard for me to break away from the fine institution of Hamilton and my many friends but I was on my way and nothing could stop me. President Darling called me to his house and to my surprise told me that instead of being on a scholarship I had been on a remission of tuition; that it was a rule that a man who took advantage of remission of tuition should, if he went to another college to complete his course, pay up the remitted dues.

It seemed to me that this was not fair because I had never been told that I did not have a scholarship. On the contrary I had been told the name of the donor of the scholarship. Dr. Darling said that his predecessor, Dr. Brown, had spent the principal for college expenses and that now the scholarship had to be taken care of by remitting dues. I did not let this stop me but told all the facts to President Seelye of Amherst who let me in without an honorable dismissal from Hamilton. My Hamilton classmates gave me a farewell dinner.

A few months later things got so bad with my class at Hamilton that the class bolted—about fifty of them. I never knew whether they were in the right or not. "Old Greek,"

my Greek professor, said once or twice that if I had been there I might have prevented the bolt. I do not think so. The class appointed a committee to apply for admission to Amherst College. I went with the committee to talk with President Seelye who said they could stand one man from Hamilton without an honorable dismissal (this was myself) but they could not stand a whole class. My Hamilton class stayed away practically all the senior year. Fred Porter joined me at Amherst and went to classes although he could not become a regular member.

At Amherst I had the best professors and in every way a splendid college course. Amherst Delta Upsilon took me in. At Amherst I came up against boys who had had sound and thorough preparation in schools like Boston Latin School and Phillips-Andover Preparatory. I was not on a par with some of them. I knew Latin fairly well but they knew the subjunctive mood. I knew Greek fairly well but they knew all about enclitics. I think I never caught up with such fine scholars as Mahoney and Willcox. My inferiority acted like a tonic and I did my best to catch up.

About the middle of senior year the registrar wrote me saying that my standing in Amherst entitled me to be nominated for Phi Beta Kappa but he would like to have me get a certificate of my standing in Hamilton before nominating me. I wrote to Oren Root, registrar, brother of Elihu Root, who very promptly and correctly answered that inasmuch as I had never been honorably dismissed from Hamilton College he could not send me any statement of my stand-

ing. At the same time that I wrote him, however, I wrote "Old Greek" (Dr. Edward North) stating all the facts and saying that I would appreciate a note from him giving a word or two about my standing in Hamilton. He answered promptly and said that I was easily within the first fifth of my class. This letter was turned in to the Amherst registrar and I was duly elected Phi Beta Kappa. "Old Greek" was always very generous to me, probably because he had a fondness for any one who liked Greek.

At Hamilton a great deal of attention was given to oratory and undoubtedly a rather flamboyant style was inculcated. This handicapped me at Amherst. The Amherst professors like Genung wanted the meat and not the trimmings. Bob French was selected as one of the prize debaters in my senior year. I missed out. Each member of the class had to put in an abstract for every debate and each actually spoke only three or four times during the year. Bob copied every abstract from mine and made each debate out of my abstract. I could not see why my debates were not at least as good as his. Later I concluded that Genung did not like my Hamilton style. On the whole I think that Amherst helped to take the flamboyant element out of my speaking and I do not doubt that this made a great improvement. As at Hamilton we had a great deal of debating at Amherst. Arthur P. Rugg, '83, and I were active in Athenae and were intimate friends. He became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. He took an interest later in zoning, read my books, and helped me in many ways.

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I was elected ivy orator for commencement by my class, and was appointed by the faculty as one of the Hyde orators. Goodwin took the prize which he fairly deserved. I was appointed chairman of our senior ball. In the gymnasium we all had learned to dance and I was quite good at announcing figures, getting the couples together and keeping the pot boiling. I took my cousin Anna Bassett to the ball. She danced part of the time with Clyde Fitch who later became famous as a playwright. It was a hot night and Clyde used up three collars. We all were well acquainted with Clyde because when we gave our class play "She Stoops to Conquer" we needed some one for a young woman. We persuaded Fitch who was two classes below us to take the part. I was Sir Marlow. Will Atwater was the great card in our program. He acted Tony Lumpkin.

Columbia Law School

We were graduated at Amherst in June, 1884. I was twenty-one. During senior year I thought seriously of becoming a lawyer. Accordingly I enrolled in a teachers' agency in New York City, hoping to get a position that would allow me to study law evenings. A position to be principal of the Union School at Wilson, N. Y. (on the shore of Lake Ontario between Lockport and Oswego) almost came my way. There were three other competitors. I made a trip up there. The board said they would take me if I were not so young. I had arranged to study law in a law office at Wilson if I got the place.

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The agency found me a place in the private school of R. D. Dodge on the south side of Park Place about six numbers west of Flatbush Avenue. This was in Brooklyn. Mr. Dodge was about fifty, a man of great cultivation and an earnest fine companion. His school was to prepare boys for college. He had about thirty boys. I was supposed to specialize in Latin and Greek but as I remember it I taught everything. The boys soon found out that I was good at boxing and jumping and without any special need of proving my prowess they all seemed to take me seriously. I must confess that Mr. Dodge would turn over his hard problems to me and that he depended too much on me to keep up strict discipline in the school. The first year I earned \$400 teaching mornings only. The second year I taught mornings and afternoons and earned \$700. I kept up a close acquaintance with Mr. Dodge as long as he lived and often visited him later on Clark Street nearly opposite the St. George Hotel.

My first year in Hamilton cost me \$187, and my second year about \$300. My two years in Amherst were more expensive. I had to borrow \$700 from Mother during the four years and I repaid this to her within four years after I was graduated from Amherst.

When I was sixteen Father and Mother gave me a suit of clothes. This was the last boyhood gift although they gladly boarded me both in Watertown and Brooklyn. In 1884 Father's business altered so that he could have headquarters in New York City and fill the orders of two men

who traveled for him, each with a horse and buggy, in northern New York. In the fall of 1884 Father and I roomed for about six weeks in a Chatham Street (New York City) rooming hotel called, I think, the Park. Our bedroom faced on the elevated railroad and was very noisy. Here I saw my first incandescent electric lights. I saw my first telephone at about this time. Father had just bought the house at 94 Macon Street, Brooklyn. Before Christmas we were all settled in this house, the family having come from Watertown.

My sleeping and study room was on the top floor rear, a very sunny and airy room. Here Charlie Hughes, now Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, visited me overnight many times and we studied together. My father—who saw through people—said after first meeting Hughes that he was the smartest man he ever saw. At this time I was in my first year at Columbia Law School attending classes in the afternoons and evenings. Hughes was quiz, being high man of the class two years ahead of me. He and I were both Delta U's and had become acquainted in conventions and various meetings although he was at Brown when I was at Hamilton and Amherst.

I had been a delegate to the Delta U convention at Ann Arbor in 1882 and to the convention at Marietta in 1883. In the latter convention I became well acquainted with the two Dawes boys, Charles and Rufus, and kept up a rather cordial acquaintance with Charles to the time he became

Vice-President of the United States. The Dawes boys were both interested later in the Pure Oil Company.

Louis Scovel was delegate from Hamilton to the Marietta convention. He, Fred Crossett and I roomed in the same house. Scoop—as we always called Scovel—had a form of megalomania that showed itself in calling any crowd that he was in by some magnificent name. He called us the Big Three and after his talking this way through all the convention we passed by the name of Big Three.

Alexander D. Noyes, a class ahead of me in Amherst, now the noted writer of financial articles, was the big man of the fraternity. Unfortunately he could not go to the convention and I took his place, moving the various amendments to the constitution and handling other material that he had prepared. I disclaimed authorship but I have no doubt that I received credit for a lot of Sandy's thoughts. Sandy and I were editors of the first Delta Upsilon Quarterly of the national fraternity. It was published from Amherst. The Delta Upsilon Quarterly greatly enlarged is still published. Fred Crossett, later military secretary to Governor Hughes, was a lifter wherever he went. He lived for Delta Upsilon and if anything needed managing the management fell on Crossett.

While I was in law school Fred Crossett put me to the front on all sorts of dinners and affairs, and got me appointed one of the editors of the Delta Upsilon Quinquennial Catalogue of members. In this work I was associated

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with William Sheafe Chase, later a noted minister and moral critic in Brooklyn.

Fred Crossett was indefatigable in founding new Delta Upsilon chapters in colleges. His first was in Lafayette. He brought together Hughes, Otto Eidlitz, Robert Eidlitz, Marc Allen and me as a founding commission. We all went to Lafayette, stayed over one night at a small hotel near the Delaware River and had a great time. Fred saw to it that our photograph was taken at stated times in later years and thus our six founders became noted in Delta Upsilon all over the country. The next college was Lehigh and the next Columbia. Fred was the manager in all these things although he tried to put other names to the front. I thought I was doing part of the glorious work but now I can see that Fred did it all and pushed some of the glory over on the rest of us.

I matriculated in Columbia Law School, Class of 1886, paying my way with my earnings as a teacher. At the same time I was enrolled as a law student in the office of Hyland & Zabriskie, corner Park Place and Church Street, only a few doors from the present Woolworth Building. This was the office building of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, probably about one-hundredth part as big then as it is today. I received no pay at the law office but attended assiduously on holidays and Saturdays. Mr. Hyland was a Delta U, Hamilton '75. He grew up on the Erie Canal near Rome and through his canal boat friends he established a large admiralty practice. Mr. Zabriskie was his

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junior, a very exact and thoroughgoing lawyer, who taught me a great deal.

During these two years at the law school my companions outside of study hours were Fred Crossett, Abe Havens (a Rutgers Delta U), the Eidlitz boys and Charlie Hughes. Two or more of us would go whenever we could to Delisle's restaurant on the south side of Fulton Street east of William Street in the basement. Delisle with his two sons ran a wonderful men's restaurant. The food was almost too good to believe. The regular luncheon was 35c and the dinner 50c,—no selections, you took the regular fare for that day. Father went sometimes. Sometimes we went to Smith & McNell's, a well-known, old-time restaurant on Greenwich Street patronized by market men and boat men who wanted good food. Charlie Hughes, Fred Crossett and I more than once had breakfast there for 10c each.

I would walk from 94 Macon Street to my school or once in a while ride on the Atlantic Avenue "rapid" which was then entirely on the surface. After school I would take the horsecar to Fulton ferry, then the ferry (3c), then the Third Avenue elevated from Fulton Street (10c) to 47th Street and walk west to the law school at the corner of Madison Avenue and 49th Street. In rush hours the fare was 1c and 5c. In the evening I would usually take the Lexington Avenue elevated train to Nostrand Avenue and walk to our house. This was before the Fulton Street elevated was built.

We boys used to walk through Madison Avenue to the

Grand Central station near which was a good restaurant upstairs where we could get a first-rate dinner for 35c. After evening classes Abe Havens and I, sometimes with Charlie Hughes, would walk down Madison Avenue, past the grand houses on Murray Hill to a point where I could take the green horsecar to Grand Street ferry. At the Brooklyn end of the ferry I would take the Nostrand Avenue car to Macon Street. We boys had almost no money. Abe Havens got \$3 a week in a law office, Charlie Hughes got \$10 a week, Beebe got \$5 a week. Charlie Hughes was then a student in the office of Carter & Hornblower. He married the daughter of Mr. Carter.

During this period, Fred Crossett, Abe Havens and I would see the great actors of that day in the plays of Shakespeare. We would buy "billboards" at 20c each from restaurants which received complimentary tickets for exhibiting cards in their windows. We would sit in the second balcony. In this way we saw all the plays of Booth, Barrett, Irving, Mary Anderson, Salvini and nearly every other great actor of that day.

I passed the examinations at the law school and obtained the degree of LL.B. in the spring of 1886. The bar examinations for the Second Department in which I resided were held at Poughkeepsie. I passed the written examination and did not need to take an oral one. There were quite a number of the boys of my law school class, several of whom had to take the oral and a few of whom failed to pass. I was a proud boy when I reached 94 Macon Street that night

and told Father and Mother that I had passed the examination and would probably soon be a certificated lawyer.

During my law school course Eugene Lytle and his wife rented a house on the northerly end of Lake Otsego and started a boys' camp. Mr. Lytle had been connected with the education department of the state of New York. They invited me to be a helper and tutor, offering to pay my carfare and board. This was probably in the vacation between my first and second years at the law school. We had about fifteen boys from ten to fourteen years old. My duties consisted of a number of classes, swimming lessons, geology and almost anything that I could think of. I gave about five weeks to this, possibly six. Up to that time I had never heard of a boys' camp and it is likely that this was among the first. It was in the summer of 1885.

Paul D. Cravath was a class ahead of me but took some courses with my class. He was a tall, very strong, fine looking young man about four years older than I. His uncle was George Westinghouse. Cravath was one of the best scholars in the law school during my time and it was a privilege to know him so well as I did. Later he became a very prominent lawyer.

In the spring of 1886 when I graduated at law school I received the degree LL.B. From Amherst I had received the degree A.B. Some years later after I had given considerable money to Hamilton College so that no one could say that I had not entirely fulfilled my financial obligations, President Stryker, with whom I became well acquainted,

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asked the trustees to give me an A.M. Honorary which they did. Later through my friendship with Henry V. Hubbard and his wife of the City Planning School, Harvard, I was given A.M. Honorary by Harvard University.

After I was admitted to practice in the spring of 1886 I thought I might pick up some law work in New York City. Abe Havens was then a clerk in a law office on Nassau Street near Fulton. His name was on the door. He spoke to his employer about letting my name go on below his, and his employer said all right. Consequently I put my name on the door as an attorney at law. My first case was from my father. He contracted to buy some vacant lots on Decatur Street from an infant through the general guardian. The general guardian refused to deed the land and I made a motion in the Supreme Court to compel the guardian to make the deed. The motion came up before Judge Cullen who looked benevolently over his spectacles and surmised that I should have had the contract signed by a special guardian acting under direction of the court. He was very kind about it. Of course, I lost the motion.

CHAPTER VI

Building Water Works

Engineering Office in Buffalo

IN THE summer of 1886 George, who still lived in Watertown, spoke to me about our making a partnership to build waterworks. It always seemed to me that this was very kind of George to propose because he had the experience and \$2,500 which he had saved out of his salary. I had neither experience nor money. We decided to make our headquarters in Buffalo because we could reach several states from there and George foresaw that we would be more apt to obtain contracts in villages somewhat distant from New York City. Father approved of our enterprise and loaned us his check for \$5,000 to be used only in an emergency and after notice to him. We spoke of this check several times in the early days because we needed everything possible to establish credit. We never used the check.

George had worked in an architect's office with Mr. Hose, also at surveying with Mr. Hinds, had a course in Yale Sheffield Scientific School and latterly had been one of the main helpers for Moffett, Hodgkins & Clarke, successors to Hinds & Moffett, for whom he had also worked.

Their business was water works. They would find villages and cities that had no water works and after a hydrant rental contract had been agreed upon would form a corporation to build, own and operate the works. George had acquired a knowledge of the sources of information and he had real ability in calculating flow of streams, sizes of pipes for distribution systems, calculation of steel water towers, steam pumps, boilers, condensers and the construction of suitable pumping stations and dwellings for the engineers. But perhaps his main qualification was in locating water sources. He had a perception for underground water sources that was unequalled so far as I know.

I was to go to Buffalo in the early fall to look about for an office and place to live. George would continue to do his work for his firm so that we would have the benefit of his earnings for an additional month or two. This was desired by his firm. I first got a room at the Huron Hotel, corner Main and Huron Streets. Charles M. Harrington and I immediately became great friends. He had a clerical position in the law firm of Day & Romer but had not yet been admitted to practice. I first knew Charles at a Delta U dinner in Boston where he was pointed out to me as the man who took more prizes than any one else in his class at Harvard. He was my most intimate friend all my adult life. When Charles died October 9, 1937, after a long and unusually effective career, Annie and I attended the funeral in Buffalo and the burial at Glassport.

I found two small offices on the top floor of the White

Building, Main Street near Swan, which we kept so long as I was in Buffalo. The name on the door was Bassett Bros., Engineers and Contractors. I found a place for us to sleep at the Bachelor, a new moderate sized bachelor apartment house recently put up by Mr. Metcalfe. We got our meals outside. This was best because we, especially George, were out of town so much that a regular boarding house was unnecessary. Charles Harrington was a frequent visitor at the Bachelor. George came about October 1st. He knew more about office needs than I did and I think he directed the purchase of our office equipment.

After we had been working about a year my sister Mary who had been graduated at Mt. Holyoke College came to Buffalo to help us. Before that time I had run the typewriter, doing that sort of work mostly evenings. Mary was our office manager, bookkeeper and stenographer.

A few months before Mary came our sister Effie came to Buffalo to keep house for us. We rented the upstairs rooms of Mr. and Mrs. Umpleby on Day's Park. Our house was the center of a happy group of young people. Mary and Effie got acquainted with everybody and were very popular. None of us had vacations, but on holidays and Sundays we would sometimes get up parties to go over to Ft. Erie Beach and out in the country.

Before Mary and Effie came we tried to go to the First Congregational Church but the cordiality of the women and girls frightened George more than it did me. They wanted us to join everything. Later we went to Calvary

Church (Presbyterian) on Delaware Avenue. After this we became attracted to the First Presbyterian Church on North Street and the Circle. Probably it was the choir—a remarkable quartet—and the short and very good sermons of Dr. Mitchell, the minister. We joined this church. It was a stately Romanesque building and the service was beautiful.

During this period in Buffalo, especially in the early part of it, I continued my attention to law study. Charles Harrington, Lewis Stockton, Albert Spann, Will Strasmer, Will Houpt and I with four or five others made a moot trial club. Grover Cleveland, who had just been elected governor of the state, invited us to use his law office. Later I became well acquainted with Grover Cleveland and was secretary of the New York Cleveland Democracy. I did campaigning for Cleveland to a slight extent in Buffalo and much more in New York City later. Charles and I went to a speech-making meeting at Ebenezer and each of us put up the best argument we could for Cleveland. This was my first campaigning.

I traveled considerably looking for eligible towns for water works. Am afraid I was not very effective although I traveled in Pennsylvania, Ohio and parts of New York distant from our best field. It happened that our real business was done in western New York. I was supposed to attend to the legal work, the stock and bonds, land titles and details of management with boards of trustees. As I look back on it George did all the difficult work requiring

experience. Probably during the six years that I devoted to water works I increased in knowledge of water-works law, franchises, stock corporation bonds and land titles.

Bath Water Works

In the winter of 1886-7 there was an advertised public letting of a franchise and hydrant rental contract for Bath, Steuben County. George attended the letting and put in a bid of 40 hydrants at \$40 per annum per hydrant. The franchise was awarded to us. We formed the Bath Water Works Company and in the spring began the construction of the works. Our backers were a group of Watertown friends, among them being S. F. Bagg, Joseph Mullen, F. A. Hinds, A. M. Farwell and two or three others. They were all friends of George and backed us because they had confidence in him. They took stock for their share in the enterprise. George located the source of supply not far from the Soldiers' Home. We put down a caisson well about 25 feet deep in the gravel. Its diameter was 20 feet. We built a neat brick pumping station with rooms for the engineer. I think we used a large Deane reciprocating pump with heating outfit and two boilers from Watertown. On a nearby hill we erected our water tower which, because the hill was fairly high, did not need to be very tall. We used the best quality cast-iron pipes, asphalt coated, of ample sizes. George never tried to skimp by putting in small sizes of pipe. He wanted a good flow of water in case of fires. When the works were completed

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the village fire department had a test and found that the pressure was good and the flow abundant. The works were accepted by the village in the sense that the hydrant rental began. We had already begun to secure private takers. Charles Van Wie, who knew everybody in town and was highly recommended, was invited to be our superintendent. He did his work excellently and with absolute fidelity.

After the works were completed I tried to visit Bath once a month to go over the books and check up on various problems. In 1888 while on one of these trips Charlie invited me to go with him to a social affair at the Presbyterian Church of which Rev. Marcus N. Preston was the minister. There I met Belle Preston who was engaged to be married to Mr. Van Wie. Belle invited me to call. Thus I became acquainted with Annie. In August, 1888, Charlie died. This was a very sad occasion for all of us.

Annie and I were married at a church wedding in her father's church May 14, 1890. We went on our wedding trip to Washington, Brooklyn and Bridgeport. At the latter place we saw Uncle Joseph Bartley, Aunt Mary, Helen and Will.

Albion Water Works

This was our next water works. I helped George in obtaining and framing the contract. This was a larger village than Bath. I think we had 60 hydrants and I remember that the capital stock was \$100,000. Like Bath it was a pumping system with pumping station and engineer's

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home, water tower and about nine miles of mains. Good water had been difficult to obtain in this village and considerable sickness had been caused by impure well water. George obtained a water source on the Lattin farm near the Erie Canal west of the village. We did not succeed with a caisson well as at Bath but George developed a series of driven wells, somewhat the same plan that Mr. Stephens followed in Flatbush, Long Island. The driven well made with a point at the bottom and having sieve construction near the foot had been developed in the Middle West but at that time was a good deal of a novelty in the East. These Albion driven wells were under such pressure that they flowed above the surface. Before using the driven wells we built a large caisson well which was not a success.

We did not ask our Watertown friends to back us with this new water works. Our firm had established a good credit by reason of prompt payment of our bills. Accordingly we used New York, Buffalo and Albion banks to finance us. We would use the company bonds as collateral for loans. We bought our pipe for this village from R. D. Wood & Co., Philadelphia, and they were good enough to give us considerable time to pay. On completion the works were tested by the fire department and found to fulfill the contract. Accordingly the hydrant rental began. We obtained takers among private citizens numerously and many of the old village wells were abandoned. After the works were completed I went to the village about once

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a month to check up and oversee. These works were built in the summer of 1888. About this time George returned from a trip to Galt, Ont., where he said he saw an electric trolley car. This was the first he or I saw.

Clyde Water Works

The next water works was Clyde, N. Y., a village somewhat smaller than Bath. We built this plant in 1889. My impression is that George used driven wells. It was difficult to get a good water supply near this village on account of the hardness of the water. The layout was substantially the same as Bath and Albion. We financed the building ourselves with the help of various banks. When the plant was completed a test was made which was satisfactory to the village officials.

Phelps Water Works

During the same summer of 1889 we built a small water works on the franchise plan at Phelps, N. Y. This was a smaller village than any where we had worked. What attracted George was the prospect of building a gravity works. This made unnecessary a system of wells, the pumping station and the water tower. The village officials were desirous of having the plant built but my impression is that they did not give us a hydrant rental contract, at least not at the beginning. The works always gave complete satisfaction.

Phelps was the village where Fred Porter used to live

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and I had visited his home many times while in college. His father, Rev. J. J. Porter, was our family pastor in Watertown, and after we had built the Phelps works we induced him to come to Palmyra to perform the wedding ceremony of my brother George and Anna. Fred married Clara Burtis of Oak's Corners about three miles distant from Phelps and I went to the wedding about 1888. Later I visited Fred and Clara in their homes at Alden, Lodi and Albany. Fred died about eight years ago but our office services one or two mortgages for Clara.

There was a pleasant little hotel at Phelps where the food was as good as the best. The cost was 35c for any meal and 35c to sleep.

Gowanda Water Works

In the year 1887 we built a gravity plant at Gowanda, N. Y., for the Gowanda Water Works Company composed of local residents. I think the cost was about \$22,000. The company owned the works when we completed and turned them over. The reservoir was sufficiently high to furnish good power to the village. George built a dam. Some people do not know that a dam is a good test of a water-works engineer. So far as I know it has never leaked or given any trouble. George knew the secret of using plenty of clay and puddling thoroughly at every stage. Rock was used for the core.

Gowanda is located on the Cattaraugus Creek. This creek flows through Springville about eight miles further

up, the village where Theron Wasson grew up. This creek made us a lot of trouble. It was famous for having quick floods. The main street of the village crossed it and we had to put our pipes under the river at this point. Floods washed out our pipes several times and at last George had to build a cofferdam in which to lay the underwater pipes. It cost us a good deal of money and prevented our making any profit on the contract. I was down in the river part of the time running the pump and directing the men.

It is interesting to note that Annie's Grandfather Preston was the minister at Gowanda many years before we were there.

Here I first saw a donkey bicycle,—i.e., with sprockets and chains. High bicycles had been common, but they were dangerous because headers could happen so easily. A few years later I had a donkey bicycle and so did Charles Harrington.

Palmyra Water Works

In 1889 we built the water works at Palmyra. This was a village about the size of Bath although the water works were somewhat smaller. George liked the snugness of the village and urged me to get acquainted with the officials and talk with them about water works. Nelson Sawyer was then clerk of the village, a lawyer. He and I became very good friends indeed. Later he was a justice of the Supreme Court of New York. We obtained a hydrant rental contract from the village and built a water system of about the size of Clyde. Water was hard to obtain

in this locality. George located our supply not far from Mormon Hill where Joseph Smith discovered the tables of the Mormon bible. We had a caisson well, a neat pumping station and engineer's home in a beautiful valley and a water tower on the hill nearby. All in all it was one of the snuggest water works that we ever built.

Fred Griffith, an intimate Hamilton College friend of mine two classes below me, lived in this village. He with Olin Garlock were building up a steam packing industry which turned out to be international. The Garlock Packing became famous all over the world. It was used to pack the cylinders of engines and pumps and for gaskets. Olin Garlock was only a few years older than Fred. He conceived the idea of cutting fire hose into rings with the ends of the rings overlapping and with this material packing the outdoor threshing machine engines used by farmers. He would carry a coil of fire hose around on his shoulder and cut the pieces to fit the job. Later he and Fred agreed to start a small factory to produce packing on a larger scale. When George and I built the Palmyra works they employed about twelve men in their small factory in Palmyra. They had already had a considerable litigation with a man in the same town who tried to put the same article on the market. The Garlocks were protected by patents and won out. Later I did a considerable amount of legal work for the Garlock Company.

After we had obtained the franchise and hydrant rental contract George asked me to find a place for him to live

in Palmyra. He always preferred a private home to a hotel. I spoke to Fred Griffith who told me that the widow of Dr. Kingman who lived in a pleasant home on Main Street might take George in. I called on her and made a tentative arrangement. Later George arranged to live in this house and there became acquainted with Anna Kingman. They were married January 8, 1890.

I always liked Palmyra. Through Fred Griffith and Nelson Sawyer I became intimately acquainted with the officials who were well-to-do merchants of the village and many besides the officials. It was an ideal village with the finest sort of western New York people, a notable Masonic town.

Brockport and Holley Water Works

Brockport was a prosperous manufacturing village somewhat larger than Albion. Very likely it was the largest village in which we built works. The officials invited a number of water-works builders to talk with them about franchise water works and hydrant rentals. I represented our firm. A number of lawyers representing other water-works builders came to Brockport to induce the officials to deal with their clients. One of these lawyers was John B. Stanchfield, then of Elmira, who later became a successful and prominent trial lawyer in New York City. Mr. Stanchfield represented an Elmira firm. In some way he became well acquainted with the Catholic priest of the village and through him became acquainted with several officials more intimately than I could manage to equal. Our chances

looked rather desperate and I have always wondered how we succeeded in getting the franchise.

Perhaps the fact that we had the lead in securing a contract with the neighboring village of Holley had something to do with our success. It was known that there was a good water supply at Holley. George conceived the idea of making a double water works, the supply and pumping station being in Holley and the pipes extending to the two villages of Brockport and Holley. Thus only one pumping station and one water tower were necessary. Holley was about one-third the size of Brockport and four miles west. The two villages together made a rather attractive proposition in selling the bonds. I spent many busy days in making adjustments in both villages, preventing trouble between the two groups of officials and dealing with the two towns which were separate legal entities from the villages themselves. Medina sandstone abounded. It lay near the surface and except for its extreme toughness was easy to obtain. At that time Medina sandstone was much sought for to use in the highest class of residences and public buildings. It was harder than the Potsdam or Ohio sandstone. Our water-works station was almost in an old Medina sandstone quarry.

Legal problems arose in carrying our main supply pipe from Holley to Brockport. The pipe was partly in two villages and two townships. I had obtained the proper consent of the township of Holley and as the law read that this consent allowed us to use the public highways to lay our

pipe it seemed to me that we had the right to lay and maintain pipes under the highway. A lawyer who was smarter than I took the case of a man who owned the quarries on the two sides of the highway at a certain point and he enjoined us in the court from laying our pipe in the highway, claiming that his client when he later removed the sandstone from the bed of the highway would be damaged by the presence of our pipe; he claimed that his client owned the fee of the land in the highway and that the town owned only the right to let vehicles pass over the land. I made a motion before Judge Childs of Medina, a very learned and fair judge, to have the injunction dismissed. The judge held that we had a right to lay our pipe in the highway as the law said but as the town did not own the rock under the surface we had no right to remove the rock or maintain our pipe in it without making payment to the quarry owner for any damage that he might be put to. Thus I was early introduced into the law governing country highways, village highways and the different kinds of use and ownership. The subject of streets always interested me and this interest has continued regarding city streets, surface car franchises, subways and zoning.

We had all sorts of trouble in getting the Brockport plant accepted by the village so that hydrant rental would begin. They put off the dates of testing and said once or twice that the test was not good enough. At last, however, we suited them. There was some undercurrent of opposition left from the activities of Mr. Stanchfield.

CHAPTER VII

Miscellaneous Subjects Connected with Buffalo

LEWIS STOCKTON married a well-to-do lady named Gilbert and they moved into the Gilbert home on Franklin Avenue. The grounds of this house had a North Pearl Street frontage of about 90 feet. Mr. Stockton desired to dispose of this rear property and said he would be glad to take some Albion bonds for payment. We decided to take the land. George planned five attached brick houses. We built them in a thoroughly sound and substantial manner. After they were completed George and I with the consent of our wives decided to live for a time in the southerly one of these houses keeping house together, Anna housekeeper one month, and Annie the next. The house was new, clean and very attractive and made a comfortable home for all of us for about one year. Then there was a prospect of additions to our families and Annie and I moved to Prospect Avenue at the corner of Virginia Street. This building was a reconstructed one-family house enlarged so as to accommodate about five families. The landlord was C. J. Boehme. Our rent was \$23 per month.

Charles Harrington was a frequent caller at the Umpleby house. I never supposed that his affections were being

centered on any one else but me until he invited Mary to go with him to some entertainment. I promptly proposed that I would go too, whereupon my mother, visiting us at the time, told me to go slow because she thought something was brewing between Charles and Mary. Before long they were engaged to be married and were married April 21, 1891. They rented an apartment in the Prospect Avenue house owned by Mr. Boehme and Henry was born in that house. Our Preston was born in the same house about one month later than Henry. We four were great friends and visited back and forth every day. Annie and I were on the top floor of the southerly side of the house and Charles and Mary were on the top floor of the northerly side, but to go from one apartment to the other it was necessary to go down two flights of stairs or up one to the attic.

It was a happy period when our two little families were so near together. We moved to Brooklyn when Preston was eight weeks old.

In the latter part of the Buffalo period I was beginning to think about practicing law in New York City. George was perfecting a water meter, the prospects of which were very promising. He asked me to stay with him and between us we would develop, manufacture and sell the new water meter. I had sense enough to know that from a financial point of view this would be a good move for me but I suppose I wanted to learn whether I could succeed in practicing my profession. Father and Mother with Effie and Helen were still at 94 Macon Street, Brooklyn, and it would

be pleasant to be near them. Then, too, I thought I had a better chance of establishing a law practice in New York City than in Buffalo. I knew a good many of Father's friends, jewelry jobbers from whom he bought watches and jewelry in New York, and had a fair number of friends of my own. I opened a correspondence with Stewart Chaplin, a law school classmate, whose office was at 40 Wall Street, and he allowed me to come into his office sharing the expenses. George and I had virtually brought the water-works construction business to a close. The Baring panic was approaching. If we had happened to have a large amount of indebtedness it would have been a serious situation for us. But before the panic really struck we had all our debts paid and a reasonable profit on hand for our six years' work.

CHAPTER VIII

Law Practice

Macon Street House

I WENT through every street within half a mile of Father's house, 94 Macon Street, Brooklyn, to see what was for sale. At last I bought the two and one-half story, brick block house, 178 Macon Street. I paid \$7,000 for it and I think the mortgage was \$4,000. This was a very neat and comfortable house but old. It had a Baltimore heater in the front parlor. In addition to the two and one-half stories there was a basement and cellar. The street had cobblestone pavement which through my activities was later changed to an asphalt pavement by the city. I called on all the property owners to sign a petition and attended to the matter in the public offices. This house was only one block from Father's house and was on the same side of the street. We lived here four years. Marion was born here. During the last year Preston would sometimes walk with me to the foot of the stairs of the Tompkins Avenue station of the Fulton Street Elevated Road. I would leave him here and he would go home alone. This house did not have the high ceilings of Father's house and was easier for Annie to keep

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house in. But even then it was too hard for any woman to bring up a large family of children.

It was harder for me to get started in my law practice than I thought it would be. My first year, or rather three-fourths of a year, I took in for legal services about \$400, but my office expenses were about \$700. The next year I took in about \$800 and my office expenses were about \$800. As I had household expenses to meet in addition I fell behind financially these two years. The third year was a little better. I think I was self supporting in the fourth year, that is, I earned enough to pay office and home expenses.

I joined the local Democratic organization and was before long elected to the Democratic General Committee of the City of Brooklyn. Here I became well acquainted with the leading Democrats and I took an active part in the campaigns, speaking two to four times every evening. I became the chairman of the Campaign Committee of the Twenty-third Ward Democratic Club and for about two elections I had the management, in whole or part, of the appointment of watchers and poll clerks.

Annie and I joined the Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, of which Dr. Meredith was the pastor.

I sold this house to Carlos Munson for \$7,250 after we had lived in it four years. Carlos Munson had been a tenant of Miss Beecher, two doors from our house. I bought from her my black walnut bookcase that had belonged to Rev. Edward Beecher, preacher at Parkville, Brooklyn. What prompted us to move was the closeness of this house in

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midsummer as it could not get a good through draft on account of the Episcopal Church immediately in the rear. An equally important cause was the difficulty of taking care of two children with all the stairs to climb. A through railroad connection at Franklin Avenue had been made to Flatbush using the Fulton Street Elevated and the Brighton Beach Railroad. This opened up a fine locality south of Prospect Park which was very attractive and I thought that if we got a house near the Brighton Beach Railroad I could go quickly from our new house to New York and to 94 Macon Street. This turned out to be the case.

Newkirk Avenue House

I bought 1716 Newkirk Avenue from George B. Case. The house was built by I. E. Jersey, a very good builder indeed, and was designed by architect George Pettit. Although it had been built two years before we moved in we were the first people to live in it. The land was 50 feet by 120 feet. We have lived in this house from the fall of 1896 until the writing of this history. After we had lived there eight years I bought the corner lot.

In the earlier days we had a vegetable garden which I took care of. We raised beans, tomatoes, peas, beets and from time to time other vegetables. We had a fine asparagus bed, and also a strawberry patch where Annie picked more than three bushels of strawberries one season. I mowed the lawn before I bought the corner lot. I discovered a way of going around and around the house which



NEWKIRK AVENUE HOUSE

made it a rather short job. We lighted the house with gas and heated it with a coal steam heater. We were not connected with any sewer and we had some trouble with cess-pools in the early days. The street was unpaved and therefore rather muddy in winter and dusty in summer.

While living here about 1897 we had our first automobile ride. Annie's Wellesley classmate, Virginia Remnitz, invited us to Madison, N. J. She rented a big car—no windshield and no top but with outside brake and an engine that could be heard for miles. Roads were dusty. Rear wheels without guards threw up the dust on the rear seats. Horses shied. One driver got out and held his horse while we passed.

Annie and I quickly became acquainted with all our neighbors. There were not many. We helped to get up a whist club attended by about ten couples who met in one another's homes. All these people have moved away or passed away except Mr. and Mrs. Macomber who still live on East 18th Street south of Foster Avenue. This will be as good a place as any to speak of the Saturday Evening Club. Annie and I were invited to join a Shakespeare club in November, 1893. It was made up largely of Tompkins Avenue Church people. Mr. Graves, a prominent Brooklyn lawyer, was the leader. His hobby was Shakespeare. We had become acquainted with the Aldens, Whichers and Balsleys and formed the Saturday Evening Club as successor to the Shakespeare club. Edmund K. Alden was the moving spirit then and for many years. The club has never

had an officer or any by-laws or fixed rules. People who like that sort of a club have joined and usually stayed until they moved away from Brooklyn. Gradually the larger part of the members lived in Flatbush. Now the club might be called a Flatbush club. It has always had about twenty-eight members but they have been a constantly changing body. Subjects are voted on at the first meeting of the season. The proposer of a subject is the leader for that evening and the one at whose house we meet sends out the notices. This club has been a great help to keep us in touch with modern books and modern thought.

My dear sister Helen died November 28, 1900, about four years after Annie and I moved to this house. Isabel, Howard and my Helen were all born in this house.

Flatbush was a good place for a young lawyer to grow up—much better than the Macon Street locality. Families and homes were well settled in Macon Street and nearly every one had his lawyer. In Flatbush, however, the fields that had been the farms of the Dutch burghers were rapidly filling up with the homes of young married people. Everything was new to them. Streets needed improvements. Differences arose on contracts of purchase. There were mortgaging opportunities and in every way it was a bright, new, growing locality for me to attach myself to. My law practice began to increase more rapidly. I worked at the office all day, and each day and every evening I was out on political meetings mostly.

40 Wall Street Office

Stewart Chaplin and I had our offices together at 40 Wall Street about one year.

48 Wall Street Office

Then I moved to a small office in the suite of T. Henry Dewey at 48 Wall Street. About this time my college friend, Oliver C. Semple, Amherst '83, came to New York from Minneapolis where he had practiced law for several years. We renewed our acquaintance and he took one of the small offices in Mr. Dewey's suite. In later years Mr. Semple was occasionally in office practice but between times he was either an assistant corporation counsel or head clerk for a large law firm or in the Public Service Commission. When in private practice he usually had his office with me. This applies to 48 Wall Street, 135 Broadway and 277 Broadway. Mr. Semple was one of the most helpful friends that I ever had. He was the best bill drafter that I ever knew.

156 Broadway Office

From 48 Wall Street I moved to 156 Broadway where I rented a suite of offices in my own name and had three young lawyers as subtenants. A young man, not admitted, named George Burkhard, became my clerk and Alice White was employed by me as stenographer and book-keeper.

135 Broadway Office

The office at 156 Broadway was without outside light and I concluded that a brighter office would help my practice. During these days I was not averse to moving rather frequently. I would send out a large number of removal notices and the response was always an increase of practice. This time we moved to 135 Broadway, a new building at the corner of Broadway and Cedar Street, with light offices facing south. Our office had four or five south windows and cut up nicely into small window offices and an outer office. I advertised in the *New York Law Journal* for an associate and thus became acquainted with Edward H. Williams. For a time we called ourselves law partners and our name "Bassett & Williams" was on the door and our stationery. Mary Hays was an intimate friend of Mr. and Mrs. Williams and I assisted Mr. Williams in her legal matters. The association of Mr. Williams and me did not last long. He had plans about going to Florida to carry on some connection with the orange business. He permitted me to continue to assist Mary Hays. I conducted an important lawsuit for her, obtaining the securities of a trust amounting to about \$600,000 from the Union Trust Company, and vesting title in Miss Hays. She had made this trust on coming of age and at the request of several relatives. The trustee who was an uncle did not seriously object and the action which broke the trust was more or less formal.

Wilson W. Thompson and I became acquainted in the Saturday Evening Club. He had been a reporter on the *New York Tribune* and had had a thoroughgoing legal training in the office of Strong & Cadwalader. We used the name "Bassett & Thompson" beginning May 1, 1902.

I met Walter H. Gilpatric in June, 1899, when I went to the fifteenth reunion of my Amherst Class. Walter was graduating and happened to be on the prize debate. I was one of the judges. I liked the fundamental qualities of Walter's discussion and asked him the next day what he planned to do. He said he intended to study law in New York City. I suggested to him that he step into our law office some time and see whether there was any way that we might work together. The result was that Walter became a clerk in our law office. Several years later he concluded with my approval that it would be a good plan for him to go with the law office of the New York street surface lines in order that he might increase his court experience. He had excellent experience in the trial of court cases and then came back to our office under an arrangement which put his name on our door and stationery.

277 Broadway Office

While I was in Congress, probably in 1904, we moved our office to Broadway Chambers, 277 Broadway. Each associate had a private office and there was one small office left which Oliver Semple had. This office was just a little too far uptown but very convenient to all the public offices.

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We remained in it until 1922. While I was in this office in 1906 my father and mother moved to Buffalo. In February, 1911, we gave up our old-fashioned office letter press.

233 Broadway, Woolworth Building, Office

In 1922 we moved to 233 Broadway—fine, sunny offices in one of the best built and best kept office buildings in the city. We are still in this office.

CHAPTER IX

Oriental Rugs

WHILE in the office at 156 Broadway—about 1895—my education in oriental rugs began. Silo's auction room was just around the corner on Liberty Street. After lunch I would take a half hour or so when there was a collection of rugs to examine them. Silo would have sheets of paper with the dimensions and kind of rug (the kind usually incorrect). They were a miscellaneous lot usually not very high grade, but it was in the days when only a few people knew about rugs, and once in a while an exceptionally good rug might be found. I examined each rug, holding it in my hand as it was suspended from its hanger on the side of the room. I looked at front and back, the dyes, the fiber, the weave, the pattern, etc. It was so much fun that I began to distinguish between old and new rugs and also the vegetable and aniline dyes.

When I liked a rug I would put my bid on the paper list. On Saturday afternoon which was usually the auction time I would attend. I made it a rule never to bid above my pencil figure. I seldom acquired a rug but perhaps six or seven came my way. Very likely no price was higher than \$10. I would take the rug home under my arm. Later when

I had time I would look at new arrivals of old rugs in department stores and rug stores.

I picked up at \$111 a Kazak rug about six feet by four feet which has had the hardest sort of wear at our front door for forty-two years and is still in good condition. I never cease to marvel at the wonderful qualities of these handmade rugs. Gradually I became familiar with them so that I could buy at any place and from any salesman and not get cheated. Places where I have bought are department and rug stores in New York City, Philadelphia, Springfield, Mass. (especially one department store which is the best for this purpose in New England), Persian Building at the Sesquicentennial, Damascus and Jerusalem. I have looked at rugs in many other places both in this country and abroad, including Cairo, Beirut, Constantinople, and Stockholm.

Although my first interest was Oriental rugs I later took up the subject of Navajos. I bought a great many of them in different cities and especially from Kirk Brothers, Gallup, New Mexico. They cannot compare with the oriental rugs but they interested me as a purely American product. The Navajo Indians raise the sheep, card and dye the wool, spin the yarn and weave the rugs. I have two valuable Navajo blankets that I bought at Santa Fe. They are museum pieces as good as any in the Museum of Natural History. Mr. Hewitt, curator of the Santa Fe Museum, said that they were perfect old Navajo blankets with natural dyes, the red probably coming from cochineal dyed

Spanish uniforms. Annie, Belle and I went among the Navajos on trips to Zuni, Gallup to Mesa Verde and the North Rim of Colorado Canyon.

About 1900 Mr. Honeywell, a neighbor, who had been a U. S. Customs appraiser of art imports in the port of New York, and who had a fine collection of Chinese and Japanese porcelain and pottery, interested me in these things. On holidays I would look at the New York stores and attend auctions at the American Art Galleries. Later I examined these things in London and Paris and when in Japan I gave considerable attention to old Japanese pottery.

Rugs and pottery have been my hobbies.

CHAPTER X

Board of Education

IN 1899 Frank Creamer, co-leader of the Eighteenth Assembly District with John L. Shea, said to me that he would like to put my name on the list that he and John would hand the judges in the way of suggestion that appointments of young lawyers to commissions, receiverships and references would be agreeable. He also said that as an alternative he would try to have Mayor Van Wyck appoint me on the School Board. Although no pay went with the School Board appointment I elected to go on the School Board. On January 1, 1898, the consolidation of New York and Brooklyn was made, causing the termination of the Brooklyn Board of Education. For a number of years, however, the Brooklyn School Board was continued in association with the Central Board of Education which met in Manhattan. The Brooklyn School Board sent delegates to the Central Board.

I was associated especially with Richard Young who had been on the Brooklyn Board of Education for some years and had taken an active part in securing Erasmus Hall for a high school. I worked intimately with Mr. Young for about three years. These were the very early days of Eras-

mus. Mr. Young, Dr. Dower and I appointed all the new teachers. This brought me in close association with Walter B. Gunnison, the principal, who was one of the great educators of New York City.

Mr. Young visited the Flatbush schools and I was expected to keep my eyes on the public schools in Flatlands, Canarsie, Gravesend and New Utrecht. Most of these were small graded schools. One was a typical country school of one room and one teacher at the corner of Kings Highway and Canarsie Lane. I used to visit all these schools on my bicycle, keeping track of the teachers, the needs of each school and making talks once in a while to the students. At commencement time I was especially busy with such talks. We bought a tandem bicycle and sometimes Annie, and at other times Belle, would go with me on these school trips until an early lunch, after which I would go to the office.

Charles Robertson became president of our board as a reform chairman. He asked me to be the chairman of the Sites Committee, saying (what we all knew) that the comptroller of the city and the Central Board were suspicious of the merits of our list of school sites approved for acquirement. He said they had a notion, right or wrong, that some individuals had a financial interest in all or part of these sites and that these individuals might be connected with party politics if not with the Brooklyn Board of Education. Herman A. Metz was one of my committee—very fair and honest and a great helper.

Our committee made up an entire new list of sites cutting

out about half of the old list. I think our new list was sixteen sites. We convinced our own board and the other officials that these sites were worthy in every way. Immediately we began to get appropriations and obtained title to the sites. I took many options on sites and the city would have saved a considerable amount of money if the authorities had been willing to use these options in taking title. But I think in every case the city resorted to condemnation. Very likely this was expedient in order to prevent accusations of favoritism. I did most of the work on cleaning up this list of sites and up to that date this was my major accomplishment. We needed new schools badly.

Bedford Avenue was opened through Flatbush, a very important event. I was counsel for the Flatbush Taxpayers' Association at the time and property owners along the new street came to me to attend to their cases in the condemnation. I had good luck with these cases. A follow-up of this work was the great Flatbush improvement assessment case which came to me because of my connection with Bedford Avenue and other condemnations. New Flatbush Avenue was a straightening and widening of the old Flatbush Turnpike running from Brooklyn ferry to Bergen Island. In many places an entirely new street was established. A fraction of the cost was assessed on the property claimed by the city to be benefited.

This assessment extended so far east and west of Flatbush Avenue that it caused great dissatisfaction. The whole community wanted the assessment repealed in order that a

more logical assessment could be made. To annihilate a city assessment that has been regularly approved is one of the hardest things to accomplish in New York City. I took the case, however, knowing that it would be uphill. I lost in the first court, also the second, but won in the Court of Appeals. This victory was more due to Mr. Thompson than to myself. A new assessment followed which was much more satisfactory and which relieved many home owners from any burden whatever.

My work on the School Board and later on local legal matters like the Flatbush Avenue assessment began to make me well known throughout the entire territory of the Flatbush Local Board which included several of the county towns like Flatlands and New Utrecht. I had for several years taken an active part in Democratic campaigns, starting as an anti-machine Democrat. I must go back to Macon Street to tell the whole story. When Grover Cleveland ran the second and third times for president I was secretary of the New York Buffalo Cleveland Club. Later Mayor Boody of Brooklyn, who was supposed to be controlled by Boss McLaughlin more completely than probably was the fact, had his name connected with an aldermanic escapade involving the charging of liquor and other luxuries to the City of Brooklyn. William J. Gaynor, later Supreme Court justice and mayor, helped to fan the uproar. The Boss McKane corrupt control of ballot boxes in Gravesend had much to do with the matter.

Anyway a citizens union was formed, the chairman of

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which was William G. Low. I was the secretary. Our purpose was to defeat any regular candidate for mayor nominated by Boss McLaughlin. Our movement brought about the nomination of Mayor Wurster who was elected mayor. This organization would have been more effective if it had not been rather largely controlled by single taxers. These gentlemen were so anxious to put single tax to the front that they forgot the main purposes of the committee. On this account the committee came to an end after the mayoralty election. This was while I was still residing on Macon Street.

I had stirred about so much that when I was inclined to join the general committee of the Democratic party and act in regular harness I was rather quickly taken up by the regular Democrats as I have explained in an earlier place. After I moved to Flatbush and had my school and Flatbush Avenue assessment work to my credit my name became rather well known in all the wards extending from East New York to Coney Island and Bath Beach. I was also elected president of the Knickerbocker Field Club. Later I was a member of the Board of Trustees of Packer Collegiate Institute from 1911 to 1939.

CHAPTER XI

House of Representatives

THE locality of my activities was substantially the Fifth Congressional District. Harry Hanbury, a Republican, had represented this district at Washington. It was said that he with others gerrymandered the district so that it would be surely Republican. The report was that the insiders added Republican precincts to the Congressional district until Mr. Hanbury said that there were enough. I was nominated by the Democratic party. Many Republicans became convinced that Tammany methods were being used by the Republicans and this helped my vote. When I was elected both Democrats and Republicans were surprised as was I myself.

Although I was elected in November, 1902, I did not go to any session in Washington until the fall of 1903 when an extra session took place. I remained a member of the House until May 4, 1905, when my successor, George E. Waldo, took my place. I do not know whether I could have had the nomination to succeed myself or not. I requested not to be nominated and the leaders regarded my preference. I had concluded that Washington was not the right place for me the next ten or fifteen years. Absence from

New York affected my law practice. Removal of the family to Washington was not to be thought of on account of schools. The salary was \$5,000. Although in that day it seemed quite good my practice was increasing so rapidly that I thought my practice was more worth considering than my congressional salary. There was a fair chance that I would be beaten if renominated. The sum of it all was that I have been able to say that I was never defeated for an elective office.

I will not try to itemize my duties or accomplishments in the House. In my own mind my best work was on the Bankruptcy Law and regarding the Panama Canal. The Bankruptcy Law had been part of my practice before my election. As soon as I was elected I became well acquainted with William H. Hotchkiss of Buffalo whom I had known at Hamilton College. He was writing on the subject of bankruptcy and at that time, I think, was an official referee. William A. Prendergast, later Comptroller of the City of New York, was then a credit man for a business association. Both were very well informed on bankruptcy. We three worked out a number of improvements in the law which I introduced and which in part were passed.

These were the very earliest days of the Panama Canal consideration. It was a tossup between Nicaragua and Panama. I became convinced that the soluble volcanic ash at Panama would cause slides and that a canal at Panama would be far more expensive in the end than a canal in Nicaragua. The distance for American ships going from

one coast to the other was about 1,000 miles longer by the Panama Canal. In addition Nicaragua had the benefit of the trade winds whereas Panama was in the zone of the doldrums. I made a number of speeches in favor of the Nicaragua Canal and have never regretted that I took the side that I did. Senator Morgan was the leading Senate advocate of the Nicaragua Canal and I was constantly in touch with him.

In 1904 while I was in Washington Mr. Langley, director of the Smithsonian Institution, became convinced that a machine like that of Darius Green would fly. This was before the Wright brothers' flight at Kitty Hawk. He tried to fly his glider over the Potomac but it descended ingloriously into the river. I remember how my associates and other officials would shrug their shoulders and rap their heads with their knuckles the next day to signify that Langley was crazy. Here I was a middle-aged man and since then have seen the whole subject of aviation develop. About 1920 an engine was put into the old machine of Langley and it flew. It is now in the Smithsonian Institution.

The Republicans were in power during this period and were favoring a very high protective tariff. My view was that of Grover Cleveland—that in the long run a tariff should be limited to the expense of government economically administered and that in the long run a high protective tariff would bring about a state of unstable equilibrium between this and other nations. The dangers seemed to me

to be so great that I hired halls with my own money and gave a series of lectures. There is no doubt that my fears were well grounded because we know now that the high tariff of those days was the beginning of economic unevennesses that have culminated in the present bad governmental situation under Franklin Roosevelt. The farmers became convinced that the favor of government was shown to the industries of the East by giving them a high protective tariff. They considered that their own products were not equally protected. For two generations they have been waiting to obtain bonuses from the government in some form to counterbalance the high protective tariff for industries in earlier days.

I rode in the first official New York subway train in the winter of 1904-5. Mr. McClellan, a friend in the House, was elected mayor. He was motorman and I assisted him. We rode from City Hall to 96th Street.

While in Congress I gave a great deal of time to deep channels in the harbor and helped along the Ambrose and Bay Ridge Channels. I also made a study of pierhead and bulkhead lines and influenced better locations in some cases.

 CHAPTER XII

Streets and Parks

AFTER my term in Congress came to an end I gave special attention to increasing our law practice. Almost every day I was in court on trials or motions. Political conferences took a good deal of my time and I fear kept me from home evenings a great deal. I served on a large number of street and park opening commissions. The city charter was badly in need of revision on these subjects. Mayor McClellan appointed a commission of three lawyers headed by Michael Furst. Charles S. Taber and I were the other members. For several months off and on we worked on improvements to the charter provisions regarding street and park openings. These amendments were later adopted and they are still in force. Among them was a provision that eminent domain could be used for esthetic purposes. This was a novelty in the city charter and even today is not included in many city charters. It has always seemed to me that esthetic matters can properly be the basis for eminent domain although there is much doubt whether they ought to be the basis for police power regulations.

There was no provision in our charter or any other city charter for excess condemnation. Experience had shown

that the necessity of limiting condemnation to exact street lines as mapped was often extremely expensive and in many cases produced gores and slices of land owned by private persons after the condemnation was over. Lawson Purdy, Luke D. Stapleton and I were a self-appointed committee to ascertain what could be done regarding a constitutional amendment for excess condemnation in this state. Our form was adopted in part but not so completely as we wished. A legislative enactment which we drew gave the power of excess condemnation to the City of New York. I spoke in several meetings in this city and Buffalo on excess condemnation. I also put out a pamphlet over my name. During these years I wrote a good many pamphlets on subjects that interested me. Usually I paid the whole expense of printing and distribution but sometimes the expense was paid by organizations. Copies of these pamphlets are in my attic and copies of the more recent ones are in our office. They relate to streets, parks, plats, congestion, police power regulation, rapid transit and zoning.

CHAPTER XIII

Public Service Commission

IN 1905 the subject of traffic congestion became important. There was only one crossing of the East River—the Brooklyn Bridge. This bridge was terrifically crowded at the terminals even to the point of danger. I helped to start a movement to increase the bridges and tunnels over and under the East River, making speeches where any one would listen to me, the gist of which was that a long city like Manhattan was the smallest area with the longest distances from the center, whereas a round city was the largest area with the shortest distances to the center. I pointed out that London, Paris and Berlin were round cities. My thesis was that if the west end of Long Island could be brought into a five-cent fare relationship to Manhattan the city would assume a rounded form. It could then grow north, east, and south without great congestion.

Brooklyn felt the injury of the lack of gangplanks over the East River and it was only natural that the main turmoil should center in that borough.

The so-called Citizens' Central Committee was formed, being initiated by twenty or thirty Brooklyn citizens who perceived the importance of a solution of these problems.

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These men were Messrs. Blum, Gunnison, Hammitt, Pounds and others including many industrialists. I went in with them and was asked to be president of the committee. Walter B. Brown was the moving spirit and for a salary gave practically all his time for a year to this organization. It reached a membership of fully 4,000 men. I appointed committees covering the main fields of activity, perhaps twelve in all, and saw to it that these sub-committees had meetings and made reports.

Our committee became rather famous as the nominations for governorship approached and a number of candidates sought the endorsement of our active and growing body. We threw our favor toward Charles E. Hughes who was nominated and elected. After he was governor his first public acts were to bring about, so far as he could, a loosening of the jams between Manhattan and Brooklyn, co-operating with our large committee in many things.

This situation was the beginning of the Public Service Commission. Governor Hughes pointed out that there was no public regulation whatever of public utilities and that reasonable regulation of the transit companies would help ameliorate the congestion. He thought that the Public Service Law should embody the then existing Rapid Transit Act. I assisted in the drafting of the first Public Service Commission Law. It was the earliest law of its sort in this country.

The new Public Service Commission began its duties July 1, 1907. It superseded the Rapid Transit Commission

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of New York City and the Railroad Commission and the Gas Commission of the state. Its field was Greater New York and Long Island. There was another commission of five who administered the same law governing the rest of the state. This was commonly called the Upstate Commission. Governor Hughes asked me to be a member of the Downstate Commission. The salary was \$15,000 a year and there is no doubt that it was the greatest honor that had come my way up to that time. I was appointed for three years but served almost four.

My duties on this commission took practically all my time although with the consent of Governor Hughes I did not withdraw from the law office. My personal work had to be done in any case and it would have taken a fraction of each day if the office had not done it. Then, too, the continuity of my law practice was preserved.

I worked on a multitude of subjects in the commission. Practically every evening was given to these duties. During the last two years of my service I was in Manhattan many evenings attending meetings of our joint committee of the Board of Estimate and the Public Service Commission working out the so-called dual subway contracts. Many of these nights I slept in Manhattan.

I will speak of only two or three topics in connection with this work.

I early became convinced that stub-end terminals of rapid transit lines, both elevated and subway, were the chief cause of transit congestion. If we could gradually

adopt the pendulum method of train movement it would be a great benefit. I first became familiar with this method in Philadelphia and later in Berlin. In the latter city through letters of introduction to Mr. Kemmann, chief engineer, I learned broader ideas of rapid transit distribution than we practiced in New York City. I was the first in official circles in New York to propose and work upon the pendulum movement of trains and the abolition of stub-end terminals. The pendulum movement was nothing more than a train starting in the suburbs going through the business part of the city and out again into another suburb. This would distribute the peak load at many stations and would tend to create two-way traffic instead of one way. Now the pendulum movement is so well established in this city that most people have forgotten the crowded stub-end terminals that existed at South Ferry, Brooklyn Bridge Terminal, Atlantic and Flatbush Avenues and other places.

I specialized on changes in the Rapid Transit Act in order to bring about a longer allowable period than twenty-five years for a contract by an operating company. Twenty-five years were too short for amortization. The existing law prevented any operating company from bidding on the operation of a city-owned subway. This twenty-five year period had been brought about by an uproar after the first subway was built by the city and the operation contracted to the Interborough Company. Firebrands said that the streets were paved with gold and that the gold was all given to the Interborough Company.

This talk was reflected in the legislature at Albany so that any reasonable period of contractual operation was prevented. No subways were built from the completion of the first subway up to the appointment of our Public Service Commission. The amendments to the Rapid Transit Act which I helped prepare were approved by my fellow commissioners and by Governor Hughes. Later they were embodied in the law. They brought about a more attractive prospect to the subway operator and the result was that the so-called Dual Subway Plan was adopted. This was a plan costing the city \$300,000,000, part subways and part additions to elevated structures, one system operated by the Interborough which owned the Manhattan and Bronx elevated railroads and was already the contractual operator of the first subway, and the other system by the B. M. T. which owned the Brooklyn elevated lines and desired an extension into Manhattan. Our joint committee brought about an enormous extension of rapid transit in all the boroughs except Richmond.

The shortcomings of transportation before the Dual Subways were becoming intolerable and if the problem had not been solved the natural growth of the city would have been restricted. Before I left the Public Service Commission the protocol was signed with the Interborough and the B. M. T. and I joined in the signing. The contracts took about a year and a half to frame in detail. So I was not in office when the consummation of my rapid transit work was reached.

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The importance of this work is shown from the fact that in 1907 the only way to go from Manhattan to Brooklyn was on the Brooklyn Bridge or the various ferries. Six years later three additional bridges were in use with rapid transit cars running over them. Two two-way tunnels were in use and four were contracted. The handicap of Brooklyn was the 10c fare to go to central Manhattan—5c to go to Manhattan and 5c more to go uptown. This new work brought the 5c fare to Brooklyn, thus making Brooklyn an integral part of the round city.

While in Washington I gave considerable attention to the Interstate Commerce Act, attending the meetings of the Judiciary Committee of the House and conferring with the active members. At this time there were no teeth in the Interstate Commerce Act. The commission could direct and advise but not enforce. While I was in Congress the method of enforcement was framed, consisting of the rule of conduct of reasonable rates, adequate service and safe appliances and giving the commission power to enforce this rule. When the work on the New York State Public Service Law began I pushed the use of these words as the rule of conduct for public utility regulations. They were adopted. Public utility regulation in this state was entirely novel and I was fortunate to be in the Public Service Commission during the initial efforts on this subject.

One of my main drives while on the commission was to make new subways of a size and cost that would allow the riders to pay the expense of operation, interest, and

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amortization. The then existing subway built by the Rapid Transit Commission did this. There was constant pressure in my time to build on a large scale, placing part of the future burden on the taxpayers. Some of my colleagues thought I was too anxious to keep down the cost and limit the amplitude. One of them (in the best of good will) said many times that I was cheeseparing.

The Fourth Avenue (Brooklyn) subway to Coney Island was intended to be city owned and operated. It was evident that it could not be self supporting and that the taxpayers would have to pay the excess. Mr. Maltbie and I opposed it and succeeded in holding it up until the new Dual Subway Plan developed. The latter was carried out and the proposed Fourth Avenue subway to Coney Island was never built. I held that as a means of making new subways self supporting, outlying subways should be built in whole or part by assessment on the land benefited. Oliver C. Semple and I prepared a statutory method of accomplishing this. It was made part of the Rapid Transit Act and is still the law although it has never been put into actual use.

After I left the Public Service Commission this pressure to place part of the burden of subways on the taxpayers became too strong to resist. I suppose that if I had remained on the commission my opposition would have been ineffective. The Dual Subways, built since then, have always depended on the taxpayers meeting large deficits. The Independent Subway owned and operated by the city and

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costing twice what the Dual Subways cost the city has been a far heavier burden for the taxpayers.

My familiarity with these new laws and their method of application caused public utility corporations to seek my assistance as a lawyer after I left the commission. Property owners' organizations in Kings and Queens Counties also retained me to advise them on securing rapid transit for their localities. All these things meant an increase of legal practice and made me very busy indeed.

Rate-making cases began to come to me. The Brooklyn Borough Gas Company case, the first of the kind in this country, was won by our office after many appeals. The Public Service Commission after an appraisal and hearing fixed the rate at 92c per 100 cubic feet of gas. The state legislature desiring the credit of doing still better for the consumers fixed a rate of 90c without any investigation whatever, disregarding the fundamentals of costs of making and distribution and regardless of a fair profit to the company. In our action in behalf of the company we claimed and established unlawful confiscation. Many later court cases involving reasonable rates for services of public utility corporations followed our methods and forms in this case.

It is likely that we could have established a large law office for public utility corporation work. In about 1915, however, I deliberately decided that I did not want my future to be public utility corporation law, not because it was in any way unpatriotic or unethical but entirely because

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defending public utility corporations did not seem to me to be building up laws related to progress. I probably had somewhat the same feeling as my brother George and my son Preston. They always wanted to be doing new things. I wanted to be connected with new laws that improved living conditions, especially the better distribution of residences, business and industry.

CHAPTER XIV

Zoning

ON MY second trip to Germany in 1908 I went to the town planning exhibition at Dusseldorf. Werner Hegeman of Berlin had prepared what seemed to me a tremendous exhibition of models and illustrations showing improved streets, parks, public buildings, rapid transit, docks and buildings for all sorts of purposes. Later I became well acquainted with Mr. Hegeman in Germany and this country and he visited at our home in Flatbush. I was taken off my feet by the impressions given me by these new fields of work. I had little more than returned to New York when Nelson P. Lewis, then Chief Engineer of the Board of Estimate, a long-time intimate friend of mine, urged me to join the National Conference on City Planning. The first meeting had lately been held in Boston and a meeting was before long to be held in Chicago. I joined. I realized that I had found the kind of work that interested me and I foresaw that the whole subject was almost unexplored in this country and that it offered a vast field of progressive legislation. I also realized that most of the objects could be secured through the police power and not necessarily by taxation.

My appointment by a Republican governor on the Pub-

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lic Service Commission had put me somewhat out of touch with Democratic politics. Senator McCarren, Brooklyn Democratic leader, was a good friend of mine and had helped me from time to time on legislative matters in Albany pertaining to the Public Service Commission work. He always said that Governor Hughes put me on the commission because he (McCarren) requested it and that I was the representative of the Democratic party on the commission. This view was incorrect but suited me all right because I always enrolled as a Democrat. I also voted for many Republican and Fusion candidates.

The prospect of the city planning field at once convinced me that I could make friends throughout the whole country among engineers, architects and legislators with whom I would be more at home than in the ordinary political associations. This turned out to be true. I always enjoyed my city planning friends and meetings more than I did practical politics.

Alfred T. White and Frederic B. Pratt called at my office shortly after I left the Public Service Commission and asked me to become their paid helper in advancing the city planning of the Borough of Brooklyn. I was only too willing to accept their invitation with or without pay. We formed the Brooklyn City Plan Committee. Frederic B. Pratt was chairman, Alfred T. White and I were vice-chairmen and I was counsel. Practically all the leading business men and philanthropists of the borough were members of this association.

In 1911 Daniel H. Burnham of Chicago, famous as the architect of the Chicago City Plan, visited Brooklyn and pointed out in general terms how the borough might be rehabilitated, dwelling on the possibilities of Jamaica Bay. His partner, Edwin H. Bennett, was made director of the plan. Our work under Mr. Bennett reached the stage of well considered drawings but as Brooklyn was only one of five boroughs the city appropriations to ratify or carry out these plans could not be wholly obtained. Mr. Bennett, Mr. Pratt and I inspected the locations of many problems and at meetings we talked over their solution.

Messrs. Pratt and White bought land costing about \$300,000 at Gerritsen Basin on Jamaica Bay and later made a gift of it to the city. It was the starting point of the great Marine Park. I represented them as legal counsel in obtaining and ceding this land to The City of New York.

We devised a plan for carrying the Fulton Street Elevated tracks across Brooklyn Bridge, continuing them under Centre Street on the Manhattan side. This plan was for a time favored by the city officials and work preparatory to carrying out this plan was done at the Manhattan end of the Brooklyn Bridge. A ramp for carrying the elevated cars from the bridge through the Centre Street subway (soon to be built) was partly constructed at an expense of about \$200,000 and this ramp still exists although never used. Strangely enough, the organizations on the Hill, and especially along Fulton Street, began to oppose this con-

nection on the ground that their neighborhood should have subway transit the same as Flatbush and nothing else would be tolerated. With Brooklyn divided against itself it was difficult to progress this very sensible plan. The result was that the Fulton Street neighborhood depended for the next twenty-five years on the Fulton Street Elevated which terminated at the Manhattan end of Brooklyn Bridge. There passengers had to change to the north and south subway lines, paying a total 10c fare to go to almost any point in Manhattan. This extra fare undoubtedly held back the development of the Hill section in Brooklyn. It began to depreciate rapidly and now many parts of it are occupied by negroes. I have always thought that this change might have been prevented if the Fulton Street Elevated cars could have been introduced into the Centre Street subway, thus giving a 5c fare to the great Hill district.

During this period and about 1912 I met from time to time with George McAneny, Otto M. Eidlitz, Lawson Purdy and Nelson P. Lewis to discuss the possibilities of supplementing the Dual Rapid Transit Plan by regulations that would prevent the exploitation of spots rendered accessible by the new subways. The danger had already begun to appear. It was that along with distribution in the outlying parts of the city would go extreme congestion of buildings in eligible spots inside Manhattan. It was apparent that if the result of the new subways was to overbuild certain localities with enormous skyscrapers the full

benefit of the subways might be impaired. They might be a means of causing congestion and concentration instead of distribution.

In New York at this time there was no regulation of skyscrapers. They could be built to any height, cover the entire lot and no space had to be left for light and air from the ground to the roof. The first skyscraper would sometimes monopolize half a block because other similar buildings were rendered impractical. George McAneny was then in the Board of Estimate. He proposed the appointment of a Heights of Building Commission to report on the possibilities of regulating height. I was on this commission and was asked by the Board of Estimate to be its chairman. I went into the work with avidity. We had a small appropriation for a working staff. I looked about for a suitable director and obtained George B. Ford who came to my office carrying his inevitable cane and said he would like the job. He was a wonder. He had been trained as an architect but had the beginning of a wide knowledge of city planning.

At the next National Conference on City Planning he and I put our heads together to find out what was going on in American cities to regulate skyscrapers. I called the roll of the delegates and Mr. Ford took notes. There were about five cities, Boston and Chicago among them, that possessed a little statutory power to regular skyscrapers. All the other cities including New York were entirely unregulated. This was the first step in the program that cul-

minated in the New York City ordinance and was the beginning of comprehensive zoning in the United States. I should not take the space here to tell the story of the gradual upbuilding of the law of zoning and of obtaining the approval of courts for this sort of regulation. My book *Zoning* covers my connection with it.

After the zoning plan was adopted by the City of New York, a few of the workers on the plan, of whom I was one, met at my office to discuss the formation of a citizens' committee to watch the new enterprise and see that the plan was not relegated to the scrap heap. This small meeting requested me to be chairman and I consented. Then Otto Eidlitz said that we must have counsel who could give steady attention to the legal developments. I asked whether the counsel should be paid, and when they said yes I declared that I would like to be counsel instead of chairman. They readily assented to this. My compensation was fixed at \$4,000 per year. During the previous five years while I had given perhaps a third of my total time to the subject of zoning I received no pay whatever from any source and I was glad enough to have zoning earn me some money. We called this body the Zoning Committee of the City of New York.

In later meetings Mr. Purdy and I said that inasmuch as the zoning depended on the police power, and court approval of police power regulations depended to a large extent on the general use and application of that form of regulation, we ought to spread zoning throughout the

country. This spreading process became part of my work as counsel.

During the next twenty years I visited every state and all the large cities of the country. This work, however, was not gratuitous. I established a uniform charge of \$100 per day for time away from the office including travel time, plus travel expenses. In going to Florida, the far west, New Orleans or the Pacific Coast our office would arrange a paid itinerary. On these trips I made talks before boards of trade, legislative bodies, both state and city, assisted in drawing zoning ordinances and state enabling acts for zoning, tried zoning cases, and argued test cases before appellate courts. From 1917 to 1927 I had about all of this work that I could do and still have some time to spare for my necessary office work.

All my zoning work connected with New York City, outside of my annual salary as counsel, has been gratuitous. This statement applies to several years of preliminary work and all the period while I was counsel whether with or without pay. Many retainers have been offered to me, some by owners of large buildings in New York City willing to pay well for my legal services. The reason why I have never taken a dollar is because during a large part of the time the Board of Estimate, Board of Appeals, Chief Engineer, Corporation Counsel, and the five building commissioners have depended somewhat on me in solving new situations. If it were known that I represented clients they would have been afraid to invite me into their councils. But it has been

generally known that I have been a disinterested adviser on all New York City zoning problems. I was so keen to see zoning succeed in this city both for the benefit of the city and as an example to the rest of the country that I did not want to leave a stone unturned.

After 1927 and with the progress of the great depression this zoning work fell off, especially the distant work. Many cities developed specialists who could help as well as I. My field became nearer and nearer New York. Since the beginning of the great depression I have been adviser to many cities, towns and villages within 400 miles of this city and it has been possible to do more and more of my work at my office.

In the fall of 1936 as I was then seventy-three years old I announced to the Zoning Committee that I would like to serve as counsel without pay. The committee assented on my insistence. It was becoming more difficult for me to stand up at meetings of the Board of Estimate, the Board of Standards and Appeals, and the City Planning Commission to argue in favor of zoning matters, and it was especially difficult to stand up in the crowd in the Board of Estimate while waiting for items on the calendar to be reached. Then, too, many benevolent citizens contributed to the Zoning Committee. The system of making contributions was under my direction and most of the letters were composed by me although I did not sign them. It seemed to me to be best to be counsel without pay because as I grew older I could not cover public meetings as well as

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before. Certain contributors, however, desired to continue their annual contributions. These went to pay our necessary expenses, a sum for office rent and the work of Miss Wallace. Our helpfulness in this city is not so vital to zoning as formerly because the City Planning Commission has been established which has taken over the details of zoning.

When we began the zoning study in about 1912 I supposed we would work on it all my lifetime and that others might carry it on to actual completion. The subject developed so fast in its early stages that all the five boroughs of Greater New York were actually zoned on the height, area and use maps on July 25, 1916. Not only was the city ready for it but the entire country took hold of it rapidly. Every large city in the country is zoned except Detroit. Each adopted the New York City method. At present it is not extending as fast as before because country districts, towns and unincorporated areas do not feel the need of zoning so much as cities.

My recollection goes back to the earliest days while our Districting Commission was trying to get started. I prepared a pamphlet "Principles of Zoning." The principles as set forth were very nearly what zoning has become at present. I tried for two and one-half years to have the National Conference on City Planning recommend this set of principles. The Conference was not averse to studying them and its criticisms and co-operation were one of the greatest helps in perfecting the phraseology. Lawrence

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Veiller was the most severe critic but on the whole he was a great help as it turned out. He was a constructive critic. The National Conference would never actually endorse the pamphlet although I changed it from time to time to meet criticisms. Notwithstanding all these things I consider that the National Conference was one of the main helpers in the beginning of zoning.

To show the small beginnings I will tell of our little office in a back room at 113 Broadway. Mr. Ford had one young man and a young woman typist. This was all his staff. I went there every day. Mr. Ford made soap models of skyscrapers with setbacks and towers. I remember that he and I got the subcommittee together at his office and with the help of the soap models we reviewed the possibilities of coverage, height and setback regulations. I little dreamed that the skyline made by these models sitting on our table would become the actual skyline of Manhattan fifteen years later.

The success of the zoning round table at the National Conferences showed how rapidly interest spread in zoning. In about 1913 I invited three different friends to sit with me at different meals. I constituted myself the leader and said we would talk of nothing but zoning and one person should speak at a time. At the next Conference I placed a notice on the bulletin board that the Zoning Roundtable would be held at certain meals at certain hours. To my surprise about fifteen members attended. It continued to grow until at the Los Angeles Conference at least two hun-

dred attended my Zoning Roundtable. I had to be a good deal of a czar, otherwise the noise and disturbance would ruin the table. I postponed my own meal to give all my energy to the management. Proceedings began at the minute fixed. There was never a delay. I would tell the waiters to go on with their duties making as little noise as possible. I announced the rules of the Roundtable which were that each speaker should rise, that only one person should speak at a time, that persons not on their feet should keep still and not converse, and that nothing should be talked about except zoning. The method was that any person could ask questions or state his own ideas. In the early days the members hardly believed that I was in earnest when I said the doings would begin at 7:30 A. M. Many would come along about 8:30 and they were surprised to see that the meeting was half over. Next time they would be apt to come on the dot. More than once the room was entirely filled when I stepped to my place at the head of the table at the minute advertised.

These Roundtables were attended by governors, mayors, councilmen, city engineers, city attorneys, college professors and land specialists of all kinds. After zoning was actually started in most cities these Roundtables were largely attended by members of zoning commissions, boards of appeals and city planning commissions. They became rather famous throughout the country. I kept the steam at high pressure so that they would not drag. I would never wait for an answer to any question but answer it myself if

no one volunteered immediately. I fear that many of my quick answers were not very good but there was no time for much deliberation or else people would begin to talk with one another. I always considered that the success of the Zoning Roundtable was due to my extremely arbitrary methods. Strangely enough no one ever got provoked for being called down. All were so much in earnest that they would forgive almost everything if the intention was to promote zoning.

During all these years devoted intensively to zoning and the master plan my constant colleagues and advisers were Frank B. Williams and Robert Whitten. The death of the latter in 1936 caused me a loss which words fail to describe. He contributed far more to the upbuilding of zoning in this country than I did.

My zoning work has been the best contribution of my life. Parallel with this I have tried to systematize the entire subject of community land planning. My work on this last subject is more comprehensive than zoning but it has not been so popular and the statutes which have accompanied this more general work have not been applied so widely. This general work might be entitled "Master Plan."

CHAPTER XV

Master Plan

IN ABOUT 1922 the Russell Sage Foundation formed a committee called "Regional Plan of New York and Its Environs." I was invited to attend the first meeting of this committee which was held at the home of C. D. Norton, Fifth Avenue near the Metropolitan Museum. This was the starting point of an enterprise on which the Foundation spent more than \$3,000,000. A little later I was asked to head the legal research and was paid a good salary for this service. Frank B. Williams was my very competent associate. I studied the possibilities of legislation for several years, talking with state and city officials in many places on my zoning trips.

Existing laws governing platting, official maps of streets and parks and the prevention of misplaced buildings, were ineffective in all the states. Many statutes in the books were not enforceable and cities did not try to enforce them. In the beginning my efforts centered on methods of producing small parks for playgrounds by platting without the use of condemnation. I attended a number of park conferences which were carried on with large attendances. My talks were printed and without intention I became a sort of

by-product as a park authority. The entire subject of community land planning began to arrange itself in my mind. In 1925 I prepared a booklet on this growing subject and for brevity as well as because it is the first printed document on this sort of legislation in this country I quote the title page:

"R.P.N.Y. 10—Regional Plan of New York and Its Environs—Planning of Unbuilt Areas in the New York Region—A form of State Enabling Act with Annotations—Prepared by Edward M. Bassett—Providing for the establishment of an official map or plan at the option of every municipality, the approval of plats, the protection of mapped streets, the setting aside of small parks for playgrounds, the modification of zoning in platted areas, and the control of building permits—Regional Plan of New York and Its Environs, 130 East Twenty-second Street, New York City—1925."

This form was the basis of three laws which we prepared and which passed at Albany, one an amendment to the Town Law, one an amendment to the Village Law, and the last an amendment to the General City Law. As New York City had for several generations depended on its own charter in these matters this city has never taken advantage of these laws. They are all permissive and no municipality is compelled to adopt them but could adopt them if it so elected. These laws became the basis of similar laws throughout the country, their phraseology being copied in whole or part from the form in the above pamphlet.

In 1928 Mayor Walker appointed me an assistant corporation counsel of The City of New York in relation to new laws for better city planning. My pay was on my usual per diem basis. I prepared a pamphlet, the title page of which is as follows:

"Board of Estimate and Apportionment—Statutory Set-Up of a Planning Board for Greater New York—Prepared by Edward M. Bassett—December 15, 1928—Revised January 10, 1929—Presented by his Honor the Mayor at the meeting held January 10, 1929."

I spoke before legislative committees at Albany in favor of the charter amendment which was part of my set-up and the new law was reported favorably in both branches of the legislature. There was no visible opposition to it from any source. But when the time for adjournment neared and after the governor had sent a special message in favor of the amendment to the legislature Senator Kleinfeld who had introduced the bill refused to move it for adoption, absenting himself from the Senate Chamber. Other senators did not want to take his place and thus in the closing hours of the session the bill failed. It is likely that it was well understood among the legislators representing the five boroughs that this bill would take away to a certain extent the existing borough autonomy. Political leaders in Kings, Queens and Richmond were very likely quietly opposed to the bill.

In the fall of 1936 a Charter Commission submitted a new short charter to the voters for adoption which was

approved by the voters. This new charter went into effect January 1, 1938. It copied the main provisions of my set-up including the city planning commission and the master plan. The City Planning Commission has been appointed and is now functioning.

My book *Master Plan* was printed by the Russell Sage Foundation under date of 1938. I used this title as a vehicle to present my elements of the community land plan. These views had been stated by me in many talks all over the country and in pamphlets but I never before prepared and printed a complete outline of my whole system of city planning. Since the advent of the New Deal the word "planning" has been applied to almost everything. Counties, states and the federal government have gone into the subject of planning and I suppose that today at least 100,000 men and women are employed by states and the federal government on what is called planning. Planning has become confused with architecture, landscape architecture, municipal engineering and all kinds of rehabilitation work whether connected with the land or not. My efforts have been to separate city planning from architecture, landscape architecture and cognate callings. It has seemed to me that the present tendency is to broaden it so that city planning becomes meaningless and vast sums of tax money are spent in collecting data that will never be useful.

My idea has been that attention should be concentrated on the elements of community land planning and the co-

ordination of these elements. They are streets, parks, sites for public buildings, public reservations, zoning districts, routes of public utilities and harbor lines. This is my own list. My book *Master Plan* shows how these are all the elements that we know about today. In phrasing statutes for master plans the minds of legislators tend to center on these elements, but now and then some stray subject appeals to the legislators and is thrown in along with the true elements. These strays are getting very common and show that the mind of the legislature has no groove to travel in. The object of my book was to develop in simple language all the elements that can be shown on a Master Plan and to point out how no other subjects can be shown as elements. It was a plain statement of some very stubborn facts. Legislators, however, the last few years have been quite willing to ignore simple and stubborn facts in all fields of economics and in community planning as well.

Congestion

FOR thirty years my work outside of my regular law practice has been the prevention of congestion. My aim has been the distribution of light and air—openness—whether in residences, stores, offices or industries. When I was on the Public Service Commission I urged the round city instead of the congested city. Many builders and officers of transportation companies then claimed that a city of crowded buildings is more economical than openness. They wanted subways to develop to the utmost one segment of a city before another segment was supplied with transit. They called Queens the "corn fields" although Queens is nearer the Grand Central Station than The Bronx. At that time the evils of dark buildings were not so obvious as now. New York has since then produced many blighted districts, every one of which has dark rooms due to congestion in building. In my mortgage work I have always sought to invest in the sunshine. I have preferred one-family detached houses to block houses or tenements. I have sought to have lots for each house 30 feet or more wide. Bungalows have been favorites because they make

sunlight communities. Houses that will rent permanently have no dark rooms.

My interest in zoning was largely based on sunlight. The progress of this country toward sunlight houses and the lessening of the human burden on the land continued until the federal government began erecting more than a billion dollars worth of so-called slum clearance houses four stories and over in height and in all cases increasing the human burden on the land.

For more than forty years our law office has made first mortgages for clients, following these general considerations. Our mortgages have been safe. For fourteen years I have been a member of the board of directors of Thrift, a large Brooklyn corporation under the state banking department. It was founded by Charles Pratt to make twelve-year amortizing mortgages on small homes in Long Island including Brooklyn and Queens, and is connected with Pratt Institute.

Automobiles

IN 1909 I bought a secondhand Columbus electric run-about from a garage man on Beverly Road near Flatbush Avenue. He serviced it for a few months but his repair bills were so large, to say nothing about extras for towing it in from places where it balked, that I took it to Pastre on Park Circle. Pastre charged it, delivered it daily at my house and took it away in the evening. Its mileage between charges was about forty. Annie and Belle both drove it. Later I traded it in for another Columbus that was better, and later I traded this in for a Rauch & Lang electric, secondhand, but almost new. By this time we had built our two-car garage and we installed a charging outfit in it—a large bulb rectifier.

We bought a new 1916 Cadillac, seven passenger, with adjustable top. We thus had two cars at once for many years. The children will all remember the fine trips we had in this roomy Cadillac—New England, Adirondacks, New Jersey and the Catskills. When after many years it was consuming a gallon of gasoline for each eight miles I sold it to the son of my tailor for \$50. We then bought a new seven-passenger Buick and later a new 1936 five-passenger

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Plymouth which we now have. In 1936 we gave our electric and charging outfit to Al who runs the Newkirk Garage. He had done many favors for us.

CHAPTER XVIII

Flatbush Congregational Church

ANNIE grew up in her father's churches. Her church connection has always been a large part of her life. I early decided that if we could bring up our children as nearly as possible in the footsteps of their mother we would be doing about the safest thing. Consequently when we went to Flatbush in 1896 we began to look about for a church connection. We continued to go to the Tompkins Avenue Church for a little while but it was distant and inconvenient. Preston and Marion were little children in our household and we hoped that more children would follow. We wanted them to go to Sunday school. About one year after we went to Flatbush Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Stephens, who lived in a large manorial house on the west side of Flatbush Avenue between Newkirk and Foster Avenues, started a Presbyterian Church, first by small meetings in their house and later in a stone Sunday school building which is now a part of the Flatbush Presbyterian Church. We joined this church but never felt entirely at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Selleck, who had been members of the First Congregational Church of Buffalo, invited a

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number of the neighbors to a meeting in their home to consider whether a Congregational Church could be formed. Annie and I went to the meeting and little by little became interested in the new group of people. Dr. Kent of the Lewis Avenue Congregational Church devoted a great deal of time to helping us in these early days. We employed two or three friends to make a canvass of the neighborhood in order to learn whether there were enough Congregational people to warrant starting a church. The result was that we went ahead, signing up our first list of members at the home of the Misses McCreary. Annie and I because our names began with B happened to be the first two names on the list. From this small beginning the Flatbush Congregational Church grew to be one of the largest and strongest in the country. I was the only lawyer in the church at the time and it naturally fell to me to draw the incorporation papers and to serve on the Board of Trustees.

We met for a time in the rooms of the Masonic Lodge on Flatbush Avenue, and then rented a store on Flatbush Avenue near Cortelyou Road. While in this store we obtained in 1899 Rev. C. Thurston Chase for our first pastor. He was a young man who had recently completed his theological education and was highly recommended by Dr. Meredith. While he was pastor and with his very earnest co-operation we built the frame Sunday school building which still stands. I walked over the locality with Mr. Pounds who owned the desirable open land in the neighborhood of Dorchester Road and he and I selected the

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present site. We bought the land on which the Sunday school building now stands on East 18th Street and the land intervening all the way to Dorchester Road not, however, including any land on East 19th Street. Later we bought the corner of East 19th Street and Dorchester Road and built our large church. Later still we bought the land on East 19th Street on which our large parish house now stands, and later still we bought the parsonage adjoining the Sunday school building on East 18th Street.

Shortly after 1902 I was asked to become a director of the Congregational Church Extension Society of New York and vicinity. We met in those days in the Clinton Avenue Church, of which Dr. McLeod was pastor. I always believed in the work of this body which founded new Congregational Churches and helped weak churches over their hard spots. This society had been a strong helper in obtaining our Sunday school building and later in erecting our large church. After our large church was built I became the president of the Church Extension Society and held the office for about six years. The meetings of the Board of Directors were held at my law office in Manhattan.

After Mr. Chase had been with us six years he resigned and we were left for about one year with no regular minister. We lost part of our members. Some said that we could not survive. I think that the prospect of failure inspired me to take a more active part than I ordinarily would, for I recall that I employed the supply ministers, put the small

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advertisements in the *Brooklyn Eagle* and attended to the musical programs. On one or two occasions when there was no minister I filled the pulpit myself not trying to preach, however, from a regular text. We gave considerable time trying to get Rev. Herbert Jump who later became an effective and well known preacher, but we failed. We considered many other ministers.

Mr. Sprague and I were made a committee to go to Canandaigua to hear Rev. Lewis T. Reed. After the service we called on him and broached the subject of his coming to Flatbush. He turned us down. Several months later we renewed our efforts and he accepted our call to Flatbush in December, 1906, subject, however, to a delay of several months in order to wind up certain work then going on in the church in Canandaigua. He came in March, 1907. I need not give any details of the administration of Dr. Reed as all the family know him as well as I do. He built the large church. He later built the new parish house and under his guidance we bought the parsonage. I did the legal work in all these purchases and examined the titles with more or less help from E. P. Clark of the Title Guarantee and Trust Company. I was chairman of the Board of Trustees during these active years and was chairman of the building committees which erected the original building and the large church. To mark the successful termination of this great building operation the church people presented me with a silver coffee service which we still possess. Dr. Reed was not satisfied with securing all this property and putting up

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all these buildings but he kept at it until all debts were paid. Then against the wish of all our people without any exception he decided to become the secretary of the Congregational Ministerial Relief, which position he now holds.

Annie and I have always considered that we were extremely fortunate to have our children grow up under the influence of Dr. Reed. In every way he was an ideal minister. After he left the church I was not so active as before although I continued to be one of the eight men who passed the collection plates and a member of the Benevolence Committee which distributed the benevolence contributions. When I became seventy-four I asked Alfred Duncan, the manager of the ushers, to release me from taking up the collections which he did. After Dr. Reed left we secured Dr. William E. Dudley of Minneapolis who has been an attractive and popular preacher.

During the period of my church activity I attended annual conferences of the state body in New York, Oswego and Binghamton. The year that we were at Binghamton I was moderator. Later I was elected a member of the National Commission on Missions and attended meetings in New York, Detroit and New Haven.

There is no outstanding accomplishment worth mentioning in this history of my church connection but it might be well to speak of a feature that was largely good luck. The fate of almost every new church is to have homes built around it so that the church buildings are limited in size or

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crowded against the streets. This is especially the case where a church starts as ours did in rapidly building open territory. When we purchased the first corner of Dorchester Road and East 18th Street I obtained from Mr. Pounds deeds to the surrounding land which were never recorded. This was to prevent homes going up on East 19th Street. Partly at least through this device the East 19th Street land was kept vacant until we could buy it. The parsonage was erected by a good builder, and on a certain opportune occasion we were able to buy it at a reasonable figure. If these events had not happened right we never could have accumulated our large plottage comprising the entire northern end of one of the best blocks in Flatbush. Private houses would have been built which we could not afford to buy. In 1902 our church corporation owned practically nothing. In 1927 it owned more than \$300,000 value of land and buildings and was free from debt.

CHAPTER XIX

Travels

ANNIE and I often say to each other that next to our children our travels have been the most satisfactory element in our lives. Since we were married I have never gone on a pleasure trip without Annie nor has she gone without me. I do not count occasional trips to our college reunions or my fishing trips with Mr. Whiton or Mr. Maltbie. Neither do I count business trips which I have taken all over this country.

WEDDING TRIP

This was 1890. We went to Philadelphia two days, then to Washington where we put up at the old St. James Hotel on Pennsylvania Avenue near the public market, thence to Brooklyn and to Bridgeport where we saw the Bartley and Rowell families.

SAGUENAY

In August, 1891, Annie and I took our first travel trip. We went to Toronto via Lewiston. There we took the Ontario Navigation steamer and went the length of Lake Ontario through the Thousand Islands and down the

Rapids to Montreal. On another steamer we went to Quebec and then to Saguenay River and past Mt. Trinitè and Mt. Eternitè, both 1,500 feet high. We ascended the river to Chicoutimi. Tadousac at the junction of this river with the St. Lawrence is one of the oldest settlements in America, being founded only a few years after St. Augustine and Santa Fe. There is an enormous sand cliff on the edge of the village which Annie and I enjoyed sliding down. We took a cart ride with four or five local people. One of the passengers was a silent farmer. My seat mate confided in me that he had property worth \$10,000 and was the richest man in the locality. We went back the same way that we came, entering the lake at Prince Edward Island where we saw one of the most magnificent sunsets of our lives.

Annie and I have tried to take a travel trip together at least every other year since this one.

CHICAGO

In 1893 Annie and I went to the Chicago Exposition and stayed two weeks with Annie's Uncle Deming and Aunt Ella, leaving Preston at Bath.

MERRIMACK

In 1895 Annie and I visited the Bartleys at Bradford, Mass., for a few days, sailed down the Merrimack on a stern-wheel steamer and saw the beach. Visited Ashfield.

MONTREAL

In 1900 Annie and I made a trip to Cape Vincent, Montreal, Saranac and the Fulton Chain.

PAN-AMERICAN

In 1901 Annie and I visited the Buffalo Pan-American Fair.

NEWPORT

In 1902 Annie and I went with our tandem bicycle to Newport, Cape Ann and Cape Cod. Long distances between cities we traveled on railroad trains.

EUROPE

In 1903 Annie, Belle and I, Mr. and Mrs. Whiton and Miss Celinda T. Davis sailed for Naples on the Hohenzollern, stopping at Gibraltar and Algiers. Miss Davis left us at Lake Como. Edmund K. Alden gave me the plan of the trip. We visited the notable spots in Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Belgium, France, England and Scotland, sailing home from Liverpool. We were gone three months. The cost per person was about \$6.50 per day. Everything was new. Places were interesting beyond words. We could hardly take time to sleep. This is the best first route for European trips. It gives one the main thread. The sides can be filled in later. The itinerary is Naples, Rome, Florence, Venice, Italian Lakes, Simplon Pass, Matterhorn, Geneva, Interlaken, Lucerne, Berne, the Rhine,

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Amsterdam, The Hague, Antwerp, Brussels, Paris, London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool. Of course, many important places were filled in between and near the above chief points. Mr. Whiton was an especially good travelling companion for me. It was the first European trip for each of us except Miss Davis.

MAINE

In 1905 Belle and the three oldest children, the Whiton family and I visited Fish Farm at Cape Vincent and later Annie and I made a trip of the Maine Coast.

NORTH POND, BELGRADE LAKES

In 1906 and also 1907 the entire family went to North Pond, Me., and stayed in "Werenta Cabin" as named by Preston.

JAMESTOWN TERCENTENNIAL EXPOSITION

In October, 1907, Annie and I joined the *Brooklyn Eagle* party on its escorted trip to Gettysburg, the Virginia and Maryland battlegrounds and the Jamestown Exposition. We visited Charlottesville and Williamsburg. Mayor William J. Gaynor was a member of this party.

GERMANY

In 1908 Annie, Belle and I sailed for Bremen and made a very thorough study trip through Germany, Austria, Hungary, Tyrol, Switzerland, then to Paris and London.

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SAND BAR BRIDGE

In 1910 the whole family including Belle went to Lake George and Sand Bar Bridge, Lake Champlain. Belle and I took the three oldest children to Montreal and Quebec while Annie stayed at Burlington with Howard and Helen.

GENOA

In 1912 Annie, Belle and I went to Madeira, Gibraltar, Genoa, Riviera, Southern France, Switzerland and Germany. At Frankfort we picked up Isabel who had been visiting Anna Schneller at Hemmoor near Hamburg. We all went to Switzerland and ended up at the Schneller farm at Hemmoor. Anna joined us here. We returned on a German ship which took us on at the North Sea end of the Kiel Canal.

BAY BEACH, CANADA

In 1913 Annie and I with our family used my brother George's cottage at Bay Beach near Buffalo for one month.

ENGLAND

In 1914 Annie, Belle and I with the three oldest children made our Roman trip to England. Roman antiquities in the British Isles interested me very much. With the help of Baedeker and other books, and the co-operation of the expert in the British Museum to whom Fred Pratt gave me a letter of introduction, I laid out an excellent itinerary which took us to all the notable Roman places and many

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not so well known. Many Roman walls, theatres, baths and tessellated pavements can be seen if one knows where to go. We covered England and Scotland with a large rented automobile all the way from Torquay to Hadrian's Wall in the southern part of Scotland. This trip showed us the cathedrals as well as a special cathedral trip would do. On account of the three children we repeated the Shakespeare country, Kenilworth Castle and the Walter Scott country which we had seen before.

At Dover I looked at the English warships lying peacefully in the harbor and said to myself that they were a safeguard of the world's peace. Within a month later the Great War with Germany began. At the hotel in Dorchester the landlord told me that the Kaiser would not accept the invitation of King George to have a conference. I knew that this meant that the Kaiser thought he was ready to conquer the world. About four days later while we were at Tintagel in the country of King Arthur and the Round Table the Great War began. This was August 1, 1914. Many banks closed and it was almost impossible to get money for American Express checks. At Clovelly we found John Ihlder and his wife in a small hotel unable to proceed further because they were boarding out a large American Express check. I helped them to some small change. The cost of gasoline went to an almost prohibitive figure. Horses were being commandeered and the right sort of automobiles were being taken by the government. Our car was not the right sort. We went north to Stirling and then

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to London. We sailed on the Laurentic from Liverpool to Montreal. When we reached Montreal the crisis which was the great Battle of the Marne had occurred and the Germans were turned back from Paris. The Laurentic took British soldiers on its return trip.

CALIFORNIA

In 1915 Delbert H. Decker suggested that we use a cottage near his farm near Amenia, N. Y. The whole family spent a month there. In the late fall I had a bad depression period. Everything seemed to be going to rack and ruin. I could not sleep. Frank's Tourist Agency made out long tickets for Annie and me covering fares, sleepers, hotels, side trips, and rides. I wanted to be free from burdens. We went to Denver, Colorado Springs, Salt Lake, San Francisco, Oakland (where we saw Dr. and Mrs. Sill), Big Trees, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Pasadena, Frank and Nellie Curtiss at Glendora, San Diego, Grand Canyon, Adamana, Cincinnati, and Berea College where we saw Mary Welsh, and Oxford, O.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD

The summers of 1916, 1917 and 1918 we stayed in a rented cottage near the Meleneys at Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard. I went back and forth on the New Bedford boat but was at the office most of the time.

N. W. PARKS

In 1919 Annie, Isabel and I went on an Eagle trip to

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Yellowstone and Glacier Parks, Mt. Rainier, Portland, Vancouver, Canadian Pacific Railroad to the Rocky Mountain points, then to Port Arthur near Duluth, and by lake steamer to a point on Lake Huron north of Toronto, thence to Toronto and home. Isabel's wonderful lectures caused her to be appointed a lecturing ranger in Yellowstone Park later by the park authorities.

S. W. PARKS

In 1920 Annie, Isabel and I went on an Eagle trip to New Orleans, Texas, Mexican border towns, Santa Fe, Frijoles Canyon and Grand Canyon. Isabel and I rode horses down Bright Angel Trail to the Colorado River. She told us all about the geology. This visit was the dedication of the Grand Canyon National Park. I was asked to make the dedication speech. Our party, Superintendent Mather (head of the National Park Bureau) with some of the guides and about twenty Indians made up the audience. We continued through Imperial Valley, Carriso Gorge, San Diego, Los Angeles and thence home.

MALONE

In 1921 Annie, Belle and I with part of the family started out for Amherst in the Cadillac. After Amherst we went through the Northfield Campus which pleased Helen so much she said she wanted to go to the Northfield School! We continued through Vermont to the White Mountains, to Burlington and the Hero Island. On the way we picked

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up James, on Hero Island we picked up Marion, and we picked up Theron somewhere. The car was so loaded with all the families, stoves, spades, fossils and bedding that we could just about move. A tire would explode almost every hour. We went north to the Adirondacks, Malone, Gouverneur, Watertown and Cape Vincent. At or before Cape Vincent James and Marion and Theron and Isabel left us, Theron to sail to South America. Annie, Belle and I went on to Oswego and Skaneateles. The weather was abnormally hot all this trip. As I look back on this trip it was a nightmare.

POLAND SPRINGS

In 1922 Annie, Belle and I took a trip in the Cadillac to Chester, N. H., Portland, Poland Springs and the Maine Coast. At Poland Springs we had a pleasant visit with Speaker Cannon whom I had known in Washington and his daughter whom Belle had known at Wellesley.

ALASKA

In 1923 Annie and I joined the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* trip to Alaska. We went via Montreal, Ottawa, Jasper Park and Prince Rupert. Taking the steamboat at the latter place we continued on this ship to Seward. There we went past Mt. McKinley on the railroad to Fairbanks. Returning we came by Richardson Highway on very bad roads, fording rivers to the Kennecott Mine. In this as in all our trips we took many side journeys to interesting places and stopped

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at many towns that I cannot mention in these brief descriptions. We went to practically all the glaciers that were easily approached and visited the hydraulic gold mining north of Fairbanks. Will Atwater of my Amherst Class and his wife came on this trip at my suggestion.

LOS ANGELES

In 1924 the National Conference on City Planning was held in Los Angeles. As on many other occasions a zoning itinerary was made up. Both going and coming I stopped at cities in relation to zoning enabling acts and ordinances. Annie, Belle and I went. Mr. and Mrs. Whitten returned with us but we were not together all the time as they stopped at Petrified Forest and Grand Canyon which we did not visit, having been there before.

ITALY

In 1925 Annie, Belle and I went to Naples where we engaged Emilio Bassi of Siena to take us to see Etruscan remains throughout the country. We saw not only Etruscan things but nearly everything else. Emilio knew English as well as I did. He knew the country perfectly and had a flair for paintings. He knew the lives of all the Italian painters and could discuss very intelligently the merits of their work. He had not been to some of the Etruscan places and was glad to go. We seesawed all over Italy going to many hill towns and dozens of small places. We visited the Deruta pottery. After Venice we went to Mt. Grappo.

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Emilio knew the war points, having served in the army. Thence we went to the Dolomites, then to the Riva and Lake Garda country. Thence by St. Gotthard Pass to Switzerland, and after about five days in Switzerland we came back over the St. Bernard into the Aosta Valley visiting Aosta, a Roman city, thence Turin where Emilio left us. We went by Mont Cenis tunnel to Chambery, an old French town of the greatest interest. Old buildings hardly touched. We stayed here a week, taking trips to places like Grenoble, Aix-les-Bains and the country of the ancient lake dwellers. Thence to Paris and home from Havre.

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.

In 1926 Annie, Belle, my sister, Mary Harrington, and I went to the National Conference on City Planning at St. Petersburg and Palm Beach. This was a zoning trip going and coming. A pleasant stop was Asheville where we were guests of the city at the Grove Park Hotel. This is a magnificent hotel and the surrounding country is wonderful. Friends took us around the country. Among other places we saw Chimney Rock where James and Marion went on their wedding trip.

BRYCE CANYON

In 1927 Annie, Belle and I took another zoning trip to places between New York and Los Angeles via Santa Fe Railroad, returning by Mojave Desert, Cedar City, Bryce

and Zion Canyons, the north rim of the Grand Canyon, Cedar Breaks and Salt Lake. The five-day automobile trip of the Union Pacific which we took to see these canyons was superb. The driver of the automobile was a Mormon. We almost lived with the Mormons for a week and a half. When in Salt Lake City I did some zoning work and the officials took us about and told us about Mormon activities.

EGYPT

In 1928 Annie, Belle, Isabel and I joined the University Tours—Dr. Powers, leader. We visited Madeira and Gibraltar. We left the ship at Algiers with Henry Willard, leader, being in advance of the regular party in order to take this North Africa trip. Our party besides Mr. Willard included Miss Jessie Van Vliet, a Wellesley friend of Belle, and Miss Dora Conger. We visited ancient Caesarea west of Algiers and to our surprise we drove amid Roman ruins for miles. Some of the columns, statues and tablets were very beautiful. There were acres literally covered with Roman ruins. There must have been several cities. The next day we started on a trip of about a week with a French car and French driver for our journey in the Sahara. We went to Bou-Saada, Biskra, Sidi Okba, Timgad and other Roman cities, Constantine, Tunis and Carthage. On this trip we had wonderful experiences in the desert. In Bou-Saada we saw practically no white folks. Once we stopped at a small rocky hill to eat lunch and within a few minutes Arab children from nowhere were numerous

looking at us with wistful eyes. They devoured greedily all the food that we left. At Biskra we saw the endless desert of sand dunes. There were some native troops with Arabian horses. Words fail to describe our enthusiasm over Timgad and ancient Carthage.

We returned to Algiers on the day that the main party and Dr. Powers arrived. After spending that day with Dr. Powers around Algiers we continued the trip on the Adriatic, stopping at Monte Carlo, Naples, Athens, Constantinople and leaving the ship at Haifa. By automobile we went north along the shore, passed Acre, Tyre, Sidon to Beirut. At Dog River we saw the tablets carved in the cliff bordering the pass made by Ramses II and other Egyptian kings, an Assyrian conqueror, Shalmanezer, Tiglath Pileser, Napoleon III, and finally Allenby. These tablets are all carved contemporaneously with the conqueror represented. It is one of the most remarkable monuments in the world and I wonder that we do not read about it more often.

From Beirut over the Lebanon Mountain in automobile to Baalbek, Damascus, Mt. Hermon, Sea of Galilee, Plain of Esdraclon, Nazareth, Samaria, Jerusalem, Bethlehem and Jericho. Then by train to Gaza, Suez Canal and Cairo. This part of the trip took about ten days and was all helped along by a considerable number of automobiles with good drivers. This whole Powers trip is about the most thrilling episode of my life. Annie's diaries and travel books give the best description of places and ancient history that I

know and I recommend anybody to get these books and read them. I have depended on Annie's diaries for all of my travel dates and main facts although, of course, I remember them sharply because of extreme interest. I add Breasted's *History of Egypt*.

From Cairo we went in a private Nile boat to the second cataract and Abu Simbel, 1000 miles up the Nile, taking between two and three weeks. This trip with Dr. Powers along to interpret was one of the greatest events of my life. Words cannot do it justice. It started me on a course of study of Breasted which I have followed up by reading all the books on Egypt and Mesopotamia and their archaeology that I could get hold of.

We returned via Greece where we traveled to the main places of ancient history like Delphi and Olympia. We saw Mycenae and Tiryns, both cities of pre-Greek culture and made a sea trip to Crete where we saw ancient Cnossus and Sir Arthur Evans, the discoverer and excavator. He walked with us and explained. We went to Epidaurus and Corinth. Many other points visited by us were familiar by reason of our reading of Greek history. It is hard for me not to stop and give details because everything is so interesting. But Annie's books are very, very full and each one interested should read them.

Then to Palermo on the island of Sicily, Segesta, Girgenti,—both ruins of wonderful Greek temples built about 500 B. C. Then to Syracuse. We explored its caves and quarries where the Athenian captives were starved by

inches. We saw the wonderful ancient fortress built to protect the city against the Athenians and the remarkably well preserved ancient theatre. We saw the stream where still grows the papyrus of antiquity. How inadequate words are to describe the wonderful things that we saw! Every word of Latin and Greek that I ever read was made ten times more precious by reason of actually seeing these things.

Then to Taormina on a mountainside opposite Mt. Aetna and overlooking the site of an early Greek city on the shore built about 600 B. C. Taormina is probably the most beautiful spot that we were ever in. We want to go again.

Then back to Naples, Pompeii and home.

This trip that we call the Powers trip is undoubtedly the high-water mark of all our trips. It is almost beyond comprehension.

NOVA SCOTIA

In 1929 we put our automobile on a steamer for Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. We had never before been to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. We visited Halifax, St. John, saw the bore, the tidal falls near St. John, the remarkable effects of low tide where in numerous villages no water could be seen but only the ships lying on their sides. We took a small steamboat up the St. John River to Fredericton, the capital of the province. We came home by the Maine Coast, stopping at Mt. Desert and Chester, N. H.

JAPAN

In 1930 I attended a National Conference on City Planning at Denver where Annie and Belle joined me after the Conference. We ascended Mt. Evans by automobile, reached San Francisco by the American River Canyon, very, very hot. Dr. Edward R. Sill, my Hamilton classmate, and his wife took us in their automobile to their summer place at Santa Cruz in the midst of the big tree country. Returning to Oakland we passed over to San Francisco and took the Matson liner to Honolulu where we were entertained for about a week by Mary Hillebrand Alexander, formerly my sister Mary's classmate at Mt. Holyoke College. We visited the volcano Kilauea on the Island of Hawaii and also Kauai with its wonderful canyon like the one in Yellowstone Park.

Then we went on the Dollar Liner, President Garfield to Kobe. On arrival we met Mr. Shimidzu, the courier whom we had arranged for beforehand. We expected to be met by a different guide in the different cities. We were more than pleased to learn from Mr. Shimidzu that he had been assigned to stay with us all the time and put us on our outgoing ship at Yokohama. I will not enumerate or describe the cities and places we visited in Japan. We visited the beautiful Inland Sea. Saw the art treasures of Kyoto. Attended a private tea ceremony, went on aerial cable car to Lake Biwa, saw the water flowing from the lake to Kyoto through the mountain and carrying canal boats. We saw the silk industry in private homes, made the trip part way

up the side of Mt. Fuji. Made a river trip in the evening to see men fishing with cormorants, shot a wonderful rapid, saw the enormous Buddha bronzes. We went to Nikko, very high, and then continued up, up, up on hairpin turns to Lake Chuzenji.

We spent one night at a native hotel, where we left our shoes at the front door, and went up to our rooms which contained no furniture. There was a telephone, an electric fan, an electric light and a cushion on the floor to sit on. Our meals were served in our room on a low table and we sat on the floor to eat. When we returned from the cormorant fishing trip, we found a thick mattress on the floor with bedding, and mosquito netting suspended from the ceiling and reaching to the floor on all sides. With the electric fan going we spent a very comfortable night.

We visited Nara where the sacred fallow-deer are kept in a beautiful park which really covers the whole city. We saw the crowded canals, the earthquake museum and at Kobe we bought a lot of silk kimonos at astonishingly low prices. We visited Mr. Shimidzu's fine home near Yokohama and got acquainted with part of his family. I told him I would like to guess on the cost of his house and grounds and I happened to guess within about 5% expressed in Japanese yen. He gave me credit for knowing more about Japanese real estate than the facts would warrant.

In Tokio the semi-official Tourist Administration gave us an official luncheon without chairs and with beautiful

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Japanese waitresses who sat on the floor around the low table. One and another would get up when there was some errand to do. I brought home some teacups as souvenirs of this luncheon and I think gave one to each child of mine.

We came home on the Empress of Asia, landing at Vancouver, thence by Canadian Pacific to Lake Louise and Banff, taking a long automobile ride over the Great Divide with side trips. The identical railroad car that we took at Banff in the great mountains passed through River Forest, Ill., and we got out almost within a stone's throw of Isabel's home.

FINGER LAKES, N. Y.

In 1931 Isabel and Theron met Annie, Belle and me at Letchworth Park in the wonderful canyon of the Genesee River and drove us through the Finger Lake district to Skaneateles. We stopped at Dansville and Bath and went through Hammondsport where Annie taught school one year. We met one of her former students on the street who answered our questions about places and persons.

CHAUTAUQUA

In 1932 Annie and I went by train to Springville where Isabel and Theron picked us up with their car. We skirted Lake Erie, then struck over the height of land to Lake Chautauqua which in earlier years I had looked at with longing eyes knowing that it was the great divide between the St. Lawrence and Mississippi watersheds. It was inac-

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cessible then because too far to negotiate with a horse and buggy. We saw the Chautauqua Assembly grounds, Jamestown, the great Allegheny State Park and went to the early oil town of Bradford in Pennsylvania.

NORWAY

In 1933 Annie, Belle and I went to Bergen, then took the North Cape trip stopping at many cities and villages and seeing the fjords and glaciers. We also saw the Laplanders. Returning to Bergen we went on the fjords and lakes over the great divide to the east slope. Thence we went in a small steamboat through lakes and canals to the sea level. We stopped at Sandefjord to see the great whaling ships and were lucky to meet the main ship architect at the hotel who took us all over the largest ship, which is really an oil factory. They haul the whale to the top deck where it is cut up and the pieces slide down to the vats below where the oil is extracted, the rest discarded and only the oil brought home. They go to the Antarctic. Thence we went to Oslo and thence to Stockholm. The town hall at the last place is the most beautiful and suitable public building in its location, environment and design that I ever saw.

We made a special trip by automobile to Upsala, the ancient capital, returning by lake boat and stopping at one or two ancient castles. Part of the time we were guests of the city, were driven around in the mayor's automobile and entertained at a luncheon in the ancient rathskeller.

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Then by the Geta Canal to Gothenburg and to Copenhagen, Denmark. From Copenhagen we returned home via Hamburg on the American ship Manhattan. We were glad to end our short stay in Germany. We felt we were entirely at the mercy of people in power regardless of personal rights. We stopped a day at the ancient Hanseatic town of Lübeck. I forgot to say that from Stockholm we made a trip to the Island of Visby in the Baltic. Here was the ancient Hanseatic city of Visby and here was the beginning of the Gothic language. In every city we presented letters or else were met by friends. I gave especial attention to housing and firebreaks. These Scandinavian cities being built of wood have suffered from fires. The government helps poor people to own homes by making long term amortizing loans but no owners are tax exempt.

HAWLEY

In 1934 I attended my fiftieth class reunion at Amherst. Later Annie and I spent two weeks with the family of Dr. Cox in the old inn at Hawley. I went often to Hawley when a boy to visit the Eldridges. Dr. Cox (who married a sister of Mrs. Gilpatric) bought the old Eldridge farm, the old Hawley inn, where my Aunt Sylvia married Uncle John, and a number of other houses and lands in Hawley. Walter, my partner, told me they would like to have us come as paying guests. These two weeks were a turning point for me from depression to cheerfulness. The great business setback had lasted from 1929 and still continues. I under-



THE AUTHOR AND MRS. BASSETT, THEIR 5 CHILDREN AND THEIR SPOUSES,
THE 14 OLDEST GRANDCHILDREN, AND BELLE PRESTON, 1935

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went too many upsets both of my own and of clients and it gave me the blues. At Hawley I got myself reoriented and have kept so ever since. We feel very thankful to Mrs. Cox and her fine family.

CARIBBEAN

In 1935 Annie, Belle and I took a three weeks' trip on the Britannic to the Caribbean Sea and Panama. We saw Trinidad, Martinique, Caracas, Curacao, Panama Canal, Haiti and Nassau.

CAPE COD

The same year we had a family reunion at Wellfleet, Cape Cod. A photograph was taken, showing Annie, Belle and me, five children, five spouses, and fourteen grandchildren. Helen's boy Edward, making fifteen, was born later.

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Colleges asked me to lecture on police power subjects. Thus I lectured annually at Harvard for many years, occasionally at New York University, and once at Massachusetts School of Technology.

In 1936 the University of Southern California invited me to give a course of lectures on city planning to officials of Southern California. Annie, Belle and I went. We lived in a special small dormitory and had our meals in the college cafeteria. Meetings were morning and afternoon for about a week. Attendances were from fifty to one hundred

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and fifty. We called on Ruth Peterson at El Cajon. Isabel, Theron, Elizabeth and Edward met us about the time we left Los Angeles. Great fun seeing the ancient pitch pits containing fossils and the museum. Isabel and Elizabeth after taking Belle to Yosemite, accompanied us to Denver where Isabel had left her Cadillac. We started out via Colorado Springs, Garden of the Gods, Salida and Wolf Creek Pass. At the latter place our automobile refused to perform on account of altitude. We left it at the last village, getting down the mountain after interesting vicissitudes. Went by stage over the pass and to Durango. Isabel and Elizabeth went by so-called stage to Mesa Verde, and Annie, Belle and I made a special private trip to Silverton and vicinity. This mining region is hard to reach, very high, and especially beautiful—great bright red mountains. We all went back together to Denver where we parted. Theron and Edward had gone to Texas.

DUBOIS, PA.

In 1937 Annie, Belle and I with Mr. and Mrs. Keck made a sight-seeing trip in my Plymouth through Pennsylvania to DuBois where we visited Mr. and Mrs. Daggett.

WHITE MOUNTAINS

Later the same year Annie, Belle and I started for Chester in my Plymouth car, Howard the driver. Howard returned from Chester but we obtained at Chester the services of a fine young man, Paul Raines. At Sugar Hill we called on

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Chief Justice Hughes and his wife, both old friends, and were treated most cordially. After going in and out and back and forth through the White Mountains we went to Boothbay Harbor to see Mary Welsh. Then southerly along the coast to Stratford where we had a fine supper at Mabel's and stayed overnight. Then home.

WILLIAMSBURG

In 1938 George Daggett, who lost his wife earlier in the year, joined us on a two weeks' trip to Virginia in our Plymouth. We visited Luray Caverns, Lexington, the seat of Washington and Lee University, and Charlottesville, the seat of the University of Virginia. Made side trips to Monticello, the home of Jefferson, and Ash Lawn, the home of Monroe. Then we visited the Walker School for boys at Orange. Mrs. Walker was Marguerite Alden. We took in the skyline drive; then to Richmond, Williamsburg, Jamestown and Yorktown. Having crossed the ferry at Yorktown we went north past beautiful old homes stopping at the Lee mansion and a few others. Then north to Fredericksburg. After calling on Emma McNair at Falls Church, Va., and visiting Annapolis we crossed the Delaware River at Pennsville and went south in New Jersey to Bridgeton where we saw the grave of Col. Isaac Preston at the old burying ground below Fairton on the Cohansey River, date 1777. Then we visited Hightstown, a federal housing development for Jewish garment workers, and then we proceeded to New York.

MEXICO

Later the same summer Annie, Belle and I went to a Conference of the International Town Planning Institute at Mexico City via St. Louis. We were under the auspices of the American Express Company. We joined the larger party at St. Louis and had pleasant company both going and returning. About one hundred miles from Mexico City our train had a head-on collision at 3 A. M. on August 12th, splintering the wooden express cars. Three trainmen were said to be killed and three Indians who were catching rides. None of our party was hurt. We were especially pleased with Chapultepec Park and Castle. We made two trips to Xochimilco, the Venice of Mexico. Numerous automobile rides took us to the Pyramid of the Sun, Cuernavaca, Taxco, Puebla, Morelia, Lake Patzcuaro, and Uruapan.

CONCERNING TRAVEL

In these many trips I have been the route director, Annie has been the patient recorder and collector of pictures and Belle has been my *alter ego* on business matters. Although these trips have been the keenest pleasure for each of us they have been hard working, serious, educational trips. Our only quiet spells were on ships. Annie and Belle seemed always ready to move on. They were wonderful travelers. With the exception of our first European trip when we went from Naples to Liverpool visiting many countries we have gone on the plan of doing the territory so thoroughly that we would feel satisfied if we never did

it again. This was often slow work and meant stopping at many small places. Here again I refer to Annie's records. Few travelers have ever kept such complete records through a whole lifetime.

Although all our trips have been comfortable they have not been luxurious. Our per diem expense per person has run from \$6.50 on the first trip to Europe, to \$11 on the Norway trip, to \$16.50 on the Mexico trip, to \$22 on the Egypt trip and \$28 on the Alaska trip. The last three were conducted trips. Belle secured a number of members for the Egypt trip and thus succeeded in paying a large part of her expense. We have traveled on one-cabin steamships but otherwise always first cabin. Abroad we have almost always traveled second class on railroads but in a few emergencies it has been first class or third class.

Baedeker has been our steady helper on all our trips. Even the United States Baedeker was wonderful. We would have a large library of Baedekers if we had them all. We have been to the Pacific Coast nine times and to Europe seven times. Most of the European trips have been study trips—rapid transit, city planning, building regulations and governmental housing. I have always had an abundance of letters of introduction to help me see the inside of affairs. Education from travel is better than education from books.

I would like to visit French Morocco and the parts of Spain (nearly all of it) which we have not seen. I would like to go again to Sicily, Athens and Damascus. I espe-

cially would like to go to Petra, Palmyra, the cities of the Decapolis and to Mesopotamia. Archaeology, however, that is the digging part, is not for travelers like us.

The cliff dwellings, ancient canals and evidences of early men in New Mexico and Arizona have interested me extremely. There is not the interest for me, however, in the doings of men outside of my own historical line. On this account, I think, the history of China, Java and India does not interest me so keenly as Egypt, Mesopotamia, Greece, Rome, France, Germany and England.

 CHAPTER XX

Class of 1884

OUR Amherst Class has had a dinner and reunion every year since we graduated. At our first reunion after graduation Wilbur moved that we have annual dinners until only two members are living. A class (about 1860) of New York University, of which Walter Willcox' father was a member, had about as many annual dinners as our class and at one time had had more, but their dinners were discontinued many years ago. Inquiries show that our class has probably had more annual reunions than any other college class in this country. 34% of our members are still living. We had 101 after graduation. Danbury White has kept a marking system on attendance. Will Atwater is at the top being 100%. I am about 90%. My absence in Buffalo pulled me down. I was the first secretary after graduation. I have been president many times and lately have been chairman of the executive committee and have had the duty of finding the meeting place and attending to finances. The last two meetings have been at the Barbizon-Plaza, this city. About twelve now attend.

CHAPTER XXI

Contemporaries

I WAS so-called historian for my Amherst Class reunion in December, 1922. A few years later we abolished histories and poems. Annie and Belle thought that I better insert this story called "Contemporaries" instead of carving up the facts and scattering them through the autobiography. This will cause a little repetition. Please recall that this paper, which was my so-called class history, speaks as of 1922. Here it is:

We have lived about sixty years. This is nearly half the time that the American constitution has been in force. During this period each of us has come in touch with men that have helped make history. The mention of these names will bring to our minds a sort of historical review of this period. I offer an apology for giving my own list and making some comments on the names. A composite list made by all of us would be interesting.

Cyrus H. Cole of our class and I grew up in Watertown, N. Y., near the Big Woods, which was what everyone in those parts called the Adirondack Region. When Ulysses S. Grant ran for president the second time, he made a speech at Watertown from the balcony of the Woodruff House. Cy Cole and I were in the crowd of small boys that listened. Grant seemed small and timid, and although we were in the front of the crowd, we could only

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hear part of what he said. Roscoe Conkling was with him, a big man with an impressive front and a carefully arranged curl above his forehead. He spoke aggressively so that we could all hear, and entirely outshone Grant.

Horace Greeley came to Watertown in the same campaign and the Democrats celebrated with a procession. Near the head of the procession was a delegation from the Big Woods, the leader of whom carried a long pole with an eagle tied to the top. The eagle did not realize that he was being exhibited as an emblem of liberty, but hung down like an undressed turkey in the market.

Robert Lansing and I used to drive our fathers' cows to the same pasture. Bob, who later was in Amherst '86, was famous among all the small boys of Watertown because he had the reputation of having read all of the works of Sir Walter Scott before he was twelve years old.

During this period my family moved to Brooklyn for one year. Once when my father took me to Wall Street, I saw William M. Evarts wearing his rusty high stovepipe hat of the vintage of Andrew Jackson. I also saw Peter Cooper several times. He carried his cushion with him so that he could sit comfortably in a horsecar or Broadway omnibus.

When I was a junior in Amherst College I stopped in Albany on my trip from Watertown to Amherst after Christmas vacation. Will Griffith, later private secretary to Governor Black, was Albany reporter for the *Utica Herald*. He was one of my chums in Hamilton College before I went to Amherst. That evening he took me to the reporters' gallery of the State Assembly, and among other things pointed out a young man on the floor. He said "Do you see that young man dressed in black who goes around button-holing one member after another and on the move all the time? He is a young fellow recently graduated at Harvard

who comes from a kid-glove New York City district, but he is a pusher and will be heard from. His name is Theodore Roosevelt." Later when I was a young lawyer in New York, I went with a delegation from the Brooklyn Board of Education to Albany to protest against mandatory legislation fixing the salaries of school teachers in New York City at Albany. Roosevelt was governor and gave us a hearing, along with the advocates of the measure. After listening to some who said that Tammany would never give living wages to teachers, he brought his fist down on the table in front of him and declared that such treatment would have to stop and that he would favor fixing salaries in Albany. This was the beginning of the pernicious practice of salary fixing at Albany. I was in Washington for a period when Roosevelt was president. Business for my constituents frequently took me to the Navy Department and I became interested in a large wall map of the world which showed by redheaded pins the daily location of all American warships. One day I noticed that an unusual number of warships were gathering on both sides of the proposed Panama Canal, and asked Lieutenant W. the reason for it. He gave me a wink and said that it was expected that something would happen in that neighborhood before very long. Within a few days the Panama Revolution broke out and the Republic of Panama was quickly stabilized, notice being sent to the United States of Columbia that she should not interfere with the new republic already recognized by the United States. A series of telegrams were the talk of Washington for a few days. This talk was to the effect that the commander of the flagship of the squadron telegraphed to Washington to say that the revolution had not yet broken out and asking the cause of the delay; that next a telegram went from Washington to the flagship saying that a delay had occurred but that the revolution would soon come off; that the next telegram from the flagship to Washington stated

that the revolution had begun and that the Republic of Panama had duly come into existence.

Sam Kinsley, Curtis Hatheway, Sam Appleton and I went to Columbia Law School together. Charles E. Hughes, who had just graduated, was our quiz tutor. I had known him somewhat when he was in Brown, and we renewed our acquaintance. My father's family by this time had moved back to Brooklyn, and Hughes used to come over once in a while to pass the night. After supper we would always go up to my room to study. After his first visit, my father, who was an inseeing Yankee, said "That man Hughes is the smartest man I ever saw." My father always used the word smart in the sense of intellectual, quick and accurate. Hughes was then twenty-three years old.

After I was admitted to the Bar in New York, I went to Buffalo. With about ten other young lawyers I helped to form a law club for moot courts and practice in argumentation. Grover Cleveland, who was just leaving Buffalo for Albany to become governor for his first term, invited us to use his law library for our study and as a meeting place. We did this for two years, and some times Grover Cleveland would attend for a little while. Later, after I had gone back to New York City to hang out my own shingle, I became the secretary of the New York-Buffalo-Cleveland Democracy. This was on the occasion of Cleveland's second campaign for the presidency. Cleveland spoke before our little club several times as it contained quite a number of his former Buffalo friends and intimates. As such secretary I received a number of letters from Mr. Cleveland which I have kept and value highly.

About the time Roosevelt ran for governor, Martin W. Littleton came to Brooklyn from Texas. We were both Democrats and entered vigorously into every campaign for four or five years. No one had ever heard of Littleton in those days. We often made

political speeches together in the rear of saloons and from cart-tails in the streets.

I remember arguing a motion before Robert VanWyck, then City Court judge and later Mayor of New York. Before I had said five words, he declared that he knew all I was going to say and denied my motion. He was a quick thinker. We in New York were used to being batted around in those days. Will Atwater worked in a paper warehouse for \$6.00 a week and had to sue for his pay. The judge decided that a boy just graduated from college was worth no more. Willard Wheeler was then selling stoves on the road.

Some outsider sent me a summons and complaint to serve on William R. Hearst, then a little known newspaper man. I hunted for him high and low but never could serve the paper. Later I sat four seats from him in the House of Representatives and knew him fairly.

Elihu Root used to live in Clinton, N. Y., where I went to college before I went to Amherst. His brother, Oren Root, was my teacher in mathematics at Hamilton. Both then and later I had talked with Elihu Root and knew him somewhat. On two occasions I rode with him between Clinton and Utica. When he was Secretary of War, I had to see him once in a while in the performance of what I then thought were a congressman's duties. He was always hard to see. I might kick my heels in the outer office for half an hour. The interview was always brief, rather frigid, but as we all know, Elihu Root is always fair and square. I never saw William H. Taft until he succeeded Mr. Root as Secretary of War. He was just the opposite of Mr. Root. Even a one-term congressman was not kept waiting in his outer office. He made one think that the caller's errand was just then the most important thing in the United States. He was affable, hearty and always seemed to have lots of time. On my second call, he ad-

dressed me by name. Sometimes when he had an hour or so to spare, he would come to the House chamber, loaf around in the lobbies, or in anybody's seat, and make himself at home generally. Everyone, regardless of party, liked him.

Edward Everett Hale was chaplain of the Senate when I was in Washington. He wore a cape and was very old. He would walk to the Capitol, however, and I look back on it as a special privilege to have walked back and forth with him a number of times.

About this time I had the unique experience of riding on the train from New York to Washington with Andrew Carnegie and James J. Hill. I never saw either of them before or since. I forget who introduced me or how I came to "sit in" with them. Hill struck me as a combination of bull-dog and steam-engine. Carnegie was quiet and constantly wore an amused expression. Hill would talk about nothing but crops, transportation and the state of the nation. Carnegie would try to change the talk to happenings in other countries, but always without permanent success.

Joe Cannon was speaker of the House. Going to my hotel after midnight the first month I was there, I met Mr. Cannon and two of the Republican House leaders, Hemingway and Tawney. The next day I mentioned to my seatmate, Morris Sheppard, the incident suggesting that the reason that these three old guards were out so late was because they had met somewhere to talk over the legislation for the next day. He said "Not a bit. Tuesday night is their regular poker night. They used to meet at Mrs. Taylor's boarding house, but they made so much noise that she put them out, and now they meet in a basement near the Hotel Normandie."

William Sulzer, later Governor of New York, was then in the House. I called at his law office in New York when he was a

candidate for Governor. Every square inch of the side walls of the inner and outer office was covered with clippings from newspapers and magazines. All the clippings were about him, and many contained his picture or a cartoon. Later when he was Governor, I saw him in Albany. He had a peculiar way of moving from one visitor to another, dragging a chair with one hand and a tall cuspidor with the other. He always wanted his cuspidor near him. Some superfine school teachers and other women from New York found fault with this practice and intimated that it was vulgar. Billy Sulzer, however, was a man of the people and his multitudinous constituents seemed to like his ways.

Fifteen years ago John F. Hylan, now Mayor of New York, used to go before various boards and officials as a speaker for the Ridgewood Board of Trade. He always stood squarely against every corporation and against what he called "the vested interests." As an occasional member of these official boards, I used to listen attentively for any evidence of discrimination in his talks, but there never was any. He was absolutely and all the time against every corporation. His remarkable quality of recognizing no exceptions to the bad intentions of everyone connected with a corporation has brought him more and more into fame.

Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, in Washington plays all the bases and fielding positions, and then looks around for more things to do. He has even spied out zoning, a subject that Fred Alvord and I are working on, and has annexed me as a member of an advisory committee. Mr. Hoover is the last on my list. Ulysses S. Grant to Herbert Hoover. Considerable American history lies between.

Omissions in this History

THIS history is incomplete because it omits our children. I have often been tempted to tell the story of each one but have always refrained because this book would be too large. Each one knows his own story. Perhaps each one will write his own history the same as they have made me do. It is unnecessary to say that our children have been the most satisfactory element in our lives.

Then, too, what should I say about the wonderful husbands and wives who have come into our family. They also are omitted from this history because this book was meant to be brief and because they too can write their own histories.

I suppose I ought to tell all about our fifteen dear grandchildren but it is not necessary and there is not space. *The Bassett-Preston Ancestry* by Belle Preston gives the vital statistics. Annie and I think they are a perfectly marvelous outfit of grandchildren.

I feel that I have grossly omitted the names of people who have assisted me all my life. For instance, my office associates and the remarkable women who have stuck by me through thick and thin and who have been unselfish

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and faithful all these years. Memories overwhelm me but I cannot set them down.

One wide-open omission is my neglect to tell about my personal and business friends who have helped me in various periods of my life. Some have been very near and dear to me and I ought to tell about their help. Hundreds have helped me in my various activities and I ought to acknowledge the help of each one. I am sure that my readers will sympathize with me in this omission partly because we probably do not get ahead very much by putting all our innermost thoughts into words.

There is one, however, that I can name without discrimination. That is Auntie Belle. Ever since Preston was born Belle has helped Annie to bring up the children more than I have. When Howard was not well she took him to Hinsdale for a long time. When Isabel needed exercises and almost constant attention she did the same to Isabel. In Brooklyn she has taken charge of the children many times while Annie and I have gone on trips. She was the best instructor apart from Annie that the children ever had when they were little. She had a way of stimulating them regarding plants, animals and words that was remarkable. When they were hardly old enough to discriminate she aroused their curiosity to find the differences between leaves, stems and flowers, between animals that look alike to most children, and between words. Our children began so young to analyze everything that studies were easy. In later life Belle and her mother lived near us for many years, coming from

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Hinsdale to Brooklyn in 1905. Belle made her mother's later life exceptionally comfortable and happy and after her death in 1921 Belle became a part of our family. In every emergency she has been our mainstay.

She has studied up our ancestors, giving equal attention to the Bassetts. Her standard book of recognized merit *The Bassett-Preston Ancestry* has been a unique contribution not only to our family but to a great circle of collateral families.

CHAPTER XXIII

Testimonial to my Parents, Sisters and Brother

I CANNOT close this book without a testimonial to my parents, sisters and brother. They have been to such an extent a part of my life that I cannot omit them.

Father had his troubles in bringing up a family of five children. He was always manly about it. He loved his children and by example rather than precept he taught us honesty, industry and loyalty. In my boyhood days, again when I was in the law school, and again when I was a young lawyer, Father was always the sympathetic adviser and helper. His judgment was remarkable. Although he never went far in school (he said he went to *baker* in the spelling book) he was an unusually well educated man. He knew history and was especially well informed on all questions of national importance.

My mother obtained a good education among great difficulties. When a young woman she was a school teacher. She must have believed in education because she went to the limit to see that each one of her children had as good an education as possible. Bringing up five children was a hard task because she did not live long in one place, the constant removals brought a great amount of work on her, and she never had continuous hired help except for a

period at Macon Street. Mother had her own ideas about health and medicine. She did not have a great deal of faith in doctors. Her reading of health books and especially Dr. Dio Lewis convinced her of many dietary principles. In her early married life she inclined to homeopathy. Wherever she lived she became noted among the mothers of the neighborhood for knowing all about children. She was consulted almost like a doctor.

Mother was a religious woman and tried to keep her children in church and Sunday school. She read the best books and used better language than most college graduates. Wherever we lived she went with the best educated people of the community. They soon found out that she was a first and not a second or third. My mother helped me to get a good education and I am more indebted to her than to any other person in the world for my having had a good chance.

Since my parents died George has truly been the head of the family. He has advised his sisters and brother in every possible way and has always been patient and sympathetic in helping them over hard places. George was of the greatest help to me when I was a boy and in the water-works days. Words are feeble to express my appreciation.

Mary has for many years been the loving and painstaking bureau of information of our larger family. She has kept track of all the cousins and nephews and nieces. If it had not been for Mary some of us would not have kept in touch with relatives whom we ought to know.

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Back in the water-works days she was always patient, encouraging, industrious and extremely helpful. I hope George and I were always good to her. She has always been so good to Annie that I know Annie loves her like her own sister.

My sister Effie and I were great chums. I remember when we learned whistling tunes together in the woodshed. She was always ready for any sort of fun. The affection between her and my sister Helen was a remarkable feature of our family life. Effie was unreconciled to Helen's death and so long as she lived she felt the loss of Helen keenly. She made a good wife for Alfred Martin. No one knows her good qualities better than Alfred does. My dear sister, Effie Martin, died June 11, 1934. I attended her funeral in Buffalo where she was buried.

My sister Helen was a great favorite in the family. She was joyous by nature, very friendly, and beautiful not only in character but in appearance. When she was taken away, November 28, 1900, at the age of twenty-five, it was a loss from which Mother and Effie never recovered. I loved her dearly.

CHAPTER XXIV

Conclusion

I WOULD not have written this personal history unless my children had urged me to do it. We all have such a high regard for the short autobiography of my mother that I think that fact added to my willingness to write this book. I am now seventy-six and in the best of health except the sniffles and an impairment in the vision of my right eye. I go to business every day. My mind is as good as ever and many who know this fact throughout the country consult me daily by letter or personal interview regarding zoning, official maps, platting and the drafting of new laws. I am not so good as others in the office on regular legal work but they all are kind enough to consult me. The office is the pleasantest place I know for a steady thing. Annie and Belle have been right in saying that I should not retire, partly for the sake of my own comfort and partly for the sake of theirs.

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