

His enthusiasm for teaching, and his sympathy for and helpfulness to the students, are probably largely the outcome of his own early struggles. Born in Indiana in 1849, he was destined by his father for a business career; but this was so uncongenial that he broke over the traces, and after a few lessons from a western painter entered the schools of the National Academy of Design in New York, where he remained for two years. During his stay in this city he was befriended by the portrait-

painter J. O. Eaton, to whom many others beside Mr. Chase are indebted for help and encouragement in their early art aspirations. In 1871 he went to St. Louis, where he had some success as a portrait-painter; in 1872 to Germany, where he became a pupil of Piloty. He returned to New York in 1878.

Mr. Chase is a National Academician, and President of the Society of American Artists, and has been the recipient of many honors both at home and abroad.

W. Lewis Fraser.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN EDITOR.

By the Author of "Autobiography of a Justice of the Peace."

PICTURES BY E. W. KEMBLE.

SOME men are born newspaper men; some achieve experience as newspaper men; and others have journalism thrust upon them. I do not know which is productive of the best results.

My parents designed that I should be a lawyer, and so I studied the law faithfully for five years, which time was necessarily broken into a good deal by vacations of two or three months at intervals, which I devoted to working by the month, an occupation of which I was passionately fond. Whenever the study of Coke and Blackstone began to grow irksome, and the world began to seem colder to me when I came in contact with it in my sedentary life as a student, I would start up impulsively and secure outdoor employment, by means of which I obtained a great deal of fresh air and new clothes with the price-mark still on them.

After this broken term of study I applied for admission to the bar of Wisconsin twice, and was told both times that I had better study some more. Some would have resented this action on the part of the bar of Wisconsin, but I knew that there was no malice in it, and so I studied some more.

What I liked about the study of the common law, and of Blackstone especially, was that I could read the same passage to-day that I read yesterday, and it would seem as fresh at the second reading as it did at the first. On the following day I could read it again, and it would seem just as new and mysterious as it did on the preceding days.

One winter I studied in the office of Bingham and Jenkins. It was a very cold winter indeed. It was one of those unusual winters so common in Wisconsin. An unusual winter in Wisconsin may be regarded as the rule rather than the exception. I slept in the office, partly because I wanted to be near my work, and where I could get up in the night to read what Justinian had to say, and partly because hall bedrooms were very high at that time except in the matter of ceilings, and money was tighter in the circles in which I moved than I have ever known it to be since.

The first day in the office was devoted to general housework, and learning the combination of the safe. This safe was in fact a large fireproof vault which contained valuable documents, also pleadings, and my blankets. I had a bed-lounge, which was used for consultations during the day, and opened out for sleeping purposes at night.

After reading a chapter on riparian rights and a few *bon mots* from Justinian, I found that it was very late, and so cold that I determined to go to bed. Then I attacked the combination of the safe in order to get my blankets, but Justinian and Blackstone had so taken possession of my newly fledged mind that it had yielded slightly to the strain, and forgotten everything else. The



"I ATTACKED THE COMBINATION."

gray dawn found me still turning the knob of the safe eleven times to the right, stopping on eleven, then nine times to the left, stopping on seven or some other number, but always scoring a failure, and pausing each time to warm my hands under the friendly shelter of the roof of my mouth.

That night was the coldest in the history of the State of Wisconsin, and the woodshed was also locked up at the time. The following summer I went up into Burnett County to look up a location for the practice of the law in order to have it all ready in case I should be accidentally admitted to the bar. The county-seat of Burnett County consisted at that time only of a boarding-house for lumbermen, surrounded by the dark-blue billows of a boundless huckleberry patch. There was also a log hovel with a dirt floor, in which a paper was published.

It subsisted on "the county printing," which must have been worth at least \$85 per year or even more at that time. Afterward the price was cut down.

When I went into the office, the editor was bemoaning his sad lot, most of which was overgrown with jack pine and Chippewa Indians. He wanted much to "get away from the steady grind of journalism," he said. He had been there over eight weeks, and had had practically no vacation whatever. He wanted to get away for a week to rest his tired brain. In fact he wanted to go up on Lake Superior for a week's fishing, but could get no one to "assume editorial control" of the paper. I said that I would. I said that I should be glad to associate myself with the paper for a week, and to work his public-opinion molds for him.

He went away in the early morning, leaving me in charge of the paper and a middle-aged cat with nine newly fledged little ones. Charlie Talboys (the compositor) and I ran the paper that week, and I tried to learn from the back part of the dictionary how to mark proof, but got interested in some pictures of the human frame in health and disease, and so neglected the proof till time to go to press.

I wrote two scathing editorials for this paper, which had a good deal to do with bringing on the war, it was said. When I see now what that war cost in blood and bitterness and vain regret, of course I am sorry about it; but then I was young and impulsive, and had never brought on a war. I would know better now.

The year after this I went to Wyoming Territory, thinking that in the crude state of affairs there at the time I might possibly be admitted to the bar under an assumed name. I had of course given bonds in Wisconsin for my regular, annual examination for admission, but I decided to jump my bail and go west, where the bar was less conservative.

In Laramie City the regular term of court for the Second Judicial District was in session, Judge Blair presiding. Just here let me step aside to say a word of Judge Blair, a gentleman from West Virginia, who took charge of me, and whose memory will always have a large, expensive frame around it in my heart. I applied for admission to the bar, as I had been in the habit of doing wherever I had lived, and Judge Blair appointed a committee of kindly but inquisitive lawyers who talked with me all of one summer afternoon. I can still remember how warm the room was. As the gloaming began to gloom on the foot-hills, and the bull-skinner's song came across the river, the committee reported that I had, on cross-examination, so contradicted my answers made on the direct examination, that my testimony was of little value; yet it was decided to admit me to the bar of Wyoming, provided I would agree not to practise.

On the day of my arrival in Laramie, however, Judge Blair had said to me that the prospects for a young lawyer in Wyoming who had very little money, and no acquaintances, were very poor indeed; but if I could do newspaper work, he thought he could help me to a place.

As I saw right away that the Judge was my friend, I told him that it might be well to do that while waiting for my library to arrive. He laughed, and led me to the office of "The Daily Sentinel," owned by Dr. James H. Hayford, to whom I was introduced. Dr. Hayford was a keen-eyed man with chin-whiskers, who wrote with a hard pencil sharpened from time to time

on a flat file. He wrote with such earnestness that one could read his ablest editorials on any of the ten sheets of blank paper under the one he was writing on. He said that the paper could not afford to pay me what I was really worth, very likely, but if \$50 per month would make it interesting, he would be glad to have me try it for thirty days. Fifty dollars per month was so much better than the grazing at that season of the year, that I accepted it; not too hurriedly, but after counting 100 in my mind, and giving the impression that I was not too prompt to avail myself of the offer.

"The Sentinel" was a morning paper, but I used to be able to wash up about seven o'clock in the evening, and attend Alexander's Theater while the boys went to press. The performance on the stage at Alexander's was not of a high order. The talent was not great, and the performance far from meritorious, but in the audience it was more thrilling. It took me five weeks to heal up the scalp of my room-mate so that the hair would cover the furrow made by a bullet one evening at the theater. Finally the paper was left almost entirely in my hands, and I became more enterprising, till at last we got to press sometimes as early as five or half-past five o'clock in the afternoon. Then we got to horoscoping the theatrical news up to eleven o'clock, and printing it as fact. This was dangerous business. Forecasting the evening news and going to press at tea-time are always hazardous. It used to be done very successfully in Washington, D. C., but I was never successful.

Once we had a concert for the benefit of the church, for I was quite a church-worker at that time. Even now old citizens of Laramie City point with pride to their church debt, and if you ask them who organized it and fostered it, they will tell you with tears in their eyes that I did it. This concert I desired to see, and yet I wished to get the paper off my hands first, so I wrote it up in an unbiased way, and then dressed for the evening by removing my trousers' legs from the tops of my boots, and having the wrinkles ironed out at Beard's tailor-shop while I waited.

Among the features of the concert I wrote up a young lady who was on the program for a piano solo. She could play first-rate, was fair to look upon, and I gave her what "The London Times" would call a rattling good notice. But she did not play, and so I was jeered at a good deal by both of our subscribers.

I remember her especially because as one of the entertainment committee I had to move her piano to the hall. She could not use the one that belonged to the hall, but wanted her very own instrument, a hollow-chested old wardrobe of a thing with deformed legs.

It cost five dollars to move a piano in those days—five dollars each way. So I paid that to cart the old casket over to the hall, and five dollars to cart it back, making, as the ready calculator will see almost at a glance, ten dollars for the round trip. She did not play at all, but when I had the machine taken back, she ordered it delivered at another house. The family had taken this time to move, and I had simply moved the piano for them.

Even now I cannot read with dry eyes the fulsome description of her playing which I prematurely wrote, and which, in the light of a more thorough knowledge of musical terms, should have been edited by our home band.

At this time the Indians began to become restless, and



PETER HOLT'S RESTAURANT.

to hold scalp *fête champêtres* along the road to the Black Hills. Sitting Bull had taken a firm stand, and thirty-eight milch cows belonging to a friend of mine. He had also sent into the post his ultimatum. He sent it in, I believe, to get it refilled. War was soon declared. I remember writing up the first Indian victims. They were a German and his wife and servant who were massacred on the road outside of town, and buried at Laramie. It was not a pleasant experience.

At this time I was asked by Charles De Young of the "San Francisco Chronicle" to join General Custer on the Rosebud, and to write up the fight which it was presumed would take place very shortly. Mr. De Young was to pass through our place at about five o'clock in the afternoon, and I was to report to him then at the train. This was a great promotion, but I feared that it would be too sudden. From the pasty little think-room of the "Sentinel" to a bright immortality beyond the grave was too trying to the lungs, I feared. I thought it all over, however, and had decided to go at five o'clock. I bade good-by to all those friends to whom I was not indebted, and resolved to communicate with the others by mail. I could have reached the train myself, but I was too late to get my trunk checked, and I could not go on the war-path without my trunk. So I did not go; I remained on the staff of "The Sentinel," and went through some privations which I shall never forget while I live. I allude especially to the time when I boarded out a twenty-five dollar account for advertising a restaurant owned by Peter Holt. I was about to say that the restaurant was run by Peter Holt, but that would betray a hectic imagination on my part, for it just ran itself. I had been reared tenderly, and the restaurant of Peter Holt did more to make me wish I was back home in the States where nice clover hay and cut feed were plenty than anything that ever happened to me.

Dr. Hayford was a good man, and his soul, I think, was as pure as any soul that I ever saw which had been exposed as much as his had; but I have always wondered why, instead of salary, he gave me power of attorney to collect claims against restaurants in a poor state of preservation, and stores that did not keep my class of goods.

From "The Sentinel" I went into official life for a time as a justice of the peace, and then, with Judge Blair as the moving spirit, the old "Boomerang" was started. I bought the material, and then edited the paper about three years, during which time I got to-

gether a collection of poverty and squalor which is still referred to with local pride by the pioneers there.

It was at this time also that I was chosen by the governor to act as notary public. The appointment came to me wholly unsuspected on my part. When I went to bed at night I had no more idea that I would be a notary public in the morning than the reader has. It was a case where the office sought the man, and not the man the office. I held this position for six years, and no one can say that in that time I did a wrong official act as notary public. My seal cost me \$6, and in the six years that I held the office I swore eighteen men at twenty-five cents each, two of whom afterward paid me. I was obliged to give a bond, however, as notary public. I do not know why, exactly, for the fees were my own, if I got any. I used to deal with a boot and shoe man whom I will call Quidd, and we were on friendly terms. I bought my boots of him, and scorched the heels thereof on his hot stove on winter evenings, when times were dull and the wintry blast outside reduced the profits in the cattle business.

I casually asked Mr. Quidd to sign my bond as notary public, and told him what a sinecure it would be for him; but to my astonishment his chin quivered, his eye grew dim with unshed tears, as he told me, with his hand trembling in mine, that he wished he could, but that he had promised his dying mother, just as the light of the glory world lighted up her eyes, that he would never sign a bond or note with any one.

I said: "Do not mind this, Mr. Quidd; it is a trifling matter. Others will sign. I will get some comparative stranger to sign with me. Do not feel badly over it." On the way home I got Edward Ivinson, General Worth, Otto Gramm, Henry Wagner, Abraham Idleman, Charles Kuster, Dr. Harris, William H. Root, and James Milton Sherrod, the squaw-man of the Buffalo Wallow, to sign my bond. All of these were men of probity and property, and the bond was said to be the best notarial bond that was ever floated in Wyoming.

On the following day a case in my court as justice of the peace required a bond on the part of a saloon-keeper, and he went out a moment to get a surety. He was hardly out of the office before he returned with the name of Mr. Quidd. After that I bought my boots elsewhere. I could not trust a man who would so soon forget his promise to his dying mother. Years have flown by, and gray hairs have come on the head of Mr. Quidd, though I have n't a gray hair yet, and may not have for years, but I have always purchased my boots elsewhere.

"The Boomerang" was first printed over a shoe-store; but the quarters were small, and, I might also add, extremely seldom from a box-office standpoint, and our insurance was two per cent. per annum; so we removed to the parlor floor of a thrifty livery-stable on a side street. The only vacation I had while there was at one time when I wrote two weeks' editorials ahead, and went away for a fortnight. No one who has not tried it can realize how hard it is to prepare two weeks' editorials ahead and have them appropriate. Unforeseen changes are always certain to occur, and I am sure that now, after years of study and experience, I would not again try to do that on the salary I then thought I would get.

It was during these days that I got mixed up in a fight for the post-office. I did not want the post-office, but I wanted Charlie Spalding to have it, and so I used

our columns for that purpose. Our columns were ever open to almost anything, and so I used them. But we could not get Spalding appointed, so he said to me one day, "You get the office, and I will run it for you." At this time the other paper irritated me by a personal editorial which referred to me in a way that would irritate the ice-cream cast of Patience. It was then that I telegraphed my application, and it was acted upon at once by the President. I wrote to him, expressing my thanks, and offering to correspond regularly with him, and to aid him always whenever he got into hot water; "for," I added, "I live for those who love me, whether I lay up anything or not."

This letter Mr. Arthur permitted to go to the press and the correspondents at Washington, for, of course, he was naturally proud and happy over it; but it was an official letter, or else it was a private letter, and in either event it was not for the public. Besides, it drew out adverse criticism, especially from the London press. The London press asserted that this was no way to write to a President.

I held the post-office a year, and then startled the ranks of the Republican party by resigning. I left the office and a fire-proof safe, which was too heavy to travel with, and which the porter told me he could not allow me to bring into the car.

"The Boomerang" newspaper was regarded as a prosperous enterprise by those who did not have to pay the bills. It was extensively copied by the press of America, and even abroad. The news companies began to order it, and one copy was taken in Europe. All this made me proud and cheerful, but it did not seem to appeal to the Chinaman who was my laundress at the time.

I can see now that a paper like "The Boomerang," in the natural course of events, could not by any possible means have become a valuable piece of property, except as a sort of gymnasium for the editor to practise industry and economy in. For that purpose it afforded good, light, airy room, and while not in actual training I could go and play in the haymow across the hall. Papers of this character have never paid. We had everybody in the Territory on our subscription list,—everybody outside the reservation,—and after the summer massacre was over, and the Indians came back to the reservation for the winter, some of them used to subscribe also; but even if we had every man who read, we did not have more than enough to squeeze along. Kind-hearted exchanges copied us, and credited us day after day and week after week; but still we languished, and even the stockholders could not seem to understand that a paper might be copied all over several continents and yet die of inanition. I proved to my own entire satisfaction that a paper may be cheered, copied, and indorsed abroad when no one will indorse the editor's own paper at the home bank, and that approval of the editorial policy may overwhelm him at the moment when he is deciding whether to put the molasses in the roller composition or to eat it himself.

There is a grim and ghastly humor—the humor that is born of a pathetic philosophy—which now and then strikes me in reading the bright and keen-witted work of our American paragraphers. It is a humor that may be crystallized by hunger and sorrow and tears. It is not found elsewhere as it is in America. It is out of the question in England, because an Englishman cannot poke fun at himself. He cannot joke about an

empty flour-barrel. We can; especially if by doing it we may swap the joke for another barrel of flour. We can never be a nation of snobs so long as we are willing to poke fun at ourselves. It saves us from making asses of ourselves. To-day many a well-fed special writer goes on Saturday evening to the cashier of a prosperous metropolitan journal for the reward he earned years ago on some struggling, starving, wailing bantling that is now sleeping in the valley.

There are gray streaks in his hair, and a wrinkle here and there that came when he walked the floor of nights with that feeble, puling, colicky journalistic child; but with those gray hairs he got wisdom and he learned patience. He learned to be more prodigal with his humor, and more economical with his moans, and when he got a little grist of sunshine, he called in the neighbors, and when one woe came as the advance agent of a still greater, allied woe, traveling by means of its own special train, he worked it up into a pathetic story and made some one else the hero of it.

Edgar W. Nye.

A Thanksgiving Dozen.

USE to think Thanksgivun Day
Was jist made to preach an' pray!
Now'days whole endurun meetun
You jist set an' think of *eatun*.
Preacher talks, but ever' sinner
Sets his mouth for turkey dinner;
An' to say *Thanksgivun*—why,
Means to feast an' jollify:
Harvest over, work all done,
Ready for the winter's fun,
All the fambly home ag'in
Round the table pitchun in!
Then they set around an' look
Like the picters in a book
All the afternoon, jist glad
To be back with mam an' dad!

Las' Thanksgivun I went down
T' ole man Good's, not fur from town;
Jist a dozen people there,
After church at Zion's Hill,
Come to talk an' eat their fill.
Ole man Good, with high-roached hair,
Soap-suds white, an' long an' thin;
Whiskers underneath his chin,
Tryun to dodge the specs, I s'pose,
That was reachun down his nose.
Then *Mis'* Good, home-like an' smirkun,
Short an' dumpy, allays workun,
Makun all the comp'ny feel 's
Ef they 's comun *home* to meals!
Gran'ma Good in specs an' cap,
With her knittun in her lap,
Tilly hangun on her cheer,
Talkun loud in granny's ear.
Then the folks begin to come:
Uncle Joe Biggs, thinks he 's *some*,
Dressed up slick as our ole cat
In black broadcloth an' plug hat,
With gold cane an' finger-ring,
Lookun peart as anything;
Then that fat Aunt Sally Biggs
Waddles 'long in all her rigs—
Black silk dress, bonnet an' shawl,
Veil an' gloves an' parasol—
Never missed a feast or show,
First to come an' last to go!
"My, oh, my! I 'm tired to death;
Lemme rest an' git my breath
'Fore I speak," says she. "I thought