

Grandfather's
Memoirs



CAPT. A. M. SCOTT
RECORDER LOYAL LEGION
715 BOARD OF TRADE

ALEXANDER M. SCOTT

3462 KENWOOD AVE.

OFFICE PHONE, MAIN 1459
OLD PHONE, NORTH 1476

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Miss Helen Harris

Indianapolis, Ind. Nov. 18, 1918.

To My dear Grand Children: *Nene*

Please accept this little booklet as a token of my love and best wishes for your future welfare and happiness. Saint Paul Said "the preaching of the gospel was to the Greeks foolishness, and to the Jews a stumbling block".

If any Strangers or Greeks should read this little book they will probably say "foolishness" but I hope it will not be to any of my Grand Children a Stumbling Block. Having a few extra copies left I am giving them to some of my dear relatives or friends.

Grandfather Scott



ALEXANDER M. SCOTT, at 82

BRIEF FAMILY HISTORY

AND

MISCELLANEOUS MEMOIRS

OF A GRAND FATHER TO HIS
GRANDCHILDREN

BY

ALEXANDER M. SCOTT

CHAPTER FIRST

PREFACE

This is not an apology, but an explanation. In looking over some of my old papers one warm afternoon last summer I came across a typewritten copy of a letter I had written some six years ago to a dear old cousin of mine (one that had been one of my dearest boyhood playmates). The letter was written in reply to one I had received from him, in which he spoke about the quiet, uneventful life he had lived on a farm in western Iowa. And saying he understood that my life had been rather a busy one, somewhat connected with public affairs, etc., and requesting me to give him a brief sketch of my life since our separation, after our army services, etc.

I answered him at some length, giving him an outline of my life up to that date, etc. I had about forgotten about the letter till I dug it up as stated above. When I wrote that letter I had no thought of anyone ever seeing it except my cousin and his family but on reading it the thought came to me like this. If the things you have written to a cousin were of interest to him, would the same facts be of some interest to your grandchildren? I thought after reading this old letter over, well it looks like if you have not lived an illustrious life you surely have lived a rather industrious life and is not the useful or industrial life the better one to have lived. The thought kept recurring to me occasionally for several days, finally I decided to try. Print this original letter just as I had written it six years ago. With an adventure bringing the narrative down to 1918. And on further consideration of the subject the thought came to me, why not enlarge your subject a little and incorporate into your little booklet a brief historical sketch of your family history, ancestry, etc. And so I have bunched together, in a mixed up way, some incidents or memories of my childhood, my boyhood, my manhood

and my ripe old age, that may be of some little interest to my grandchildren and possibly to greatgrandchildren.

Result, this plainly told, plainly written little book I am not writing for pelf nor popularity; not one copy of the book will ever be sold by my consent. (All sales or copyrights reserved.)

I have compiled this as stated, simply as a little token or legacy to my grandchildren as I will have no other legacy to leave them. I give some simple incidents or recollections of childhood or boyhood days. Some family history, including some correspondence I have had with family relatives of my father, which I secured partly to satisfy myself and others that my paternal grandfather had served nearly seven years in the revolutionary war under General Washington, winning his way from private to a captaincy and also to prove my eligibility to membership in the Order of the Sons of the Revolution, etc. Some personal correspondence with different people on different subjects, etc., etc. These latter subjects will be of little interest or value to any one unless they develop some traits or characteristics in my character and work that I might not care to mention in other ways.

Finally to whosoever this little book may come I may say the above explanation, with the additional word the putting together of these statistics and reminiscent thoughts for 'tis mostly written from memory. It has given me some pleasure in gathering them into form during many quiet hours spent in my office here as Recorder of The Loyal Legion, a position of trust and honor I have filled the last eight years.

In putting together the recollections and incidents I have recorded for my grandchildren I want to say I have written nothing in malice toward my fellow man, for if any man has trespassed against me I have forgiven him his trespass even as I hope my trespasses have been forgiven. Some things said in articles I had written about war times and patriotism may sound a little harsh now for in the years from '61 to '65 our country was like a great family divided against itself. Now we are a united family helping to fight the greatest war in all time, battling for the Liberty, Christianity and Democracy of the world, and the battle will be won, for the cause of justice and right cannot go backward. We believe this will also be the last great world war, for

the time is surely coming "when nations shall learn to war no more; when the sword shall be beaten into the pruning hook." Surely it has been worth while to have lived in the century between 1825 and 1925. And finally if this little souvenir gives any pleasure to any one of my grandchildren in reading it, or if any one of them by reading it should gain any example or any inspiration that will help him or her to try to make their lives more useful and happy, then I shall have all the reward I wish for my labor of love.

GRAND FATHER SCOTT.

CHAPTER SECOND.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., March, 4, 1912.

Capt. R. A. Wills, Malvern, Iowa.

MY DEAR COUSIN: I was very glad to get your interesting letter of the 2nd inst., and note its contents. Yes, we are all getting old; 'tis a far cry back to the days when you and your brother Will and myself and brother Tom played and hunted ground squirrels and bird nests in the old sugar camp sixty-five years ago, but some of those days and incidents still remain fresh in my memory, at least I never forget those old time playmates, and am always glad to hear from any one of them, especially when the news is of the satisfactory nature. You and your good wife have had a longer lease on happiness together than fall to the lot of most men and women. You are nearing the half century mark of wedded life. And though like myself, you may have had some sorrows and some misfortunes along life's journey, yet, I think we have both had more of sunshine than of shadow, and have enjoyed many, many blessings in the country, we done what we could to save fifty years ago.

I am enjoying as good health (apparently) this last year and this winter as I have done at any time since coming home from the army, and I will be seventy-six years old if I live till the 23rd of March. My wife is in good health except rheumatism. She is quite lame in her legs this winter, has not been away from our home for six or eight weeks but with what help I can give her, we are doing our own cooking and housework except washing and ironing. My children and grandchildren are all in fairly good health, have fourteen grandchildren, two grandsons in college, two grandchildren in high school and the others except two youngest in public school. All bright and sound in mind and body, so far as I can judge. Brother John and his children live in this city (one son now in Los Angeles), John is eighty-two years old, fat and hearty, but a little clumsy. He and his only

daughter live together, his boys are married, his daughter never married.

You spoke about your official work, as not having much experience in that line of work, etc. Well, I guess you started in life with about the same educational advantages as I did without any training except the rudiments of the common school education as taught sixty years ago, both of us brought up on the farm but after you came back from your four years hard army service, you went back to the farm and enjoyed its outdoor work and rewards and when I came back from my three years in the army I was a physical wreck, not able to work on the farm, and so I had to find something else to do when I got able to go into business, and as you intimate I have had a somewhat varied experience in different lines of business and if I have acquired some little official knowledge I got at least part of it in the school of experience. And you know the saying is that fools won't learn in any other school.

I am in somewhat of a reminiscent mood this afternoon and have plenty of time. If you will not think it a little egotistide I might give you just a running epitome of my business life since coming home from the army. Just as memory calls it up now for I have no diary to draw from. In the Fall of 1864 (I got mustered out in May '64) I got well enough to do something so I took a job clerking in a store in Russellville, there I had to do a little of most everything from counting eggs and weighing bacon and feathers to keeping books and acting as deputy Postmaster. I had that job about a year then I bought a small stock of goods with one of my old company boys in Portland Mills. My partner hardly knew red flannel from brown muslin but we got along agreeably and after running the store a little over one year we sold it out and found on squaring up we had cleared about one thousand dollars each. My partner concluded he had enough store keeping and went west to grow up with the country in Nebraska *and he made good*. I concluded that possibly I could make a living about as well merchandising as any other way so I went to Ladoga and bought a half interest in a store there (with an uncle of my intended wife). I stayed in the business there nearly twenty years when my health broke down or nearly so,

and my doctor told me I would have to quit the business and get something easier or I might as well make my will. I had by this time accumulated about \$35,000, I had worked all these twenty years on an average of fifteen hours a day physical and mental both, and I realized the doctor was probably about right so I sold out at a sacrifice of several thousand dollars and after resting up about one year I was offered and accepted the cashier's position in a bank, the only one in the town. I knew as little about running a bank as Old Noah would have known about running an automobile, but I took the job; the president was an old farmer and of course was no help save as a safe honest counselor. I decided that if I could not make it pay big at least I would try to not loose much of its money. I just had a young boy or man for helper. Well we run the bank nearly twenty years and made fairly good money then you know what happened. My savings of forty years went out as it were in a night. I gave up about everything I had except household goods and sold part of them to get money to move to Indianapolis with. When my faithful, loyal wife and I landed here nearly seven years ago everything gone except faith and a clear conscience, I could see nothing in a financial way coming our way except my pension of \$24.00 per month, but the good Lord has promised to care for those who trust in him. Surely trust was all we had for a while but thanks to an ever kind Providence something has come back to us in a substantial way and we are now living close to if not actually on "easy street."

But now for a little retrospect replying to what you say about official or clerical business. When I came to look over my past life I must conclude that to a considerable extent it has been a rather strenuous life after all. Going back to this matter of experience I may say that I was an enthusiastic Free Mason, I have filled about all the offices in that order at different times and was Master of the Lodge eight or ten years. I have acted as Superintendent or teacher in some Sabbath School about all the time since coming out of the army. I was a member of the Sons of Temperance and the Anti-Saloon League of Ladoga. Was elder in the church the last thirty years (a member about fifty-five years) frequently went to the Presbytery or Synod and to the General As-

sembly of the Church to Saratoga Springs in 1884 and to Los Angeles in 1902. I made the race on the Republican ticket for the Legislature in 1876, the Democrats and Greenbacks united and beat me, but I run the other fellow so hard I guess it killed him, anyhow he died soon after he was elected; the Governor ordered another election, I ran again and was elected. I served the regular and a called session in 1897 and was renominated 1878 and the same combination that beat me in '76 beat me again. I was elected to the Legislature again in 1898 and 1900 serving both full terms, was Chairman of important committees. I was either a trustee or resident of the Board of the Ladoga Normal School while it lasted. I put up about \$2,000 in cold cash to try to make it go, *and it went to another town* and I was the principal defendant in a law suit concerning the title to the School property, and I was elected ten times three year terms as one of the town school trustees serving thirty years as such as treasurer of the Board, and I might about as well say I had to do most of the business of the board except elect teachers and look after buildings, etc. I contracted for all supplies, drew and paid out all moneys, etc., and was elected I think every time by a democratic board except once or twice. I helped organize a Lodge of K. of P.'s and filled the different offices several times. Was treasurer the last eight years I was in Ladoga. Was treasurer of a Gravel Road Company a few years, a director in a Building and Loan Association several years, a member of a State Bankers Association and attended many of their meetings. Have been a member of the Loyal Legion twenty odd years. attended three or four meetings per year. Have been the Recorder (the only salaried officer in it) nearly two years. Was a trustee of the Indiana State Soldiers' Home six years and Treasurer of the Board three years. Belong to the Knights Templars forty years and went with them to their triennial conclave fifteen years ago to Boston. Have attended three or four National Encampments of the G. A. R. and numerous State Encampments as delegate. Have attended three National Conventions of Republican party, visited my relatives in Iowa seven or eight times and those in Kansas three times, traveled some little in Canada, spent three months with my wife in Florida, two years ago. I was local correspondent for my County

Paper several years (my slander suit grew out of that), and have written quite a number of short articles for publication at different times.

Replying to what you say about politics you can't get any argument out of me about what you say about Cummins and LaFollette, I have little use for either of them. Think you size Cummins up about right, and LaFollette has about as much chance to be President as a snow flag would have (you know where). I hope to see Taft elected, I have no doubt but he will be nominated.

Since coming to Indianapolis six years ago, I have found it hard for an old man to get a job. One season I served as Dept. City Inspector of street and other work a few months, two years I assisted in taking the city enumeration of school children. Served as guard on the Soldiers Monument for nine months nine hours per day. Have done some weeks on Juries in City Superior Court. This largely covers my official work record. But I have been an active worker in political affairs in my County and State. I have entertained at my home many prominent men of the country, had at least one Vice-President, several Governors, several Congressmen and other officials or would-be officials, two or three Major Generals, one Admiral of our Navy and numerous other men of more or less prominence and hundreds of preachers and old soldiers and friends at my table.

I have traveled more or less in forty of the States in the Union from Maine to California and from the Lakes to Sunny Florida. I have shaken hands with all our Presidents since Lincoln except Cleveland, was in Washington twice during his administration but did not see him. I have had some acquaintance with every Governor of Indiana since 1860. I have raised a family of one son and four daughters as fine a family as anybody has raised in my opinion. I have written wills and acted as executor of wills, administered on and settled up many estates, have clerked for many sales, acted as guardian for several minor children, etc., handled millions of the State's and other people's money, made many dozen settlements with State officials, Courts and other officials, and have never had a settlement disputed nor a complaint made against me for graft or excessive charges. Have never

sued but one or two men in my business career (and they were trying to beat me out of my just dues), have never been a profitable customer for lawyers, have never sworn an oath, used tobacco in any form, have never been intoxicated or used but very little intoxicants, never gambled a nickel in my life. I never had a fist fight, I was never sued personally but once, that was for slander the fellow called it, but I simply told the truth; the fellow sued for five thousand dollars damage, he got just one hundred and he had to take a change of venue to another county, he would not risk trying his case in our own county, and he and I were good friends ever after and he died at the age of ninety-two recently.

I have been especially blessed in my family relations. The good Lord gave me when I was thirty years old the best woman he had in Montgomery County. I lived happily with her eighteen years and then the Lord took her. The only lonely times of anxiety I ever had was the three years when I had no wife and my children had no mother.

In 1886 the Lord gave me another woman the best one he had in the State. I have lived happily with her over twenty-five years. There has never been any family jars or a family skeleton in our house. I think I have seen as many happy days and as few sad ones as any man of my age in Indiana.

While, since coming out of the Army I have never had a real sound body or perfect health, yet in all these years I have not been confined to my bed with sickness as much as a week at any one time. If I live till the 23rd day of March I will be seventy-six years old, and yet after spending seven or eight hours in my office I can "hike" out and walk to my home over three miles away as quickly as the average man of fifty, and can then feed my chickens, sprinkle or mow my lawn and tend the flowers, etc., as the case calls for, eat three meals a day and sleep sound at night.

And now my dear cousin I hope you will not think I have written this long *speel* in any boastful spirit, but partly in reply to what you said about my experience in official work, etc., and partly because your letter put me in a reminiscent mood over our boyhood days.

I will be glad to hear from you any time you may find leisure to write me again.

P. S. I can't close this *short* letter without telling a little Army experience, briefly, 'tis this:

In 1862 when our Army and Navy captured Memphis, Tenn., after the City Officials officially surrendered and their rebel army had "skeedadalled" we found they still had a big rebel flag flying over the city on a big flag pole on the high bank of the river. My company was ordered to land and go out and take the flag down; when we got to the flag we found there was no way to haul it down—no way to get up to it. We had about sixty men in the company; before we could devise a way to get the flag down, we were surrounded by a howling swearing mob of men, women and children mad as satan and declaring the flag should not be cut down. They flourished pistols, knives, clubs and stones with which they threatened to kill any man who would try to climb the pole or cut it down.

The day was hot as "love in August." We went out about nine o'clock in the morning and stayed there till about one o'clock in the boiling sun hungry and thirsty, for the Major of our Regiment went with us and he claimed to have friends in the City and he would not let us cut the flag down until he had tried to reconcile the people to it some way, but the mob would not reconcile and finally we sent back to our boat, got axes and cut the pole down. Our men had hard work to keep back the mob (even with loaded guns) at the points of their bayonets, and when the pole fell they tried to make a rush to secure the flag but my captain and I were too swift for them, and we tore the flag off the pole and carried it back to our boat. Our Colonel was so well pleased with our work he gave the flag to our company and we have it yet hung out at every company reunion. Now comes the part of the story I want your opinion about.

It happens that our Regimental Reunions are generally held at Brazil, Indiana, and it happens that the Congressman from that district is a democrat and he has formed a warm friendship for his democratic friends from Memphis in Congress. It seems our Congressman has told his Memphis friend about this flag, etc. So at our Regimental Reunion last Fall we read a cordial invi-

tation to hold our next Reunion in Memphis, with the request that we return the old flag to the City in token of our forgiveness, etc. The Mayor of the City says his own mother helped make the Rebel flag with her own hands. They promise us old fellows who will bring the flag to them "The time of our lives," if we will come, etc. What do you say about it? Would you return the dirty old Rag?

ADDENDA JULY ,1918.

My dear old cousin answered the last roll call some four years ago. He was my junior some three years. As gallant a soldier as ever wore the blue. He served over four years in the war for the Union, fought his way from private to captain, followed the flag through more than thirty battles, less than a dozen of his hundred companions, who went with him came back with him.

My life has been spared until now I am past eighty-two and apparently in as good health as when I wrote the above letter. Am still Recorder of the Loyal Legion. In the political campaign of 1914 I was nominated as a candidate for the Legislature from Marion County. I had but very little idea of being elected, but party workers said they wanted the name of one old soldier on the ticket, and I was selected as the victim. I was elected by over five thousand majority, leading my legislative ticket. I served through the session of 1915 without missing a vote or a roll call during the session. While in Florida during the winter of 1916 I was again nominated and that fall again elected by over five thousand majority, served through the session of 1917 in my seat every hour of the session.

Grandma and I spent the winter of 1917 and 1918 in Miami, Florida, enjoying every day of our four months' stay in the "Sunny Southland," coming home April 8th, and I have attended a good sized "war garden," doing the planting and tending myself. We spent the month of June visiting our dear friends in Kansas and Iowa.

CHAPTER THIRD.

SOME MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

In one respect I was like Mark Twain, he said he was born at an early period of life. So was I so far as I know the resemblance went no farther than that. I was born in a log cabin near where the town of Russellville, Putnam County, Ind., now is located, in the family living and sleeping room. There was one large bed in each of the two back corners and under one of these was the trundle bed in which I slept until I was big enough to go up to the big attic with my older brothers. It was a large roomy, jolly place to sleep in mild weather, but in winter many times the snow would drift in through the clabboard roof, for there was no ceiling overhead and cracks between the logs were not always air-tight, but there was plenty of fresh air, and there was no light there except the twinkling stars.

I was the seventh son born to my father, I did not know this at the time, for some people think seven is an unlucky number. However if I made any kick about it there is no record to show it, the probability is I did plenty of kicking anyhow.

At one end of the family room, extending nearly half across the house was the big old fire place. Or, the sacred memories that cluster round the old "Home Fire," when all the family had done their day's work and all gathered round the big fire, and there was a bunch of us. Father and mother and some times the dear old grandmother (I never saw either of my grandfathers), my four older brothers, one older and one younger sister and brother and frequently a few neighbors, and somehow that old fire could keep everybody comfortable. And many nights the mother would be baking a big corn pone, or making a big pot of mush, and have the chimney crane hanging over the fire boiling the kettle of hominy at the same time. Boys were boys in those days, big boys and little boys, and as I had four bigger brothers, when company came my place was to go "away back and sit

down." Consequently I grew up a very bashful boy and of course this was a handicap put on me for life.

From the time I was ten or twelve years old as a school boy I generally had some dear little sweetheart in the school and it was always a happy day for me when I could take a big red apple from fathers' orchard and slip it to my sweetheart at play time. Always provided no other boy saw me give the apple. But early in life I realized that I never could be popular with the girls. I was not only bashful but I was left handed and awfully cross-eyed and was generally considered about the homeliest boy in the neighborhood, and I early discovered that if I ever got any where I must do it on my nerve, not on good looks. But I managed to get a good deal of fun and good times out of my boyhood days, notwithstanding my physical defects. I had a good sound body and a mind that enabled me to keep fairly well up in my classes at school. Such schools as we had. I learned my alphabet on a shingle with the letters pasted on. The first book I had was McGuffey's Speller. It took us from our A, B, C, up to spelling in four syllables and plain reading, such as was common printed books seventy-five years ago. Our schools never lasted more than three months in a year. Those months the three winter months. When spring came us boys all had to stay home to clear up the ground for crops. The first school house I ever went to was a log house with a big fire place across one end of the building. The only window was where one log was cut out and greased paper pasted over the sash for the light to soak through. We boys would carry a bucket of water from a neighboring spring each morning. The bucket was set in one corner of the school room with a gourd in it and all drank from that bucket and that gourd for that day. Sanitary, we never heard of sanitary in those days, but I suppose the survival of the fittest helped some of us get through our school days. And with our few books the teacher beat some very practical lessons into our heads. With some of us he would try to beat into us what we could not assimilate with a beech rod. I never got but very few lessons of the latter kind. I finally pretty thoroughly mastered Kirkham's grammar, and Ray's arithmetic. Could spell fairly well, but never could write a good hand. I suppose because

I was naturally left handed and my teacher would not let me write with my left hand and I have always been glad he did not. And so my school days were over without any high school flourishes. No graduating exercises. No books. No flowers. No new suits of clothes, etc. Simply quit and take up life's labor. But back of the school finish were the glorious boyhood sports and golden days of nutting, etc. My most intimate boy playmates were my brother Tommy and my two cousins Will and Bob Wills. Their father lived on an adjoining farm to father's, only a short quarter mile apart the two family homes. It was a long day when the two cousins and I did not get together for a play or to hunt rabbits, ground squirrels, bull frogs or bird nests. We had not heard of Jesse James and his gang nor of Buffalo Bill's wild west shows. Our weapons of war were the Indian bow and arrow or the David sling with the five Smith Stones. We had not been taught how wicked it was to shoot birds or to rob their nest when we found one.

Our big game was to find a possum in a pawpaw patch. And our big half holiday was when we would all go to "the old swimmin' hole," for a splurge. Frequently about going home time we would break up with a game of Tag. If you could touch the other fellow once, get away from him you got his tag. Well one of these occasions I have never forgotten. It was a tragedy. We had been playing out in an old field where the family geese had summered. Cousin Will had got my tag and was running for his home with I after him. Just as I saw I was about to loose him I happened to find an ancient goose egg on the ground. I grabbed it up on the run and just as Cousin Will was climbing over the fence I let drive at him with my gas shell. He had been running and his mouth was wide open. My bomb struck him square in the mouth. A large portion of the overripe goose egg went down his throat, the balance spread all over his clothes. Immediately he began to puke (as we called it then) and I think in five minutes he had thrown up everything down to his knee pants, and then some. I helped him to his home, scared almost to death, for his father was there and I supposed he would give me what I deserved, a good thrashing, but he did not and his good old mother did not even scold me for what I had done, but she

had to strip my cousin from head to foot and wash him and then wash all those awful stinking clothes. The whole circumstance, though started in fun, was not comedy it was tragedy. That was some seventy years ago. I suppose my cousin has forgiven me for the awful deed but in a correspondence with him for fifty years he never writes me without referring to that ancient goose egg.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

BOYHOOD MEMORIES.

I remember as well as if it happened a year ago, one night I stayed all night with my two cousins when I was probably about seven years old. We three slept in the trundle bed in the family room and after dear old Aunt Sally had gotten us quiet and thought we boys were all sound asleep, she came to our bed stooped down and kissed all three of us. I slept in the middle and had not gone to sleep. But time and tide waits for no man nor boy. And when we boys were some ten or twelve years old Uncle David Wills left Indiana with all his family to build a new home in Iowa. It was a sad day for me to loose these boyhood cousins and playmates. I have never forgotten them; have visited them in Iowa several times. The special visit was some time after all three of us had gotten home from the army. The two brothers had won the hearts of two lovely girls who were personal friends in the same town. They arranged to be married on the same day and of course I was invited to be present as best man. I went five hundred miles to that wedding. It was a happy event and as the novelist would say, "they all lived happily ever after," so long as life lasted. Cousin Robert died a few years ago. I met his widow and two daughters when visiting my old brother last June, and greatly enjoyed meeting them and talking over old times. Cousin Will is still living in Des Moines, Iowa. He and his wife celebrated their golden wedding some years ago. And I think I will send him a copy of this little book if I ever finish it.

Well, after my two cousins left me (my uncle had two other sons younger than the two I mention) the four brothers all went into the army during the rebellion. One gave up his life at Shilo; one was captured and suffered the horrors of Andersonville for months, but is still alive and quite a robust old vet. The fortunes of war threw Cousin Will and I to be in the same brigade in the

army for a year or two. When my two cousins left me I naturally stuck a little closer to my brother Tommy. He was two years older than me and as I recollect him he was the best boy and brother in all that country. He was just naturally a good boy. Everybody liked Tommy. (They tell me he was much like his mother in looks and disposition.) I liked him, too. I was not a bit jealous of him for I thought he was the finest brother any boy had. And as brother Hamilton would say "Tommy and Alex just grew up together like twin lambs." Our dispositions may not have been always lamb-like, for I had a high temper and was mad enough sometimes to fight him, but I had a wholesome respect for that good right arm he knew how to wield. But we played together, worked together many, many long days helping father clear up the farm, etc. We broke the colts to ride and to work. Sometimes broke a pair of calves to work as oxen. But our great times was when sugar-making time came round. Tommy and I cut and hauled the wood for the furnace and when boiling time came we hauled in the sugar water. Then father boiled it down and when sugaring off time came we had no Mr. Wycoff there to tell us just how many spoonfuls we might eat. No indeed, our good old father let us eat all we could, so long as it tasted sweet. Then when we had to go back to work he let us take a big lump of wax in our pocket to eat while we worked. I expect Tommy and I cut more trees and split more rails than ever Mr. Lincoln did, and yet the rail splitting never landed either one of us in Congress or the Presidency.

My mother died when I was about ten years old. I was not old enough to realize what an awful thing it is for a boy to lose his mother. I recollect how sad every one seemed around our home that day when mother lay there in the plain coffin with her sweet face surrounded by the ruffles of the white cap she wore, and the relatives gathered round to hear the last words of the preacher, etc.

One little tragedy in my life connected with my mother I have never forgotten; the incident was this way. One afternoon after hard playing I thought I wanted something to eat. I went to the house to ask mother for some bread and butter. No one was in the house so "like old Mother Hubbard I went to the cup-

board." I knew I was not allowed to help myself but decided to take a chance and in my hurry to get away I dropped some of the butter and bread on mother's clean kitchen floor and made a hasty exit to the back yard. When mother came to the kitchen and saw the muss I had made she called brother Tom and I in and asked who had been at the cupboard. Tommy promptly asserted his innocence (as he should) and to avoid a whipping I concluded to lie out of it and solemnly asserted my innocence, result Tommy and I both got a whipping, not a severe one but really what hurt me the most was that I had caused brother to get a whipping when he was innocent. Well I realized then and there that telling lies did not pay. It was the first and last lie I recollect of ever telling my father or mother. And in seventy-five years since that day I have found the best plan was to tell the truth. The devil has never tempted me very strongly along the line of lying, but I have had to fight him stiffly many times on other lines.

Well time and years passed after those events in my childhood. Our home life on the farm was happy though such times would be very monotonous to the average boy of these times. All went well with brother Tom and I for many years. The boys grew into young manhood. Tommy was good looking and popular with his schoolmates, especially the pretty girls. He was about the best speller in our county spelling bees. He could always get to escort home from spelling matches, singing school or a candy pulling some one of the pretty girls, while I had to stand and wait till the most of the party was matched and then take some plain wall flower home or go home by myself; but Tom appeared to retain a sound heart until he had passed his majority, then one winter a handsome blackeyed rosy cheek, rather plump young lady was engaged to teach our country school, and to me for some unsearchable ways of Providence, the young lady secured boarding at father's house. Result, when the blackeyed young lady looked into the blackeyed young brother's eyes the sparks began to fly and sparking began, resulting in a flame that has burned brightly more than half a century. I spent a few days (with grandma) with them last summer and they are living as happy in their Kansas home as two bugs in a rug. Tommy tells

his wife that she is the only sweetheart he ever had and Tom is like George Washington, he would not know how to tell a lie if he wanted to, but to me this is a great mystery for I have had sweethearts ever since I wore long pants, any number from one to two or three at a time. If it was anybody except brother Tommy telling me such stuff I would say he was not like G. W.

I have other brothers besides brother Tommy, all of whom I love and greatly esteem but none of them were so closely associated with me as was brother Tommy in boyhood. Brother Hamilton, my oldest, married and left the family home when I was ten years old. I have always thought he was the finest type of a high-toned Christian gentleman I ever knew. The fortunes of war threw him and I together (in brigade) for a year or two. Possibly I owe my life to him for he persuaded me to resign from the army and come home after five doctors had said I would not live through the summer of 1864 if I remained in the army. I have visited him about a dozen times since he moved to Iowa. The first time I made the trip in a covered wagon with three older men, camping out of nights. It took two weeks to make the trip each way. That was over sixty years ago. Hamilton is now over ninety-three years old, has been an elder in Presbyterian Church over sixty years. Brother John made his home at fathers till he got married, when about twenty-seven years old (I believe). He was my big brother, of fine physique. A rather handsome man of which fact he probably was aware for like brother Tom, he seemed to be popular with the fair sex. The first work of consequence I ever done away from home was done for brother John at the carpenter's trade. We worked twelve hours a day, or from sun to sun and I thought I was getting fair wages at fifty cents per day, hard work it was too. Brother James was one of triplets my mother presented father some five years before I was born. He was never very rugged or stout so father put him out to learn the tailor's trade when just a lad. He married before he was twenty-one, raised a fine family of five boys and three daughters, and died when about sixty-five years old. Everybody loved Uncle Jimmie, as he was called. His son Tom served as a page in the Indiana Legislature when I was a

member in 1877, and he still takes some pride in telling about the time he served with uncle in the Legislature. He made his home with me as a clerk in my store several years and is a fine prosperous business man at this writing. Brother James' twin brother died in infancy, the other one of the triplets, sister Margaret, lived the beautiful Christian home life till two years ago, dying at the ripe old age of eighty-four. My brother William died thirty-four years ago, leaving one son, George H. Scott, a prosperous business man of Rockville, Indiana. My sister Martha died in Boone County some thirty odd years ago, leaving two sons now living in Oregon. My youngest sister now lives in the State of Kansas. She has been a widow many years. She has three daughters and two sons-in-law for family. Her mother died when she was a few months old. She grew up the beloved child of a big family, but like myself she was specially blessed with one of the best stepmothers any children ever had or deserved. I may have occasion to speak of this sister in another chapter of this family history. Referring back to childhood days I may say that my father in those days carried on what was called a wheelright shop, where he and my older brothers made big and little wheels, reels, chairs, bedsteads, tables, desks, plow-frames, sleds, etc. They made the little wheels by the wagon load and hauled them to Rockville and other towns and traded them for domestic goods, salt, etc. To turn the articles needed they had built an old-fashioned horse mill. It was run by one horse going round and round furnishing the motive power. And the first money I ever made was to drive the old horse for the munificent sum of one cent per day. But I was glad to get the job. It did not come every day. It was pretty fine riding on the pulley rail for the first hour or two with no back rest nor any cushion to set on, but it got pretty monotonous after ten or twelve hours. But I was bound to get that penny and I stuck to my job. I dared not go on strike for some other boy would have been glad to get my job.

In the fall of 1860 I was working at the carpenter's trade getting one dollar per day. One evening as I came home through Portland Mills, a Mr. Spencer, who was keeping a store there asked me if I would like to clerk in his store. Said he could only

give me ten dollars per month and board and washing. It did not look very much like business to quit a dollar a day job for a ten per month. I told Mr. Spencer I would think over it and let him know the next day. I went home and asked my father about it (I never got too old to ask my father's advice while he lived, I was twenty-four then). Father advised me to accept the position. I did so and continued with Mr. Spencer till the war broke out the next spring; and that change of business probably changed the whole of my life work. About a year after I came home from the army this Mr. Spencer died and I and one of my army comrades bought the little store and ran it one year, then we sold it. Had cleared about one thousand dollars each in the year. My partner went west to grow up with the country and I went into business in Ladoga.

CHAPTER FIVE.

SOME TALK ABOUT BOYHOOD.

For my youngest grandson, Andrew Jackson Daugherty.

Jack you know something about what it is to have one big brother who thinks he has the right to tell you "where to get off," but Jack just think what your grandfather had to take when a boy like you with four big brothers to tell you, where to get on. You did not need to tell them that you were "from Missouri." There was always at least one or two of the big brothers around to show you. No a man never gets old enough to forget some of the events of his childhood days. But with all the little rebuffs we get in childhood, still they were our happy, free from care days. As Jim Riley says it was like being "out at Old Aunt Marys," all the time. But Jack they do say that you were a great feller to get into scraps and that you could stand more hard bumps and hard falls than most any boy and yet you were always game, hardly ever squealed or cried, but like the prize fighter you took your punishment gamely, and when you did not get knocked clear out of the ring you would come up smiling for another bout.

Thinking of these boyhood days of yours, Jack, made me think well maybe Jack would be interested if I would tell him about some of my boyhood bumps, etc. Of course no one else will read this chapter, it's just for you.

They tell me when I was only a few months old my sister was sitting before the big fire place holding me on her lap and she let me roll off right onto a pile of live coals on the hearth, result, burning a big blister on the back of my neck. The big scar has been there ever since. Bump No. One.

Of course I made a vigorous kick at the time, but my sister was only about five years old at the time and I forgave her. From that time on things commenced coming my way. I think I had about all the diseases that childhood was subject to in those days. Mumps, measles, whooping cough, chicken-pox, tonsilitis,

scarlet-fever, chills and fever or ague, the itch, Wabash scratches, etc., besides I don't know how many different kinds of lice. Of course, we always caught these diseases and insects from the other boys at school. But brother Hamilton, my oldest brother, first caught the measles and pretty soon all my other brothers and sister had 'em. When they all got about well and I had not taken them I began to hope there was not enough measles to go round such a big family, but alas when they did hit me they hit me hard as most everything else seemed to hit me in those days.

Then one day I was playing on the ice with my cousins when my feet went up and I went down, striking my forehead on some sharp ice or something cutting a big gash on my forehead, and I have carried that scar all my life. Bump No. 2.

The next one I remember when about ten years old, was one Christmas morning brother Tommy and I got up before daylight and went out for play, in a friendly bout, with snowballs. Tom put a rather solid one square on the ball of one of my eyes with such force that I went down in a faint (the only time I ever fainted in my life as I remember). When I came to Tommy was trying to carry me back to the house. I guess he was scared worse than I was hurt. One day father sent me up into the barn loft to put down hay for the horses. We poked the hay through a hole in the loft floor. I got careless and fell through the hole lighting on my back and head. I thought at first I was killed, but 'tis evident now I was not.

One day us boys went to the woods to play. We had an axe and our bows and arrows. We did not have much luck shooting birds or ground squirrels, so we concluded to play at coon hunting. They decided I must climb a tree and they would cut the coon tree. I selected a pretty nice tall sapling and cooned up it about twenty feet, then the other boys chopped the tree down. It was fun for the boys but it was rough on the coon. We had expected the limbs and leaves on the tree would make it hit the ground so easy the fall would not hurt the coon, but it struck the ground with a rebound that knocked all the wind out of the coon for a few minutes. In those days we let our cows run at large in the big woods. We kept a bell on one cow so when us boys went after the cows we could locate them by the tinkling

of the cow-bell. But we did not bell our horses. One day my father told me to go to the big woods pasture and drive up the horses. I found them at the farthest corner of the farm, so I concluded if I could catch Old Dolly I could ride her home without a bridle and the others would all follow. So I got on Old Dolly's back and by slapping her first on one side of the head and then on the other side I finally got her started for home. But the flies were bad and the younger horses started to run with Dolly and I in full chase. A merry ride I thought I was having. All went well till we got where the horses had to turn into the lane for the barn. I had neither saddle nor bridle to hold to or check the old mare, and as she made a short turn to get through the gate I went on with a somersault that landed me in a fence corner on my back and head. When I found myself there was no horses in sight and when I got to the barn my father wanted to know why I was so long getting home after the horses had come in. It appears I must have lain there some half hour or longer.

My father had the best apple orchard in the neighborhood. When I was about eight years old there was one forked apple tree that had nice early apples on one day. I concluded to climb up the tree and get some of those early apples. My father did not allow us to knock the apples with clubs but did not care how many we ate or gave to our neighbor boys. Well I got pretty well up the tree when my hold slipped and I slipped down the tree, my head somehow got into the forks of the tree so tight I could not get up nor slip down. I hung by my head in a tree. Jack if you will read your Bible through carefully you will find a story of a big boy who got hung in a tree by the hair of his head, and some son of a gun came along and found him hanging there and killed him. Mean, cowardly trick don't you think. Well nobody killed me, but when they heard my yells they came and helped me out of a very uncomfortable position. One time a big rain came and filled up the creek so we boys all went for a frolic in the old swimmin' hole. I could not swim, and not realizing how much the creek was up, I soon got in over my head and down I went. The bigger boys got me out some way before I drowned.

Tommy and I broke the wild colts to ride and several times the bucking bronchos threw me over their heads. Hard falls but not fatal. We just got up and on them again.

The first wedding I remember being at was at my Uncle David Wills. I was about eight years old. Uncle's oldest daughter was to be married. Well on those days the kin folks and neighbors were invited. A big dinner was prepared. Several kinds of pies were baked generally, a turkey or two and chickens and roasted hams, etc. Lots of preserves and good things were set out on the long table, but what I never forgot about that big dinner was a big bowl of baked custard and a big cake about as big as a big dish pan. Well us boys got a peep at the big dinner and how our mouths did water for some of that bowl of custard and the big cake, but in those days the older folks sat down to the first table and us little boys had to wait for the second or third table, and we were awfully afraid that there would be no cake or custard for us boys. But dear old Aunt Sally seen to it that we boys got our share of cake and custard. We boys went barefoot about nine months out of the year. Father made all our shoes in those days. Big rough, strong shoes. How do you think your sisters Anna and Matilda and cousin Nellie would like to wear that kind of shoes today. Made out of regular cowhide leather, came up to the ankle and tied with a leather shoe lace cut from the same side of leather the shoes were. But we were glad to get even that kind in those days. I remember when sister Margaret was about fifteen years old her and I walked one day about five miles to visit at one of our uncle's. I went barefoot and sister carried her shoes and stockings in her hand till we got near our uncle's then she washed her feet and put on her stockings and shoes.

The first Sunday School brother Tom and I ever went to was at Russellville in the Methodist Church. We walked through the woods two miles barefooted. I remember my mother sending brother and I to Russellville one day with about ten dozen eggs in a basket. She told us to buy a fine comb and a redding comb with the eggs if they would pay for them. Well old Mr. Durham, the store keeper gave us only three cents a dozen for eggs and charged us thirty cents for the starter and catcher. When brother and I would boil sugar water of nights for father, we could generally go by the barn and get a dozen or two of eggs and boil them in the sugar water, as we wanted to eat them, and sometimes

if some neighbor boys were to be with us we could sneak an old hen from the barn and have a hen roast.

One of my bad bumps was when a big boy brother Tom and I were going to school about two miles from home. One very cold morning the fresh fallen snow was nearly two feet deep. We started out all right. We soon started up a rabbit. We found the rabbits could not run in the deep snow, so we had some fun catching two or three rabbits and hiding them in hollow stumps where we could get them as we came home in the evening. We got to school a little late and found our feet were frozen almost solid in our boots. Some of the neighbors had to take us home and I suffered with the effects of that rabbit hunt with sore heels and toes for ten years.

Those were happy boyhood days. We had lots of fun and did lots of hard work. I remember brother and I played with a real Indian tommyhawk. It was made of steel with a sharp, narrow blade with a steel socket where the hammer usually is. We would practice throwing it and sticking it in trees. Brother Tom got to be almost an expert with it as the Indians were. He could stand off twenty or thirty feet and throw it and make a hit nearly every time, but unfortunately we lost the Tommyhawk or some boy stole it. I would give a corner lot in Kansas if I had that old curio. Our maternal grandfather got the weapon in the battle of Londys Lane, in the War of 1812. An Indian threw it at my grandfather but did not hit him and they do say grandfather got the Indian, and grandfather had given the weapon to my mother.

One time brother John and I got into a friendly scuffle. He was too heavy for me. Shoved me back till I stepped in a hole and I went down with the small bone of my leg broken. I was out of commission for several weeks; could only go on crutches. I quit that kind of play.

One Christmas day I got in cousin Henry Miller's wagon to ride out to my father-in-law's to eat Christmas dinner with my folks. The horses got scared at something, run off and threw me out on the frozen ground breaking my wrist. You have seen my crooked arm a thousand times. Soon after your grandma and I moved to Indianapolis, thirteen years ago, I slipped on an icy porch one day bruising one of my legs badly. It soon swelled

up, got awfully sore. I could not walk even on crutches. The doctor had to cut a big hole in my leg to let out the bruised blood. Your uncle, George Brewer, rented a house for us near their home. He carried me out bodily one day to the carriage and moved us to our new home. And so Jack I have had a good many pretty hard bumps during my eighty-two years. But the good Lord has been good to me and he will to you. So don't get discouraged.

IT'S LIFE.

"If your plans go wrong, as they sometimes will,
And the hours seem long as you climb the hill,
Remember my boy 'tis a part you play,
You'll find in the end a brighter day,
It's life."

If the other fellow gets the best of you in a fight or a foot race forgive him.

If you go home with revenge in your heart and you lay awake at night thinking how you are to get even with him, it will hurt you worse than it will him. Don't worry. When you settle down to your business for life, when you leave your office or store for home at night, leave the business in your office, don't take it home to your wife.

Don't use cuss words. Swearing is to my mind the most inexcusable, useless habit a boy can acquire. The good book tells us that "a soft answer turneth away wrath." If a boy cusses you don't reply to him in that kind of language or you put yourself in his class.

If a fellow tells you to go to hell you don't have to take advice from him and he can't send you to hell. The man that goes there takes himself there. The man that tells you to go there has not been there and no man comes back from there. So no one can give you a way-bill how to go, and no man can escape the responsibility of his own life's work. Every one must give an account of his life in this world.

The State of Indiana on April 2nd, 1918, knocked down over six thousand signboards to hell when the State went bone dry, and the people of Indiana will never allow these signs to go up again.

CHAPTER SIX.

MISCELLANEOUS MEMOIRS

My education in the school house was limited to the country school, as it was conducted prior to the adoption of our new State Constitution in 1853, although I may have attended one or two short terms after 1853. But I have always felt the handicap of the lack of a more liberal or college education.

In the schools of those times little except the common or rudimentary ideas were taught. No thought of teaching the boy to study with an idea of fitting himself for any special calling or profession in life. And so when I quit school a boy of twenty, I was a happy-go-lucky fellow, taking little thought of my future plans in life. Just living happily at home with my father's family. I saw all my older brothers and two sisters choose their life mates and strike out to build homes for themselves and their future children. Two of my brothers married before they were of lawful age to choose a wife or to vote. But marriage is said to be a lottery and in the case of my brothers and sisters they all seemed to draw prizes that satisfied them. And when the Civil War came on I was twenty-five years old. I had had my love affairs but none of them had been fatal. The ladies I might have wanted to marry did not look kindly on my attacks on their hearts. And those who might have encouraged my suit from some cause never quite filled my ideas. I wanted, if I married, to do as well as my older brothers. I learned while in the army that the battle is not always won by front or direct attack, but as General Grant would say by strategy or a flank movement. And so I went into the army a single man and did not marry until near thirty-one. After coming home from the army our folks did not think I would live six months, but here I am writing these memories at eighty-two and a half, and in better health than fifty years ago.

I was a natural born farmer but I did not think, and my folks did not think I would be able to make a successful farmer. So after a years' rest I decided to try my luck as a merchant. I secured one of my soldier companions for a partner and we se-

lected about the smallest little town in our vicinity and started a little store. I had saved about one thousand dollars of my army salary and my partner, James Ratcliff, raised about the same amount. We couldn't buy any big stock with that capital, for goods were even higher then than they are now in 1918. But we were willing to be satisfied with small profits and hard work. And with that small beginning I guess my future work was settled for twenty years.

In the fall of 1866 I bought a half interest in a store in Ladoga. And for the next twenty years I think I averaged fifteen hours work every day except Sundays. I often worked till near midnight, marking goods or posting books, writing letters, etc. With a partner only part of the time, we built up a trade from eight or ten thousand a year to fifty-five or sixty thousand per year. In December, 1866, I was married to Miss Matilda Miller, the daughter of a local Methodist preacher. And all my children were born and raised in Ladoga.

But I did not start this chapter with the idea of telling of my business successes or failures. It is an old adage that "all things come to him who waits." To my thinking, this is as false and misleading an idea as any boy or man can acquire. I would rather reverse the saying and say "nothing comes to him who waits." I realized early in my business career that if I got anywhere or anything I must *go after it*. So, when I began my life work as a merchant, I decided to go after the business. I studied my customers and tried to please. I used printers' ink as freely as I thought advisable. I even flattered the ladies and kissed their babies and handed out candy, nuts, etc., to the children. I always thought candy given to the children was about the best invested capital I had, for the next time the mother would come to town with her kids they were pretty sure to say to their mother, "Mamma, let's go to Mr. Scott's store; he always gives us candy."

After I had worked hard in my store some ten years, I decided I would like to extend my acquaintance somewhat over the State. I always took to politics as naturally as a duck takes to water, so I concluded I would like to go to the Legislature and I went after the nomination and got it.

None of my political friends insisted on bringing me out; the salvation of the State did not require me to make the personal sacrifice of my time and business. I went after the position of my own volition. Well, I got the nomination; that was for Joint Representative of Montgomery and Park counties. I, of course, had to get out among the dear people and do some campaigning. The business was new to me and, as the boys say, I was easy. One day I was in a little mining town in Park county, Nyeville. I made inquiry for a man I was acquainted with in the town. Some one told me he thought I would find my friend in *that little grocery* on a certain corner. I walked right into the said grocery and found it was nothing but a commonest kind of a saloon. There were a lot of fellows setting around. After passing my cards, some fellow said: "Well, Captain, ain't you going to set 'em up." I said, "Gentlemen, I don't drink and don't often treat, but I will set up good cigars for the crowd," and I did and got out in good shape, the men wishing me good luck. That was the only time I was ever in a saloon, campaigning. I lived in Ladoga with saloons all around for forty years, but never let either business or politics get me into one of these saloons. That election was in 1876.

Twenty-two years later, in 1898, I decided I would like to go back to the Legislature and serve a term in the State House I had voted to build. Well, as before, none of my friends insisted on me becoming a candidate, but I went after it and got it. And served that term, 1899, was re-elected in 1900 and served in the session of 1901. And elected member of Legislature in Marion county in 1914 and again in 1916.

My experience in the State Legislature gave me a wide acquaintance with politicians and public men, not only of my own State, but a good many prominent men over the country. I have rubbed up against, Presidents, U. S. Senators, Congressmen, generals and privates from President to peasant. And while I have realized my lack of a college or high school education it has not been embarrassing to me to meet those more fortunate in that way than I was. I felt that I was made out of as good *mud* as any of these gentlemen. And I may say, with very few exceptions, they have given me as courteous

treatment as I deserved. I will give one incident to illustrate. When President Arthur was swinging around the country with an idea of a nomination to succeed himself, his train was to pass through Ladoga one day from Crawfordsville to Greencastle. I wrote him a personal letter, requesting him to stop his car for a moment or two in Ladoga as it passed through our town, that our people were very anxious to see the President. I got no reply to my letter, but at the hour his train was to pass through Ladoga there was a large crowd at the depot to see the President, but the train went through with a rush; no stop. About a year after that, I was in the Capitol and wanted to see the President. I had a friend there in the Pension office, Will Brown, of Ladoga, an old soldier. He was taking a day off to show me around the city. And I told him I wanted to see the President. Brown told me it would be impossible to get to see the President, as that was a closed day at the White House and no visitors were admitted for any cause on that day. I said, "Well, let us try for it." Brown protested that it was no use to go to the White House; that the police would not give us a look-in, but I went. A big policeman met us at the door, told us no visitors were admitted on that day. I said to him, "Will you please take my card to the President?" He reluctantly took my card. I wrote on it: "A live Hoosier is in the city for one day only and he would like to see a live President." In a very short time the policeman came back, opened up the big door and invited me in. He took me directly up stairs to the President's private room. A knock on the door; the President came, opened the door, held out his hand and gave me as cordial a handshake as Lew Shank could have done. He invited me to take a seat, but I declined, telling him I had no special business, only to see him. He recalled the Ladoga incident; said he requested the committee to stop the train, but they declined, saying the train was already behind schedule. President Arthur, I think, was the handsomest man that has ever sat in the President's chair. Mr. Brown told me before I saw him that the President was an "Aristocrat and an Autocrat." I did not size him up that way. He had a magnificent physique. His large hands were as white and soft as a lady's. This incident was simply another case of going after what you want.

It reminds me of a little story I heard years ago about an old darkey who had been a slave before "de wah." He was talking in a 'Sperience Meetin' about faith without works, and said: "Brethren, jes befo' Thanksgiving last yeah, I began to pray every night to the good Lord to send old Remus one of my old massey's fine turkeys for my Thanksgiving dinner. Well, I just kep on prayin' and prayin', but no turkey, so, two nights befo' Thanksgivin' I just prayed and prayed 'Deah Lord, I just must have one of de master's turkeys,' so dat night while I thought I was asleep some angel or sutthen seemed to say to me, 'Well, Remus, if you alls wants one of old massey's turkeys why you just go after it.' And de nex mornin' bredren, der was a mighty fine turkey in my chicken coop. I tells you, bredren, you must work as well as pray."

Referring to my Legislative experience, will say that during 1899 the Republicans had a majority in the House for the first time for seven years. And the watchword was economy, show the Democrats how to run the State economically, etc. At that time the Soldiers' Monument Commission had been asking for an appropriation to complete the monument. The foundation and main shaft were built, but the commission asked for an appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars to complete the work—sculpture and ornamentation work, etc. When the appropriation committee brought in their report they had cut out the request for the monument. This report made some of the old soldiers indignant. Myself and one other soldier made a count of soldiers and found we had *seventeen* and we went on strike. We demanded to know why our monument appropriation was cut out. We were told it was in the interest of economy and the good of the party, etc., and the committee had decided that the monument *could wait*. We seventeen old soldiers promptly told Mr. Chairman that we supposed the monument could wait, but we wanted to see the monument completed before we were all dead, and we proposed to let the committee wait a good while before they would get their bill passed if they did not put the monument appropriation back in the bill. The committee knew they could not pass their bill without our votes. So they called a meeting of their committee and the next morn-

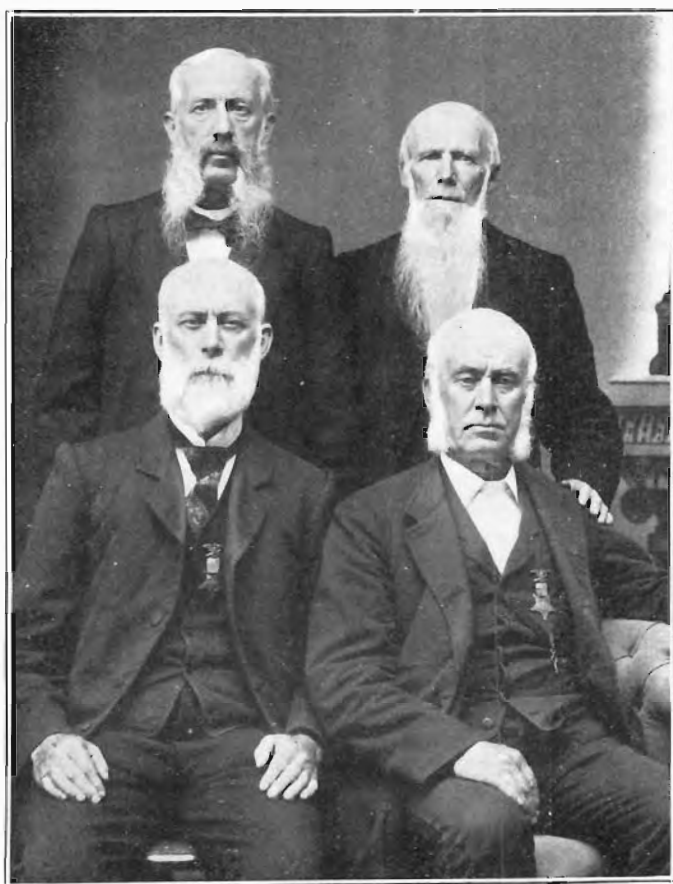
ing the bill came up with the hundred thousand appropriation in it and it passed all right. In the session of 1915 the Democrats had a big majority in the House. The Speaker, Mr. Bedwell, was as fine a little gentleman as one could wish for a speaker, only, of course, he was a Democrat, a fair and impartial presiding officer.

When he was making up his committees, of course, no Republican expected a chairmanship, but he came to me and said: "Captain, I am going to break all precedents and appoint you chairman of a committee. Of course, I was surprised and began to feel my importance. I said: "Well, Mr. Speaker, I thank you for the honor and shall be very glad to assist you in any way I can." He replied: "I have appointed you chairman of the Committee on Ministers, and your duties will be to secure a minister to open the session with prayer every morning and when you fail your duty will be to make the opening prayer yourself," etc. Well, I had a minister promise to be on hand every morning, but some few were tardy. I only had to serve a few mornings, and two or three times the Lieutenant-Governor invited me to open the Senate. The only compliments I received from the members was that my prayer was short.

Speaking of compliments reminds me of one I got during my first session, 1877. The morning paper one morning speaking about the personnel of the House, said that Capt. Scott was one of the best dressed men in the House. As I recall, my outfit at that time was this, I wore a long, double-breasted black frock coat, black cloth pants, a double-breasted white vest, a fine silk plug hat, a standing collar that stood up about the top of my ears, with about a yard and a half of black silk tied in a big bow around my neck and sported black kid gloves and a gold-headed cane. If I would appear on the streets of Indianapolis in same dress today I would be taken for advance agent for a colored vaudeville show or for Abe Martin. It's a long hark back to the styles of 1875, when Governor Williams actually wore his blue jeans suit while Governor, but he was one of "God's noblest work, an honest man." In May, 1884, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church met in Saratoga Springs, New York. I concluded I would like to go as one of the com-

missioners from Crawfordsville Presbytery. I *went after* the place and won over many aspirants. I had a fine trip and greatly enjoyed my outing. Our Ladoga pastor, Rev. Fyffe, was with me. We stopped en route at Niagara Falls for a day. A newspaper reporter interviewed Rev. Fyffe and I by saying to me: "I can always select the minister from the elders, and I see your elder (point to Rev. Fyffe) is quite a young-looking man for an elder." I modestly explained to him that for once he did not make a good guess. I suggested to Rev. Fyffe that we exchange hats, and he wear my silk hat and let me wear his soft hat, but he thought my gray side-whiskers would still give me the better ministerial appearance. We visited historical places, among them Mount McGregor, where General Grant died, returning home via a steamer ride down the beautiful Hudson river, past the Palisades and West Point National Army School.

Eighteen years later, 1902, the General Assembly was to be held at Los Angeles, California. So I thought, well here is your chance to see the great West, but sticking to my motto, "if you want anything, go after it," I went after the place on the Crawfordsville Presbytery. I had attended Presbytery so often I was somewhat acquainted with many of our preachers and elders. I wrote letters to several of these, telling them I was an aspirant to go as commissioner to Los Angeles, etc. When the Presbytery met, President Tuttle, of Wabash College, put me in nomination for commissioner and I was elected on the first ballot. Grandma went with me and we sure enjoyed the greatest trip of our lives. We traveled the West Coast from Redlands, California, to Seattle, Washington. Some years prior to this trip we had gone with the Knights Templar via the Thousand Islands and the Rapids of the St. Lawrence river to Montreal, Canada, thence through all the New England States to Boston and back via New York and Washington City. Surely a great trip, never to be forgotten. We have made several trips through the southern States, have traveled some in all the States, I think, except Texas, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Arizona and South Dakota.



Top—Alexander M. Scott
Bottom—John M. Scott

James T. Scott
David H. Scott

CHAPTER SEVEN

FAMILY HISTORY

January 16, 1911.

ALEXANDER M. SCOTT, Esq.,

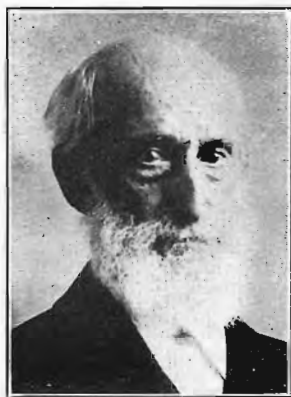
Room 715, Board of Trade Bldg.,

Indianapolis, Ind.

MY DEAR SIR:

I have your letter of January 14th, and am very glad indeed to hear from you and I am very ready to give you any information upon the subject which is within my knowledge. I am a son of John Scott, who was United States Senator for Pennsylvania from 1869 to 1875. My father died in 1896. I remember hearing him say that when he was elected to the Senate in 1869 he had heard from a gentleman in the West, who inquired whether my father was the son of a certain John Scott, describing my grandfather, and that if he was, his correspondent was his half-uncle. They had some correspondence on the subject, and I believe satisfactorily established the fact of the relationship. My grandfather, John Scott, was in Congress in Pennsylvania in 1828-1830. He was born in Adams county, Pennsylvania, just below Gettysburg, about 1790. His father was David Scott, who was the oldest son of the original settler, John Scott, who, about 1740 settled on Marsh Creek, just below Gettysburg. The original deed calls the farm "The Plantation Rosenhill," and it is now what is known as the "Pascoe Farm" on the Battlefield of Gettysburg. About twenty-five years ago, I had occasion to be in that part of the country on business, and at my father's request I looked up the real estate records prior

to 1800. Adams county, in which Gettysburg is located, was cut off from York county in 1800, so that the records prior to 1800 are in York. I found a complete partition proceeding, which gave the entire family of the original John Scott. David Scott, being the oldest son, had the right of choice and he took the old farm in the partition proceedings at the appraisement. One of the younger sons was James Scott, who was the grandfather of Col. Thomas A. Scott, who was Assistant Secretary of War and afterwards president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. My father, for many years prior to his death, had been the general solicitor of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and



Thomas Newton Scott, at 85

for many years closely associated with Col. Thomas A. Scott, but without any knowledge of any relationship between them.

The original John Scott died in 1788 or 1789, and the partition proceeding of which I speak followed shortly afterwards. Soon after its completion, David Scott sold the farm and moved to Huntingdon county, Pennsylvania. He had married in Adams county, Sarah McCreary. He lived in Barre township, Huntingdon county, and laid out there a town called Bellisle, a plan of which is recorded in 1791 in Huntingdon county and also

certain conveyances of lots in the town. This scheme was evidently not successful, and according to our information he removed from Huntingdon county to Butler county, Pennsylvania, about 1800. My grandfather, John Scott, remained in Huntingdon county until his death, September 22, 1850.

My father died, as I have stated, in 1896. Some few years before his death, he had written out a lot of biographical memoranda, from which I am taking the information which I am giving to you. I do not find in this memoranda any reference to military service of John Scott during the Revolution, although the name is so common that it would be hard to locate, and I do not think father really made any investigation on that score. As I have said, David Scott's first wife was Sarah McCreary, and it is stated that William McCreary, her father, was a wagonmaster in Washington's Army, and at the time of Braddock's defeat heard the high words which passed between Washington and Braddock, and afterwards drove his wagon train over Braddock's grave to conceal it from the Indians. The children of David Scott's first marriage were John Scott, born December 25, 1784, my grandfather, and Deborah Scott, who married James Maguire, and William Scott, who died of accident.

About 1793, David Scott married a second time, Jane Ramsey, and their children were David R., Alexander and Margaret, according to my father's memoranda. We have always understood that David Scott, as I have said, went to Butler county with his second family about 1800, but we have no knowledge of the second family except in the correspondence which took place between my father and your father, as I presume, about 1869. Possibly you may find this correspondence. I imagine that father's memoranda, from which I have quoted, as to the children of David Scott's second marriage was, in all probability, made from information which he had from your father.

I am sending you under separate cover a copy of father's memoranda, from which you may take such information as is interesting to you, and I will be obliged then if you will return it to me. Father's handwriting was rather difficult, and my typewriter in making this copy has made a number of mistakes, many of which I have corrected in pencil.

I am very glad indeed to have heard from you, and will be glad at any time to meet you. Can you give me any more definite information as to when and where David Scott died and where he is buried? There is no doubt in my mind from what you say and from the facts I have in father's memorandum that it was with your father that he had the correspondence in 1869. I remember my father saying that his correspondant told him that he had six sons and daughters married and settled throughout the Middle West, and that he had just returned from what he thought would, in all probability, be his last trip among them. Your statement that your father died in 1870 would indicate that his apprehensions were well-founded. In any event, the facts all so fit in that I have no doubt that we are of the same blood. You will see by my father's memorandum that there was a large family of us. Seven are still living. My oldest brother, William, was a law partner of John Dalzell, of Pittsburgh, and after Mr. Dalzell's retirement when he went to Congress; was at the head of the firm of Dalzell, Scott & Gordon, until his death about five years ago. My brother Walter was a lawyer in Colorado and died there about three years ago, and my brother Alison, a prominent physician here, died in the Fall of 1909.

I do not have any memoranda showing David Scott's service during the Revolution. He must have been born prior to 1768, inasmuch as he was of age in 1789, when he took title to the real estate, so that he may have served during the Revolution. If you get any information on this score, I would be very glad

to have it, and would be glad also to know whether you have any family Bibles or other family records which would add in any way to the information I have. Much that is in my father's memoranda, of course, does not interest you especially, but I send it to you for what it is worth, and you can let me have it back at your convenience. I notice that you are the Recorder of the Loyal Legion in Indiana. My son is thinking of applying here for membership in the Loyal Legion, to which I think he is eligible through maternal grandfather, Henry D. Landis, who was Captain of a Battery Recruit in Philadelphia and also, collaterally, through his maternal grand-uncle, Gen. John F. Reynolds, who was killed in the first day's fight at Gettysburg. My wife is a niece of Gen. Reynolds, and our boy bears his name. You can probably tell me whether under the rules of the order he would be eligible.

With kindest regards and my assurance that I will be very glad indeed to hear further from you,

Very truly yours,

JOHN SCOTT, JR.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., 715 Board of Trade Bldg.,

January 19, 1911.

HON. JOHN SCOTT, JR.,

Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR SIR:

I am in receipt of your esteemed favor of 16th inst., and I want to assure you I greatly appreciate your effort to give me the information I wanted. In addition to reading your letter, I have read every line of biographical history written by your father and was much interested in the same. I am satisfied there is no doubt that the same Scotch Irish blood flows in my veins that does in your family.

I am satisfied that the David Scott you mention was my

paternal grandfather, for my father's name was Alexander and his older and only full brother's name was David, and his only sister's name was Margaret. I had the impression that my grandfather's name was John, but I guess that was my father's grandfather.

I will state briefly that some family given names seem to run through all this Scott family. My oldest brother's name is David, second John, third James (dead), third Thomas, fourth myself (Alexander), fifth William (dead); my sister's names are Margaret, Martha (dead) and Elizabeth. My father's brother moved to Iowa about sixty years ago. He had three sons, David, Alexander and Wallace, and daughters Margaret and Elizabeth. His family are all dead except one daughter.

Yes, I think my father had some correspondence with your father, probably about the time of the Civil War, while his sons were at the front. I recollect a few years after I came home from the army my father talked to me about your father and as I was in the mercantile business at the time, and was going to New York to buy goods and going via Washington, my father asked me to try to see your father while in Washington, your father being then a member of the United States Senate. I called one day at the Senate and sent in my card. Your father came out and greeted me cordially. We had but a brief conversation, as your father was very busy. He invited me to call next day at his room, but I was a busy man, too, and left that night for New York. I hoped that at some future time I might meet your father and get better acquainted, but I have had a rather strenuous life, ran a store in a small town twenty years, then was cashier of a bank twenty years and was in politics, served my county four sessions in the Legislature. Was for thirty years a member of and treasurer of our town school board. Was an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and was delegate to General Assembly at Saratoga Springs, New York, in

1884, and to Los Angeles in 1903, etc. ,etc. And so I never met your father nor any of his family, so far as I know. I started this investigation or correspondence mainly to gratify some of my children and grandchildren. I think I shall write to the War Department at Washington and see if I can get any information about my grandfather's service in the Revolution. Probably you could come nearer getting his record, if he has one, than I could, as you are nearest the situation, geographically, than I am and you are a lawyer and I am not.

However, if I get anything of interest along the line I will write you.

I want to sincerely thank you for the interest you have shown and the satisfactory information you have given me. I am mailing your father's memoirs back to you and also mail you Constitution of Loyal Legion. I think your son is eligible to membership.

Yours very sincerely,

A. M. SCOTT.

FUNERAL OF MRS. JOHN SCOTT—SERVICES FOR WIDOW OF
FORMER SENATOR WERE HELD THIS AFTERNOON.

The funeral services of Mrs. John Scott, widow of former United States Senator John Scott, were held at her residence, 240 South Thirty-ninth Street, at 3 o'clock this afternoon. The services were conducted by the Rev. J. A. MacCallum.

Mrs. Scott, who was a daughter of George Eyster, was born in Chambersburg, Pa., in 1827. After her marriage in 1849 she lived in Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, and had been a resident of Philadelphia since 1878.

Her husband, John Scott, was United States Senator from Pennsylvania from 1869 to 1875, and was later general solicitor and general counsel for the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Mrs. Scott was the mother of ten children, of whom the fol-

lowing survive her: George E. Scott, John Scott, Jr., J. I. Scott, Eleanor A. Scott, Mrs. Mary S. Scully, Mrs. D. V. Donaldson and Laura E. Scott, the other children, William Scott, Dr. J. Alison Scott and Walter Scott, having died within the last five years.

April 12, 1911.

MR. ALEXANDER M. SCOTT,
Room 715 Board of Trade Building,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

MY DEAR MR. SCOTT:

Replying further to your inquiries in regard to David Scott, I find by reference to the Pennsylvania Archives that, in 1779, he was an Ensign in the 2d Company, 4th Battalion, York County Militia. In 1783, he was Lieutenant in the 7th Company, 4th Battalion, and in 1786 he is reported as Captain of the same Company. You will find these various references in Pennsylvania Archives, 6th Series, Vol. 2, pp. 509, 590 and 1455, respectively. I presume this is the same man from whom we are descended. The original farm of John Scott, father of David Scott, was on Marsh Creek, below Gettysburg, and was at that time York county, from which Adams county was cut off in 1800. The records prior to 1800 are, therefore, at York. I am having some inquiry made by a friend of mine in York, and, if I can obtain any further information on the subject which would enable you to identify this David Scott as our ancestor, I will be very glad to furnish it to you.

With kindest regards,

Very truly yours,

JOHN SCOTT, JR.

April 15, 1911.

ALEXANDER M. SCOTT, Esq.,
715 Board of Trade Building,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

MY DEAR MR. SCOTT:

I have yours of the 14th. I am making other inquiry as to David Scott. I knew that he had made and recorded in Huntingdon county a plan of the town of Bellisle, which he had projected in that county. I have had an examination made of the records there and find that, while the plan is recorded and shows it to have been signed by him, the original plan cannot be found on the records.

As you know from father's memorandum, David Scott, as the oldest son, accepted at the appraisement the family farm in what was then York, now Adams county, in 1789. I am having an examination of the records made there in the hope of finding some original papers signed by him, and, if so, will either try to get the original paper or have it photographed so that we may have the signature. If I can obtain that, I am then going to see if I can find the original muster rolls of the York County Militia and compare the signatures. Many of these rolls are on file at Harrisburg and it may be also that some record can be found in the Revolutionary records which are in Washington. Possibly you could get some of your friends to see whether there is any record to be found in Washington of the David Scott, whose military record, according to our Pennsylvania Archives, I gave you in my last letter.

Can you ascertain for me either from any records or from any of the recollection of any of your brothers where and when David Scott died? Our information was that he died in Butler county Pennsylvania about 1800. I had a friend, some time ago, make some examination in Butler county, and he reported to me that there was no record there of any deeds or any will or

administration in that name. I find, however, by reference to the records that Butler, up to March 12, 1800, formed a part of Allegheny county, the county seat of which is at Pittsburgh, so that records prior to that date would be in the latter place. I am writing, therefore, to Pittsburgh to see what I can ascertain there, and will be glad to let you know. In the meantime, I will be glad if you will let me know what information you have as to the date, place of death of David Scott, or whether there is within the knowledge of any of your family any family Bible or any such record.

With kindest regards,

Very truly yours,

JOHN SCOTT, JR.

April 22, 1918.

CAPT. ALEXANDER M. SCOTT,
3462 *Kentwood Avenue*,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

MY DEAR MR. SCOTT:

I have yours of the 20th. I am the party in question. I met Mr. Henry on the train coming from Atlantic City last week and inquired of him about you. I recall very well our correspondence in which I gave you the data about your grandfather, David Scott, as I had gathered it from the Pennsylvania Archives. * * * As I recollect the records, your father was Alexander Scott, who was the son of David Scott by his second wife. David Scott sold the old family farm below Gettysburg in 1790, and shortly afterwards he and my grandfather, John Scott, went to Huntingdon county, Pennsylvania, where my grandfather remained and my father was born. David Scott's second wife and her three children, David, Alexander and Mar-

garet, went on West across the mountains, and so far as I have ever heard, he died there. I remember writing you some years ago, asking whether you could give me the date or place of his death and burial, but you wrote me that you were unable to get any information on the subject. I will be very glad to know if you have any definite information in regard to his death or place of burial.

Your grandsons certainly are doing well. I have but one child, John F. Reynolds Scott, who is now a Captain in the 310th Cavalry, stationed at Ft. Ethan Allen, Vermont. He took his examinations four years ago, was commissioned as soon as the war broke out, served at Ft. Meyer in the training camp there, and since last August, until about the first of February, was at Camp Lee, Petersburg, Virginia, where he was in command of the Second Training Battalion, serving as a Major and part of the time as acting Colonel. He was afterwards sent back to the cavalry, and is now, as I have said, at Ft. Ethan Allen, so that I guess the Scott blood is still good for patriotic service if called on. I may add my nephew, William R. Scott, is a Captain of Infantry at Camp Meade, and my sister's son, Charles Alison Scully, is a First Lieutenant at Oglethorpe. Every boy of our blood in the East who is able is in the service, and the Scotch-Irish fighting blood is not getting thin.

With kindest regards, and with pleasure of hearing from you again,

Very truly yours,

JOHN SCOTT, JR.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, January 4, 1915.

MR. ALEXANDER MARSHALL SCOTT,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

DEAR MR. SCOTT:

I take pleasure in informing you that your application for membership in the Indiana Society of the Sons of the Revolution was referred to the Board of Directors, and accepted by them.

We welcome you as a member.

Very truly yours,

W. S. GILBREATH,
Secretary Indiana Society, Sons of the Revolution.

CHAPTER EIGHT

A LITTLE MORE FAMILY HISTORY

I have gone to some trouble to trace up my family history (a work I have enjoyed), and while I find that the family history of our branch of the Scotts is an honorable one, if not a specially illustrious one, yet at the wind-up of this scattering biographical sketch I find that the prospects of the name Scott being perpetuated hang by only the slender margin of a great grandson at this writing. My father raised six sons (I give



Alexander M. Scott, at 35

their names and ages in another chapter). All of these sons lived to marry and have families. Of these, Brothers Hamilton and Thomas never raised any sons. Brother John raised four sons, all living at this writing; two of them have no family: one has two daughters, the other one has one son and one daughter. Brother James raised five sons (four living); one of these has a son and grandson. Brother William raised one son, and I raised only one son.

So it appears about the only show for continuing the Scott name through our family is the little great grandson of Brother James, viz., little Tom Scott, now of Crawfordsville, Indiana. May he live long and have prosperity and *Posterity*.^{*} It appears that the names, David and John, have been favorite names in the Scott family at least since our forefathers landed in this country. I have not discovered for sure whether our ancestors came over on the Mayflower or an airplane. I was at Plymouth Rock some twenty-five years ago, but I could not trace out any footprints that looked like those made by the present generation of Scott, but evidently our forefathers landed on American soil on both feet and some of them have left "their footprints on the sands of time." My grandfather's name was David. My father's older brother's name was David, and he had a son named David.

My oldest brother's name is David and I had several cousins named David, but not a grandson named David. I have been rather sorry that I did not name my son David instead of Carl, for it is a good name, a Bible name and a Scotch name. In my correspondence with my Pennsylvania relatives I had one interesting letter from one of them, giving this bit of family history. He said in his branch of the family there had been four generations of only one son in the family, viz., his great grandfather, one son named David; his grandfather, one son named David; his father, one son David, and he had but one son, named David. I hope if the aforesaid great-great-great-grandson of the northwestern branch of the family tree lives to have a son that he will name him David. Speaking of names—In looking over father's family Bible records I was struck with some of father's ideas in naming his boys. The first son, of course, got

^{*} Since writing the above I have learned that the little Tom Scott, Jr., has a little brother named Chester Scott, Jr.

the family name David, and for the middle name the name of one of his favorite cousins, Hamilton. Then followed Samuel, then John Milton, for that wonderful author of "Paradise Lost." Then James Thompson, after one of father's favorite preachers. Then Thomas Newton, in honor of that great discoverer of the laws of gravitation. Then Alexander Marshall, for himself and Chief Justice Marshall, whom father greatly admired. Then William Holiday, for another one of father's favorite preachers. And I have always supposed my mother gave me my first name, for father was too modest a man to even name one of his sons after himself. I remember my father as one of the most modest men I ever knew. When company came to his home it seemed to me father would rather take the back seat and rather hear his friends talk than talk himself. And yet he was a great reader and well posted on public events, etc.

I remember when father helped organize a Presbyterian Church in our neighborhood and he was elected its first ruling Elder, when called on to lead in congregational worship he was so embarrassed he could hardly get through. And yet he had been a praying man all his life and kept up family worship so long as he had a family of his own about him. Brothers James and Thomas were much like their father in this respect.

Though only about ten years old when my mother died, I can recollect some of the kinfolks and neighbors criticised my father when in less than a year after mother died father brought a stepmother to our home. As children we had heard people talk about stepmothers in a way that was calculated to make us children think a stepmother was some kind of a human being to be greatly dreaded, but Father was going through an experience that I was destined to experience some forty years later in my life; that was, realizing that trite saying, "What is home without a mother?" And looking back over all these years I would

say that the day father brought the new mother to our home was the best day's work he ever did for his home and family. She proved a mother in word and in deeds. She had several children, most of them about grown—a nice little family. I will only mention one of them, a sweet girl, who has remained a pleasant memory all these years. I think she was about the age of my sister Martha, but the peculiar thing that made us all love her was that she was entirely deaf and dumb. She was, at the time father married her mother, a student of the State Deaf and Dumb School. She spent her vacations at our home and we soon all began to talk some to her and to love her as a real sister, but she and sister Martha became very close friends and soon my sister could talk to her with almost the ease she could talk to the rest of us. I remember hearing them laughing after they had gone to bed in a dark room, they could feel each other's hand or spell out their thoughts to each other. The dumb sister graduated and came to live with us, but she soon found a lover, a mute like herself. And in a short year they were married and went into a home of their own. But a few months after marriage she came to see her mother, riding several miles on horseback, and the next day riding home the horse scared and threw her, injuring her so badly she died in a few days. It was a sad bereavement to all of us. One more word about that good stepmother. In the winter of 1864 I was home from the army on a sick furlough for twenty days. At the end of my furlough I was but very little better than when I came home, but I must return to my regiment whether able or not. One of my brothers was to take me to the train and when I told mother goodby, she threw her arms about me, weeping, no doubt, thinking I would never live to come home. She was then a large, healthy, fine-looking woman and I was the poor sickly boy, but the first letter I received from home after getting

back to my company told me the sad news of my mother's death. She had taken typhoid fever and only lived a few days after I left home.

My father, my mother and stepmother, one of my grandmothers, two or three of my brothers and a sister are buried in the old graveyard on the hills a mile north of Portland Mills, where the Old Ceceder Presbyterian Church stood for many years. The cemetery is kept up as a neighborhood cemetery.

CHAPTER NINE

PROGRESS, POLITICS, PATRIOTISM

To one who has lived in Indiana more than four score years a look backward over these years reveals a wonderful kaleidoscopic picture of progress, political events and intellectual material progress in our State and Nation. Eighty years ago and down to 1850 Indiana had no public or free school system. The only schools accessible for the common people was where neighborhoods would unite and build the log school house, frequently without a single pane of glass in the building, with rough split logs for pupils to sit on all day, without even a back rest. Then those farmers who could afford it, would subscribe one or more pupils for two or three months and agree to pay the teacher from fifty cents to one dollar per month for each pupil. And the teacher to board around among their pupils. Some very humble board. But the boy was considered lucky whose father was able to give him the benefit of even this kind of an education. But even those days in Indiana produced many men who helped make history for their State and Nation, such men as Henry S. Lane, Oliver P. Morton, Robert Dale Owen, Dick Thompson and many others of more or less national distinction.

Up to 1840 the farmers cut their wheat with the old-fashioned cycle, as they had done for more than five thousand years. Now they have machines that can cut, thresh and grind the wheat and bake it into bread in three hours after the machine enters the wheat field. Some progress there.

There was no railroad, no gravel roads, no plank roads, no paved roads in Indiana when I was born. There were a few hundred miles of crude railroad in the eastern State. Today there are more than 350,000 miles of railroad tracks in the United States. Just one sample of progress in this line. When I was ten years old there were no good roads in our State. There was a stage coach line from Crawfordsville to Indian-

apolis. The fare from Crawfordsville to Indianapolis was 10 cents per mile, forty-five miles at 10 cents per mile equals \$4.50. And the coach was accredited with a successful trip if it made it in twelve hours' hard driving, with four horses. Now, with two railroads between the two cities, one can take a seat in a palace car at Crawfordsville at 11 o'clock a. m., and in one hour can be eating his dinner in Indianapolis. Some saving of time and cash. Seventy-five years ago no high schools, no colleges, no hospitals, no factories, no markets where farmers, especially in the interior of the state, could sell their farm products without hauling long distances over mud roads. When a boy I frequently went with my father or older brother when they hauled wheat or other produce to Lafayette to market, about fifty miles. And then sell wheat for 35 cents per bushel, corn for 10 or 12 cents and good cured bacon for 2 or 3 cents per pound, and then pay as high as \$3 for a barrel of salt. I remember on one of those trips my father bought the first cook stove that had ever been brought into our neighborhood. It was a curiosity and many neighbors came to see it, and the same stove today would be a curiosity, a little affair, you could almost put it in a lady's modern hat box. There were but very few families that had any other conveyance to go to church or other places except the old-fashioned, high-backed wagons. I think my father bought the first family carriage in our neighborhood. My father was a progressive and got all things he could to make his family comfortable. He was to my mind a remarkable mechanic in his workshop. He made almost all kinds of farm implements and furniture, from a wagon to a wooden pitchfork and from a bureau or bedstead to table or chair. We have in our home today, which I highly prize, one of my father's make of high post bedsteads and a small two-drawer stand table. And at night, after his day's work in his shop, he would work at the shoe bench, making our shoes for the winter wear.

In those days there were no reaping machines, no threshing machines, no automobiles, no aero or flying machines, no circus shows or movies for us boys to go to. I mention a few of the wonderful changes that have come to our State and people in the last eighty years, "lest we forget," because our modern

schools or school books do not teach these things. And our children can hardly realize they are living in the age of the most wonderful progress and wonderful discoveries that any people in all time have seen. Electricity, with all its wonderful telegraphy, telephone and all its powers, has been discovered or developed in the last eighty years. It does not look possible that any future generation will be likely to see such wonderful progress as has the present, but it is no use for any one to even guess about this kind of a problem.

The past eighty years have also been the crucial test of our Nation's boasted patriotism, loyalty to our flag and country, etc. The test came in 1860, when Abraham Lincoln was elected the first Republican President. The test proved that the inhabitants of a number of our southern States thought more of their institution of human slavery than they did of their country or their country's flag. After Lincoln was elected, several of these, even before Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated, declared their withdrawal from the Union and renounced their allegiance to our flag. And the great war for the Union was on, and to the everlasting discredit of the, to that date, great Democratic party as a party sympathized with the rebelling States. They refused in Indiana to vote appropriations for Governor Morton to help arm and equip our soldiers. They discouraged enlisting, they encouraged desertions from the army, they harbored such deserters in their homes after they had deserted, they resisted drafts and shot enrolling officers in some counties. As a national party they denounced the war for the Union and called on the President to make terms with rebels and to let the erring sister States go, etc., etc. All this and much more the Democratic party did during the Civil War, for none of which should they, nor can they take to the Democratic party the claim of being loyal or patriotic as a party. Of course, all Democrats in the North were not disloyal. Thousands of the sons of the *old line Democrats* went into the Union Army and made gallant soldiers, but many of them, I think I will be safe in saying the most of them, went into the Union Army against the advice or consent of their Democratic fathers. I think a majority of these Democratic soldiers came home and became staunch Repub-

licans and for several years after the close of the war a great many Democrats remained sore and refused to love or honor the Stars and Stripes in Montgomery and other counties. Many of these Democrats would not have a flag about their premises. In several cases they tore down the Stars and Stripes that patriotic men had raised over school houses. Some of them declared they would not allow the flag to float over the school houses where their children went to school. They even called the flag a dirty Republican flag. But all this is ancient history now, and everybody in Indiana is loyal and honors our flag. The Spanish-American War gave the North and the South the chance to once more become a united country, and the boys of the gray and the boys of the blue marched side by side up San Juan Hill. But I am sorry to say that still in the so-called Southern States there remains a sentiment for the old Confederate flag, and on almost every public gathering there are some who dig up and flaunt their rebel flags and want to carry it with the Stars and Stripes. And among the old Confederate soldiers they are still telling why the South did not win their independence.

Last winter, while in Miami, Florida, I was having a game of chess with a big, fine-looking ex-Confederate. We soon, naturally, began to talk about the war. I said to him, "Colonel (they are about all colonels or captains now), how do you explain Lee's defeat at Gettysburg?" He promptly replied: "Well, we would have won that battle had it not been that all our big generals were drunk that day." This was a new idea to me, so I said to him: "Well, you have not as much respect for your great generals as I have, for you can't make me believe that Generals Lee, Longstreet and Stonewall Jackson would get drunk on such momentous occasions as the battle of Gettysburg. They were too good Presbyterians for that." We were in Miami two years before this incident, when one day the Miami papers announced there would, on a given day, be a joint picnic of the Blue and the Gray. All old veterans were cordially invited to attend the picnic, free ride across the bay to the ocean beach, a free dinner and a free concert or speaking in the afternoon, was the program. Well I went. When I got to the place of meeting a little late, the line was formed and I was

requested to get in line to march, a Gray and a Blue side by side. I saw two flags at the head of the line. I decided I would not march under a Confederate flag and I went forward to investigate. I found the flag with the strange design was a Boy Scout flag and I went back and got in line. I marched beside an old Confederate and he looked like he had on the same old overalls and dirty shirt he had on when Grant set him free at Appomattox, and he surely had not taken a bath since that time. Well, we got the free ride and free dinner—a good one. Then the Gray and the Blue entertainment, such as it was, about all Gray, not enough Blue in it to cut any ice. Mostly eulogies of the South and its soldiers, and songs of the Southland, no singing of “The Star Spangled Banner” or “America.” After the regular program was through, the toastmaster announced: “If there were any northern soldiers here who wish to say a word, we will give him *two* minutes. I was a little indignant by this time, but I waited until two or three boys in Blue tried to talk, but were called down before they got to the talking point, then I got up to try to put a little Blue into the program. I thanked the people for the entertainment and good dinner, etc. I told them they had a great country and I rejoiced with them in the prosperity of the South, etc., etc. And I was ready to acknowledge that the Confederate soldiers were just as brave men and fought equally as well as did the men who wore the Blue; that no braver men galloped down to death at Balaklava than were the men that marched down to death with Pickett at Gettysburg; that I had seen the statue of General Lee in the Hall of Fame in his Confederate uniform standing by the side of General Grant in Washington City. I had seen the monuments the South had raised in honor of their gallant dead at Richmond, Jacksonville, St. Augustine and other places, and that was all right; that the Union soldiers would not care if the South would build monuments to their dead soldiers in every valley and on every hilltop in the South, but the South had built one monument that would be an offense and a stench in the nostrils of every Union soldier so long as they lived. I alluded to the monument to the murderer of Union soldiers, Wirtz. He shot to death or starved to death fourteen thousand

of our comrades who wore the Blue. I am glad to say this monument was not built by you soldiers who wore the Gray. You had too much respect for the men you fought for four years to build such a monument, but I must say it to the everlasting shame of the South that this monument was built by the ladies of the South. That I had no money to throw at the birds, but this man Wirtz was indicted as a murderer, tried as a murderer, convicted as a murderer and hung as a murderer, and I would give ten dollars to any man or set of men who would buy dynamite and blow the monument into hell where it belongs. Well the meeting broke up then without singing any long-meter doxology.

I did not say anything to Grandma about my talk at the picnic, but the next day at the park she was sitting by one of the typical southern women, who said to her: "Were you all at the picnic yesterday?" Grandma told her she was not there. Then the Georgia lady said: "Well, some gray-headed old Yank made a speech there that 'just made my Georgia blood boil.'" I give this just to show that all the South has not given up the bitterness of "their lost cause." It will take another generation to do that. The northern people sooner forget and really want to forget all about the opposition the Democratic party exhibited in their opposition to the war. I recall when I was in the Legislature, session of 1901. The House set apart one-half day as Flag Day to pay tribute to the flag. The Republicans had a good majority in the House and they had a kind of understanding we would let the Democrats do most of the "Spread Eagle" business. Quite a number of the younger Democrats made good patriotic speeches, telling how they loved the flag and how the Democratic sons of the North and the South had stood shoulder to shoulder through the Spanish-American War, etc. Finally, I thought they were covering the Democratic party with more glory than was due them. I got the floor and told them: "Mr. Speaker, we Republicans are delighted to hear so many fine patriotic speeches from the minority side of the House, and I had no inclination to call in question the patriotic declarations of our friends, but for fear some of them had not kept well read up on the history of the Democratic party, I felt it my duty to

mildly call their attention to the fact that during the late unpleasantness between the North and the South that for four long years some nine or ten States of the solid Democratic party were doing all in their power to get out from under the Stars and Stripes, and that a very large per cent. of the Democratic party in the orth were greatly in sympathy with their southern brethren, etc. And while the young gentlemen, who talk so loyally for the flag, and I do not question their patriotism in the least, yet it might not be amiss to inform some of these gentlemen that history will show that at least some of the gentlemen cannot claim that they are the loyal and patriotic sons of loyal and patriotic sires. Several of the prominent Democrats of the State were convicted of disloyalty; others found it convenient to emigrate to Canada. And now while Democrats are all patriotic and love Old Glory, yet some of us remember when we were bad boys our mother had to chastise us with beech tree or the handy slippers to make us good, sometimes so with the Democratic party. As our old soldiers would say, before the Democratic party would be good and love our flag, we had to give the party a d—d good thrashing."

When I sat down several Republicans came to me and thanked me for what I had said, adding that they were wanting someone to butt in along that line, etc. I have not written these incidents because I hold any feeling against the Democratic party, for for more than forty years I lived in Montgomery county; I had no warmer or better friends than hundreds of my Democratic neighbors. I have two Democratic brothers-in-law out in Kansas, who all these years I have counted among my very best and truest friends.

But with my fifty years associating with these brethren I have not been able to convince them that it was a great misfortune to them to be born Democrats. I have thought what fine and ornamental members of the Republican party they would have made, especially if I could have had them in the Presbyterian church. And as the Presbyterians believe in the perseverance of the Saints, and these two brethren are Methodists who believe in falling from grace, I had some reason to hope to save them from the Democratic party. So I give them credit

for holding steadfastly to their faith. Leaving them to work out their own salvation, I will only give them this parting thought, We never got Indiana "Bone Dry" until these two brethren moved to Kansas. There surely must be some good in the Democratic party, for the Republicans have claimed the Democratic party was killed and beyond hope of resurrection several times as a party, but it continues to bob up a very lively corpse every campaign, and the Republicans have to proceed to get ready for another funeral. It may be another case of Sodam and the Lord wont destroy it so long as he finds ten good Democrats in the party.

Certificate of Election of Senator or Representative

State of Indiana, Marion County, ss.

I, John Rauch Clerk of the Circuit Court within and
for said County, do hereby certify that at the General Election held in said County on
the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, 1914, the Board of Election
Commissioners of said County having assembled in the Circuit Court Room in the Court
House in the City of Indianapolis at six o'clock P. M., the 3 day
of November, 1914 and being duly organized as the Board of Canvassers, declared
Alexander M. Scott to be elected as Representative
in the General Assembly of the State of Indiana for Marion County,
as shown from the Returns of said Board of Canvassers on file in my office.

WITNESS my name and the seal of said Court, this

14 day of Nov 1914

John Rauch
Clerk Marion Circuit Court.

CHAPTER TEN.

POLITICS, ETC., ETC.

When the political campaign of 1916 came on I put out two thousand cards to my old soldier comrades and others, reading as follows:

DEAR SIR: My name will appear on the Republican ticket at the primary election, March 7, 1916, as a candidate for State Representative from Marion County Legislative Session of 1917.

I may say to you that I have been supporting the principles of the Republican party ever since I voted for Abraham Lincoln in 1860, voting that ticket except the three years I was in the army (when I could not vote). I have served several terms in the Legislature from Montgomery County, and was elected a member from Marion County two years ago. I was present and voting every roll call of the session, never absent from the House an hour during session, never dodged a vote on any bill. I had made no pledges or promises before election. I am making none now except to always stand for the right and for the best interests of my country and State as I may see the right. If my record in the past meets with your approval I shall be glad to have you endorse my candidacy at the primary election March 7th.

Life is too short and Marion County too large for me to see all the voters personally, hence this greeting. Please do not forget to go to the polls and vote March 7th.

ALEXANDER M. SCOTT.

This possibly is the last time you may have a chance to vote for an old veteran.

I give an exact copy of one card I got in reply:

No. 3rd 1916 Capt A M Scott

Dear Sir i received you letter to day asking my support in this Election i must tell you Frankly you are on the wrong

ticket to be against the Saloon. (as a Cristian i would say this
Come out from amongst them. Cut Loose for its better to be
right & losse then win & be Wrong Resp. yours

JAMES GIBBONS,
977 Roach St.

Written before the war with Germany:

CIVIL WAR VETERANS NOT SURPRISED BY DEMOCRACY'S CRY OF
AMERICANISM.

To the Editor of The Star:

Our friends the Democrats at St. Louis made an heroic effort to take on a large amount of Americanism, patriotism, or loyalty to our flag, etc., which may all sound very fine and patriotic to "the marines or the average young American," but to the veterans of '61 to '65 it has somewhat of a discordant note. It brings up memories of those strenuous days when we were engaged in trying to put down a Democratic rebellion of high proportions, and we naturally ask ourselves a few questions along these lines. What party since the days of John C. Calhoun has tried to break up the American Union? What solidly Democratic states tried to secede from the Union, and thereby tear ten or twelve stars from our flag? What party in those Southern states still flaunts its tattered rebel flags at almost every public meeting in those states?

What party has tried by every measure possible to disfranchise 4,000,000 American-born citizens? What party in the national convention in Chicago in 1864 solemnly resolved that the war for the suppression of the rebellion was a failure and called on President Lincoln to "call off the dogs of war" and appoint commissioners to make terms of peace with the rebels, and then nominated a disgruntled Union general for President to beat "Old" Abe Lincoln for President, and this after Vicksburg and Gettysburg (shades of loyalty)? When Lincoln and Morton were calling for 300,000 more volunteers to crush the rebellion, who discouraged volunteering and wrote thousands of letters to soldiers in the field telling them to desert the flag and come home and they would be protected from arrest as de-

serters? Who resisted draft and shot enrolling officers in 1863-64?

What Indiana U. S. senator, when we soldiers were suffering for food, clothing, etc., stood up in the halls of Congress and said that he would never vote for another man or another dollar to carry on this unholy war? What man, afterward Governor of Indiana, said in a speech in this city, when Governor Morton was striving to raise Indiana's quota of volunteers, that he did not propose to volunteer himself neither would he advise any of his friends to volunteer? Who was it after the rebellion was put down said that the government never could resume specie payment, nor ever could pay our national debt? Who tried to Mexicanize our national moneys at the ratio of sixteen to one? What party, as a general rule, has always opposed liberal pensions for the veterans and is now refusing to pass the just widow's pension bill?

To all these questions and many similar ones there can be but one answer, Democrats, and the Democratic party. We old soldiers are "from Missouri," and President Wilson will have to show us before we will denounce as disloyal plotters against our Government our citizens of German descent, when we recall the fact that more than 50,000 Germans and probably as many Irish soldiers served in the Union army during the civil war, and these hyphenated Americans fought as bravely and served as loyally for our country and its flag as did our native-born soldiers, and if they would do this fifty years ago when this country was only rated as a second or third-class country, with practically no army or navy (for the Democrats had run most of our little navy into the Southern Confederacy, so-called), with little credit at home or abroad, and only some 30,000,000 inhabitants, one-third of them in rebellion, would they not now with their children and grandchildren naturally be equally as loyal Americans as then?

Because some German association among our 100,000,000 inhabitants and the wealthiest, happiest, most prosperous nation on God's footstool has expressed a preference for Mr. Hughes for President over Mr. Wilson, should all Americans of Teutonic descent be denounced as a band of disloyal plotters? Our

guess is that if the said German Alliance had indorsed Mr. Wilson instead of Mr. Hughes they would have been proclaimed as our most loyal and patriotic Americans.

We opine that if our country was threatened with invasion by a foreign foe, be it Chinaman, Jap, or even Teutons, that a quarter of a million German-Americans would spring to arms to defend their adopted country and its flag. Who is making all this "hullabaloo" about hyphenated Americans anyhow? To the writer it speaks well for a man to be proud of his ancestry?

Robert Ingersoll once said, speaking of the Democratic party, that it is like a mule, "It had no pride in its ancestors nor any hope in its posterity."

We can not see where the Democratic party can take any special pride in the last sixty years of its history as to patriotism and Americanism. We suggest they date or point back on this time only to the first administration of President Cleveland. That might help some.

The writers' ancestors have lived in this country for 200 years, yet he takes some pride at times in using the hyphen and calls himself a Scotch-Irish-Hoosier-American. It might be well for us as Americans to say with the poet:

"Lord God of hosts be with us yet,

Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Indianapolis.

A. M. SCOTT.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., June 22.

Capt. A. M. Scott,

DEAR SIR: I saw your letter in the Star yesterday with down right pleasure. I am glad there is one man, at least, who has the spirit to call down the bluffing Democrats in the St. Louis Convention, and to call to mind those two patriots(?), Voorhees and Hendricks. Do you remember Voorhees saying: "We are all alike, put down the rebellion," in one of his political speeches when he was trying to blot out the past Democratic record.

Yours truly;

C. L. THOMAS.

REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR LEGISLATURE, 1914.

Capt. A. M. Scott, a republican nominee for the legislature, won his title as captain in the Civil war, his services covering

a period of four years. Capt Scott came to Indianapolis about ten years ago from Ladoga, Ind., where he was in the banking business for twenty years. For thirty years he served as treasurer of the Ladoga school board. He served a term in the legislature, representing Montgomery and Park counties in 1877. He was also a member in the special session in which the statehouse bill was passed, working with Jesse Adams and other Indianapolis men for the bill, which finally passed with a bare constitutional majority. Again he served in the legislature from Montgomery county in 1899 and 1901, and was one of the original thirteen who elected Albert J. Beveridge to the United States senate the first time. He belongs to the Masonic and Pythian orders, is a member of the G. A. R. and an elder in the Presbyterian church.

Captain Scott says that he is not 75 years old—but 75 years young—and looks it.

AN OLD SOLDIER AND A REPUBLICAN FOR 50 YEARS

A vote for him will mean one for clean
POLITICS, GOOD GOVERNMENT, WISE LEGISLATION

He made the race two years ago and won by hard work
when defeat seemed certain.

STAND BY THE TICKET WHICH BROUGHT VICTORY
AND THE MEN WHO WERE ON IT

—From the Indianapolis News.

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Nov. 13, 1916.

*Mr. A. M. Scott, Board of Trade Building,
Indianapolis, Indiana.*

MY DEAR CAPTAIN: Thanks for your kind letter of congratulations. I appreciate this very much along with the support you gave me both in the Primary and the Election.

I will, indeed be glad to co-operate with you in the coming legislature in carrying into effect our platform pledges.

Sincerely yours,

J. P. GOODRICH.

November 21, 1916.

Alex M. Scott, City.

MY DEAR MR. SCOTT: As a member of the Legislature at the coming session you probably will be interested especially in legislation along some particular line, and, perhaps, you have in mind bills and measures that you will introduce. Will you please give The News your idea in regard to the legislation that you will favor and the bills that you expect to introduce, in order that this paper may publish the information for the benefit of the public of the state? What bills do you expect to introduce, and what will be their provisions?

The public always is interested in such matters and we shall be pleased to tell the public what you have in mind if you will give us the information.

I am inclosing a stamped and addressed envelope and request that you favor us with the information at your earliest convenience.

Thanking you, I am,

Sincerely yours,

RICHARD SMITH,
Managing Editor.

SEES INDIANA DRY, BUT G. O. P. STILL INTACT.

A. M. Scott Criticizes J. H. Claypool's Attitude, Saying Hanlyism is Dead and Prohibition Future Certainty.

To the Editor of The Star:

"Coming events cast their shadows before them," and from the reading of several articles in the recent editions of The Star our Republican friend, J. H. Claypool, has seen a great shadow of a great coming event that has greatly disturbed his peace of mind as to the future life of the G. O. P., viz., the overwhelming shadow of state-wide prohibition in Indiana.

Mr. Claypool's friends are surprised that a man of his prominence and standing in Indiana should rush into print in defense of the saloon and the liquor business at this stage of public opin-

ion. It takes a brave man to publicly defend the saloon, with all it stands for. Mr. Claypool is a man too well informed on the trend of public opinion, and especially on the subject of state or national prohibition, to make it necessary for any one to try to put up any new arguments for state-wide prohibition. The arguments and the facts are so overwhelming that no logical arguments against it can stand the test. We simply ask Mr. Claypool if he can logically disprove a single one of the assertions in the following paragraph:

This traffic has caused more tears, more anguish, more misery, more poverty, more crime, more aching hearts, more anxiety for fathers and mothers, more hungry and half-clad mothers and children, and ruined more lives and broken up more homes than tongue or pen can ever describe. Besides this, science condemns it and its own victims cry out against it and for help to escape this awful scourge.

The time has come for our state to join the other dry states of the Union. The time for argument or further quibbling has passed and the time for action is now. The time to lay aside partisanship and every other consideration and unite in passing such a law has also come. The people of the state, regardless of party, are now demanding immediate statutory prohibition.

The Christianized world, the civilized world and the commercialized world have set their stamp of disapproval on the saloon business and it must go. Possibly the manufacturing and railroad and other large industries have done more to educate the people up to the point of putting the saloon out than have our prohibition and church workers. When corporations that employ thousands of men say to their employes, "No man is at his best when he has even one glass of stimulants in him, and you must cut out the saloon if you want to hold your job," then the average man will sit up and take notice, and generally he will prefer to hold his job and quit the saloon.

Mr. Claypool seems to be troubled with the ghost of Hanlyism and warns the Republican members of the Legislature of the danger of another Hanly trap to turn our state over to another indefinite period of Democratic rule and mismanagement. We might say, if it will relieve Mr. Claypool any of this Hanly

horror, that Mr. Hanly has had his day, has burned his powder and never, never more will Mr. Hanly dictate to nor dominate over the Republican party. One dose of Hanly will suffice so far as the Republican party is concerned. Hanly is an able man, a forceful speaker and a splendid hater—his sermon on hate is a classic, but the preaching of the gospel of hate has never won any worlds to Christ, nor won any great victories for any of the warring nations of Europe

When Mr. Hanly started out two years ago on his nationwide tour with his flying squadron, I thought it was a great cause and in my very modest way contributed a small check to help pay his expenses, but when Mr. Hanly came back to Indiana to try to defeat Mr. Wilson, Mr. Hughes and Mr. Goodrich, my contributions stopped. Mr. Goodrich made his splendid campaign during week days and staid home and taught his Bible class on Sundays, while Mr. Hanly was rushing over the country giving the people hot air, it is said at \$500 per week, trying to convince our people that neither Mr. Wilson nor Mr. Hughes was a safe or fit man for President, nor was Mr. Goodrich a man that ought to be elected Governor, etc., etc. We do not believe that all Republicans are real good nor that all Democrats are totally bad, but we do believe there will be enough independent Democrats and Republicans in the incoming Legislature to put over state-wide prohibition and neither of the great parties will be willing as a party to go on record against it, so we think Mr. Claypool "should not worry" about the Republican party being Hanly "used," for the Republicans and Democrats will put Indiana on the map as a dry state, not because of the Prohibition party or Mr. Hanly, but in spite of Mr. Hanly.

While state-wide prohibition was not included in the platform of either of the leading political parties, yet, notwithstanding that fact, the sentiment for prohibition was so strong among the people in both of the leading parties that they, as they had the right to do, made it an issue in every legislative district in the state. The people themselves having made the issue, their wishes are binding on the conscience of every member of the Legislature, or should be.

In our opinion, a large majority of from 75,000 to 100,000 voters of our state favor such a law.

The writer a few days ago met on our streets one of the very prominent Democratic lawyers of our city. He said to me: "If your Legislature will submit the proposition of state-wide prohibition to the people as a distinct issue aside from politics, this state will go dry by 100,000 majority." I was surprised and asked the gentleman if he was giving me his honest opinion, and he said he was and I believe him.

The writer of this article has been voting the Republican ticket for sixty years and the record of the party is a grand one. One I am proud to claim to have had some little to do with in making its record; but if the Republican party has come up to the time when it has no higher mission in the future than to maintain some 8,000 or 10,000 "hell holes," called saloons, in Indiana, it had better "wrap the drapery of its past record about its body and lie down to eternal sleep" while its record is good.

Indianapolis.

A. M. SCOTT.

EDWIN C. BOSWELL, *Attorney-at-Law*,
613-14-15 FLETCHER TRUST BLDG.,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND., January 11, 1917.

*Captain A. M. Scott, Board of Trade Bldg.,
Indianapolis, Indiana.*

MY DEAR CAPTAIN: I have just concluded reading, with a great deal of interest and pleasure, your article in the "Star," of this morning's date, replying to J. H. Claypool's attitude on "Indiana Dry."

I want to congratulate you on the very clear and pleasing manner in which you point out the fallacy of Mr. Claypool's reasoning.

It is also interesting, especially to a young man, to recognize the logic of the reasoning of a man of your years and ability, as applied to the certain elimination of the liquor traffic.

I want to thank you personally for this article, because I know that when a vote comes on this question in the House, as it surely will, you will vote as you talk.

Very sincerely yours,

E. C. BOSWELL.

INDIANA ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE,
E. S. SHUMAKER, SUPERINTENDENT,
510 STATE LIFE BUILDING,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Mar. 3, 1917.

Hon. Alex. M. Scott, City.

DEAR SIR: On behalf of the Indiana Anti-Saloon League, representing over 700,000 people of the state, federated upon the temperance question, I wish to express to you our sincere thanks and gratitude for the splendid support you, as a Representative, gave to the "bone-dry" state-wide prohibition bill which becomes a law April 2, 1918.

I believe, and think that posterity will point with pride to this, as the noblest and greatest act of your career. I assure you of our profoundest respect and good will for your future success. Believe me

Very sincerely yours,

E. S. SHUMAKER.

THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL OF INDIANA WOMEN,
75 THE STATE HOUSE,
INDIANAPOLIS, February 27, 1917.

Hon. Alexander M. Scott, House of Representatives.

MY DEAR MR. SCOTT: We thank you for voting to give the women of Indiana the right of suffrage and thereby placing in their hands the most powerful instrument for guarding the sanctity of their homes and the welfare of their children.

Yours sincerely,

LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL OF INDIANA WOMEN.

Mrs. Felix T. McWhirter.

Dora G. Bosart, Sec'y-Treas.

Mrs. Edward Franklin White.

Mrs. Culla J. Vayhinger.

Mrs. Stella C. Stimson.

Blanche Constance Foster.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
STATE OF INDIANA.

*Captain A. M. Scott, 715 Board of Trade Building,
Indianapolis, Ind.*

DEAR CAPTAIN SCOTT: I appreciate more than I shall attempt to express to you your very warm congratulations upon my position in favor of a constitutional convention, and also your kindly reference to my official record.

It is most considerate of you to speak of me in this way and I assure you I shall not forget your commendation.

You are in a position to be of great service and force in bringing about a constitutional convention, and I know you will not lose an opportunity to make yourself felt on this question.

With very great respect, I am,

Yours very truly
GOVERNOR SAMUEL M. RALSTON.

November 22, 1916.

In my sixty years of mingling in public affairs I have had the pleasure of hearing many of our prominent orators and statesmen. Among them I recall James G. Blaine and Tom Reed of New England, Chauncey Depew and Roscoe Conklin of New York, William McKinley and James A. Garfield and Ruth-erford Hays of Ohio, Henry S. Lane, Oliver P. Morton, Daniel W. Voorhees, Thomas A. Hendricks, Dick Thompson. All prominent during, or soon after, the Civil war. Of those later date, Theodore Roosevelt, W. H. Taft, Woodrow Wilson, Charles Hughes, J. Frank Hanly, Senators Borah, LaFollette, James E. Watson, Governor Johnson of California, etc. And from our Southern States, Champ Clark, Henry Watterson, Stephen A. Douglass, Booker T. Washington, and our own Albert J. Beveridge. All these men were classed as big men and orators. Roscoe Conklin was the finest looker I ever saw stand up in the halls of Congress.

Dan Voorhees was a spread eagle kind of a speaker. Chauncey Depew was the great story teller. Dick Thompson was familiarly known as the silver-tongued orator of the Wabash. Frank Hanly was a very forceful speaker, but had not a pleasant delivery.

Having heard all of these noted speakers and many more I will say that to my thinking Albert J. Beveridge, though rather small of stature, as a platform speaker, if not the superior, was at least the peer of any of those mentioned. His delivery was always good, his gestures modest and appropriate, his voice clear and his articulation almost perfect. Wherever he was billed to speak he could draw a crowd to fill the largest hall in the city, and he could hold his crowd solid for an hour and a half and then they would want more. Mr. Beveridge was emphatically a self-made man. Without money or any specially strong political friends he won "his spurs" as a United States Senator in 1899. The youngest United States Senator ever sent from Indiana, in fact about the only objection his opponents could put up against him was that he was too young. But he won out and for twelve years he made good in the United States Senate, forging to the front early in his term, in spite of the opposition of some of the old reliables, and he made a record in twelve years that stands today as one of the most progressive made in the Senate in fifty years. He was the original author of the Child Labor bills that now predominate in Nation and States. But he was really in advance of public opinion in those days. I have always been proud of the honor of being one of the original thirteen who brought about the election of Senator Beveridge.

A BOOZE VICTIM.

Sitting here in my office with war pictures and war books all around me and occasionally an old veteran or two with me talking war. There is much to call up memories of war and incidents or persons connected with a soldier's life. Today I had occasion to recall very vividly facts about one of my comrades of '60 to '65. If I could tell the true story of this comrade it might possibly serve as a warning to some brave boy today who is planning to go over to fight for his country. My story is a true story and it would take a more elastic pen than mine to portray a story more pathetic and sad in many respects; this is the story of this my one time friend and comrade. I call it the story of a booze victim, but it is the story of experience of a similar kind of many brave boys who left their home to follow their country's flag,

whose bones today lay in the drunkard's grave prematurely filled by the Demon Rum.

When the 43rd Regiment Indiana Volunteers marched out of Camp Vigo in Terre Haute in September, 1861, one thousand strong, it was composed of as fine healthy rugged looking set of young men as went to the front from Indiana. In the front file of Company B marched my friend Comrade Blank, the subject of my story. He surely was as fine a specimen of strong, vigorous young manhood as one could wish to see. He stood six feet four inches in his boots, straight as an Indian, broad shouldered, head erect and large, with a fine crop of rather blonde hair, a handsome face and big blue eyes, always with a smile and a jolly greeting for every one. He at once attracted the attention of all who met him and yet he was not vain or even apparently aware that he was more than any other man in the company, a man to be admired.

He, a love any man in our company looked like he ought to come home from the war with a star on his shoulder. He at once became a favorite in the company, a friend to every one and every one his friend, but alas, how often our hopes and expectations vanish in smoke. Unfortunately it appears, his education in morals and home virtues had been greatly neglected or by him soon forgotten for he soon began to indulge in profane language, then to gambling to some extent, but worst of all to acquire the booze habit and this grew or developed rather rapidly and instead of the brilliant career that was hoped for him he degenerated by the whiskey saloon route, until instead of a glorious career of usefulness, his life degenerated into a tragedy and utter failure, in the end. As a soldier he was not allowed to buy whiskey but he found frequent chances to get the stuff and when he did he usually wound up with a common drunk.

Time rolled on, Comrade Blank was first made a Corporal later a Sergeant, his officers were afraid to recommend him for a commission. He went with the regiment when it was sent from Little Rock, in the spring of 1864 on the Red River expedition. His captain killed at the battle of Marks Mills, and he with others of his company was captured, taken to camp in Texas and kept in prison for nearly a year. When these prisoners were ex-

changed and sent back to Indianapolis, all the commissioned officers of the company had been killed or had resigned. So the remnant of the company elected Sergeant Blank Captain of the Company (not commissioned). He had no money to buy a sword. The boys of his company made up the money and bought him a nice sword and belt. Soon after this the company was mustered out, Comrade Blank with the rest. He was a man whose appearance would command attention anywhere.

At the battle of Helena, July 4th, 1863, after a lull of the fight came, this companion and I were standing up by each other when a rebel bullet struck him. He sank down at my side with a groan and I thought for a moment he was probably killed for I heard the ball strike him solid as I thought, but it was only a flesh wound on his shoulder and stunned him for a moment. He was on duty again in a few days. Some weeks after that our army started to capture Little Rock. I marched beside this big sergeant two or three days. He looked down on me and though his superior officer I had to look up to him. I could almost stand straight under his outstretched arm.

After his discharge he secured a position as a foreman in a large department store in Terre Haute, Indiana, at a good salary. He married a beautiful lady of a wealthy and influential family, and they lived together as man and wife happily for a few years until two fine little boys came into the family, but alas the old appetite got the better of him and he soon began to have frequent drunken sprees. His employers condoned this so long as they could, but finally they had to discharge him. His employer told me afterward that Comrade Blank was the most popular and most profitable man he had ever had in his store up to the time when the booze habit ruined him.

Then his course downward was more rapid. Soon his wife secured a divorce, took their children, denounced and deserted him and left the state. Where she went with the boys, I have never learned, but so far as I could learn she never recognized or communicated with the father of her children in any way after the separation.

After the family home was thus broken up the tobaggon was oiled for a rapid down grade. Some of his friends got him first

into the Soldiers Home at Lafayette, then later in the National Home at Marion, but "the call of the wild" was too strong for him, he left these homes, lived or half lived around Indianapolis for several years, going on a protracted drunk so long as his money lasted after he got his pension. Some of us tried often to get him to go to Greencastle to our company reunions. We offered to pay all his expenses if he would go but we never got him to one of our reunions. Finally a few years ago an old farmer a few miles out of the city took him and gave him a home so long as he lived.

One day about five years ago some two or three of his comrades living in the city heard the old comrade was dead and to be buried in Crown Hill that P. M. They hurried to the cemetery but when they arrived at the soldiers plat the body had been lowered in the grave and the clods were then rattling on his coffin. Just the undertaker, the cemetery employes and the two old comrades to see the old burnt out frame laid in its last resting place. Not a wife, a mother, a son or a single relative there to shed a tear. No eulogy was pronounced over that grave. No funeral dirge was played, no firing squad was there, no bugle sounded taps. If the county had not paid the funeral expenses the body would have been buried in the paupers' plat. Thus went out a life, that in youth had as promising a future apparently as his friends could have wished. His life was wrecked, his family and home broken up. Yes, his life not only a sad tragedy, but a source of a lasting sorrow to all his loved ones. But life's fitful fever to him is over, he sleeps quietly and well in "the narrow green tent—who's green door never outward turns."

So far as I have been able to find out, there has never been one of his fathers' family or his wife or two sons that has ever so much as come to look up the fate of this old soldier, who gave nearly four years of the best years of his young manhood to his country in its hours of danger. Nor has anyone to my knowledge, except the Grand Army, ever planted a flag or dropped a flower on his grave.

I have heard that the two little boys who were thus taken from their father are now well-to-do prosperous business men. One would think they would at least have thought enough of their

patriotic sire to have at least wanted to recover the sword their father won but they have not.

A few years ago, I accidentally heard that the sword had been pawned in a saloon in Terre Haute for a quart of whiskey, more than twenty-five years ago. I sent money and redeemed the sword and it hangs here in my room as I write this story.

I thank God our State and Nation is trying to shield our soldiers of today from the awful temptations, the saloon and the whiskey and beer that our soldiers of the Civil war had to meet. This is no fairy war story written for publication, but it is a true story not told in all his horrible realities. " 'Tis true 'tis a pity, and 'tis a pity 'tis true."

Alcohol can claim its million victims where the German army can claim its hundreds.

CHAPTER ELEVEN.

SCATTERING RECOLLECTIONS.

I expect the readers of these memories will notice a good many repetitions in part. Writing a chapter just as occasion happens and mostly from memory it is hard to avoid some repetitions, and give events or incidents I wish to refer to, but as I am writing these memories, etc., only for my grandchildren they will excuse.

Three months ago I had never expected to put out such a booklet. I have a small memoranda I kept the first year of my service in the army. All the memorandums I kept after that of army life were lost after I got home from the army. And after I got home and regained a reasonable degree of health I was thirty years old, and I entered into the busy marts of life to make a home and a living for myself and whatever future family I might acquire.

My stepmother had died about a year before I came home from the army. My two younger sisters and my youngest brother were still at home with father, and I called that my home for over two years, before I was married and made a home of my own. After fifteen months the stork left the first baby at our house and during the next sixteen years the stork left five more, all six fine healthy kiddies, the youngest, dear little Freddie, died with diphtheria while I was on a trip to New York to buy goods for my store. This was the first real sorrow to come to our happy home. Freddie had just walked across the room the day before I left for New York, as fine a looking lad it seems to me as I ever have seen. One rather peculiar thing about our Scott families is no divorces and no second marriages except in the cases of my father and myself.

Brothers Hamilton, John and William and James and all three of my sisters lived with their first companions until separated by death. Brother Thomas and his first love are still living happily in their Kansas home, both of them past the four score and four years. And I have been living happily with my present companion over a third of a century.

I think I said that a singular thing about my relatives (and the circle of kinfolks was large) I do not recall of one of them

that was not strong for the Union at the outbreak of the Civil war. As well as I recollect, with the exception of one or two of my boy cousins, all volunteered in the army, not one drafted and there was lots of them. Most of them got home, two gave up their lives. Some came home crippled by wounds or their health shattered by sickness, exposure or starving in rebel prisons.

My father had one sister. She married a Mr. Campbell. He had but one brother, David. My mother had one brother, David Wills, and she had four sisters, three of them married men by name of Ramsey and one Burnside. So far as I know there never has been a Scott of our family convicted of a crime or sent to jail for violating the law.

A very few times in my army life I have seen the time when I would have given five dollars for a square meal or for a quart of water. It's a good thing for a fellow to realize just what it is to get real hungry once in a while. It brings him in a little closer touch with his fellow man on whom fortune, good fortune has not smiled, and long ago I made up my mind that when any man tackled me for something to eat it was my duty to feed him, and I did not set myself up as judge to decide whether the poor fellow was worthy or not. The good Master says: "If thine enemy hungers feed him." And after I had a home of my own I told my wife if any hobo came to our door asking for something to eat, to feed him, if she had anything to give, and if nothing in the cupboard, then give him a nickle or a dime to buy with. I have been laughed at for this habit of giving to tramps as they are generally called, but I did not care for my misplaced charity, as they called it. I give one instance. One day while sitting in my bank with several friends a rather tough looking hobo stepped up to the counter and said to me: Mister, could you give a hungry man a dime to get a loaf of bread? I said to him, well if I give you the dime I suppose you won't spend it in a saloon for a drink. He promptly replied: Well Mister I can get a pretty good lunch with a glass of beer. He would not tell a lie to get the dime, but he got it all the same. I never had a great amount of money to give away to make people happy or to gain the applause of men of the world, but I

long ago found that there was some real satisfaction in giving, if it was just the least mite, to the poor unfortunate who sells pencils on the corner, or the little newsboys who comes along crying Morning Star all about the horrible murder down on blank street, only two cents. Just give the little fellow a nickle or a dime for a paper, then listen to him as he goes off changing his tune and saying: "Morning Star, all about the big circus coming to town." For the last year a blind man has sold The Times in front of the office building I am in. I buy my paper of him and generally drop a nickle in his hand. To see his blind face put on a smile pays me more than the change would pay. I some times pass one of the unfortunate people on the street (I don't like to call them beggars) because I think I am in a hurry, but on second thought I sometimes go back and drop my nickle or dime or possibly a quarter into the blind or crippled man's hat and then my conscience feels better. It costs mighty little to add something to the happiness or comfort of God's poor and where one can't do much he gets the more pleasure out of the thought that he could do a little. I may say, without saying it boastfully, that I think I have helped several young men and young women to get a start in the business world. I can recall several of those who have made a success in business affairs. I mention just one. He came to me for a job when he was about sixteen years old. He was not a very promising looking prospect for a clerk in my store. His education was very limited, but I took him in and he staid with me five or six years and made a fine business man, attaining to the position of Grand Master of Masons of Indiana. I have cast some bread on the waters that came back to me in a very satisfactory way, many days after.

It is rather easy to "scatter smiles," if you just keep on smiling and smiling yourself. It may almost hurt some times to smile, but remember a smile never leaves a scar and a frown if worn long will leave a wrinkle. If you keep your heart young it will help keep your body young. Mr. Lincoln said when opportunity offered always "dig up a thorn and plant a rose." Two men traveling looked out at the same car window, one saw mud the other saw stars. Moral: Always look for stars, you will find mud soon enough.

CHAPTER TWELVE

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there,
Oh, say does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

Oh, thus be it ever when free-man shall stand
Between their loved home and wild war's desolation,
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land,
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Lift up your eyes, desponding free men!
Fling to the winds your needless fears:
He who unfurled your beauteous banner
Says it shall wave a thousand years.

CHORUS

"A thousand years," my own Columbia!
'Tis the glad day so long foretold!
'Tis the glad morn whose early twilight
Washington saw in times of old.

KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING.

They were summoned from the hill-side:
They were called in from the glen,
And the country found them ready
At the stirring call for men.
Let no tears add to their hardship,
As the soldiers pass along,
And although your heart is breaking,
Make it sing this cheerful song:

REFRAIN.

Keep the home fires burning, while your hearts are yearning,
Though your lads are far away, they dream of home;
Theres' a silver lining through the dark cloud shining,
Turn the dark cloud inside out, till the boys come home.



CAPTAIN A. M. SCOTT, at 65

A BRIEF SKETCH OF MY ARMY EXPERIENCE.

I enlisted in August, 1861, was not mustered until September 10, 1861. Was elected first Orderly Sergeant the day the company was organized. I might say I was offered a lieutenantcy when the company was organized but declined it in favor of another man who had just returned from the three months' service under General Wallace. He was well drilled and I had no experience in the soldier line. About eight months after our company was mustered into service, for reasons best known to themselves, our captain and first lieutenant both sent their resignations to Governor Morton and came back home. Governor Morton then commissioned our second lieutenant captain and myself first lieutenant. Our regiment, the 43rd Indiana Volunteer Infantry, was kept the greater part of the three years I was with the regiment assisting in opening up the Mississippi River and its tributaries. Up and down the Mississippi, the Arkansas, the White, the Ohio and the Tennessee rivers. Almost all the time in a malarial, sickly country. We did not do much hard fighting but lost many men by sickness. Of my own company, of whom I had enlisted around Portland Mills, Russellville and vicinity, nearly one-third of our company of one hundred men, as fine a set of good, healthy, husky country boys as could be found anywhere. We lost of our company by death twelve and from sickness and disability some fifteen others before Company B had a man killed in battle. There was not much glory or romance in that kind of soldiering, but we were obeying orders and doing our duty and the first duty of a soldier is to obey orders.

Several years ago the Colonel of our regiment wrote and published in book form a history of the regiment. I quote a few paragraphs on page 121 of his book. He says:

"The official records in the war department at Washington, D. C., will show that the 43rd is entitled to have the following names conspicuously emblazoned upon its banners:

New Market, Island No. 10, Fort Pillow, Memphis, Duval's Bluffs, Helena, Yazoo Pass, Little Rock, Prairie Dee Ann, Elk-
in's Ford, Mark's Mill, Jenkin's Ferry, Eminence, Ky., etc.

New Madrid, Island No. 10, Fort Pillow and Memphis opened the Mississippi River from the Ohio to Vicksburg, etc."

In another chapter I give a somewhat detailed account of the battle at Helena. That was the severest battle I was in. As stated in that article, my health was so completely broken I had to resign April, 1864,

I quote from my Colonel's book a paragraph he wrote about myself, headed:

A SUCCESSFUL FORTY-THIRDER.

Among the old boys of the 43rd who have achieved a fine measure of success since their discharge from the military service is Lieutenant A. M. Scott. Leaving the regiment in 1864, for twenty years he was a successful merchant. During the last fifteen years he has been the cashier of the Bank of Ladoga, Montgomery county. In these years he has been three times elected a member of the Legislature from his county in which body he has served with distinction. For thirty years he has been treasurer of the Public School Board of his town. He is at present a member of the Board of Trustees of the Indiana State Soldiers' Home at Lafayette. He is a member of the Loyal Legion and has been a decided success in everything he has undertaken. In his bright lexicon there is no such word as fail. He has "got there Eli" with both feet. His picture adorns this work, it shows him still, we are pleased to say a young man in the prime of his youth and beauty."

The 43rd has had many regimental reunions, but all things earthly must have an end some time and but few old comrades get out to regimental reunions now.

For the last twenty years my old company, Company B, has held a company reunion at the country home of Comrade Allen or in the College campus at Greencastle. For the last ten years we have had from twelve to eighteen members of the old company present. For the last few years I have been the only surviving officer of the company present. Our meeting for 1918, is the first Thursday in September.

A LITTLE WAR STORY.

In another chapter I give some details of a battle at Helena, on July the 4th, 1863. Our little army there that day defeated a

OLIVER P. MORTON,

GOVERNOR
OF THE STATE OF INDIANA.



AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF
OF THE MILITIA THEREOF.

To all who shall see these presents, Greeting:

Know Ye, That in the name and by the authority of said State
I, OLIVER P. MORTON, Governor, do hereby appoint and commission
Alexander M. Scott to the office of *1st Lieut*
in and for *13th Regt (Vincennes Cavalry Brigade)* of the Indiana
Volunteer Militia.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and
caused to be affixed the seal of the State, at Indianapolis,
the *13th* day of *May*, in the year
of our Lord 1862.

BY THE GOVERNOR

W. A. Rouse

Secretary of State.

O. P. Morton

COUNTERSIGNED BY

L. A. Noble

Adjutant General Indiana Militia.

rebel army of at least four times the number of soldiers we had to fight them. The rebel army under Generals Price and Marmaduke, came from Little Rock in full confidence of capturing our little army in Helena and the large amount of food-stuffs and army supplies they were much in need of. But late in the evening of July 4th the rebel army, what was left of it, made a hasty retreat back to Little Rock. About the middle of the next month, August, our generals decided to march on Little Rock and drive the confederates out of and capture the city. I am simply telling here a little part I played in this movement. About the first of August I had ordered some supplies from home, among them a pair of fine boots for which I paid twelve dollars. It was very hot down in that Arkansas country that August day, when our little army was ordered forward for Little Rock. The dust and sand was from two to six inches deep in the roads. We started about seven in the morning with our blankets and ammunition and three days' rations and our arms, a load of fifty or sixty pounds, to carry. The sun came down on us awfully hot and after marching till about ten o'clock the men were getting very hot and tired. Several men in our regiment were prostrated by heat or sunstroke. About ten o'clock we came to a grove of timber and a halt for rest was ordered for two hours. Before the halt my feet were punishing me severely and when we halted our Colonel and our Regimental Surgeon and I and one or two other officers sat under the shade of a big tree. My feet were hurting me so badly I felt I could not walk further with my boots on, so I pulled them off took off my socks and found my feet all puffed up with big blisters. I showed my feet to my Colonel and the doctor. They both said I could not possibly put my boots on again with my feet in that condition and they said there appeared to be nothing for me to do but ride the balance of the way in the ambulance. I told them no riding for me.

My captain was not with us. I was in command of my company, and my company was at the head of the line. I told my Colonel I was going to try it barefoot in that hot sand. He did not think I could stand it many miles and when the command forward was given I took my place at the head of the line. The

dust and the sand was so hot I could not stand it to stand still but by keeping stepping lively I marched in that hot sand two days until we got near Little Rock. By that time the blisters had dried up and my feet looked like a piece of old tanned leather. When we started bare foot that day I tied my new boots together and gave them to my negro servant, telling him to take care of them. The second night on the march I was placed in command of a part of our picket line. I had to go on duty across a large creek right in thick woods, brush briers and snakes were plentiful, but I got back to camp next morning and called on my darkey for my boots. He began *to look pale*, and stammered out: "Well, Marssa, somebody stole dem boots last night." So them boots never gave me sore feet again. Fortunately my cousin David Burnside had an extra pair of shoes in his knapsack. I got him to give me his old shoes, and I wore them until we got into Little Rock. Many men in the army had rougher times than I had the two days and nights I marched barefoot but I have never found an officer who marched at the head of his regiment bare foot two days. Our army captured Little Rock without much fighting. Our brigade staid there the balance of that fall and when the weather got cold we were ordered to prepare our quarters for winter.

Soon after our army appeared to be well established in Little Rock a good many of the farmers living in the vicinity in order to get protection for themselves and their property came into camp and took the oath of allegiance to the United States. Then they were recognized officially as loyal citizens and were given protection papers. This gave them protection from the Federal soldiers and if our soldiers took any of their property they were paid full value for the same. But at that time Arkansas was overrun by bands of Quantrell's guerillas or bushwhackers. Most of them common thieves and robbers, hardly recognized by the confederates as soldiers. And these fellows became enraged at the men who had sworn allegiance to our flag, and they commenced murdering or burning out these loyalists wherever they thought they could do it safely. They had committed many of these outrages on innocent citizens in spite of efforts of our soldiers to protect them. One day a man came

galloping into our picket lines and told our guards that he had just seen one of these gangs of robbers going towards the home of one of his neighbors and he was sure they would kill his neighbor. Fortunately a strong guard of our cavalry was in the vicinity. A company of these were started on the gallop for the farmer's home. When they surprised the gang of murderers they found the farmer hanging from the limb of a big tree in his own yard. Before the bushwhackers could mount their horses to get away our soldiers had killed or captured most of the gang. Among those captured was the captain and a lieutenant of the gang, and now comes the singular part of my story. These two men were speedily brought to trial before a military court martial, charged with murdering a certain citizen of the county, etc. And the man they were charged with murdering was the principal witness against them. For when our soldiers found him apparently dead on the tree they cut him down and his neck not being broken they succeeded in returning him to life, and he testified that the two prisoners were the men who hung him or had it done. It took but a short trial the jury found the men guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced them to be hung by the neck until *dead, dead*. In a few days a scaffold was erected for two in the open camp and I suppose, of soldiers and citizens, ten or fifteen thousand people witnessed the hanging, as everybody was allowed to go.

I stood in twenty feet of the gallows and saw the only hanging I care to ever see. I saw a striking example of how different men meet death. The captain was a big, fine looking man probably about forty years old. He walked up on the scaffold as naturally as if he was going to make a speech to the crowd. When the hangman went to adjust the mask over his face and the rope around his neck he asked the man if he wished to say anything. He replied, no. He then took a chew of tobacco out of his mouth picked his teeth, pushed back his big broad rimmed hat and said in a firm voice, I am ready. Apparently he was the coolest, least excited man in the crowd. His companion just collapsed and begged for his life. He had to be held up while the rope was adjusted round his neck. The men both stood on one drop or trap and when it fell the men dropped about five

feet. The fall broke the neck of the captain and he died almost without a struggle, but the other man's neck was not broken and he died hard. Some women in the crowd fainted. Many groaned and wept. A scene never to be forgotten. That winter a young man was arrested in our camp as a spy. He was convicted and on that awful cold New Years day, 1864, he was publicly hanged. Such is war. I did not witness this last hanging.

I served on a military court martial at one time for six weeks, but I never voted the death penalty on any one.

The above article was written for and published in the Indianapolis Star about eight years ago.

Speaking of the way many Democrats viewed the Civil War and discouraged volunteering, I cite one case and there were hundreds of similar cases. The old gentlemen I spoke of had three or four sons old enough for the army, but they were discouraged from volunteering by their father, but one day one of his sons put his name on the list of volunteers in a company being raised. He went home and told his father what he had done. His father got angry and told him to go take his name off the list, but his son would not go back on his honor. So the father denounced his son. Said if he went into the army he would forever disown him as a son and hoped if he did he would never live to get home, etc. Well, the son went to the army and was killed and of course never got home, but as soon as the war was over the father applied for a pension on account of his son being killed in the army. He made oath that this son was his only support for his father and mother in their old age, etc. And he got a pension and drew it so long as he lived. At the same time he had three other sons, who at last accounts I have, two of them own good farms in that vicinity, and had been amply able to care for their parents.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

One winter some years ago we formed an acquaintance with a lady from Columbia, South Carolina. She was a woman of more than ordinary good sense, a delightful companion to spend your outing with. She was an ardent Suffragist. She had worked at the business and was well acquainted with many public men and women. She had had political tilts with United States Senator Tillman and other prominent politicians. In 1916 she visited Grandma and I for a day while here as delegate



Elizabeth Mildred (Scott) Hamilton,
at 70



Letha Rachel Daugherty,
at 4

from her State for some convention. In March, 1917, I received a letter from her requesting me to send her something to help her in the fight for woman suffrage, as the fight was then on in her state. I sent her a carbon copy of a speech I had prepared, explaining to her that much of the article was only of local interest here in Indiana, but she was welcome to use any paragraph in it she thought of interest, etc. A few days later I received a copy of a Columbia paper with big headlines

and giving my article in full. See her letter and the article. The address may not be worth the space, **even** in this private "Memoirs," but I had to fill up with something. When my grandchildren **come** to this article, as well as my Decoration Day address, they can adopt the "Skip Stop" plan, like our street cars.

In the winter of 1918 we had the pleasure of spending a few weeks with this charming southern lady while in Miami, Florida.

COLUMBIA, S. C.,
1126 Elmwood Ave., March 27, 1917.

HON. ALEXANDER M. SCOTT,
Indianapolis, Ind.

MY DEAR MR. SCOTT:

We are planning to issue a supplement or Equal Suffrage edition to The Columbia Record on April 13, and I would like so much to have you write an expression of your views on "Ballots for Both" for this issue.

I read with so much gratitude your remarks to the Indiana Legislature and thank you in the name of the women of the U. S. A. Would that all of our Representatives were of the same mind.

With kind regards, I am

Sincerely yours,

MRS. N. C. CATHCART.

MR. SPEAKER AND GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE:

The gentleman from Jefferson is certainly entitled to our sympathy in his heroic effort to make a speech with an argument in it against woman suffrage. For a lawyer of acknowledged ability, one who had served his country as a judge on the bench in the State of Indiana to make such a plea as he has made against the right or the ability of women to vote intelligently, is not only a surprise to his friends, but it ought to convince himself how useless it is for a man to try to break down a stone wall by butting his head up against it.

In the light of the onward swing of the march of progress and intelligence of our people on this and other great problems of

modern times, it seems strange to conceive of any member of this body making such a plea. There really is no valid argument against woman suffrage at this time. "The world do move," even though slowly at times.

Just a day or two ago I overheard a conversation between two bright young lawyers of this body, discussing the question of woman suffrage; in closing the debate the one opposed to suffrage remarked: "Well, I don't see there is any argument in favor of it." The other gentleman replied, promptly, saying, "Well, there may not be much argument in favor of it, but there is not a damned bit of argument against it." And so as this settled the question there is no need for any one to try to put up an argument in favor of suffrage for women.

The gentleman from Jefferson must be obsessed with the old feudal ideas that God created woman with less intelligence than he did man, and that he created woman simply as a servant or an entirely lower creature. In fact, the gentleman makes a noise like "The unspeakable Turk," who has no use for woman except in his kitchen or in his harem. I want to say to the gentleman that I find no evidence or revelation or inspiration since the birth of Adam that tells me women were created with less intelligence than man. The evidence rather shows the woman was stronger minded than the man, for when the Devil failed to prevail on Adam to eat the forbidden fruit, he employed the woman to act as his lobbyist, and she got the man to eat; as a result of Adam's weakness the woman was turned out of the Garden of Eden. Naturally the woman was indignant and immediately proceeded to *raise Cain* and the gentleman apparently would have us believe that women have raised about all the trouble in the world since that date. The facts are that after a proper trial the Lord found man, as a man, was a failure, and he created woman as his helpmate, not as a servant or a concubine, and with this helpmate the pair proceeded to populate the earth and reduce it to cultivation.

Although for six thousand years man has acted on the presumption that he was the superior being, yet history does not justify the conclusion. In spite of this oppression of woman and the lack of opportunity all down through six thousand years

that man has treated woman only a little better than the dumb animals, women have *made* opportunity and in thousands of cases have proven themselves heroines and benefactors of their race in many, many cases, even in Biblical times. We might mention such characters as Moses' sister Myriam, Deborah, Queen Esther, who risked her own life to save her people, and Japhtha's daughter. Coming down to later date we find the Maid of Orleans, a humble maiden, who, by the spirit of womanhood, raised an army of eight thousand men, put herself at their head and drove the army of invaders out of her native city and today every school boy and girl are supposed to be familiar with the story of Joan of Orleans.

Queen Victoria, who sat on the greatest throne in Europe for sixty years, the most popular and best beloved monarch of all time. Jenny Lind, the world's most famous singer; Florence Nightengale; Fannie Crosby, who, by her sweet songs, has probably sung more people into Heaven than Billy Sunday ever had strike the sawdust trail. Harriett Beecher Stowe, whose thrilling story of the wrongs of slavery in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in the pathetic death of "Uncle Tom" and "Little Eva," has drawn more tears from more eyes than anything written by man or woman since the tragedy of the Cross.

We need not mention the hundreds of other American women who have won fame or fortunes by brain or hand. Forty years ago in this State House I heard that great champion of woman's rights, Susan B. Anthony, make an address that convinced me of the justice of her claim, and although the world has tried to ridicule and belittle her cause, yet she has won her fight and it is only a question of months or possibly years till all over this broad land, woman will be casting her ballot and for the best man. I will mention one more woman, the one-time rather famous Carrie Nation, though somewhat peculiar in her methods, yet, with her little hatchet, she started something going in Kansas that made not only the brewers and saloon keepers sit up and take notice, but made the Kansas law makers take notice as well. The result—Brewers and saloons banished from Kansas, but the enfranchisement of women as well. There is no reason for women not voting except the fear of the saloon ele-

ment in both parties that when women get the ballot, they—the saloonists—go out of business, and we are willing to confess their fears are well grounded. For the signs of the time point to the fact that the women have practically won their fight in Indiana, and they will vote for our next President and the members of our Legislature. And the members of this House who have aspirations for future political preferment had better look to their record, for we predict the man who votes against this bill is voting to dig his own political grave. You cannot dodge the present issue on these great questions. You might be able to dodge a brick some one might throw at you on the street, but you can't dodge your record on this bill if you vote against it, after your record is placed on file in the archives of this State House.

You say women are not prepared to vote intelligently, not educated up to that point, etc., etc. Of all the supposed arguments against this measure we regard this as the most absurd and groundless of all. No man of fair intelligence ought to put up this argument. The women of this country in several states are filling offices, from Congressmen all down the line to Constable, and filling them well. Two-thirds of our free school teachers are women; from heads of colleges to superintendents of schools in great cities like Chicago, where a woman has filled the position several years. They are filling a large majority of positions of stenographers in our courts, law offices and public businesses and hundreds of positions formerly filled by men, and because they do their work well.

Women are successfully managing large grain farms, stock farms, dairy farms, banks, factories, department stores, machine shops, etc., and doing these things as successfully as men. You politicians who think women are not intelligent enough to vote will allow thousands of ignorant, totally illiterate negroes from the South to flock into Indiana every year. We have an election and then the grand rush comes to see which party can corral the most of these (intelligent?) voters and vote them for their ticket. Thousands of ignorant foreigners, Hunyaks, Dagoes, Slavs, Italians, etc., come into our state yearly. They are rushed to the political headquarters and caused to take out

naturalization papers, made full citizens after living in our state six months; then cannot speak or read a word of our language. And most of them would not know our Constitution from a polar bear if they should meet it on our streets, and yet your wives, mothers and sisters could not vote intelligently. A vote against this bill is practically an insult and a slander upon our women, and they will not soon forget, for as Shakespeare says:

"Hell knows no fury like a woman scorned."

Probably six or eight thousand women in Indianapolis own their own homes. Many own real estate they have bought with their own earnings. Many men put their homes in their wives' names as a matter of safety; they know that their wives will not go out to the race course, or the board of trade and mortgage their home to furnish cash to gamble on, and yet these men who have this confidence in their wives will elect men for city offices who will go ahead and assess heavy taxes on these women to build bridges, boulevards, streets, parks, etc., without so much as saying "by your permission." Absolute taxation without representation, the principal outrage that caused our forefathers to rebel against King George and one of the things that is going to give the women the right to a voice in electing our lawmakers.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again."

But, as we have stated, there is no argument that needs answering—rather the men who oppose this measure should be held up to ridicule of all fair-minded people. A young member of this body told me a few days ago that his mother and his wife both wanted him to vote for this bill, but that he would not, and yet I know he has a lovely mother and a beautiful little wife deserving of his everlasting respect and love. He told me his mother talked to him five solid hours the night before she thought this bill would be voted on to get him to vote for it and yet he would vote against it. The ingratitude of such a man as Shakespeare says: "How sharper than a serpent's tooth is an ungrateful child." Let us suppose this young man's life has not been much different from the average boy's, what does he owe to his mother? She brought him into the world at the risk of her own life. For the first three months of that life he was the most helpless of all living animals. The blind pup will struggle

around to find something to maintain life, but this boy baby would have lain helpless and died within twenty-four hours without the mother's care. During the first three months of the boy's life, his mother generally walks the floor with the babe in her arms, or rocking the cradle until he passes the colic period; then she sets him on end and learns him, with wonderful patience, to walk and to talk. Gives him the necessary lacteal fluid to promote health and growth. Nurses him through the period of teething, whooping cough, measles, mumps, chicken pox, croup and other like diseases, possibly through diphtheria or small pox, at the risk of her own life, incident to childhood. Then for eight or ten years she dresses him, combs his hair, etc., for school or play. Finally, the school days at home are over, and she sends him to college, often denying herself all the comforts of home in order to keep her boy well dressed, plenty of spending money, money for his sororities, his baseball and football outfits, etc., etc. Finally, he comes back to home and mother; mother is so proud of her boy, as he is a graduate of college. Perhaps he has his first real love affair and the other fellow gets the better of him with his sweetheart. He comes home heart broken—there is no one except mother he can tell his sorrows to—his father would laugh at him; his sisters would make fun of him, but mother will take him in her arms and say, "Well, never mind, my dear boy, there is just as good fish in the sea as was ever caught out and you will live over this and find another, better girl," etc.

And so it goes. • All the world may go back on the wayward boy, but his mother never, and soon after he gets home from college the election day comes. The mother tells him, "Now, son, you must go to the polls tomorrow and cast your first vote," and he will say, "Well, mother, I have been so busy with my clubs and sororities and have not read up on politics, now who are the leading candidates, anyhow, and who must I vote for," and mother tells him the candidates are Woodrow Wilson and Charles E. Hughes, "but I want you to vote for Wilson, for he kept you out of war these last three years." So she drives him to the polls in her limousine, tells him to go into the booth and turn the crank with the Rooster on it. He does as told, then

comes out and says, "Well, mother, I voted the straight Democratic ticket, but I just wish you had sense enough to vote, as I did, and yet his mother knew more about the duties and responsibilities of a voter than her son will know in five or ten years.

Gentlemen, this picture is hardly overdrawn; take it to yourselves. You would feel like knocking any man down who would dare to face you and tell you your own mother had not sense enough to vote intelligently, and yet every member who votes against this bill is casting a reflection—if not a slur on the intelligence of all our women who are asking for their rights, but don't let party ties or prejudices influence your vote—your honest convictions.

Don't do like my friend from Jefferson the other day when he made the strongest speech made on the floor in favor of the prohibition bill, denouncing the brewery and the saloon as a curse and an outrage on humanity, a black spot on the honor of our State, deploring the fact that his party had for years been dominated in all its conventions for years by the men in his party that were running the brewers and saloons in our state, and thanking God—he believed the time was here now when his party would be relieved from this ineubus that had humiliated him for many years, and much more of this kind, and then turned round and voted against the bill. (My countrymen, what a fall was that.) Explaining that he had always tried to be regular and loyal to his party, therefore, to remain regular and in good standing in his party he must vote NO.

When the floor leader of his party in the Indiana Legislature has to vote against his honest convictions, against what he admits will bring a great blessing to our State and all our people on a great moral question in order to remain regular with his party, it's the limit.

The patent facts are the people of this country have decided that the saloon must go, and the quickest and surest way to drive them out of the land is to give the woman, the greatest moral element of our country, the right to vote, and it is being demonstrated every day in all our varied industries, in business, or in politics that women can do almost anything as well as

the man and in many cases better, for as a rule they are more painstaking about their work, therefore less liable to make mistakes. Excuse me for giving you a little concrete example along this line.

I happen to know a little widow now living in Kansas, born in Indiana some sixty-five or seventy years ago. She lost her mother by death when she was nine months old. She grew up the baby in a large family of boys and girls, the petted, spoiled baby sister. When the Civil War broke out and her five brothers went out to help save the country, she stayed at home and took care of her invalid father. After the war she married a poor, honest farmer and they tried farming a few years in this state, when the little woman's father died. She inherited a few hundred dollars and they decided to try to secure a home in Kansas. They settled on a rented farm and began the life in Kansas. They happened to strike the lean years in Kansas; for two or three years the Kansas drouth cut their crops to a mere pittance, then the grasshoppers ate up their substance one or two years, then the chintz bugs got a couple of crops. At last, in 1893, they raised a good crop of corn and potatoes, but that was the years under free trade. They only got ten cents a bushel for their corn after hauling it ten miles to the railroad, and they discovered that corn at ten cents per bushel was cheaper fuel than coal, besides the hauling, so they burned their crop of corn that winter. Finally, the poor man, under these discouragements and hard work and exposure, broke down with a case of inflammatory rheumatism that doubled him up like an auto that had gone up a tree or over a cliff.

In the meantime three little daughters had come into the humble home, out on the open prairie, many miles from friends or church or town. Matters went from bad to worse, the husband and father first lost his health, then lost his mind; he became helpless, except the strength of the insane. At times he would attempt to kill his own wife. He lay in that condition for months and years. His wife would not let him be taken to the insane asylum. She spent many sleepless nights and weary days caring for the partner of her life. The little ones grew apace and needed schooling. At last, the poor man died and was

buried. In the desolate home little was left except faith in God and a broken heart in the little woman. What could she do out in the barren prairie—nothing but prairie grass under foot and blue sky overhead. So the little woman sold the two little old worn-out horses and the only cow, about all the property. They did not even have the dogs to lick their sores, and they moved to the city of Emporia, rented a house and started a boarding house for girls. Some way and somehow they kept body and soul together—the three girls were started to school and in time the oldest one graduated in the State Normal and began teaching. She soon secured a position in the faculty of the Normal and she grew and grew till she was recognized as a very competent worker in school work. She was sent all over Kansas to make addresses to county institutes, and she made good every time. She was sent to a General Conference of the Methodist Church at Washington City. Was a successful Sabbath School teacher. Then she aspired to a higher education. She went to Cornell University and graduated with honors. She soon after accepted a position in the University of Wisconsin at Madison, held a position there the past several years. The second daughter graduated in the State Normal and for several years has been at the head of the History Department in the Emporia city high school. The younger thereafter graduated in the State Normal, took a post graduate course in Madison University and is now teaching in the high schools in Emporia, and the little mother and daughters have a nice home of their own, not exactly on but near “Easy Street” in Emporia.

You ask me how she did it. I say only the good Lord knows and He don't tell, but He gave the little woman good brains and a sound body and a brave heart and she worked out her own salvation. Could any man on this floor have done it as well?

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

RETROSPECT

Before I was seventy-nine years old, I had occasionally received birthday cards of congratulations on attaining such a ripe old age, etc. So, at seventy-nine, I concluded I would anticipate my friends and send them a birthday greeting, and sent a number of my friends the following card:

March 23, 1836

A PRAYER

March 23, 1915

Today, three score and ten and nine years, or twenty-eight thousand eight hundred and fifty-four days have come and gone in my life. Surely goodness and mercy have followed me during all these days. I acknowledge every blessing that has come to me as a gift from the Bountiful Father to whom I give praise and thanks. "And now, O, God, forsake me not, nor cast me off in the time of old age." Let my last days be my best days. And whether the tide comes in with gentle breezes of cheer, or the tide flows out amid storms of sorrow and bereavement, may I not murmur. May a few friends cling close to me in the time of loneliness when friendship is a comfort and solace. I stagger not in doubt at the promises of God. I know Him in whom I have believed. My religious faith clings to a Savior's pardon, and a Redeemer's love. And though anticipations have not always been realized, and hopes have often failed me, yet I have lived much more in the sunshine than in the shadow and I have never taken an appeal from the rulings of Providence. As the shadows lengthen toward the sunset of life, I pray that disappointment may not embitter my sensibility nor cause me to lack in love for my brother man, and when the evening twilight of age settles down upon me, may I be found patient and gentle still.

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

"For though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

A. M. SCOTT.

COX & MCGONAGLE
ATTORNEYS AND ABSTRACTERS

MUNCE, IND., April 7, 1915.

HON. A. M. SCOTT,
*Recorder of Loyal Legion,
Indianapolis, Indiana.*

MY DEAR FRIEND:

On my return from a trip to Baltimore and Washington, I found on my desk your Birthday Card, and I wish to congratulate you on being hale and hearty at the ripe age of seventy-nine, but you are more to be congratulated on being able to give voice to the beautiful sentiments expressed in your card, and which can only arise from the consciousness of a well-spent life. And now in your declining years, may time deal gently with you, and the God in whom you believe watch over you, and may you be surrounded by kind friends who will make your remaining years pleasant and happy.

With kind regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. MCGONAGLE.

NOTE—This is one of many similar replies I received to the card.

My youngest daughter remembers her father and mother on their birthdays by sending us some of her thoughts in a poetical way very pleasing to us. We had known her, we thought, pretty well all these years of her life, but had not discovered her poetical trend of mind up to this time. "Modesty is a virtue that highly adorns a woman." I insert one or two of her greetings.

It appears that all the poetical talent in our family was not acquired by one member of the family, as witness, one effort by our only son. I might say, by way of explanation that my son is at this time the owner of one of the largest and most modern dairy farms in the State. He handles strictly thoroughbred

Jerseys, and his experience with the calf is a part of his experience in dairy work. When I read this poetical effusion, I thought to myself: Well, if Carl had been the father of a fine thoroughbred boy baby about same age of the aforesaid calf, and had been feeding the baby milk instead of the calf, I think he might have written just as good poetry and not had any occasion to say *Damn*. Carl was the only hope I have had for years of perpetuating the Scott name through my branch of the family tree, and now that prospect of a posterity of mine to be called Scott seems to be vanishing. 'Tis true I have fifteen grandchildren, as fine a bunch as ever "came down the pike," but they are the children of my daughters, all thoroughbreds, all sound in mind and body, but they do not bear the family name *Scott* blown in the bottle. I have always thought all my daughters married too young, before they were of a mind and judgment mature enough to make a proper selection of a husband, but none of them ever asked their father's advice about selecting their husbands. If they had, I would probably have had a somewhat different group of sons-in-law, but very likely I would have made worse selections than my girls did, for I must confess, I have a fine set of sons-in-law. They were all poor men when they married into my family, but I never made that an objection to anyone of them. They have all succeeded in giving their wives and children comfortable homes and a good living, and they and their wives have raised their children in a way that any grandfather may be proud of. In another chapter I may give the names of these grandchildren for whom I am preparing this little scrap book.

They will notice that I use the personal pronoun, I, very frequently, but I can't well avoid this. Editors generally say *we*, but I am not editing this for the public eye.

I have often thought that if I had had a good college education, I would probably have taken to the newspaper business, as I have been rather a voluminous letter writer, either sense or nonsense. I possibly have a little natural talent or inclination that way, have written a number of articles for local papers that were accepted and published, but I never expected nor received one dollar for any of my efforts. So, it is altogether likely if I had chosen a literary or editorial profession I would have had

even less success financially than I have had. While I might compose a readable article in prose, I never could write even a four-line poem that would stick together. So, if any of my children or grandchildren have a poetical strain, they sure did not inherit it from Grandpa Scott.

I have always been fond of music, most any kind, vocal or instrumental, and yet I never could play a tune on any musical instrument, nor do much good singing or whistling, even. Brother Tom was the whistler in our family and he did a good deal of it when we were boys. I never heard my father attempt to sing a song or whistle a tune. I remember when I was probably ten or twelve years old, hearing my father telling a visitor at our house that most of his children could sing except Alex. He did not believe Alex would ever make a singer. He sized me up fairly well. I bear his name Alexander, and they tell me I look more like my father than any one of his children. My father was an earnest, religious man and a very quiet, modest man, a Presbyterian Elder, and all four of his living sons are Elders in the Presbyterian Church, for Presbyterians believe in the "Perseverance of the Saints," and that once an Elder, always an Elder.

DEAREST DADDY :

I have found the poem you ask for; mighty glad I can accommodate you by sending it to you, and feel highly complimented that you so highly prize my poetical lines. It was a pure effort to express in words the great love and high regard we children have for the dearest Daddy on earth.

HARRIET.

1916

FATHER

If you knew what lives you'd brightened
By your words of hope and cheer
If you knew what hearts you'd strengthened
By your handclasp through the year,
If you knew what souls you've lifted
By your acts from day to day,
You would know why God has blessed you
And has kept you to this day.

If you knew how much we loved you,
How we think of you each day,
How we praise you to the children
While they're busy in their play,
Give you to them for an example
Of one who tries and can,
If you knew—I'm sure 'twould please you,
And you'd be a happier man.

So today we want to tell you
All these things you ought to know,
So your steps will grow still lighter
As your journey, you onward go,
Eighty years you've been a blessing
On this dear old earth of ours,
So just feel today, our greetings
Midst the sunshine, fruit and flowers.

May your life be spared much longer
And your faith grow still stronger,
In the Lord who gave to us—YOU.
(Signed) YOUR CHILDREN.

March 23, 1917.

FATHER

Another year has come and gone,
Since last I wrote you a little poem;
I would ask you to read it again today,
Added to those lines, something more I would say.

What other man past his eightieth year
Could reach the goal you've reached, my Dear,
To be given a seat in our State Legislature,
Is an honor not given to every creature.

We are proud of you, Father, for the things you have done
For the good you have fought for, for the battles you've won.
And though now you are greeting the year eighty-one,
Your tasks are not finished, there are more yet to come.

With that same clear mind and the same steady hand,
On the same solid rock we know you will stand.
For the rock is your Savior, who has ever been near
To guide you, and keep you, and love you, Father, Dear.

And so I am sending my greetings today,
May you live longer and prosper and be happy, I pray
But if the Heavenly Father should call your dear name,
It would be, to take your last step on your ladder of fame.

HARRIET.

May 16, 1917.

MOTHER

Today you celebrate the day of your birth,
And at its closing hours as you sit by your hearth
Your thoughts will go back o'er the years that have gone,
You'll think of your friends, your mother and home,
You'll think of the joys such occasions would bring.
How you and the other children would laugh and sing
And talk of the present that was sure to be given
When you were five or six or seven.

And then came the years of youth and of fun,
When, perhaps, you were loving some mother's son,
And he brought to you flowers or perchance a book,
How your heart beat with pleasure as the token you took.
You may think of the parties and dances and games
That were given in your honor by some older dames.
You may think of the school days that brought you joys,
Of the sweet little girls and the bright little boys.

Then came the day when to you was given
The man who has ever been approved of by heaven.
Perhaps, not on your birthday he came to you,
But a present he's been and one that's "true blue."
And since that day you've surely tried to be
A good wife to him and a Mother to me.
Not only to me but to my sisters and brother,
And we're glad he found you and not any other.

And so, Mother Dear, as you think of the past,
May the good thoughts be only the thoughts that will last.
And these kind of thoughts I'm wanting to give,
And I pray they stay with you as long as you live.
I'm thinking how you've shared my sorrows and joy,
How you've helped to take care of my girl and my boy.
How you've made the place where you live a real home,
A place where I always feel welcome to come.

To Father Dear you've always been kind,
A better wife and mother would be hard to find.
To many you've given the helping hand
And made them to feel and to understand
That life is not all trouble and sorrow,
That God will help today and also tomorrow,
That if we trust in Him we'll always find
Friends who are liberal and thoughtful and kind.

And when you close your eyes tonight,
May your soul be filled with such a light
As comes only from God and his great throne.
A radiance that will ever fill your home.
May peace and quiet and joy ever reign
Throughout to year and years to come.
And these are the thoughts and the greetings I give
To one with whom I've had the pleasure to live.

HARRIET.

PARK FARMS COMPANY

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., Nov. 6, 1916.

MR. A. M. SCOTT,

Indianapolis, Indiana.

MY DEAR FATHER:

I am just in receipt of your letter, and it affords me pleasure to comply with your request, which I am doing; you will find my check enclosed for one hundred and fifty dollars (\$150.00).

I realize that tomorrow is election day, and hope you will be among the survivors of the race. I should like very much to be able to vote for you, but will have to vote for some other good Republican. In this connection, I wish to tell you a funny little story which happened one evening last week in the Crawford Hotel; was talking to my friend, Wint Washburn, and we were discussing the coming election, and he asked me if I had made any bets. I told him No! That I never made but one bet on any election in my life and that was several years ago, and when my father was running for Representative. A bet was posted in the cigar store of \$50.00 that Scott would not be elected. I told him I went in the bank, got the money, put it up and of course won it. When I had finished telling him the story, he smiled and said: "You ought to divide that with me." I asked him why, and he said: "Well, I am the fellow he beat."



ROBERT CARL SCOTT, at 40

I had forgotten whom it was you run against.

I have not taken a very active part in politics, as to be frank with you, I do not think there is much to be gained by giving much time to politics, unless you are running for office yourself.

With love to all the family, I remain,

Very truly,

R. C. SCOTT.

FEEDING THE CALF

The calf that came to our house was a little golden lad,
With his pug nose turning upward and his eyes so dreamy sad,
And my wife and I both loved him and decided 'twould be great
To make a real pet of him and to feed him "up to date."
So she fixed his dainty ration while I undertook the task
Of feeding in a bucket—but he seemed to wish a flask,
Ma coaxed him and she stroked him with her willing patient
hand,
Said "The precious little creature doesn't seem to understand."

In giving this first lesson (the important one, of course),
Ma thought it might be feasible to use a little force;
So I laid my hand upon him in a sympathetic way,
Set the bucket down before him, then I knelt down in the hay.
Then I pushed him firmly downward with his nostrils in the
feed;
He only gasped and snorted—to my warning took no heed.
When I took my firm hand from him and he "came up for air,"
He looked at me disgusted like, in fact it seemed a dare.

Ma saw I was in earnest, saw my features grow like stone,
She was saying, "father, father," in a soothing undertone.
Then I grabbed that calf and rammed him to the bottom of the
pail—
I'm a man of firm convictions, there is no such thing as "fail."
Ouch! he bit my thumb and finger, knocked my glasses from my
nose,
Did a tango on my stomach, tore my hat and soiled my clothes,
Scattered milk all down my shirt-front—in my back there was
a kink,
I could "hold him under water," but that damned calf wouldn't
drink.

—R. C. SCOTT, Indiana.

P. S.—Inspired by experience and dedicated to all those who
have ever tried it.

After my financial misfortune at Ladoga, I received probably one hundred or more letters from my friends. I insert just a few of them for samples, as all of them expressed about the same words of confidence and encouragement. And surely these letters at that time greatly comforted and encouraged my wife and I.

I also give some other letters that I have received from friends on different occasions. I have also inserted a few of my favorite poems, etc., taken from my scrap book.

One of these poems, written by Mr. Will Thomson, an old Confederate soldier friend, who came from the Confederate army to Crawfordsville soon after the war with his brother, Maurice Thompson. They were fine types of the southern gentlemen, and they soon won lots of friends among Hoosiers. Maurice turned poet, wrote "Alice of Old Vincennes" and other books. His brother William studied law. He became noted as the author of Archery, etc.

I knew him in politics. He, of course, was a staunch Democrat and was elected to represent Montgomery county in the Legislature in 1879, the next session after I represented the county in 1877. Soon after that he went West and became popular in politics, turned poet and wrote poetry and prose. To my mind, the best thing he ever wrote was "High Tide at Gettysbury." The kindly way in which he recognizes the collapse of the Confederacy and the lost cause, and declares allegiance to a united country, won my admiration for his poem. He afterward had sad trouble in his family, which probably shortened his life.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—GOVERNOR'S CHAMBER

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Oct. 9, 1917.

MR. ALEXANDER M. SCOTT,

Indianapolis, Indiana.

DEAR SIR:

Governor and Mrs. Goodrich have requested me to thank you for your kindly expressed interest in the Governor's recovery

from his illness and to assure you that the same is deeply appreciated by them both.

I am happy to tell you that the prayers of the people throughout the state have been answered, the Governor is now convalescing and showing a little improvement every day.

Very truly yours,

JEANNETTE HARRIS, *Executive Clerk.*

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

SOME MEMORIES WISE OR OTHERWISE

My experiences with the booze business has been somewhat of an experience.

My father, while a very temperate man in all things, was not a radical teetotaler. In my boyhood days the family that did not use whiskey and keep a jug full in the house was the exception. And it was almost impossible to pull off a log-rolling, a barn-raising or most any kind of a gathering of a social nature without the jug or demijohn of old rye. Whiskey was the chief medicine for family ailments, from colic to cholera. Some used it to keep cool in hot weather and most people used it as a stimulant in cold weather. I have seen my father mix a tumbler full of whiskey and tansey-leaves and give us boys a stiff dram of it to keep off the ague in the morning before we started to school. It was the only infallible remedy for snake bite or poison vine, etc., etc.

Father was one of the first men in our neighborhood that cut out the whiskey jug as a public function, but continued to keep whiskey in his home for medicinal purposes. Fortunately for his boys, there was no such institution in our neighborhood as a saloon and none of father's sons or sons-in-laws ever contracted the drink habit to excess.

There were plenty of small still houses in the surrounding country, and the usual way of getting the family supply of the stuff was to put one of the boys on a horse with a sack with a jug in each end of the bag, or if they could not pay for two gallons at one time they put a jug in one end of the bag and a big rock to balance the jug in the other end, then to the still house. Whiskey in those days was made of pure corn, and the regular price was twenty-five cents per gallon, or two bushels of corn for one gallon of whiskey.

Whiskey never bothered me much till I got into the army. It

was one of the curses to the army. I will give one or two incidents in my experience. On a few cases where our company had been exposed to extra hardships, the Government would order whiskey rations issued to the soldiers. On a few of these occasions, while in command of soldiers, I have taken a common camp bucket of whiskey, stood my men up in line, then go along with a tin cup and give every man who wanted it a good big dram (only one). My captain was entirely too fond of the stuff and seldom missed a good chance for a nip. I, once in a while, would take a dram, but my rule was to never drink with men who were getting too much. One night while our regiment was at Helena in the winter of 1863, life was rather tame for the boys and they would take advantage of every chance to have a little variation in program, and if they could get whiskey (some of my company) that was their idea of a good time. Private soldiers could not buy whiskey without an order from an officer in their company. One day I was sitting in my tent when one of my good, trusty boys came to me and asked me for an order to the quartermaster for one gallon of molasses. I took up a pencil and wrote them an order for the molasses. The boys rubbed out molasses and inserted *whiskey*, got the whiskey and also got drunk—some of the boys. One night some bootlegger got a keg of whiskey out near our camp and some of my company soon got onto the snap. They first came to the officers' tent, called the captain out, took him to the blind tiger and made him set up treat for the crowd. Pretty soon they came and took the second lieutenant out and had him stand for the drinks. By this time the boys were full enough of bad whiskey to tackle me, knowing I did not approve of what the other officers had done. I declined to go with them, but they were tanked up to do most anything. So they picked me up on their shoulders, carried me down to the bank of the Mississippi river and told me if I did not treat they would throw me into the river. I could not swim, there was ice in the river and it looked cold, but I was determined I would give the boys no more whiskey. I told them I did not care for the price and if they would wait till some other time I would stand treat cheerfully, but no other time would suit them. I did not believe they would throw me

into the river, but you never can tell what a man crazy with whiskey will do, but these fellows were not all crazy drunk, and when they found they could not make me stand treat they let me down and I walked back to my tent and went to bed. I remember even more vividly than this incident one other time when I was threatened with personal violence, not by drunken men, but by prominent business men in the town I was living in. As I have stated I was not a radical temperance man up to some years after the close of the Civil war. I made frequent trips (while running a store) to Cincinnati and New York, and, as was the custom in those days, I occasionally went to the bar in the hotels with friends and would take a social glass of wine, beer or whiskey. I naturally liked the taste of wine or whiskey but never did like beer, and I soon found that if I kept up this social custom that I was liable to cultivate a taste for drink that might be my ruin. So I soon after the war decided that whiskey as a beverage was bad, totally bad. I took the blue ribbon pledge more than forty years ago, and think I have kept the pledge as faithfully as most men. Not many years after I settled in Ladoga the agitation against the saloon began. I became active in opposition to the saloon. During nearly forty years I lived in Ladoga there was from three to five open saloons in the town and two or three drug stores where the high-toned gentlemen who did not care to be seen going into the saloon could get their quiet nip any day or any time Sunday or week day. And so in course of time the temperance element of the town and township began to try to drive out the saloons by remonstrance. The fight was hot, bitter and long.

The personal incident I referred to happened about thusly: The temperance people had secured a majority of the legal voters of the township to a remonstrance and it looked like the saloons must go, but the wets got desperate. "The Big Four" antis united with the saloon men to make a fight to get men to withdraw their names from the remonstrance and they induced a lot of our best business and church members to take their names off the remonstrance. A public meeting was called one night to try to hold the temperance men true to their pledge. A big crowd was present, some pretty earnest speeches were made.

Among other things I said was an appeal to church members who had taken their names off the remonstrance. I said that for men who had taken the solemn vows of Elders, Deacons and Stewards in our three Protestant churches and looked to me as a most inconsistent thing to do, and an act I believed they would regret as long as they lived. I did not use the word hypocrit in my talk any time, but the next morning as I walked past one of the largest stores in the town one of the proprietors called to me and told me to come into his store. I went in, then this man, with the endorsement of his partners, began abusing and cussing me for what I said at the meeting the night before. He said I had called a lot of his friends hypocrits and that he thought I was the damnedest, biggest hypocrit in the bunch and much more of this kind of talk. And added that if it was not for my gray hairs he would then and there give me a good thrashing. I told him I hoped he would not regard my gray hairs in any way but to go ahead with his program, that I had not used the word hypocrit in my talk and that he knew I had not, and that I had no apology to make to him, nor any other men for what I said that night. After more of his slang talk I walked out of his store minus the thrashing. Some two years after this circumstance one of the proprietors of the store came to me with tears in his eyes and voice and apologized for the treatment I had received in their store that morning. He and I were long time friends. He has gone to his reward years ago, the other members of the firm and I have been good friends many years. The saloons are all out of Ladoga and it's one of the beautiful little towns of Indiana.

When I was a member of the Legislature in 1887 I was chairman of the Committee on State Prisons. On one occasion our committee visited the State prison at Jeffersonville. When we arrived at the Warden's residence he at once took the committee into his parlor and proceeded to set out a big demajohn of whiskey, put a lot of glasses and sugar on the table and said gentlemen there is good whiskey, if any of you indulge just help yourself. I must say that several of my committee indulged pretty freely, but enough of us stayed sober enough to attend to the business in hand.

The next day our committee concluded to visit the State prison of Kentucky at Frankfort. After inspecting the prison, we found it a more disreputable institution even than our Indiana prison. After leaving the prison we were conducted to the Governor's residence. The Governor received us with the usual Southern hospitality. He opened up a large side board in his sitting room, saying gentlemen here is wine from the Rhine and whiskey from the best stills in old Kentucky. If any of you gentlemen wish to partake please help yourself to what suits your taste, etc. Saying, here in this bottle is some very fine Kentucky mountain dew full fifteen years old. As I was chairman and supposed to be spokesman for the crowd I told my committee to help themselves. After they had tested the liquids to their satisfaction I said to the Governor, well Governor I do not usually drink anything stronger than coffee, but as a compliment to you, in recognition of your hospitality. I will try a sample of your fifteen year old whiskey, as I had often heard it said that age greatly improved whiskey, but after I sampled the stuff I could not tell whether it was better than the common stuff or not. But that was over forty years ago, and since then I find the safe plan is "touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing."

Some people tell you if you will let whiskey alone it will let you alone, but this is a very false proposition. There is few if any families that whiskey has not touched somewhere along the line. It would not let me alone after I had signed the pledge. I give one instance. In the political campaign of 1898 I became the nominee of the Republicans for Representative in the Legislature. I did not make a very strenuous campaign, staying at home attending to my business most of the time. My township was the Democratic stronghold in the County, usually giving a Democratic majority of one hundred and fifty to two hundred. I lacked only twenty votes of carrying my township, as a member of the Legislature that winter. I took an active interest in temperance and other moral reform measures. Two years later I was nominated for the same office. But presto change. I thought I was about as decent a fellow then as two years before. I had not killed anybody nor committed any capi-

tal crime that I knew of, but the saloon men and their friends said we must beat Scott, anything to beat Scott. They organized all over the county to defeat me and they bet money promiscuously that they would beat Scott, etc. They say my own fellow citizens lost several thousand dollars on me and I lost my own township by something like two hundred, but I was elected by a majority of less than two hundred. One of the funny things about this election came to me only a few years ago in a letter written to me by my son Carl. See his letter in another chapter of these memoirs. I finally had the satisfaction of helping to put the saloon out of business in Indiana, I trust forever, as a member of the Legislature in 1917.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

JUST A LITTLE ON THE SENTIMENTAL ORDER. JUST FOR MY
GRANDDAUGHTERS.

MY DEAR GRAND DAUGHTERS: If you wont give me away as one of you did several years ago I will probably tell some personal experiences I have never told to any one before. The time I allude to as you giving me away was this way. When you were little girls (about like little Letha) you would sometimes climb on my knees and say "Grandpa tell us a war story." Now I never was strong on telling stories. Your grandmother is the story teller in our family. I have heard her telling you children some of her fairy stories by the hour. Sometimes a big bear story, or all about "the goblins would get you if you didn't watch out," etc. But on the occasion I tried to tell you about a little fight our army was in one day down in Mississippi. Our men were in a thick woods of big trees in front of the rebel fort and they were shooting big balls and big shells at us but fortunately they shot too high to do much damage to us. The big shells made ugly noises as they went over our heads. They cut off big limbs that came tumbling down on us or around us. We had breastworks made of cotton bales that we lay behind for protection, but one poor fellow got on top of the cotton to take a better look and one of those cannon balls came along just then and cut off both his arms just at the elbow. So when I got done telling this story one of you little girls said grandpa did you get shot? And I replied no, I guess I was behind one of those big trees. Well, not long after that you had a party of little folks at our house. I suppose you were talking war stories when one of you said I know why my grandpa never got killed in the war. He always got behind a big tree. Since that I have been a little more careful in telling war stories. Well, some of you are young ladies now and I am going to tell you about some of my correspondence with young ladies while I

was in the army. My older brothers used to say, well Alex is always trying to be rather sweet on the girls, and as I am an old man now I need not try to say whether I was sweet on the girls or not. I know that almost ever since I was big enough to go to school I always had some little girl for my sweetheart. Of course I did not tell her anything about my loving. I was entirely too bashful for that, nevertheless I could look over the top of my book and think how sweet she was, and why should not any boy love a sweet little or big girl? Love is the greatest thing in the universe, for God is Love, and the greatest paragraph ever written was this: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life." Believing this I have always tried to keep my heart filled with love. Love is a fountain of living waters that feeds and nourishes the soul. But if the heart is not full of love the devil will soon be planting the seeds of hate in the heart. Some one has said that "Nature abhors a vacuum." So 'tis safest to keep your heart full of love.

But I started to tell you something about my correspondence with girls while in the army. And as it is now so it was in 1861 to 1865. The soldier boys loved to get letters from the home folks and the soldier that got the most letters, especially from the girls, was the happiest boy in the company. Well, I opened my campaign of letter-writing with about a half dozen young ladies besides my three sisters and many friends of the male sex. And to be entirely frank I must say I was engaged to one of these ladies and of course my first and longest letters were written to her, but I had promised to write to several other lady friends. Of course, just a friendly correspondence. Some of these correspondents soon got careless about writing or had other more interesting correspondents. So my list of correspondents soon began to shorten. One fine girl who asked me to write to her, gave me her photograph. I did not want to carry it with me and did not care to leave it where anybody would find it in my possession. So before I left for the army I took the photo and hid it out in the barn loft. She was a fine girl and seemed to think well of me. I might say by reason of explanation of this, that only a few months before this time she

was the bridesmaid or witness, as they were called in those days, at the marriage of a couple of our mutual friends at which said wedding I was best man (I might tell you girls right here that your grandfather was popular enough in those days that he acted as best man at three or four weddings), and of course this gave me a chance to get acquainted with most of the girls in our neighborhood, but this dear friend sickened and died before I had been in the army over a year. I must tell you about one other of my lady correspondents. The day our company was to start for the army, our company were all to meet at Bainbridge to start, and the people wanted to give us a happy send-off. So they gave us a big chicken dinner out in a grove. We stood up at a big long table loaded with everything good to eat. We were waited on by a lot of good looking young ladies who were all smiles for us boys. One specially good looker waited on my part of the table, and as nobody was strangers on the occasion we soon got acquainted, and when time came to say good-bye this pretty girl came to tell me good-bye and said I would like to correspond with you if agreeable, while you are in the army. Of course I was pleased to agree to her offer. She then said, Well your name is Mr. Scott and my name is Scott, also my address will be Miss Mollie Scott, Bainbridge, Indiana. So we soon began a friendly correspondence that I greatly enjoyed for she wrote a beautiful and very sensible letter, clear of any flirtation or sentiment other than what was entirely proper between good friends. This correspondence had gone on about one year, when one day one of my boys said to me, Lieutenant do you know the Captain is getting grouchy about you writing to his sweetheart? I asked for an explanation and he said are you not corresponding with Miss Mollie Scott of Bainbridge? I said I was. Well, said he, she is supposed to be the special sweetheart of Captain Darnell, and as the Captain gets all the company mail and hands it out he knows you are getting letters from his girl, see? Well, that was an eye opener to me. So, to disabuse the Captain's mind, I went to him and told him my correspondence with Miss Scott was purely a matter of friendship between us and if he had any objection I would cut it out. I saw the Captain was pleased with my offer. So I wrote to the

young lady explaining the circumstances, and telling her how I had enjoyed reading her good letters but in order to avoid trouble with my Captain I guessed we had better drop the correspondence. She wrote me a nice letter in reply saying that she too, had enjoyed our correspondence and that the Captain had no real right to object to it, etc. Well the dear girl never saw her Captain again. About a year after the incident I refer to the Captain was killed in battle. I never saw Miss Scott nor wrote her after that, but she married a soldier after the war, a Captain, who I think, was more worthy of Miss Scott than my Captain ever was. He was a brave soldier and died on the battle-line while leading his company, but I am sorry to say he was, not the kind of man I would have wanted to marry one of my sisters. Well, by this time my list of lady correspondents had grown quite short. So one day I happened to remember a sixteen-year old school girl in a family that our family had been rather intimate with many years. So just to start up a new correspondence, I wrote this friend a friendly letter. In due time I received a reply from the young lady, thanking me for the letter and saying she would be pleased to correspond with me while in the army. This correspondence continued after my return from the army and about three years after this first letter the young lady became my wife and later became your grandmother. We were married December 12th, 1866. No man ever lived happier or had a happier home or a more loyal, loving companion than I during her life. You will find in another chapter where I have something to say about the girl who promised to stay for me and pray for me till the cruel war was over. I have now told you all that would be of interest about my letter writing, etc. But I believe I will tell you of a little incident of my army experience that has just a little touch of romance in it. In the Spring of 1863 our regiment was stationed at Helena, Ark. I have told you that I had broken off correspondence with my best girl and dropped others so as the boys would say I was free for new worlds to conquer, figuratively speaking. One day I was sent out in command of our picket guards, those who guard the outer lines of the camp. About noon that day I got an order from the post commander telling me there was

a lady inside our lines who was thought to be getting some medicines or other supplies for the rebel army, and for me to arrest the lady when she came out to our station and have her and her buggy searched for contrabrand goods. The order told me he would send a lady out to me to do the searching of the lady's person. Pretty soon the suspicious lady came driving up to where I was stationed. We halted her and asked for her pass. She had the pass all right for herself, but I told her as politely as I could that it is my painful duty to examine the contents of her buggy and have her personally searched to see if she had any medicines or arms for our enemies. With this she became quite indignant and refused to be searched. Said she was a lady and she had expected to be treated as a lady by the Yankee soldiers and more of this kind of protest. I told her I had no doubt but that she was a lady and I did not suppose she had any contrabrand goods in her possession, but my orders were very explicit and painful as was my duty I must obey my orders. I invited her to go into a small cottage near by and told her I would allow no one to go into the house except the lady who had been sent out to search her. She still declined to be searched. I then told her I must obey orders and if she would not let the lady search her person then I would have to let a couple of my men search her. Then she gave up and went into the house with the police lady. In a few minutes they came out and the police lady reported she found nothing except a small revolver and a couple of pounds of fine cut chewing tobacco. (Many of the Southern ladies in those days used this kind of tobacco; they called it dipping, but I call it just chewing tobacco). The lady explained to me that the pistol was a small one she carried for her own protection and that the tobacco was simply for her own use and her lady friends, etc. She went on to tell me that early in the war her husband was killed in the Confederate army, that all her male relations had been killed or were in the army, that she was left to live alone on her farm, except some of her former slaves were still with her. By this time we had gotten fairly well acquainted and I became quite interested in her story, also in herself for she surely was a very intelligent woman and to my thinking she was a very handsome

woman. After some further conversation I told her she was welcome to keep the little revolver and also the tobacco. And asked her to excuse me for my apparent rudeness in having her searched, and she went on her way rejoicing, I suppose to find that all Yankee soldiers were not brutes.

Well some months after this incident one very hot day our officers heard there were some rebel cavalry out in front of our camp a few miles, and our regiment was ordered out to go after the rebels. We marched out several miles found no enemy and an hour or two before sundown we marched passed an attractive little cottage, one of Mr. Beveridge's "vine-clad cottages," and as my captain and I were walking along we noticed this pretty one and also we noticed a fine looking lady sitting on the front porch, dressed all up in pure white. Just after passing the cottage we camped for the night. I said to my Captain, suppose we walk back to that cottage and see if we can find some good water. We went back, the lady in white was still sitting on the veranda. I saluted her politely and said Madam could we get some drinking water. She bowed to us and told us to walk round to the rear of the house to the well. She came out with glasses and told us to help ourselves. She then looked me square in the eyes and said, Captain are you not the officer who had me searched at Helena some months ago. Of course I was greatly surprised but had to confess that I was the guilty man. She said I was quite angry at the time but I guess you only done your duty as a soldier. She then invited the captain and I to come back in an hour and take supper with her. The Captain declined but I accepted with thanks. I came back promptly on time was invited to sit on the veranda until the cooks got supper ready. We sat down on the porch and had a very, to me, interesting chat. She told how all her male friends had been forced into the confederate army, her husband had been killed over a year ago. How the Confederate army and later the Union army had passed that way and had taken about everything she had. How slaves had all left her except one faithful woman cook, and one old black man too old to run away. How she was just living in dread of personal violence every day, etc. Pretty soon I heard a baby squaling lustily. The lady

asked me to excuse her a moment. She went into the house and came out and sat down with a lusty negro baby on her knees. When she saw my look of surprise at this exhibition of "Nigger equality," she explained that the child's mother was her cook and she had to take care of the child while its mother prepared the supper. Well supper was soon ready and I must say I think I enjoyed that supper better than any one I had while in the army. Night coming on I bade my good lady friend good-night. She expressed a hope that she might see me again some time and of course I expressed the same hope. A month or two after that I received a note from this lady saying if I would ride out to her home some afternoon she would be pleased to give me a good dinner of fried chicken and peach pie. I was delighted, and as there was not supposed to be any rebel soldiers in that vicinity, I thought I would like to take in that dinner and of course renew my acquaintance with the handsome war widow. I went to my Colonel to ask his permission to go outside our lines for a few hours. He asked me what was my idea. When I explained the case to him he said: You damn fool don't you know the Bushwacker guerillas would cut your throat before you got a mile outside our picket lines?

Of course that settled it and I was a disappointed soldier. My Colonel was a rough spoken old fellow, but my warm friend and I knew his advice was good. Well, I never saw my lady friend after that. Our regiment was moved to Little Rock soon after that, but who knows what might have been the result of my little romance if cruel war had not separated us, possibly I might have married the Confederate widow and at this time might have been living down South on my wife's big cotton plantation. In that case my dear granddaughters, she would have been your grandmother, and you might have been among the fair ladies of the South with the possibility of marrying a grandson of Jefferson Davis, Champ Clark or Stonewall Jackson. For fifty odd years the picture of that handsome woman sitting there on that vine clad cottage that summer evening has remained one of my most pleasant memories. And if I knew the lady in white was still living and knew her address I surely would write and tell her how greatly I was disappointed when I could not accept her hospitality that day, long ago.

Now, my dear girls, I have made this chapter much longer than I had thought I would when I began it. It takes a good while to go back and wind up a half century of memories chain of an active life. I hope you may all have as pleasant memories when you grow old as I have. Memory recalls but few dark clouds and when the cloud was dark I have tried to turn the cloud wrong side out and look at the silver lining.. May I close this with a kindly word of advice. You granddaughters, some of you, are just budding into young womanhood. Some of these days some young man will be trying to win your heart and your hand. Choosing a life partner will be the most important event in all your life. Dont' be in too big a hurry, take your time, and follow Davy Crocket's advice: "Be sure you are right, then go ahead." Then don't expect to hold his love by simply keeping a nice home, or playing on the piano, or going out in fashionable society, etc. Don't scold or criticise him. The only sure thing that will hold your husband down to old age is Love. As I said love is the greatest force in the universe. I can say after more than fifty years of happy married life that I cannot recall a single cross or ugly word I ever received from either of my companions.

Then why should I not always have loved girls and women. I have had two grandmothers, two mothers, two wives, three sisters, some twelve sisters-in-law, two mothers-in-law, four daughters, one daughter-in-law and six granddaughters, and have loved every one of them. I don't recall a bad one in the whole lot.

THE OLD GIRLS.

When man grows old and muscle-bound, and crippled by the loads he's carried, it's pleasant then to look around, and see the girls he might have married. Some chance, that once conveyed a smart, prevented this or t'other wedding; ah, then he had a broken heart, and found this life but weary sledding. But now, grown old, he casts his gaze on many a dismal female relic, that he adored in other days, and thought enchanting and angelic. That matron with the shrewish tongue, who keeps her

neighborhood excited—she was a peach when she was young, and once with her by troth was plighted. And that old maid who loves her cat, and has of singing birds, a covey, and who has grown absurdly fat—ah, once I called her "Lovey Dovey!" And yonder suffragist so grim, whose purpose is poor man's abasement; long since I sang a lover's hymn, on summer eves, beneath her casement! I thank the destiny that shaped my course when I was young and giddy! Ah me, the perils I escaped, when I pursued the maid and widdy! I see old sweethearts in the town, as here I raise my Ebenezer, and thank them that they turned me down, and handed me the ice cream freezer.—Walt Mason.

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MY SCHOOL DAYS GAL.

"I love to sit and ponder
The days gone by and squander
A lot of should-be busy hours as rapidly they pass;
In fancy I'm beholdin'
A maid whose hair was golden,
And, who, to use a modern term, was clear chock-full of
class.

A lass whose gingham dresses,
Red cheeks and golden tresses,
Come back again to haunt me as I trudge along life's way,
I wonder if she ever—
(Yet I'm satisfied she never)
Remembers we were sweethearts in a nigh-forgotten day.

I used to be her feller—
Though I lacked the nerve to tell her
When we were kids together in the second grade at
school;
And when she smiled upon me
My heart would pound, doggone me,
And my ears would burn and tingle till I felt just like a
fool!

'Twas on her account I parted
My tousled hair and started
To even wash my neck and ears and polish up my looks.
And, at the age of 'leven,
I was in my seventh heaven
If I could just walk home with her and tote along her
books.

By now she must be thirty
And, they say, she haint as purty
As when she struck the fancy of the writer years ago;
The light is gone that twinkled
In her eyes—she's somewhat wrinkled—
But I love to think about her and those days of long ago."

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.

In looking over my old papers I found an article written for the *Ladoga Leader* in June 16th, 1883. I am inserting a part of the article as it gives some of my army experience and some family history.

Time rolled on. Lincoln was elected President. Sumpter was fired on. The first 75,000 ninety-days soldiers Lincoln called out did not crush the great Rebellion in ninety days. In 1861, Lincoln called for 300,000 volunteers for three years. I had no family to leave behind, so I felt it my duty to respond to this call, and September 1, 1861, I was mustered into the service.

In 1862, the President called for 500,000 more volunteers. My brother felt it his duty to answer this call, and enlisted. He left a wife and a family of four or five little girls to manage the little farm in Iowa.

Brother and I, in the spring of '63, went with our regiments on that famous Yazoo expedition. The country was flooded, and the sight of a large fleet of transport boats, loaded with soldiers and several gun boats, running, as it were loose, through the thick woods of the Mississippi Valley, was more novel than pleasant.

I will give briefly, a few of the incidents of one day,—a day glorious and eventful in American history;—I allude to July 4, 1863—the day when the tide of the Rebel army was turned back at Gettysburg, at Vicksburg and at Helena, never again to regain its prestige.

On that day our brigade, with other regiments—amounting in all to about 2,500 effective men—was stationed at Helena, Ark., defending its strong position and large amounts of army supplies. Gen. Prentiss was in command. Our forces occupied a strong line of works on a chain of hills running parallel with the Mississippi River, about one mile long, with the main fort

(Ft. Curtis) occupying the central position. For several days prior to July 5, it was rumored that Gens. Price and Marmaduke, with their army of 12,000 to 15,000 troops, were marching to attack us; but us common soldiers did not believe the Rebels would come to fight us in our stronghold, aided as we were, by the river gun boat fleet. But that hot July morning we were to realize that the Johnnies would fight, and fight us desperately, too. About 3 o'clock that morning the drums suddenly beat the long roll,—To arms! To arms! We tumbled out of our bunks, made a hasty and scanty toilet, formed our companies and regiments, and double-quickened it out to our line of defences. And not a moment too soon did we get there. The boys were mad, and swearing that there was no occasion for such early rising, and that Prentiss had tapped another keg of beer, etc.

Scarcely had we got into our position in our works, when, just as daylight was stréaking the eastern sky, Bang! Bang! Bang! went the guns all along the picket line, and in a few moments our picket guards were seen coming into camp, and they stood not on the order of their coming, but come lively, while close upon their heels come the Rebel cavalry, shooting, shouting and yelling. Suddenly the big gun in Ft. Curtis boomed out; a shell came screaming over our heads from the gunboats; and then every man in our camp knew that business had commenced.

Scarcely had our pickets got inside our works, until the whole Rebel army (of Arkansas) was in front of us; and then and there was fought one of the hardest little battles of the war, although the greater events of that day so overshadowed it that history says but little about it. No one who has not heard the roar, the rattle, the crash, the din of battle, can form any idea of the fearful—the exciting confusion that twelve or fifteen thousand muskets, well handled, and one or two hundred cannons can make. The hissing of bullets, the screaming of shells, the shouting of officers, the rattling and hurry of artillery wagons and ambulances, the shrieks of the wounded, the groans of the dying, etc., etc., make a pandemonium, that, the boys used to say, "beat all h—l on a picnic."

The Rebels, confident of easy victory, charged our entire

line of works at the same time, and fought with a valor worthy of a better cause, for an hour or two; failing to carry our works by this charge, and constantly receiving a deadly fire, they fell back in confusion, only to rally, re-organize their forces, and come again.

We had hardly got a long breath and reloaded our guns before the Rebels charged again, with desperate energy. Our men stood to their works and fought desperately, and against desperate odds in numbers.

We had no place to which we could retreat, except into the Mississippi River—to surrender meant death, or terrible suffering in the Rebel prison pens—so we fought it out on that line. Again the Rebels were driven back, only to reform their shattered columns for the third and last desperate charge.

They coolly formed their line, in plain view of our men, and then, with that demonical yell, so well remembered by all who have heard of it, on, on, they came, over our outside line of rifle-pits, over the fallen timber and brush, cut down in front of us to impede their march. On, on they come. It looked like no power we had could stop them! Right up to our breast-works they charged—into the very jaws of death! Our men could see the white of their eyes! Our men rammed home another cartridge but did not have time to withdraw their ramrods—pulled up and fired ramrod and all, and then with the butts of our guns and bayonets finally checked and drove them back, what were not killed, captured or wounded. (The war records say that the 43d Indiana, that day, captured more Rebels than they had men in action).

Again we wiped the sweat and powder from our faces, and, as it were, exclaimed, How long, O Lord; how long can this thing last.

But this was our last fighting for that day.

Sullenly the Rebels drew off their forces,—broken, defeated and disappointed—leaving more dead, wounded and captured than we had men in the fight—leaving their dead for us to bury and their wounded for us to care for.

The Rebel force took up their line of retreat to Little Rock, and we had no force to pursue them. We were very willing,

just then, to be let alone. About eleven o'clock we received orders to issue rations of whiskey to our exhausted soldiers, and then, for once in my life, I played bar keeper, or, as the boys would say, I had to "set 'em up." I took a common water bucket filled with common commissary whiskey, a tin cup in the other hand, and passed along the line, giving every man in the company a big dram, who would drink; and I am sorry to say most of us took our bitters that day. I was doing what I had sworn to do—obey my superior officers.

My regiment was on the left of the line of battle, while the regiment my brother was in, was on the extreme right of the line, a mile or more away. When the battle would lull in front of my regiment, I would hear the firing, away to the right. My anxiety to know whether brother was killed or wounded became so great that, as soon as we found out, certain, the Rebels had left us for good, I got permission from my superior officers and hastened to where brother was stationed. I was rejoiced to find him and some other relatives in his regiment all right, and they were equally glad to see me still kicking.

Our little army had had a big 4th of July celebration—we had killed and captured more of the Rebel army than we had men in action.

During the year 1863, at one time, there were five brothers of us in the service. (All got home, and live to enjoy the blessings of a country they periled their lives and health to save.) During this year my brother got wounded and permanently crippled for life, so as to unfit him for active military duty. During same year I lost my health entirely—my constitution seemed to be broken down.

We spent the winter, mostly, in our quarters, at Little Rock, Ark., and in March, 1864, we were both pronounced unfit for military service. I was examined by a board of medical examiners and told that I would not get well in the army—that I must go home or die where I was. With all this I would not have resigned had not my brother been with me and urged me to do so, and finally prevailed. We sent in our resignations on the same day. They were accepted, and we left the army. To-

gether we bade our comrades farewell. Many of them we never met again.

We went to Memphis and took steamer for home. We parted at St. Louis, he going to his home in Iowa, I coming to mine, near Russellville, this State.

His persuading me to resign at that time, probably, is the cause, under Providence, of my being alive today, and that probably changed the whole after current of my life.

Three times, since then, I have visited him in his Iowa home, and talked over war reminiscences, etc., etc. Three times since then he has visited me in my home in Ladoga.

About nine years ago a family reunion was held at our home here in Ladoga. At that dinner table sat the venerable father, with six living sons, his three daughters, six daughters-in-law and three sons-in-law. The only time they ever did or ever will all meet on earth. (The father and one sister have been called up higher.) At that time all the brothers and all their wives, with one exception belonged to the Presbyterian church. All the sisters and brothers-in-laws belonged to the Methodist church. All the males are strong temperance men, and all voted the Republican ticket. They all still hold fast to the faith religious and political.

I have many relatives, both on my father's and mother's side of the house, and I never knew one of my blood relations who was not a Republican. This is strange, but many of my kin were of the original Birney or Wendell Phillips school of abolitionists.

My oldest brother was married about thirty-eight years ago; the youngest sister about fifteen years ago. None of them have ever been married but once.

I never knew one of them drunk, or never heard one of them swear an oath; and never was one of them indicted for crime.

JIM KNOX AND OTHERS.

Who Brought About the Happy Conclusion of the Bank of
Ladoga Failure

Are Given Full Credit.

For the Way in Which They Accomplished What First
Seemed Impossible.

The stockholders of the old Bank of Ladoga who banded together and backed James C. Knox, the receiver and Harry Daugherty manager of the Hoosier Veneer Mill until every cent of the old bank's indebtedness was paid in full with interest, had given us for publication such high commendation of all concerned that we concluded the public would like to have a statement from Harry Daugherty who was associated with Mr. Knox most intimately throughout the period of paying off all claims and closing up the business. We asked him for a statement and give it here in full:

Your request for my explanation of what has been accomplished, how and by whom, in the operation of the Veneer Mill is granted with pleasure, owing to my personal desire to see all deserving duly credited for their assistance in restoring the financial loss, to the stockholders of the Bank of Ladoga.

It goes without saying that every one of these men had every right to be sore and the bitter personalities indulged in by some of them is in a way excusable, yet to bitterly attack the character of the community's most prominent business man, and to continue such abuse when this man could not defend himself, is unjustifiable and not excusable.

No one in this vicinity could have filled the place as receiver as did James C. Knox. His reputation as a successful business man, his standing among this people, fitted him for the task which was an ordeal to him, and, while not infallible, his only aim was to treat all fairly and to lend all assistance in his power to retrieve the loss. To do this his business reputation

was jeopardized. In return for this risk, if successful in his undertakings, the lions' share of all honor would be due him. As for financial remuneration, the money received for the services of himself or his successor would not be attractive to other of the town's reputable business men.

Not only did Capt. Knox stake his business reputation but his finances as well. How easily could he have wound up affairs with the sufferers bearing the loss. With his keen business instinct, he was only too willing the mill should be operated, when on his careful investigation he thought he could see from such operation a good profit for the losers and much good to come to the laboring element of the town.

It is regrettable and to be deplored that he was not spared to see the end as he had it pictured. To have his plans materialize as he laid them is honor enough, the Herculean task accomplished, the volume of business done, could not be handled without a feeling in some quarters of injustice or favoritism.

As a matter of fact the happy selection of Capt. Knox as receiver and manager was not all that had to be done. However willing and able, he needed assistance; this was at his beck and call from a large majority of the Bank's stockholders not only numerically but in financial representation as well.

To this element of the stockholders much credit is due for lending aid in successfully working out the proposition. Their individual supervision has been given the business and their personal financial obligations as well. Messrs. Kyle, Carman and Hulett are perhaps most deserving of commendation, not that their support was any more loyal but rather that Messrs. Kyle & Carman were most available in location and Mr. Hullet with his financial worth at stake was oftentimes carrying the burden of others.

As a manufacturing enterprise the Veneer Mill and its kindred interests, to be made a success, must have a competent, determined, fearless, organization as it did in Capt. Knox supported by the loyal stockholders of the Bank. Not one of these men lays claim to experience in the work thrust upon them, though they did well their respective duties, and without one cent of direct financial advantage over that of any other assessable stockholders.

While the competent and careful supervision the Mill received from its Managers and Directors was essential to its success, yet to the employees is, to a certain extent, due much of the credit for the results attained. No better trained crew is to be found in any plant of its kind now operating. A large majority of the employees have been always as energetic and watchful for the company's interests as if they were personally interested financially. Not that they have worked harder or outside of their respective duties seemed more competent, but more from the fact of their former experience in the work, their aptness and by virtue of their positions as employees, to name Will Conner, Fred Maners, Ben Hargrave and Mac Proctor as deserving of special mention in the Mill's success is but justice.

The position of Mrs. Emily Knox has by no means been enviable. With a determination to treat one and all alike, it must be no little satisfaction to her to see the successful closing of her administration of affairs after all the taunts and threats thrust upon her by a suspecting and dissatisfied element. Not many women could have been equal to the task, a combination of circumstances necessitating her continuation in the Managerial role however much disinclined.

Personally, the satisfaction of my life is in seeing the stockholders of the Bank of Ladoga free from financial loss; and if I have, in any way, assisted in what has been done in the past four years, the reason for it is the encouragement, help and cheering words given me by my good wife and my solicitous friends among whom were James C. Knox and John D. Brown.

Harry E. Daugherty.

WHAT THE STOCKHOLDERS SAY.

Because S. F. Kyle was sick and not able to leave the house, former stockholders of the Bank of Ladoga met at his home Thursday morning of last week after all affairs of the bank had been fully settled and the Veneer Mill had been turned over to the new owners, and along with other business transacted, cele-

brated this their last regular monthly meeting, by passing the following

RESOLUTIONS:

Be it resolved, That we as former Stockholders of the Bank of Ladoga desire to express through the columns of the Ladoga Leader our sincere gratitude and thanks to the former depositors of said bank for their patience and loyalty during our time of adversity.

We also express to Capt. James C. Knox, deceased, and to Emily C. Knox, his successor as receiver of the bank, our appreciation of and sincere thanks for the efficient and successful way in which the business was conducted at all times under their respective managements, and we wish also to express our confidence in the unswerving integrity of Capt. Knox and Mrs. Knox believing that the successful termination of the Bank of Ladoga failure was due to their ability, honesty and industry in the management during the receivership.

We also desire to thank John T. Anderson for the many gratuitous acts he has performed to further the best interests of the Hoosier Veneer Company, realizing that he has been a prominent factor in conducting the affairs of the company.

We further wish to express our sincere gratitude to Harry E. Daugherty for his loyal devotion to the interests intrusted to him by us, and we further wish to say to the public that he has made good every prediction and promise made to us, and we wish to further express our confidence in him and in his ability, believing as we do that through his untiring efforts we have been able this day to receive all the moneys advanced by us in connection with the Bank of Ladoga, together with six per cent interest on the same.

We bespeak for the new management of the Hoosier Veneer Mill our good will and a hope for a successful continuation of the business, and ask the public to lend such support as is due such an enterprise from our community.

Signed: Jacob M. Harshbarger; S. F. Kyle; Geo. W. Otter-

man; James M. Otterman; Ben F. Carmen; Nathan Hulett; R. F. Hicks; Samuel Hicks.

"O the sun and the rain, and the rain and the sun!
There'll be sunshine again when the tempest is done;
And the storm will beat back when the shining is past,
But in some happy harbor we'll anchor at last.

O the rain and the sun, and the sun and the rain!
When the tempest is done, the sunshine again!
And in rapture we'll ride through the stormiest gales,
For God's hand's on the helm, and His breath in the sails.

Then murmur no more in lull or in roar
But smile and be brave the voyage is o'er."

Probably not another bank failure in the State was ever wound up more successfully or with less friction and less harsh feeling remaining, and with all depositors and stockholders with one or two exceptions so fully paid and so well satisfied as was the Bank of Ladoga.

A. M. SCOTT.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN.

Speaking of my lack of a college education I might tell of how I rubbed up against a lot of college men one time that was about the most embarrassing experience I had been up against. It was this way. I think in the summer of 1901 while I was a member of the Legislature from Montgomery County, the President of Wabash College came to me one day and said: Captain I have decided I want you to act as chairman or toast-master for us on college alumni day. I was about the worst surprised in my life. I told the Doctor I was no college alumni nor any other kind of a college man. The only time I was ever in college was when I went in at the front door one day and out at the back door same day, etc., but the president would not take any of my excuses. So I told him to go ahead and bring on his victims, if they could stand it surely I would try, etc.

Well the day came 'round all right, one fine day in June. A big crowd was in the campus. The president in due time called the crowd to order and told them it was with great pleasure he would now introduce for their chairman our distinguished fellow citizens the Honorable Captain A. M. Scott of this State, etc. (Tremendous ovation.) Of course I took the gavel and rapped the crowd to order and proceeded to return thanks for the great and unexpected honor and to proceed to tell those college men all about how I thought a great institution of learning like Wabash College ought to be managed, etc. It did not take long to let that crowd know how much about college I knew. But I proceeded to introduce the different speakers with the necessary comments, etc. And I guess we got through the program in fairly good shape and I received the thanks of the president.

I might say in this connection that in my sixty years of more or less mingling with the public and public affairs that for sixty years I have been a Free Mason; for forty years a Knight of

Pythias; for twenty-five or thirty years a Ben Hur; and most ever since the Civil war a G. A. R. Loyal Legion; the Anti-Saloon League; Good Citizens' League (for cleaner politics), and active in many other religious, political or other social organizations. This naturally gave me a wide acquaintance, and as I have always tried to "do my bit." I have naturally been called on hundreds of times to talk or take some part in the work in hand (and as I have said this is where I have found my handicap in the lack of a good education.) At the first it was very embarrassing on many occasions but gradually I wore the embarrassment off to a great extent, and I soon learned that on most of the occasions the best point a speaker generally makes is the briefness of it. When called on for a talk or to respond to a toast I never wore out my audience by explaining to them why I could not make a speech, because the audience will find that out soon enough. Generally at banquets or social functions a few well chosen sentences appropriate to the occasion or surroundings, and probably a little anecdote or story to illustrate, etc., is the safest and generally the most popular way out. Frequently on occasions when I was called on to talk grandma would set by me and when she thought I had said enough or was saying something she thought I had better cut out she would give my coat tail a gentle pull. She has told me more than once that she thought I made my best talks when I talked off hand without a previous notice or preparation, but I think that on such occasions I have made some dismal failures. I recollect hearing a preacher once say when called on to talk he always got up and rattled what beans he had in his gourd.

In the fall of 1917 a number of the young men of Grace Presbyterian church, who have volunteered to serve their country in the great war with Germany, were given a farewell service at our church. Rev. Skinner preached a patriotic sermon, and called on me as an old soldier to talk a few moments to the young soldiers. What I said in substance was about this: I would not come before you to offer you advice as an old soldier to the young soldier. The conditions under which you go to serve your country are infinitely better in many respects than were the conditions for the soldier half a century ago. You will

go better drilled, better clothed, better fed, better equipped in every way than did the soldiers of '61 to '65. And I am very glad this is true. The modern and scientific methods of caring for the sick and wounded is a wonderful improvement over old methods. Thereby greatly improving your chances of getting back. One word of advice, gained by actual experience and observation. The cleaner and more moral life you live the better will be your chance to see home again. Excesses of any kind is likely to weaken your ability to withstand disease and to endure hardships. The first duty of the soldier is to obey orders, the second duty is to obey orders. If your officers order you to butt down a stone wall it is your duty to butt. Be always cheerful and above all don't get homesick. Homesickness is a dangerous disease in an army. When off duty read, play games, but especially write letters to your home folks. Not only to your mother and sisters, but especially to your young lady friends. The more of this class of correspondents you have the better for you. Every letter you receive from a true young lady friend will be a brace to help you live a better life.

President Wilson and the country expects you to defend the honor of your country and its flag as faithfully as did the men of '61 to '65. As the soldiers of the Civil war did not suffer a single star to be torn from its folds, we believe you will bring it back from a foreign war with its forty-eight stars and without any stain of dishonor on its folds. I may say that no museum or curio hall on earth holds that flag as a trophy of a conquered foe. In all our country's wars it has never suffered defeat or been hauled down in dishonor. And for one hundred and forty years it has been respected and honored by every civilized government on earth. History tells us that once when a Spartan's mother was sending her only son to fight for his country, she said: "My son, come back with your shield or on it." You will come back with your flag or be buried with it for your winding sheet. You young soldiers are not going out to defend your country from an invading foe, or the honor of your flag (though your flag has been insulted and fired on). But you go to fight for the cause of humanity and liberty. Of right against wrong and tyranny, for democracy as against autoc-

racy. Your country has called you, the cause you go to defend is a righteous one, we believe the God of Battles will give you victory. Just before one of the great battles of the Civil war, President Lincoln was asked if he did not believe that God was on our side. His reply was: "What we want to know is, that we are on God's side." We believe America is on God's side in this war. We old soldiers believe that the young Americans of today are just as patriotic, just as brave and just as loyal as were the boys of '61 to '65.

CHAPTER NINETEEN.

INDIANAPOLIS, April 7, 1908.

*Capt. A. M. Scott,
Ladoga, Ind.*

DEAR SIR AND COMPANION: I know I express the feeling of every member of the Commandery when I say you have the fullest sympathy of us all in your financial troubles. You will find that the handshake and greeting is as warm in the future as it ever was in the past. We want you to feel that the Loyal Legion is your friend, come what may. Don't fail to come and meet with us and let us help to make your burden lighter.

Yours fraternally,

W. W. DAUGHERTY,
Recorder.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., April 4, 1905.

Alexander M. Scott.

MY DEAR FRIEND: With very deep sorrow I learn of your great misfortune, which I sincerely regret and I write you to let you know that you have my most heartfelt sympathy. I know of no one in whom I have had more confidence than you, and rest assured that I have lost none of same since the recent disaster, and I know I voice the sentiment of all my friends when I say that none of us attribute the failure of the Ladoga Bank to the lack of honesty, integrity, or impure motives on your part, and I sincerely want you to feel that I am as true, if not a truer friend in this your hour of adversity, than during your prosperity. Again I want you to feel, that if there is anything I can do for you at any time, don't hesitate to call upon me, for I have lost no faith in you. With best regards to Mrs. S., and your family, I remain as ever

Your friend,

MUTER H. BACHELDER.

LADOGA, IND., April 7, 1905.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER SCOTT: Our thoughts and our sympathies have continually gone out to you since hearing of your misfortune and distress. Most sincerely do we wish you to know that we love, respect and honor you just as much now as we have in the past. That we hope you will decide to remain in Ladoga if it is possible for you to do so. I believe there is no one in Ladoga and vicinity but would regret you to move away. To us it would not seem like Ladoga without our good brother Scott there. The church cannot spare your presence, your prayers, your loving interest and sympathy in all its works. The Sabbath School, how can Sister Scott be spared from that? O, there is no use trying to enumerate all how we will miss you and Mrs. Scott from the community.

Our love and sympathy will follow you wherever your lot is cast.

From our family,

JAMES FOSTER.

ROCKVILLE, IND., April 6, 1908.

DEAR MRS. SCOTT: I wish I could make you know how much love and sympathy I bear you all in this trouble. You, who have been so much to me, so good and true, so grand and helpful. It nearly breaks my heart to think of what this means to you dear people. If sympathy, undying confidence and love are acceptable in these trying hours, please remember they are yours, and ever will be. Give my love to Letha and Hattie.

Tad asks to be remembered to Mr. Scott and Harry to assure them both of his sympathy, and to thank them for their generous favors to him in past and asks if any service he might do, to be allowed it.

Things will come all right and don't you let dear Mr. Scott grow despondent.

Trusting to find you well, and with love to all, I am

Yours lovingly,

HORTENSE MOORE.

MY DEAR CAPT. AND MRS. SCOTT: I thank you most sincerely for the approving words conveyed in your letter of yesterday of the sentiment expressed in my Memorial Day address at Marion. I can but feel most keenly along the lines I spoke. It appears we are drifting from our old-time patriotic bearings and are running money-making and law-making mad. What we must have is a greater demonstration of loyalty to our government, its institutions, its public men, its industries and operate more from the Golden Rule. Again thanking for your approval and kind words, I am as ever

Sincerely yours

W. T. DURBIN.

Capt. A. M. Scott, Indianapolis.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
STATE OF INDIANA

April 28th, 1905.

MY DEAR MR. SCOTT:

Your kind letter of the 24th inst. lies on my desk, and I thank you sincerely for the personal message it contains.

I desire to assure you that I appreciate the misfortune that has come to you. You have my full sympathy. You also have my confidence. For the present I desire that you continue your relations with the administration, and I hope sincerely that there will be many years of happiness and usefulness for you yet. When you are in the city I will be glad to see you. I would not, if I could, add a feather's weight to the burden you are already bearing, and if I could, I would speak the word of cheer and hope that would give you courage and fortitude to meet this crisis in your affairs as becomes the good citizen and the honest man that I believe you to be.

Sincerely yours,

J. FRANK HANLY.

CAPTAIN A. M. SCOTT, *Ladoga, Indiana.*

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, WABASH COLLEGE
CRAWFORDSVILLE, INDIANA

April 5th, 1905.

MY DEAR CAPT. SCOTT:

You have been a great deal in my thoughts and in my prayers during these days when you are passing through deep waters. Words of mere human sympathy are but feeble at such a time, if that is all there is. I am sure that is not all with you. God himself is keeping you very near to him. Never, I am confident, have you borne such testimony for him as in this crisis. Besides the universal expressions of confidence in you and sympathy for you are a great tribute. I was never so glad as now to count you among my friends.

Sincerely yours,

W. P. KANE.

OFFICE OF QUARTERMASTER GENERAL STATE OF INDIANA
ORAN PERRY, O. M. CECIL

INDIANAPOLIS, April 4th 1905.

MY DEAR CAPT. SCOTT:

I read this morning with sorrow the story of your calamity. I hope when you have looked over things that it will not be as bad as it seems, and that you may be able to start again in life.

The world hasn't come to an end, and there is plenty of chance for you, only "keep your chin up."

With best wishes for yourself and wife, I am,

Sincerely, your comrade and friend,

ORAN PERRY.

UNITED STATES SENATE
WASHINGTON

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., April 7, 1905.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND:

I have read with much sympathy and keenest pain the story of the failure of the bank with which you are connected. Knowing you as I do, I am sure that nobody will attribute to you any intentional fault. History is full of examples of the trust

placed by good men in others whom the world would have said were worthy of all confidence.

Where men thus trusted have been worthy of the confidence imposed in them both as to their ability and integrity, success results and the world applauds. Happily, such is the result in most business operations; for, after all, business is only conducted and can only be conducted through the confidence which men impose in others. But where the men trusted are not worthy of the confidence placed in them failure comes to them, and the world condemns.

But in your case, so spotless has been your record that all who know you will not only think and believe, but absolutely know that intentional fault cannot be laid at your doors.

I cannot refrain from writing you this letter of sympathy and giving you the assurance of my undiminished confidence and esteem.

With kind regards and best wishes, I am, dear Captain Scott, always,

Your friend,

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE.

CAPTAIN A. M. SCOTT, *Ladoga, Indiana.*

LAFAYETTE, IND., April 17th, 1907.

The Board of Trustees of the Indiana State Soldiers' Home, at its April session, on motion duly made and seconded, unanimously adopted the following resolution, a copy of which was ordered to be certified to Captain Scott by the Secretary:

"Whereas the term of office of Captain Alexander M. Scott, who has been for the past six years a member of this Board, being about to expire, his colleagues deem it but proper to put on record their estimation of one who has so well and conscientiously served the State and this institution. Therefore, we desire to say we recognize in Trustee Scott a Christian gentleman whose every-day life exemplifies the sincerity of his profession; a safe counsellor in business affairs; a genial friend and a most lovable companion. We regret the severance of the ties which have so long bound us together and sincerely hope

our comrade's future journey through life may be comfortable and pleasant; that he may find time to frequently visit the Board he so long adorned with his presence and to whose meetings he will always be warmly welcomed."

I, Louis B. Fulinler, Secretary of the Board, certify that the above is a correct copy of the order as the same appears of record.

Witness, my hand and the seal of the Board this 17th day of April, 1907.

[SEAL]

LOUIS B. FULINLER, *Secretary*.



CAPTAIN SCOTT RIDGE BREWER, at 26

CHAPTER TWENTY

MEMORIAL DAY

In the Spring of 1917 I received a letter from an old comrade at Portland Mills, inviting me to deliver an address at that place on Decoration Day, May 30th. I wrote my friend that I had never attempted a public address on Decoration Day, asking them to secure someone else and excuse me, but they did not seem willing to excuse me, and I agreed to be with the old comrades on the day. I wrote out such thoughts as occurred to me and was on time. I was surprised to find a large crowd gathered in the little old town where I had lived fifty-one years before. After a few remarks about my pleasure in getting back to my home of a half century ago and seeing so many happy contented looking people with so many flags attesting to their loyalty and patriotism, I delivered the following address. I guess the people were interested, and seemed pleased.

I recall the names of about thirty-five of the boys who enlisted with me in Company B, 43rd Indiana Volunteers, in August, 1861.

Will Ball, Joe Ball, Russell Butcher, Henry Hacker, John T. Magill, Arch Scott, Simpson Scott, John Byrd, Elza Byrd, Francis Butcher, Silas Bryant, David Moore, David Cooper, James Cooper, James Cook, Sam Hinkle, Louis Hostett, Elija Inge, Ed Ramsey, Asa Rymus, James Ratcliffe, Richard Rambo, John A. Ramsey, John A. Smith, Lewis Shalley, John F. Spencer, James K. Spencer, John H. Spencer, Thomas Tippin, John S. Tippin, Andy Thomas, John H. Wilson, William T. Wilson.

Most of this list were my personal friends. How familiar these names come back to me, as I remember calling these thirty-five with the sixty-five other names that made up Company B of the 43rd Indiana Volunteers on that September day, 1861, when we held up our right hand and solemnly swore to

defend our flag and our nation's honor, against all its foes, as I called the roll from one to three times a day for eight months while orderly sergeant. What a jolly crowd when we left camp for the seat of war. How cheerfully each one responded when his name was called, but they did not all answer "Present." Many months' exposure, hardships, sickness soon began to claim their victims, and before Company B had a man killed in battle, it had lost by death twelve of the original number and sixteen more by disease and discharge for disability.

As a comrade thus dropped out of the ranks the roll call began to shorten and the shadow of Company B grew shorter and our ranks closed up never to be filled by the absent ones who had left home with us, so full of hope and ambition to help put down the rebellion.

I make these references about Company B of the 43rd because they may be of some local interest to some friends here and because the story of one company is largely the story of all companies. There is probably some relations or friends here today of many of the boys I have mentioned, but I did not come here to tell the story of my own company.

The comrade who died of disease or exposure contracted in the service of his country was as brave and loyal a soldier as the man who died at the cannon's mouth or in the deadly bayonet charge. The sick comrade died by inches and his thoughts go back to his home and mother or to the wife and little ones he had left behind, with that intense longing that only the soldier can realize when away from home and loved ones, while the comrade who dies amid the noise and smoke of battle dies with his eyes turned toward the flag he loves and with the satisfaction of knowing he had given his life for his country in defending that flag.

One of the saddest incidents in my army experience was along this line just a few days after the battle of Shiloh. I was in the army hospital at Evansville, Indiana, with a case of camp fever. One day while walking about the hospital in passing a room with an open door I heard a weak, almost childish voice calling, "Mother, O Mother," as if in great suffering or distress. I ventured to go into the room to see if I could be of

any help to the weak one. I found on the bed a poor, pale-faced little lad with a face as white as the pillow it lay on. I spoke to the poor lad and asked him if I could do anything for him and how he came to be there. He said I could do nothing for him; that the Confederates had drafted him when he was only fifteen years old and put him into a Mississippi rebel regiment a few days before the battle of Shiloh; that he was desperately wounded and captured and sent up the river to that hospital. He said, "I know I am dying, but I would not be afraid to die if only mother could be here with me," then he broke down and cried like a child, calling, "Mother, O Mother." The doctors had cut his leg off close to his body and I could see his hours were numbered and I left him there to die calling for his mother. The next day the poor little body was carried out and buried on the banks of the Ohio river. And in all human probability the mother never knew how nor where her boy died or was buried. Such is one of the experiences of war.

It may be of some interest to at least some of you younger people to give you on this occasion a very brief summary of what our Civil War cost in the lives of our people. In round numbers there were mustered into the Union service during the four years of war two million seven hundred and seventy-eight thousand men of all grades. Of this number one hundred ten thousand were killed in battle, two hundred thousand died of disease, twenty-five thousand died in rebel prisons. Of these twenty-five thousand, they could all have walked out of these rebel prisons free men if they would have foresworn their country's flag and taken the oath of allegiance to the Confederate government, but they preferred honorable death to disloyal life and to going back on the flag they had sworn to defend.

Nine thousand died from accidents; total deaths were three hundred and sixty thousand. Of this great army of soldiers that went to war, our own State furnished about two hundred and ten thousand.

At the beginning of the war the total population of our country, including the southern States, was only about thirty-five million people. The nine States in rebellion furnished only thirty-eight hundred soldiers for the Union army. Leaving the

twenty-five loyal States to furnish our soldiers for every eight or nine people in the North, or practically one for every average family. A great many families were not in sympathy with the war and these furnished very few soldiers, at least not before the draft came. Many other families, for some other cause, did not furnish any soldiers, so that many families gave up from one to five or six before the war was over. About one hundred and seventy-eight thousand of our army were Negro men, who were slaves when the war broke out. We say the war was fought to free the Negro; if so, we may truly say the Negro helped to win his freedom. And we may say, too, this poor, ignorant race, who had been kept in absolute slavery and ignorance for two hundred years made as brave and loyal soldiers when properly drilled and led as did his white comrade. The story of the loyalty and trustworthiness of these colored people is as strange and interesting as any romance ever written. Instinctively, they were always the friend of the Yankee soldier in blue. They would always give up the last corn dodger or bit of bacon they had in their humble cabin to any hungry Yankee soldier, and there is no record of where any colored man or woman ever betrayed confidence placed in them by Union soldiers. And they successfully helped hundreds of escaped Yankee prisoners to safety in our lines.

There are eighty national cemeteries in twenty-eight of the States. In these are buried three hundred and twenty-nine thousand Union soldiers, that we might pay tribute to their memory of these silent heroes, who gave up their lives to save this country from dissolution and disgrace. Our national Government has set aside and designated May the 30th of each succeeding year as Decoration Day that the people might put aside for one day their usual avocations and striving to accumulate more of this world's goods and assemble at their different cemeteries, churches or homes and in memory of their dead heroes decorate their graves with flowers and with the flag they followed to the death.

But as President Lincoln said, in his immortal speech at Gettysburg, "We cannot consecrate nor dedicate these graves as they have been dedicated by those soldiers who are buried here."

Who offered their last drop of life blood in defense of their country a half century ago. More than a half century has passed into history since the last gun was fired at Appomattox. The booming of the cannon, the clash of battle is not heard in this fair land: "Peace hath its victories as well as war." And today we may thank God that the children and grandchildren of these soldiers who saved this country for such peace and prosperity know nothing of the horrors of war, save as they have heard from the survivors or from the history as written.

By far the greater majority of the two million, eight hundred thousand men who gave years of their best young manhood to put down the rebellion have answered to the last roll call and joined in the grand reunion under the Supreme Commander, and the few who still answer to the roll call here are only waiting, waiting. The comrades gone no more shall hear the reveille; they sleep well in their narrow little house "whose little green doors never outward turn." We may say, with the poet:

Soldier, rest! No more the reveille of trumpet's blare disturb
thy sleep.

No angry foeman shall disturb you, nor the muffled tread of sentry's feet.

No more for thee of earthly care. No more the bivouac of war;
No sound of clashing steel is there, nor deadly cannon's deafening roar.

Brave soldier, rest!—life's battle o'er, to thee the sweetest peace
be given.

Nor strife, nor care for evermore, thy soul at rest, thy home
in heaven.

The few that remain with us are scattered over many States, their heads have long been covered with the frost that never melts off. Some yet walk erect with almost the same soldierly tread of fifty years ago, but the most of them walk with careful tread or with the cane or crutch living on borrowed time. Very few are under the three score and ten mark; many have passed the four score and a very, very few the ninety-year mark. The little bronze button on the old faded blue coat that carries it still attracts the attention of an occasional passer who has not forgotten what that button stands for, and the wearer of this button often receives the kindly salute as we pass, but we are

living in a fast age and, as Mr. Lincoln said, the world little heeds nor will long remember what the wearer of that button has done for our country.

When the President issued his first call for three hundred thousand more soldiers, the country was shocked and thought the President was needlessly alarmed or exercised beyond the need of the occasion, but Mr. Lincoln was wise in his days. It seems now that he must have seen with prophetic vision that before the war would end it would take millions of men rather than three hundred thousand, but the people began to realize that the war was on in earnest, then they began to plan as to who should go or what one of the family could best be spared to go. At first they thought surely one out of each family would be enough to go, but as the months rolled into years and still the end was not in sight,—

The problem of who must go became serious and many families gave up not only one son or brother, but many gave up the father, or two, three or five sons or brothers. Nothing ever written as a word of comfort to a broken-hearted mother was more pathetic, more patriotic, more beautifully worded than the letter written by Mr. Lincoln to the widow in New York who had sent all her five boys into the army, all five of whom gave up their lives on the battle fields in defense of the flag.

The letter sent by President Lincoln to Mrs. Bixby during the Civil War follows:

I have been shown in the files of the war department a statement of the adjutant-general of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice on the altar of freedom.

But these thoughts only vividly call to the minds of us old

soldiers these days of excitement of enlisting, of the earnest good-byes spoken when we were telling our loved ones goodbye, many, many for the last time on earth. You younger people who never had these experiences (and God grant you may never have similar ones) can little imagine the trials of the partings, mothers and fathers giving up one or more sons. Young wives giving up their husbands and fathers, and last, but not least, young men bidding goodbye to the girl they had hoped some day to make their lifemate. How many of these dear girls watched and waited, longing for the day when the cruel war should end and their lover return to fulfill his vows of love and confidence. Many of them waited long for the lover that never came back, or for the letter that never came; waited till the roses faded from their cheeks and till hope died in their hearts, or till despair finally filled their hearts when a letter came from a lover's comrade telling the waiting one how her lover had died on the battle field, or in the prison pen or hospital and that his dying words were a message of love to the sweet girl he left behind him.

Among the most pathetic experiences of your speaker, after returning from the war was to tell some of these dear girls how and where their sweetheart had died and how we buried him on the battle field where he fell or in some lonely spot under the southern pines or cypress trees. Where today the silent stars are the only watchers that keep vigil over his grave. Some of those dear girls that met this great sorrow and disappointment in their young lives found other soldier lovers after the war and, as the novels say, "they lived happy ever after."

But some never gave their hearts to another and some of these are living today among us, quiet, sweet old maids that the busy world does not always appreciate or understand why they never found a mate.

Just a few weeks ago at an open meeting of our G. A. R. Post in Indianapolis there was present one of these sweet, old war widows. She was introduced and after much persuading, she was induced to tell briefly her story; she was a quaint, little old woman, eighty years old.

Her story was about this: When the war broke out, she had

just been married to a young doctor. He volunteered and was appointed a surgeon. He was assigned to a regiment that was promptly sent to the front. She could not bear to see her husband go without her, as she had no near kin to care for her, so her husband got her appointed as a hospital nurse, and she went to the front with him; for more than a year she followed him through battle fields and hospitals, enduring the exposure and hardships of war and camp life, but one day her husband was brought to her hospital, mortally wounded. She nursed him till the spark of life went out. Broken hearted and alone in the world, she could not make up her mind to go back home. So she decided to stay in the army as nurse and devote her life to the cause her husband had given his life for, so she stayed on in hospital and on battle fields, risking her life to care for the sick and wounded till the war was over; then she came back to the old home, but life had lost most of its charms for her. And she has lived the widow's life for more than fifty years. A soldier's widow, indeed, and in truth she never found another mate, yet even at eighty she looks like a woman that most any man would have admired. And there are many similar cases yet with us, more than four hundred Indiana soldiers' widows are now in our Soldiers' Home at Lafayette, enjoying the blessings and comforts of the home the State is giving them as partial pay for what they gave up for their country.

But all the pledges of undying love made when the boys in blue started to the war were not broken alone by the death of comrades who never came back. A good many pretty girls that vowed they would wait till the war was over for their departing lovers to return soon found new admirers among the stay-at-home boys, and they, to some extent, forgot their vows to the soldier boy, and warmed up to the new suitor, probably thinking a lover at home was better than a lover in the army, "a bird in hand worth two in the bush." Pardon me for saying your speaker had an experience of this kind. He left a pretty little rosy-cheeked, black-eyed girl behind, whose home was on one of the beautiful hills around old Portland Mills. She was plump and pretty, the only girl in the neighborhood who had a college education and a piano. I thought myself about the only pebble on

the beach to win the promise of such a girl to be my sweetheart. So she promised she would stay for me and pray for me till the cruel war was over and then we would start out on life's journey together. And for a few months her letters to me were frequent ones, veritable links of sweetness long drawn out, written on both sides of old-time foolscap paper, written in a beautiful hand that today would make the Spencerian system look cheap, but the war did not end in one year and soon I began to hear rumors from back home that my sweetheart had found a better looking man, certainly not a hard thing to do, you say, for I had learned in my early associations with the fair sex that I could never make my way through the world on my good looks, and that if I ever won anything or got any place I would have to do it on *my nerve*. And I have found this conclusion very practical through life. Well, the long, sweet letters soon began to come less frequent and containing less sweetness, and so it was little trouble to discover something had gone wrong.

A brief correspondence about matters ensued and we mutually agreed to play quits. And I supposed all was going well with my old lamented fiance and her new blond suitor. But in the fall of 1863 I came home on a twenty days' sick furlough, and a few days after arriving, my sister came into my room, where I was lying sick and told me my old sweetheart was in the house and wanted to see me. Of course, I was surprised, but told my sister to tell her to come into my room. She came, and kneeling down by my bed, said in her "old sweet tone," "Let us kiss and make up." The shock for me was a sudden one, but I braced up and told her I would accept the kiss, but she would please excuse the make-up. She shed a few tears and putting her little soft white hand in my bony brown one, bade me goodby.

I have not seen her from that day to this, but about twenty years ago I heard of her out in Kansas. She was a widow, not a soldier's widow, and she had three or four big boys who were shouting for William Jennings Bryan and the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one.

Pardon me for this personal reminiscence; I simply tell it to

show that all the disappointments of the war were not back home. My experience was only similar to the experience of hundreds of other boys in greater or less degree, but we could not blame the dear girls very much; no one could tell when the war would end or who of the soldiers would live to get home. And girls naturally have a horror of being called old maids, and a lover in arms was a surer thing than a lover in the army. But I guess these broken vows generally worked out for the best of both parties, it only made the soldier long a little less earnestly for home and made him a little more anxious to fight somebody, and when we did get home we found plenty of pretty girls waiting for us and they all looked good to us after being away from their society three or four years.

Since those days half a century ago most of the soldiers who came home from the war have answered the last roll call and passed over to that better home where there is neither marrying or giving in marriage.

The heart may ache but the heart must swell with pride for the soldier who fought so well. His blood has burnished his saber bright to his memory honor, to him good night. We are here today to scatter flowers over the graves of dead comrades and pay a word of tribute to their memory for what they did for our country.

The flag they followed through four years of terrible war suffering, privation in camp or on the march or on battle field or worse still, the horrors of rebel prison pens—there had been but thirty-four stars on its field of blue, and these four years of fratricidal war was to retain these thirty-four stars on our flag. We did this and brought Old Glory back to our homes, unsullied, with every star in its place, and since then fourteen other stars have been placed on the field of blue, representing a united country of forty-eight States, all of which are now loyal to the Union, all claiming "One Country, One Flag."

But every star on that flag has cost the life of ten thousand boys in blue:

"For every star in the field of blue,
And every stripe of crimson hue,
Ten thousand boys who wore the blue
Have laid them down and died.
Whether in the prison drear,
Or in the battle's van,
The noblest death a man can die
Is when he dies for man:
The hopes, the fears, the blood and tears
That marked our country's strife
Are now all crowned by victory
That gave our Nation life."

But we must say, when we see this united, happy, prosperous country, that it was worth all its cost in blood and treasury. It is hardly a feeling of regret that the war did come when it did. We are here rather to pay a tribute to those who gave their lives to make this country free in deed and in fact, a land where every man, be his color white, red or black, can worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. And where none can lawfully call his neighbor master or slave. We are not here to discuss why the war; every schoolboy and girl ought to be familiar with the original cause and that part of our country's history.

For two hundred years human slavery had been not only tolerated, but legalized in many of the States. But the time came when public opinion began to revolt against this inhuman crime.

Education and agitation can accomplish great things, when they work for good. About a hundred years ago public opinion began to agitate the problem of what should be done with the curse of slavery. Some great orators and great writers in the East began to discuss the question publicly. This only angered the slaveholders in our southern States. Finally, the arrogance of the South culminated in a brutal assault in the United States Senate on the venerable Senator Charles Sumner by Senator Brooks, of South Carolina, and from that day on, the doom of slavery was sealed. Two persons then living, we believe, contributed more to the downfall of slavery than any other two living or dead. These two were Abraham Lincoln and Harriett

Beecher Stowe. Mrs. Stowe's story or novel, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," we believe, with its thrilling story of the horrors of human slavery, with her account of the death of Uncle Tom and little Eva, has drawn more tears from more eyes than any story written by man or woman since the tragedy of the Cross. Abraham Lincoln's great debate with Stephen A. Douglass, wherein he said: "This country cannot exist half free and half slave," started a campaign that only ended when Mr. Lincoln issued his emancipation proclamation. Mr. Lincoln's speech and Mrs. Stowe's story were more like prophesy than fiction and both lived to see their prophesies fulfilled, and to see the chains of four million slaves drop from their shoulders and the slave transformed into free men and citizens.

As a result, our country, one of the rather insignificant countries of the world, has grown in fifty years to be the greatest nation on earth in material, wealth, civilization, prosperity, intelligence and freedom for the pursuit of life and happiness of any nation on earth. And how much of all these blessings do we owe to these men who put down the great rebellion.

The slave holders of the southern States in 1846 forced the Government into war with Mexico in order to acquire more slave territory, and followed this up with the fugitive slave law, by which they hoped to compel every northern man, when called on, to help run down and return to slavery every colored person who ran away from his master. This aroused the indignation of northern free men to a degree hard to realize in our day. The underground railroad system was established, and thousands of slaves were assisted in escaping to freedom in the north. The South, seeing the North would not enforce their demand, immediately began to organize to set up a southern confederacy, the chief cornerstone of which was human slavery.

The result was four years of bloody war, up to that time the greatest war in history. The territory acquired for slave States has been the home of millions of free men, loyal to the country's flag and prosperous beyond the wildest dreams of the one-time slave holders. During the war both the soldiers in blue and the soldiers in gray prayed for success to the same

All-wise Father, imploring His help. Once, when Mr. Lincoln was asked if he did not think God was on our side, he replied: "What we want to know is that we are on God's side." In reply to a telegram from General Sherman about the prosecution of the war, Mr. Lincoln said:

"Fondly do we hope, profoundly do we pray that this mighty scourge of war shall soon pass away. Yet if God wills it continued until all the wealth piled up by two hundred years of bondage shall have been wasted and each drop of blood drawn by the lash shall have been paid for by one drawn by the sword, we must still say, as was said five thousand years ago, the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

Battles followed in quick succession, years went by, sickness and death, prisons and privations were doing their deadly work. The South was resisting with a valor and stubbornness born of desperation worthy of a better cause. The battle of Gettysburg seemed inevitable. The crisis was at hand and as went this battle so would end the war. The high tide of the rebellion was reached in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

No braver men, not even the three hundred Spartans who died at Thermopolae, or the gallant six hundred that rode down to death at Balaklava were braver men than those that marched down to death in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, but these died fighting in a wrong cause, fighting to establish a government founded on human slavery, but slavery had been doomed, and from Gettysburg the rebellion went back to its Waterloo at Appomattox.

My parting message to you today is, not only to remember those who died that this nation might live, but give to the few remaining ones every help, every confidence, everything that gratitude can offer as a token of a nation's everlasting gratitude. May we not reverently say, with Kipling:

"Lord, God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget; lest we forget."

MEMORIAL DAY, FRIDAY, MAY 30, 1917

"THE LITTLE GREEN TENTS"

"The little green tents where the soldiers sleep, and the sun-beams play and the women weep, are covered with flowers today; and between the tents walk the weary few, who were young and stalwart in sixty-two, when they went to the War away. The little green tents are built of sod, and they are not long, and they are not broad, but the soldiers have lots of room; and the sod is part of the land they saved, when the flag of the enemy darkly waved, the symbol of dole and gloom. The little green tent is a thing divine, the little green tent is a country's shrine, where patriots kneel and pray; and the brave men left, so old, so few, were young and stalwart in 'sixty-two, when they went to the War away."—Walt Mason.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

FROM MY FATHER'S BIBLE RECORD

My grandfather, David Scott, born in Pennsylvania, 1740; died in Pennsylvania, 1800.

Alexander Scott, born in Pennsylvania, February 5, 1797.

Martha Wills Scott, born in Kentucky, June 1, 1803.

David Hamilton Scott, born in Kentucky, June 27, 1825.

Samuel Wills Scott, born in Indiana, August 30, 1827.

John Milton Scott, born in Indiana, August 18, 1829.

Alexander Ramsay Scott, Margaret Jane Scott and James Thompson Scott, born in Indiana, July 28, 1831, (triplets).

Thomas Newton Scott, born in Indiana, February 8, 1834.

Alexander Marshall Scott, born in Indiana, Marc, 23 1836.

Martha Ann Scott, born in Indiana, May 27, 1838.

William Holaday Scott, born in Indiana, January 24, 1843.

Elizabeth Mildred Scott, born in Indiana, September 18, 1846.

MARRIED.

Alexander Scott and Martha Wills, married February 21, 1822.

David H. Scott and Mary Wills, married October 16, 1845.

John Evans and Margaret Scott, married May 29, 1851.

James T. Scott and Ann Boswell, married October 2, 1851.

Alexander Scott, Sr., and Sarah Maddox, married April 15, 1848.

John M. Scott and Frances Pendleton, married June 4, 1857.

Thomas N. Scott and Sarah Harrison, married February 14, 1860.

Alexander M. Scott and Matilda Miller, married December 13, 1866.

Warren Hamilton and Martha A. Scott, married December 14, 1866.

William H. Scott and Zella Allen, married about 1870.

Wallace Hamilton and Elizabeth M. Scott, married, 1871.

Alexander M. Scott and Margaret B. Brown, married, November 30, 1886.

DEATHS

Martha Scott, died July 19, 1847, aged 44 years, 1 month, 19 days.

Alexander R. Scott, died March 21, 1832, aged 7 months and 24 days.

Samuel W. Scott, died October 8, 1832, aged 5 years, one month, 9 days.

Alexander Scott, Sr., died February 6, 1879, aged 82 years, 1 day.

Martha A. Hamilton, died December 10, 1879, aged 41 years, 6 months, 22 days.

William H. Scott, died August 20, 1883, aged 40 years, 6 months, 26 days.

Matilda A. Scott, died December 19, 1883, aged 36 years, 9 months, 11 days.

PART OF RECORD IN MY FAMILY BIBLE

Mary Alma Scott was born March 5, 1868.

Robert Carl Scott was born May 20, 1869.

Nellie Ruth Scott was born September 1, 1871.

Letha Moten Scott was born May 16, 1874.

Harriett Miller Scott was born February 28, 1876.

Fredrick Morton Scott was born December 17, 1880; died March 26, 1882.

Edward Allred was born September 10, 1858.

George Edward Brewer was born August 7, 1867.

Harry Ermantrout Daugherty was born March 8, 1870.

Edgar Otto Coffman was born June 9, 1873.



Top—Harriet Miller Scott Letha Moten Scott
 Bottom—Robert Carl Scott Nellie Ruth Scott Mary Alma Scott

Edward Allred and Mary A. Scott were married May 7, 1889.
George E. Brewer and Nellie R. Scott were married September 7, 1890.

Harry E. Daugherty and Letha M. Scott were married September 19, 1895.

Edgar O. Coffman and Harriett M. Scott were married April 23, 1897.

MY GRANDCHILDREN

ALLREDS

Alexander Garrison Allred, born March 23, 1900.

Edward Scott Allred, born October 16, 1902.

Mildred Brown Allred, born September 12, 1906.

BREWERS

Scott Ridge Brewer, born May 27, 1891.

Donald Edward Brewer, born January 4, 1893.

Robert Miller Brewer, born December 27, 1896.

George Fredrick Brewer, born September 20, 1900.

Nellie Matilda Brewer, born September 16, 1902.

DAUGHERTYS

James Carl Daugherty, born July 8, 1900.

Anna Scott Daugherty, born December 7, 1902.

Matilda Jane Daugherty, born September 27, 1904.

Andrew Jackson Daugherty, born April 20, 1906.

Letha Rachel Daugherty, born December 17, 1912.

COFFMANS

Margaret Cathrin Coffman, born February 14, 1898.

Edgar Scott Coffman, born August 5, 1902.

William Pickens Brewer, great grandson, born 1918.

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG SPEECH.

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men were created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who have struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

THE OLD MAN AND JIM

Old man never had much to say—
 'Ceptin' to Jim—
And Jim was the wildest boy he had—
 And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Never heard him speak but once
Er twice in my life—and first time was
When the army broke out, and Jim he went,
The old man backin' him, fer three months;
And all 'at I heerd the old man say
Was, jes' as we turned to start away—
 "Well, good-bye, Jim,
 Take keer of yourse'f!"

'Peared-like, he was more satisfied
Jes' lookin' at Jim
And likin' him all to hisse'f-like, see?—
'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in him!
And over and over I mind the day
The old man come and stood round in the way
While we was drillin', a-watchin' Jim—
And down at the depot a-hearin' him say,
"Well, good-bye, Jim,
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Never was nothin' about the farm
Disting'ished Jim:
Neighbors all ust to wonder why
The old man 'peared wrapped up in him;
But when Cap. Biggler, he writ back
'At Jim was the bravest boy we had
In the whole dern regiment, white er black,
And his fightin' good as his farmin' bad—
'At he had led, with a bullet clean
Bored through his thigh, and carried the flag
Through the bloodiest battle you ever seen,—
The old man wound up a letter to him
'At Cap read to us, 'at said: "Tell Jim gooy-by,
And take keer of hisse'f!"

Jim come home jes' long enough
To take the whim
'At he'd like to go back in the calvery—
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Jim 'lowed 'at he'd had sich luck afore,
Guessed he'd tackle her three years more.
And the old man gave him a colt he'd raised;
And followed him over to Camp Ben Wade,
And laid around fer a week er so,
Watchin' Jim on dress parade
Tel finally he rid away,
And last he heerd was the old man say—
"Well, good-bye, Jim,
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Tuk the papers, the old man did,
A-watchin' fer Jim--
Fully believin' he'd make his mark
Some way—jes' wrapped up in him!—
And many a time the word 'ud come
'At stirred him up like the tap of a drum—
At Petersburg, fer instunce, where
Jim rid right into their cannons there
And tuk 'em, and pi'nted 'em t'other way,
And socked it home to the boys in gray,
As they scooted fer timber, and on and on—
Jim a lieutenant and one arm gone.
And the old man's words in his mind all day—
"Well, good-bye, Jim,
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Think of a private, now, perhaps,
We'll say like Jim,
'At's clumb clean up to the shoulder straps—
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Think of him—with the war plum' through,
And the glorious old Red-White-and-Blue
A-laughin' the news down over Jim,
And the old man, bendin' over him—
The surgeon turnin' away with tears
'At hadn't leaked fer years and years,
As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to
His father's, the old voice in his ears--
"Well, good-bye, Jim,
Take keer of yourse'f!"

(Copyrighted.)

—James Whitcomb Riley.

LIFE'S RAILWAY TO HEAVEN

Life is like the mountain railroad,
With an engineer that's brave.
We must make the run successful
From the cradle to the grave:
Watch the curves that fill the tunnels,
Never falter, never fail,
Keep your hand upon the throttle,
And your eye upon the rail.

CHORUS

Blessed Saviour Thou will guide us
Till we reach the blissful shore,
Where the angels wait to join us
In thy praise forever more.

You will roll up grades of trial,
You will cross the bridge of strife;
See that Christ is your conductor
On this lightning train of life,
Always mindful of obstructions,
Do your duty, never fail,
Keep your hand upon the throttle
And your eye upon the rail.

You will often find obstructoins;
Look for storms of winds and rain;
On a fill or curve or trestle.
They will almost ditch your train.

HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG

(By An Ex-Confederate Soldier, July 3, 1863)

A cloud possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky shield,
Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed
And through the cloud some horsemen dashed
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then at the brief command of Lee,
Moved out that matchless infantry,
With Pickett leading grandly down,
To rush against the roaring crown,
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns,
A cry arose, the tumult runs—
The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods
And Chickamauga's solitudes,
The fierce South cheering on her sons!

Ah, how the withering tempest blew
Against the front of Pettifrew!
A Kamsin wind that scorched and singed
Like that infernal flame that fringed
The British squares at Waterloo!

A thousand fell where Kemper led;
A thousand died where Garnett bled:
In blinding flame and strangling smoke
The remnant through the batteries broke
And crossed the works with Armistead.

"Once more in Glory's van with me!"
Virginia cried to Tennessee;
"We two together, come what may,
Shall stand upon these works today!"
(The reddest day in History.)

Brave Tennessee! In reckless way
Virginia heard her comrades say:
"Close round this rent and riddled rag!"
What time she set her battle flag
Amid the guns of Doubleday.

But who shall break the guards that wait
Before the awful face of Fate?
The tattered standards of the South
Were shriveled at the cannon's mouth,
And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennesseean set
His breast against the bayonet.
In vain Virginia charged and raged,
A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
Till all the hill was red and wet.

Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed,
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost
Receding through the battle cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud
The death cry of a nation lost.

The brave went down. Without disgrace
They leaped to ruin's red embrace;
They only heard fame's thunders wake,
And saw a dazzling sunburst break
In smiles on glory's bloody face.

They fell, who lifted up a hand
And bade the sun in heaven to stand,
They smote and fell, who set the bars
Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of motherland.

They stood, who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium.
They smote and stood, who help the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope
Amid the cheers of Christendom.

God lives" He forged the iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill.
God lives and reigns! He built and lent
The heights for freedom's battlement
Where floats her flag in triumph still.

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns;
Love rules! Her gentle purpose runs,
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!

—Will H. Thompson, in *July Century*, 1888

ATTITUDE

One ship sails east and another sails west
By the selfsame winds that blow,
'Tis the set of the sails and not the gales
That determines the way they go.

Like the ships on the sea are the ways of men
As they journey on through life,
'Tis the set of the soul that determines the goal
And not the calm or the strife.

—Selected.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight
Make me a child again, just for tonight!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me to your heart again as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears,—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,—
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O Mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between;
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I tonight for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like mother love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and edifies,—
Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yours.
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumbers soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead tonight,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I first listened your lullaby song:
Sing then, and unto my soul' it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

—Elizabeth Akers.

"As the mite the widow offered
Brought a blessing sweet and rare,
And the riches of the miser
Were not worth a pauper's prayer—
So I smile when men mark failure,
O'er the life of any man;
For the acme of all greatness
Is to do the best we can."

"By thine own soul's law learn to live,
And if men thwart thee, take no heed,
And if men hate thee, have no care;
Sing thou thy song and do thy deed,
Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer."

YOUR MOTHER

No one else may ever care if you have a broken heart;
No one else may, if you err, be inclined to take your part;
When fair weather friends forget and when fortune smiles no
more
She will think you worthy yet and be faithful as before.

No one may be inclined to forgive you if you fall;
If your hopes must be resigned no one else will weep at all;
But if all else turned away and your soul with sin were black,
She would never fail to pray every day to win you back.

MOTHER O' MINE

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

THE POWER OF A SMILE.

There's a wondrous lot of power
In an honest, wholesome smile;
It often starts a blessing
That will travel for a mile.
Why, when hearts are sad and heavy
And the days are dark the while,
You can notice that things brighten
From the moment that you smile.

What the rose is to the bower,
What the jewel to the ring,
What the song is to the robin
In the gladsome days of spring,
What the gold is to the sunsets
That oft our souls beguile,
All this, and more, to people
Is the blessing of a smile.

When you see a face that' saddened
By the cruelty of strife,
Into which have come the wrinkles
From the toils and cares of life,
Just send a ray of sunshine
To smooth its brow a while,
And bestow a passing blessing
By the giving of a smile.

—B. W. Burleigh.

WORTH WHILE.

It was only a hearty handclasp,
But it gripped the soul of a man
With the courage of fresh endeavor,
And started him out again,
Face to face the same old problems
Of weakness and failure and loss,—
But the strength of that hearty handclasp
Made certain the victors' cross.

It was only a smile in passing,
But it flooded a gloomy heart
With the sunshine of hope for the future
Wherein he had a happy part:
And the clouds had a rosy lining,
And the gray was turned all to gold;
For the smile gave a glimpse of heaven.
And its wonders and joys untold.

It was only a word of greeting
In the press of the throng one day,
But it brought to a soul despairing
Strength and hope for the weary way.
It was only a cup of cold water,
Held to the lips that were parched with pain,
But by means of that Christlike service,
A lost soul found sweet peace again.

"It was only we say, forgetting
That high in the courts above,
The friendly word and the cooling draft
Are our ministry of love.
And the Master will say to the faithful,
Who meet on the crystal sea,
"Inasmuch as ye did to the children of earth,
Ye have done it unto me."

ABIDE WITH ME.

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte.

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide:
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's day:
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

THY RIGHTEOUS WILL BE DONE.

Not in dumb resignation
We lift our heads on high;
Not like the nerveless fatalist
Content to trust and die.
Our faith springs like the eagle
Who soars to meet the sun,
And cries exulting unto Thee,
O Lord, Thy will be done!

COMPENSATION.

I'd like to think when life is done
That I had filled a needed post,
That here and there I'd paid my fare
With more than idle talk and boast.
That I had taken gifts divine,
The breath of life and manhood fine
And tried to use them now and then
In service for my fellow men.

I'd hate to think when life is through
That I had lived my round of years
A useless kind, that leaves behind
No record in this vale of tears,
That I had wasted all my days
By treading only selfish ways;
And that this world would be the same
If it had never known my name.

I'd like to think that here and there
When I am gone there shall remain
A happier spot that might have not
Existed had I toiled for gain.
That some one's cheery voice and smile
Shall prove that I had been worth while;
That I had paid with something fine
My debt to God for life divine.
(Copyright 1917 by Edgar A. Guest.)

EIGHTY YEARS OF KNOWING HOW."

(Acknowledging indebtedness to my advertising friends.)

"Eighty years of knowing how."—
How to battle, how to strive;
Eighty years in which to sow;
Eighty years in which to give;
Eighty years of loving much;
Eighty years of yearning tense;
Years to learn the human touch
Years to learn the recompense!

"Eighty years of knowing how!"—
How the feeble crouch in need;
How the poor and lonely bow;
How the broken-hearted bleed;
How the earth-born sons may fail;
How the body kneels to soul;
How the coward shuns the gale;
How the king-men gain the goal!

"Eighty years of knowing how!"—
Joys alight with dew of tears,
Dreams afloat in mystic glow,
Labor, laughter, fallings, fears!
Years of teaching youth to soar,
Years that clasp the sacred rod;
Years that lead from more to more—
Eighty years of learning God!
—Roscoe Gilmore Stott.

Theres' a line of graves by the edge of the wood,
Where the trees are green, and the branches wave;
A line of graves where the unknown lie,
Peaceful at last 'neath a sullen sky;
Friend and foe in a common grave.

O, that line of graves by the edge of the wood
The dead lie thick in the shade of the trees,
Their fight is fought, their work is done,
And they're huddled away from the sight of the sun;
Friend and foe drink a dreamless peace.

In that line of graves by the edge of the wood,
Hatred is buried, and lust, and fear;
War still rages above the head
Of that long, long line of nameless dead;
Friend and foe in those graves so drear.

They have done with hate—
They have finished their strife;
And sometimes Death seems as kind as Life!
They have won to the knowledge that God is good,
In that line of graves by the edge of the wood.

“O little world, shine clear and bright
Until I read your meaning right!
Gift-laden to our hearts rehearse
How Gods' gift-laden universe
Shines ever fair and ever bright
With love and comfort and delight.”

RECITATION—OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE
PROUD?

William Knox.

“There is a poem,” said Lincoln, “which has been a great favorite with me for years; which was first shown me when a young man by a friend, and which I afterwards saw and cut from a newspaper and learned by heart. I would give a good deal to know who wrote it, but I never have been able to ascertain.” Then, half closing his eyes, he repeated the verses.

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Life a swift flitting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
The flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid ;
And the young and the old and the low and the high
Shall molder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infants' affection who proved,
The mother that husband and infant who blest,
Each, all are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure, her triumphs are by ;
And the mem'ry of those who loved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn,
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes like the flower or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed,
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been ;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen :
We drink the same streams, and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think,
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink ;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling,
But it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumber will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, ay, they died. We things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

H. I. J.—Following is one of the poems you call for, the other will be published when found:

THE CHEMISTRY OF CHARACTER.

John and Peter, and Robert and Paul,
God in His wisdom created them all;
John was a statesman, and Peter a slave,
Robert a preacher, and Paul—was a knave.
Evil or good, as the case might be,
White or colored, or bond or free—
John and Peter, and Robert and Paul,
God in His wisdom created them all.

Out of earth's elements, mingled with flame,
Out of life's compounds of glory and shame.
Fashioned and shaped by no will of their own,
And helplessly into life's history thrown;
Born of the law that compels man to be,
Born to conditions they could not foresee,
John and Peter and Robert and Paul,
God in His wisdom created them all.

John was the head and heart of his state,
Was trusted and honored, was noble and great :
Peter was made 'neath life's burdens to groan.
And never once dreamed that his soul was his own :
Robert great glory and honor received,
For zealously preaching what no one believed :
While Paul, of the pleasure of sin took his fill,
And gave up his life in the service of ill.

It chanced that these men, in their passing away
From earth and its conflicts, all died the same day :
John was mourned through the length and breadth of the
land,
Peter fell 'neath the lash of a merciless hand :
Robert died with the praise of the Lord on his tongue,
While Paul was convicted of murder, and hung.
John and Peter and Robert and Paul—
The purpose of life was fulfilled in them all.

Men said of the statesman : "How noble and brave!"
But of Peter, alas!—"He is only a slave!"
Of Robert, "'Tis well with his soul ; it is well",
While Paul they consigned to the torments of hell.
Born by one law, through all nature the same,
What made them different, and who was to blame?
John and Peter, and Robert and Paul—
God in His wisdom created them all.

Out in that region of infinite light,
Where the soul of the black man is pure as the white ;
Out where the spirit through sorrow made wise,
No longer resorts to deception and lies ;
Out where the flesh can no longer control
The freedom and faith of the God-given soul,
Who shall determine what change may befall.
John and Peter, and Robert and Paul,

John may in wisdom and goodness increase ;
Peter rejoice in an infinite peace ;
Robert may learn that the truths of the Lord
Are more in the spirit and less in the word ;
And Paul may be blessed with a holier birth
Than the patience of man had allowed him on earth :
John and Peter and Robert and Paul,
God in His mercy created them all.

—Author unknown.

Somebody did a golden deed,
Proved himself a friend in need;
Somebody sang a cheerful song
Brightening the skies the whole day long;
Was that somebody you?

Somebody filled the day with light,
Constantly chased away the night;
Somebody's work bore joy and peace,—
Surely his life shall never cease;
Was that somebody you?

JUST FOLKS.

By Edgar A. Guest.

THE SPLENDOR OF THE GOAL.

He never tells the pain of it,
He dreams about the gain of it,
His letters ring of victory
And glorious days to be.
He never pens the hurt of it,
The drudgery and dirt of it,
Tomorrow's better, finer world
Is all that he can see.

It's fine, he writes, to share in it,
To have the chance to dare in it,
To see the flag we love so well
Still dancing in the sky;
To be a living part of it,
The flesh and blood and heart of it,
And feel that all that's good shall live
Long after we shall die.

His letters never sadden us,
They're written just to gladden us.
They tell of comrades' noble deeds
And victories to be.
They prophesy a spring again
When all the birds shall sing again
And all the people of the earth
Rejoice in liberty.

Oh, some men preach the gloom of it—
 Repeat the cannon boom of it.
 And paint the awful scenes of death
 That every eye must see;
 They echo every moan of it,
 Each grim and dismal tone of it.
 And dull with needless pain our faith
 In joys that are to be.

But he, who bears the weight of it,
 Who feels the hurt and hate of it,
 Sends not a word of doubt or fear
 To terrify the soul.
 He never counts the cost of it,
 Nor dwells upon the lost of it:
 Beyond the death and pain, he sees
 The splendor of the goal.
 (Copyright, 1918, by Edgar A. Guest.)

“Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said:
 This is my own, my native land!
 Whose heart has ne’er within him burned
 As home his footsteps he hath turned
 From wandering on a foreign strand?

If such there be, Go, mark him well:
 For him no minstrel raptures swell!
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
 Despite those titles, power and pelf,
 The wretch, concentered all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung.
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

RUSSELLVILLE, IND., May 12, 1891.

Mr. A. M. Scott.

DEAR BROTHER: I find in answer to your communication and request that you was:

Initiated -----August 16th, 1859.
 Passed -----September 6th, 1859.
 Raised -----October 11th, 1859.

Yours paternally,

G. W. POOLE,

Secretary of Russellville Lodge No. 141 F. and A. Masons.

ASYLUM OF CRAWFORDSVILLE, COMMANDERY NO.

HELD BY AUTHORITY OF GRAND COMMANDERY OF STATE OF
INDIANA.

This is to certify that Sir Alexander M. Scott, whose signature appears in the margin hereof, is, at the date hereof, a Knight Templar, and Knight of Malta of the Order of St. John, of Jerusalem, in regular standing, and being free from all charges and having paid all dues and demands against him in our Commandery, he has, at his own request, regularly dimitted therefrom, and this certificate, by a vote of the Commandery, is granted to him in evidence thereof.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and directed to be affixed the seal of said Commandery, at Crawfordsville, this ninth day of June A. O. 7, A. D., 1905.

Moreland B. Binford, Eminent Commander.

Attest: Lucien A. Foote, Recorder.

HALL OF LADOGA CHAPTER NO. 222,
ORDER OF THE EASTERN STAR,
HELD AT THE MASONIC HALL, LADOGA, IND.

This dimit, witnesseth, That Margaret B. Scott, whose name appears in the margin of this instrument, was received into this Chapter February 15, 1898, and that, having paid all dues, and being free from all charges, she is at her own request, lawfully dismissed from membership therein.

Given under my hand, and the seal of said Chapter this 25th day of May, 1905.

ANNA GOODBAR,
Secretary.

REPORT OF AUDITING COMMITTEE.

The books and accounts of the Commandery are in good shape, and the committee feels that it is due the Recorder to make a public acknowledgement of his faithful service the past

eight years, during which there has not been a note of discord,
a record quite remarkable, and one that will not rub out.

If he earns your praise: bestow it,
If you like him, let him know it,
Let the words of true encouragement be said,
Dont' wait till life is over,
And he's underneath the clover,
For he cannot read his tombstone, when he's dead.

Respectfully submitted

ORAN PERRY,

J. H. LOWES,

G. W. H. KEMPER,

Auditing Committee Loyal Legion.

May 30, 1918.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

[The Mexican war inspired the following immortal poem. Its author, Theodore O'Hara, was a veteran of the campaign. He was a young man of twenty-seven when the verses were written.]

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance,
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming file
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud—
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow;
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past;
Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce Northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau.
Flushed with the triumphs yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Virtory or Death."

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war his richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield:
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless tone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom
Can dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

—Theodore O'Hara.

BURY ME WITH MY GRAND ARMY BADGE.

When my long roll is sounded, my last long alarm,
When my spirit and body shall part,
When my name has been called, and at rest, is returned,
With my hands folded over my heart,
When no more shall the reveille awake with the day
And call me to labor, from rest,
Then bury me as a true soldier should be,
With my Grand Army badge on my breast.

Let me sleep my last sleep with my beautiful star,
With its banner and eagle and all
Close to my still heart which has ever been true
To the flag at my lover country's call.
In life 'twas the emblem of loyalty and truth
And charity, sweetest and best,
So I desire that I sleep my last sleep,
With my Grand Army badge on my breast.

'Tis a badge which no traitor's breast ever can wear,
'Tis the emblem of loyalty and truth,
'Tis the broad shield of brotherhood, spotless and fair.
The most beautiful red, white and blue,
Is an emblem no monarch can ever bestow,
And none but the bravest possess,
So bury me when my last summons shall come,
With my Grand Army badge on my breast.

And in that grand muster on that beautiful shore
When we pass our grand final review,
It will shine on to show how my loyal heart beat
To my country and flag ever true.
'Twill be a prize emblem to show in that land,
That beautiful land of the blest,
So bury me when my last tattoo shall sound
With my Grand Army badge on my breast.

—Author Unknown.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO.

IN MEMORIAM.

When I was in Iowa last June to visit my old soldier brother, David H. Scott, I thought it very doubtful if he would live till I might visit him again. I had a copy of a little memorial poem with me that had been read at the funeral of a dear soldier friend of mine, and I thought it would be so appropriate that I left the poem, asking my brother's daughter to have it read at her fathers' funeral. At this writing the brother is still alive and enjoying reasonable health. I have the poem printed in this booklet.

"I can not say, and I will not say
That he is dead—he is just away!
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land.
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.
And you—o you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return.
Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here;
And loyal still, as he gave the blows
Of his warrior-strength to his country's foes.
Mild and gentle, as he was brave,
When the sweetest love of his life he gave
To simple things: Where the violets grew
Pure as the eyes they were likened to.
The touches of his hands have strayed
As reverently as his lips have prayed;
When the little brown thrush that harshly chirred
Was dear to him as the mocking-bird;
And he pitied as much as a man in pain
A writhing honey-bee wet with rain.
Think of him still as the same, I say,
He is not dead—he is just away!"

In taking a retrospective view of my more or less active participation in political affairs for the past sixty years of my life, I am disposed to take a more charitable view of politicians as a class than I believe the general public does. I do not believe the large majority of men who take to politics are dishonest or go into politics for the purpose of making money or becoming grafters. There is a fascination in political affairs that naturally attracts thousands of men largely probably for the acquaintance they gain with public men and public affairs aside from any ulterior or purely selfish motives.

Of course all men are subject to temptations. Some fall into temptation, more easily than others. Most of this class are somewhat of the class that Victor Hugo speaks of in *Les Misérables* as "floatsam au Jettsam," the majority of this class soon lodge among the drift-wood along the political shores of obscurity.

I believe I can say with a clear conscience that I have never offered anyone a bribe for his vote or his support. Nor have I ever seen money offered or exchanged like bribery or corruption in our Legislative Halls for bills or measures as is generally charged. The nearest I recall anything in the nature of a bribe was one time a member of the Legislature was pushing a bill in the interest of a certain town in the north part of our state, he wanted me with others of a committee to go to this town on an investigation. Junket he offered to furnish the committee free sleeper car and all expenses paid if the committee would go. I declined the free-outing.

In 1899 when a U. S. Senator was to be elected strong pressure by individuals and committees was brought to bear on me to support a certain man for Senator but no hint of money or political reward was offered. But of my own volition I went to the youngest aspirant for the place among a half dozen worthy gentlemen and offered my support to Albert J. Beveridge. He offered me no inducement of any kind for my support other than his warm thanks. He was elected, I never asked him for any appointment or reward. Many years afterward of his own volition without my request he got a bill through Congress giving me an increase on my pension up to \$40.00 per month.

Politics can be played honestly as well as other professions if

our high-brows, or more holier than though class of citizens would get out to our primaries and see that good men were always nominated. I have no regrets for the humble part I have played in politics only that I did not accomplish more.

OMEGA.

Taking a review of my work on this little memoir I find I have worked on the shotgun plan. I have not attempted anything in the line of a well-compiled history of the Scott family, or a well digested autobiography of my own life. I have just penned a chapter occasionally of an afternoon this summer, while sitting in my office just as memory works. Some times memory calls up times or events rapidly and distinctly. At other times it works slowly and rustily. I think I have given a pretty full history of the Scott family, so far as my branch of the original come-overs are concerned, and I have given the principal events of interest in my own life and doubtless many of these incidents will be of little interest, even to my grandchildren, but the writing has cost the children nothing, and it has helped me to pass some otherwise idle hours, that squares the act.

I may say that for more than fifty years I have occasionally written short articles for local papers, just for pastime. I never expected nor received a dollar as pay for any such articles. Never sent one to a magazine. I have inserted one or two of said articles in this booklet, just for "gun fodder," as the Kaiser would say. I may say also, I have not been a great reader of books, for two or three reasons; first, because I have never had very good eyes, and long ago I found that I must conserve my eyes and not tax them with too much book reading. I have loved to read the newspapers and keep up so far as I could with current news and political affairs. This did not leave me much time to read ancient history or blood and thunder novels. The book of all books is the Bible, the only book that is worth reading every day of your life. I read it through from cover to cover while in the army, but that is the only time I have ever read it through consecutively. I do not regard a great deal of the Old Testament as specially profitable reading as it is largely historical

of ancient Jewish and other nations. It tells us of Gods' dealing with the nations of the world before the Christian era. It tells of some grand and noble characters, such as Abraham, Moses, Elijah and other prophets; of Joshua, Solomon, David, Samuel and hundreds of others. To my mind Daniel and Joseph are my ideals of the grand Christian gentleman. They were always loyal to their God and their country, never yielding to temptations from king, princes or woman.

Isaiah was the grandest man among the prophets, yet after his wonderful life as a prophet he got scared by a bad woman and left his home in flight and made "a hike of ninety miles over bad road to escape the bad woman."

My favorite chapter in the old testament is the twenty-third Psalm. My favorite chapter in the new testament is the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." And the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, Faith. Then if you want an idea of what heaven is read the first six verses of the last chapter in Revelations.

If you want to learn how to always exercise Christian patience, read about Job, the grand old patriot. The devil put the greatest test of loyalty on Job ever put on any man and though he had three fool friends and a foolish wife he did not let them show him where to get off, and he came out all right. And he had more property after his great afflictions than he had before and his daughters were the fairest in the land. I have often wondered whether his foolish wife was the mother of these fair daughters or whether the Lord gave him a better one. The last few chapters of Job gives you a wonderful description of the majesty and power of God, and of the weakness of man. I think the book I have read that has been the greatest help to me, aside from the Bible, was Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. I read it I think before I was twenty-one years old and I never forget the trials and travels of the hero of the story, Cristian. If I keep the load of trouble off my back and go straight ahead in the right way I find most of the lions I imagine are lying in the road are chained just outside the narrow way. A good way to read the Bible is

for two persons to read it aloud, reading alternate verses. Grandma and I spend hours that way and find it interesting and profitable,

For fifty years our home has always been open to entertain the preachers, and I think the preacher's companionship and council was well worth their entertainment. I think I recall about fifteen Presbyterian preachers that I have served as Elder under. I was one of the Elders elected when the church was organized at Ladoga. Rev. William G. Allen organized the church and preached for us a while. After him came Revs. Colwell, Fyffe, Carson Tate Hale, Elliott, Fox, Williamson, McCauley, Fisk and Buchanan at Ladoga. At Indianapolis, Foreman, Marshall and Skinner. I might say with the possible exception of one or two of this number, all were good true Christian men as I knew them. Of the other two I may say one of them was weak mentally, the other was weak morally, as I believe. I may say here that neither of these two men were educated or ordained ministers of the Presbyterian church. Both left their own denominations and came to the Presbyterian church for reasons best known to themselves, and I may confess that the morally weak one was one of my discovery and recommendation to our people. I found that my judgment on selecting pastors was not always good. Of all my pastors, if I had any one a special favorite, I suppose I would say Rev. Frank Fox. He and his wife were very warm personal friends of our family. I met Rev. Fox a few years ago at Winona Bible Conference. In a conversation with him I said, Brother Fox I have thought I would like to have you preach my funeral when the time comes. He replied he would take pleasure in doing so. (I don't think he meant it as a joke). I told him I did not want any fulsome eulogy preached over me, but if he could just say I had lived a good man that would put it strong enough.

I have inserted photos of myself at the age of thirty-five, at sixty-five and eighty-two. Have inserted photos of my brothers, except my youngest brother. Sorry I had no photo of him. Also inserted my only living sister, my only son and my oldest grandson and namesake, Scott Ridge Brewer. Also photo of my youngest granddaughter, Letha Rachel Dougherty. Sorry I had

no photo of my own father. As this is a Scott history I could not insert the photos of all my loved ones.

I send out this awkwardly written memoirs to my grandchildren as a little token of my love for all of them and their parents. If it interests or pleases them I will be satisfied that my labor of love in writing has not been in vain.

I may say, as St. Paul said to the Corinthians: "By the grace of God I am what I am." And the grace of God is the only safe train that will carry one through the trials and temptations of life.

TAPS.

BY JOE S. MILLER.

"The day is over and the battle done,
The cool moon routs the red, relentless sun,
Rest, now, be battle lost or battle won,
For there goes taps.

A bunk, a little tent, home, just the same.
Oh, God, how men have fought and breathed that name,
Of home, sweet home along, not seeking fame!
But there goes taps.

Old bugle, tell me how you speak to me,
Stern in command in war you seem to be,
Yet gentle as the kiss at mother's knee
When you sound taps.

Who told you how to touch a soldiers' heart,
To bid him bury fear of death and start,
To do or die, just do his little part?
But there goes taps.

Sometimes you make me think who brought me here,
To serve my time upon this little sphere,
And be discharged at last when I shall hear
The sound of taps."

