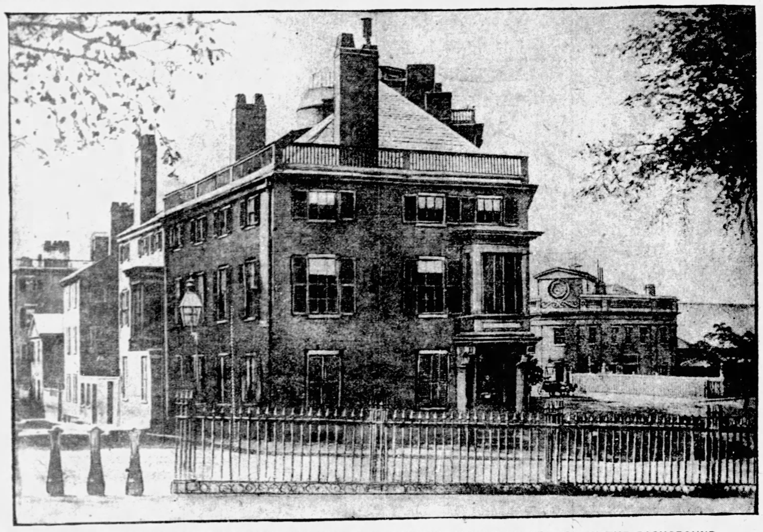
REMINISCENCES OF AN EARLY PERIOD

Boston of the Time When One of Its Early Settlers, William Salter, Built a House in a Lane Leading to the Bay at the Foot of the Common, and of the Days When Frog Lane Was That Part of Boylston St Between Washington St and Park Sq —Winslow Lewis and the House He Once Lived In Near the Old Providence Station.

JOVIAL OLD-TIMER WHO WROTE THE SONG "BARREL OF BEER" AND "GAFFER GRAY."



WINSLOW LEWIS HOUSE OF YEARS AGO, WITH THE OLD-TIME PROVIDENCE STATION IN THE BACKGROUND.

ONE of the early settlers in Boston was William Salter, a fisherman. He built his house in a lane leading to the shore of the bay at the foot of the Common. After a time he took up the occupation of a shoemaker. His son, Jabez, a blacksmith and anchor smith, in 1718 sold the house, orchard and a part of his pasture, in all about two acres of land, to John Barry, a tanner. It was located south of Frog Lane (that portion of Boylston st between Washington st and Park sq), at the west, or Park sq end. John Barry at once transferred the property to his nephew, James Barry, also a tanner. For the next century the Salter pasture was utilized for the tanning industry with its tan yards, tan pits and bark houses in the rear of the lot.

In 1741 the executor of James Barry's estate sold the two acres to Andrew Frizwell and Josiah Torrey, tanners. There was located on the lot in 1800 the house of James Phillips, next to the Colonial Theatre site, Josiah Allen's tannery, and next to this, on the west, was the "Granary," removed from its site where Park-st Church stands. On the Pleasant-st side of the lot was Samuel Torrey's tannery.

Josiah Allen had married in 1764 Ann Torrey. In 1795 Josiah Allen, tanner, sold to Isaac Davis, ropemaker, a piece of pasture land with 40 feet of frontage on Pleasant st, which was 110 feet deep.

From the earliest days of the town ropewalks had been located on what is now Pearl st, north of High st. A fire in 1795 had destroyed them. Rather than have them rebuilt in the same location, which was desirable as a residential section, the town made a grant of land at the bottom of the Common. This was marsh, south of the present Charles st, which was laid out at this time 60 feet wide. The sites are included in the Public Garden grounds.

The ropewalks were from 600 to 700 feet long, with the one-story head houses at the southeasterly, or Pleasant-st ends. Around the six ropewalks was erected a seawall, on the south and west, to protect them from the waters of the Back Bay. Each lot was 50 feet wide. The first ropewalk, adjoining Charles st, was bought by Isaac Davis, who also bought the piece of the Salter Barry pasture, which was opposite the head of his ropewalk.

On the pasture land he had a small building used for the storage of hemp which he replaced a century ago with a brick store. This he sold in 1818 to Winslow Lewis, who was in business with his brother, Henry Lewis, at 31 India st. They were sons of Winslow Lewis, a North End sea captain, who died at sea in 1801. Their grandfather was Rev Isaiah Lewis of Wellfleet, who married Abigail Winslow of Marshfield. Winslow Lewis, second of that name, was born in Wellfleet in 1770, came to Boston as a young man, was a successful shipmaster, and for more than 40 years connected with the lighthouse service. He was contractor and builder of 100 lighthouses and beacons on the coast. He invented the binnacle illuminator in 1810.

In 1814, during the last war with England, an artillery corps was organized composed of masters and mates of vessels. It was known as the "Boston Sea Fencibles." Winslow Lewis was made first lieutenant and afterward became captain. The Selectmen granted leave to the Fencibles for the temporary erection of a gunhouse on the marsh just west of the ropewalk and near Beacon st, next to where a gunhouse already stood. On the Common, about where the Park-sq gate was located, stood the hayscales after 1800, removed from West st. Just west of this was the town's pound, which had stood there in the days of the Revolution.

Winslow Lewis lived in the brick house 80 Boylston st, with Park sq on the right and Carver st on the left, till about 1842, when he removed to Roxbury, where he died in 1850. About 1830 his son, Dr Winslow Lewis, removed from the corner of Tremont and Boylston sts to the residence of his father, 80 Boylston st, which became 75 by renumbering just previous to 1850. About 1863 Dr Lewis disposed of his interest in the house. Dr Lewis, the third of that name in the Lewis family, was a distinguished surgeon. He was the first demonstrator of anatomy at Harvard College, and was grand master of the Masons for many years.

In the rear of the house, with its entrance shown on Carver st, was the residence of James Phillips. His daughter, a widow, Martha S. Hurlburt, had married Capt Winslow Lewis as his second wife.

James Phillips, born in Boston in 1767, was apprenticed as a rope walker and became superintendent of the ropewalk of Isaac Davis from 1795 till it was burnt in 1818. He became in 1820 master of the almshouse at Barton's Point, Leverett st, and later the House of Industry, South Boston. He was appointed secretary of the Overseers of the Poor in 1825, and held the office till his death in 1853, when he was succeeded by his son, James.

He was a jovial member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and its captain in 1802. His songs, "Barrel of Beer" and "Gaffer Gray," were always enthusiastically received. His title of "major" was received a century ago, from his service as brigade quartermaster in the militia. He was in the military escort to Washington at the time of his 1789 visit to Boston. His house was numbered 2 and later 3 Carver st. In 1803 a street was laid out through the Salter pasture and land of John Haskins. The part from Eliot to Pleasant st was known from 1803-1814 as Haskins st, and later as Carver st, perhaps suggested by Reuben Carver, a citizen of the town.

In the background of the picture is seen the old station of the Boston & Providence RR. The railroad, 41 miles to Providence, was opened in 1835, with a single track, a train twice a day each way, which took 2 hours and 15 minutes for the run. The first building erected on this site was a carpenter shop, just before 1832. In that year it came into the possession of William H. Hoogs, a carpenter. Hoogs was one of those who went to California in 1849. He had a good business in San Francisco, but later became reduced in circumstances and drove a hack in his last days.

This shop with other houses were purchased for the railroad location. The sites had been included in land bought in the vicinity by Uriah Cotting in 1801 for his improvements planned for what later became Boylston st, fronting the Public Garden. Cotting had purchased from John Bowers of Somerset, Mass. The lot extended 160 feet on the proposed street (Boylston) and 250 feet along the west side of Pleasant st, as it was called. West of this was the Back Bay with a frontage of 280 feet on the water. Several small wharves fringed this shore, in the first quarter of the last century, and these were purchased by the railroad. South of this was land owned by Edward C. Howe, one of the ropewalk proprietors. In 1796 Robert Pierrepont and others petitioned the General Court for an act to incorporate and build a bridge from these lands to Sewalls Point in Brookline, but this was not done.

John Powers was the son of Jerathmeel Powers of Somerset, part of old Swansey. He also owned a house and the land back of the City Club site on Beacon st. A street cut through his land in 1810 was called Somerset st in his honor.

The owner of the Beacon Hill and the Back Bay sites was formerly Joseph Sherburne, a prominent merchant. In the middle of the 18th century the Pleasant-st land was part of the pasture of George Tilley. It was in 1741 that a new street, 35 feet wide, was extended by Tilley through his pasture to the Common and was the extension of Pleasant st laid out in 1735 from what is now Washington st.

The Tilley pasture had been purchased from Gov Leverett's estate in 1768. Leverett had purchased it in 1678, an acre in extent, from Jabez Salter. It was thus a part of the same estate of William Salter, which extended east and included the tannery sites first described. The erection of a larger depot and the improvement of Park sq, so-called for the first time in 1855, is a more familiar story.

THOUGHT OF FUTURE CITIZENS.

Mrs Fannie Fern Andrews, Secretary of the American School Peace League, Encourages the Inculcation Into the Minds of Young People the Spirit of Justice and Equality to Others.

FRIENDLINESS FOR THE PEOPLES OF OTHER COUNTRIES.

"IT is the teacher who can best shape the thought of future citizens," says Mrs Fannie Fern Andrews, secretary of the American School Peace League.

"To inculcate in the minds of the youth of all countries the spirit of justice and equity in dealing with other peoples is an important element in international relationships.

"Upon the attitude of future generations depends the consummation of law, giving assurance of permanent international peace. Theirs will constitute the public opinion of the future, which will regulate international action. The fundamental work in the peace movement today is, therefore, to train up a body of opinion, which will recognize the efficiency of legislative and judicial procedure in the constantly increasing relations among the Nations of the world.

"I believe that the only sound basis for peace is the spirit of good will. If we can arouse the spirit of good will in children through all the years of school, we shall the more readily and forcefully bring about peace among nations.

"Good will in little children expresses itself through kindness and helpfulness at home and in school. Peace among nations has as yet no meaning to children. We must begin where they see our meaning.

"Throw a pebble into the stream and from a small center the ever-widening circles radiate till they reach the most distant shores. So loyalty to the simplest, most native ties can spread circle by circle in the rapid stream of the child's growth till it reaches the goal of good will among men. It is easy then to understand, is it not, that this spirit of good will, which should be the basis of all intercourse, should be implanted in the minds of children from the first year in school.

Idea of Good Will.

"In order to give a consecutive development of the idea of good will which may be presented to children through the various grades of the elementary school the Massachusetts branch of the league has just worked out a plan which it calls a course of study in good will. This is to be printed as an appendix to the Peace Day bulletin which the commissioner of education is sending out. It begins in grade 1 with good will to pets and playmates, and month by month it treats of responsibility for cleanliness and care, the Christmas spirit, faithfulness, kindness of great men, generosity, graciousness in manner, quarreling and making peace, protection and care of plants and flowers.

Grade 2 takes up the ties of home life, including helpfulness, obedience, trustworthiness in work, gratitude, other homes than ours, childhood of great men, keeping our word, helpfulness to the old and feeble, peace among the children, the Golden Rule.

"In grade 3 those of school and playtime deal with loyalty, perseverance, ways of service, hospitality, respect for authority, fair play, good work, cheerfulness under defeat and failure, peace in the plaground, working together.

"Grade 4 concerns our town or city, the influence of the home, the influence of the school, the care of public property, the fireman and policeman, public health, obedience to community laws, loyalty to public officials, good will among communities, good will among all classes of citizens, how we can help our community.

"Grade 5 takes our country, the heroic virtues of early settlers, the contribution of each race to American life, government by the people, the meaning

MRS FANNIE FERN ANDREWS.

of 'E pluribus unum,' the responsibility of each citizen, our great statesmen, social service, patriotism, friendships with other nations, how can we serve our country.

"Grade 6 is on good citizenship—sympathy and courtesy, honesty, courage to overcome difficulties, loyalty to truth, devotion, self control, regard for civic beauty, every-day heroes, heroes of peace, the working members of society.

The Other Nations.

"Grade 7—The world family, including National characteristics, National flags and songs, what other Nations have given to us, each Nation's gift to the world, National philanthropy, friendliness among American Republics, National honor, justice and honor between Nations, The Hague conferences, our obligations to other Nations.

"Grade 8—The larger patriotism, interdependence of Nations, conservation of life, health and natural resources, effects of war between Nations, moral substitutes for war, men who have contributed to the progress of civilization, work congresses and conferences, growth of law as an agency for promoting good will, treaties and arbitration, peace and good will through federation, the united world.

"I feel sure that this work as outlined will prove to be a powerful factor in the training of young minds. Since the school is the most thoroughly organized agency for teaching, it can well be said that this is the teacher's opportunity. Through addresses at Summer schools, at educational conventions and at teachers' institutes. Through the educational press and the distribution of literature the league has secured the active cooperation of thousands of teachers. But when we consider that there are 500,000 teachers in this country alone, the bigness of our work becomes evident.

"I believe that the teacher's interest in this subject should be secured, not only as propaganda for the movement of international friendliness, but because of its effect on the history of a people. Children old enough to study history should be taught the events connected with The Hague conference.

What Teachers Can Do.

"Any teacher can promote the idea of international conciliation, just as any teacher can give moral instruction to her pupils, but this subject being of a technical character, should receive scientific treatment. It requires, for example, historical vision to apply the principles of international justice to the duties and obligations of the citizen and the nation.

"The leading educators of today are revolting against the prevalent method of history-teaching which disproportionately dwells on the building of dynasties, the development of political parties, and the description of wars and battles, leaving almost out of consideration the industrial and social development of a people. The demand is almost universal that the history taught to pupils shall describe the evolution of a people in all its important aspects. This means a revolution, not only in teaching history, but in the writing of history text books.

"The league is working out a plan which will serve as a guide in the teaching of this subject. It is our intention to develop suggestive outlines covering the whole educational curriculum.

The Wisconsin branch is working over an outline for the use of Normal Schools, the California branch is planning a history course for High Schools, and a committee is now being organized which will prepare a series of stories for the kindergarten, designed to lead directly to the course of study for the elementary grades which I have just described.

"In some of the States, branches of the league have been formed in High and Normal Schools. These branches, or clubs, have developed an exceptional ability for research work in the subject of international arbitration. Such study broadens historical vision and develops constructive, independent thinking.

"It is well to say that the principles which prompted and governed the Hague congresses have so impressed themselves upon the social, economic and political life of nations that, from now on, they should form an integral part of the education of the people. It is logical, therefore, that courses of study should include the teaching of these events which are really determining the status of individual countries in international affairs, and reacting on the domestic policy of national government. The league urges the observance in the schools of the anniversary of the opening of the first Hague conference—the 18th of May—as a particularly fitting time for such teaching."

From the Federal Bureau.

Accordingly, Mrs Andrews, acting on the request of United States Commissioner Claxton, has compiled some interesting and valuable material for the observance of the above date, which he will send out shortly as a bulletin from the Federal Bureau. He will suggest in his letter of transmittal that State and city superintendents make reprints of this and send to each of their teachers.

In 1911 and again this year Mrs Andrews went abroad, and each visit resulted in definite and specific measures for world-wide educational cooperation.

"In all the countries in Europe," she said, "I have found groups of teachers who share most strongly the opinion that what is needed is a world-endeavor to establish an international standard in the teaching of history. Indeed it might be said that my own interest in the peace movement can be traced to my love of history as a subject of study. I was always fond of history and always had the idea that our text-books were really on the wrong track, not only in my own country but in most other countries, too.

"Another pet study was psychology. I specialized in these two studies, the last-named and history at the normal school and in college. Then during the 10 years I spent as teacher I took a particular interest in the teaching of history. From this love of history I passed on to the problem of international peace quite naturally.

"It is not more than 10 years since we taught our children in the schools of America to regard England as a tyrant and dictator. Today we teach them that such a conception does not truly represent the great English people. Today we are striving to teach them our great indebtedness to the other nations of the world—to teach them to recognize the national flags and to realize what these stand for."

Lillian Leslie Tower.

Sui Sin Far, the Half Chinese Writer, Tells of Her Career

The Interesting Author's Book, "The Dream of a Lifetime," Which Will Appear This Spring, Tells of Her Vocations.

(By SUI SIN FAR.)

AS the Globe thinks that my experience in life has been unusual, and that a personal sketch will be interesting to its readers, I will try my best to furnish one. Certainly my life has been quite unlike that of any literary worker of whom I have read. I have never met any to know—save editors.

I have resided in Boston now for about two years.

I came here with the intention of publishing a book and planting a few Eurasian thoughts in Western literature. My collection of Chinese-American stories will be brought out very soon, under the title "Mrs Spring Fragrance." I have also written another book which will appear next year, if Providence is kind.

In the beginning I opened my eyes in a country place in the County of Cheshire, England. My ancestors on my grandfather's side had been known to the county for some generations back. My ancestors on my grandmother's side were unknown to local history. She was a pretty Irish lass from Dublin when she first won my grandfather's affections.

My father, who was educated in England and studied art in France, was established in business by his father at the age of 22, at the Port of Shanghai, China. There he met my mother, a Chinese young girl, who had been educated in England, and who was in training for a missionary. They were married by the British Consul, and the year following their marriage returned to England.

As I swing the door of my mental gallery I find radiant pictures in the opening, and through all the scenes of that period there walks one figure—the figure of my brother, Edward, a noble little fellow, whose heart and intelligence during the brief years of early childhood led and directed mine. I mention this brother because I have recently lost him through an accident, and his death has affected me more than I can say.

At the age of 4 years I started to go to school. I can remember being very much interested in English history. I remember also that my mother was a fascinating story teller and that I was greatly enamored of a French version of "Little Bo-Peep," which my father tried to teach me.

Arrival in America.

When I was 6 years old my father brought us to America. Besides my first brother, who was only 10 months older than myself, I had now three sisters and another brother. We settled in Montreal, Can, and hard times befell, upon which I shall not dwell.

I attended school again and must have been about 8 years old when I conceived the ambition to write a book about the half Chinese. This ambition arose from my sensitiveness to the remarks, criticisms and observations on the half Chinese which continually assailed my ears, also from an impulse born with me, to describe, to impart to others all that I felt, all that I saw, all that I was. I was not sensitive without reason. Some Eurasians may affect that no slur is cast upon them because of their nationality; but I dislike cant and desire to be sincere. Wealth, of course, ameliorates certain conditions. We children, however, had no wealth.

I think as well my mind was stimulated by the readings of my teacher, who sought to impress upon her scholars that the true fathers and mothers of the world were those who battled through great trials and hardships to leave to future generations noble and inspiring truths.

I left school at the age of 10, but shortly thereafter attracted the attention of a lovely old lady, Mrs William Darling of Hochelaga, who induced my mother to send me to her for a few hours each day. This old lady taught me music and French. I remember her telling her husband that I had a marvelous memory and quoting "Our finest hope is finest memory," which greatly encouraged me, as compared with my brother and sister, who had both splendid heads for figures, I ranked very low intellectually. It was Mrs Darling who first, aside from my mother, interested me in my mother's people, and impressed upon me that I should be proud that I had sprung from such a race. She also inspired me with the belief that the spirit is more than the body, a belief which helped me through many hours of childish despondency, for my sisters were all much heavier and more muscular than I.

When my parents found that family circumstances made it necessary to withdraw me from Mrs Darling, my old friend's mind seemed to become wrought with me, and she tried to persuade them to permit her to send me to a boarding school. My father, however, was an Englishman, and the idea of having any of his children brought up on charity, hurt his pride.

I, now in my 11th year, entered into two lives, one devoted entirely to family concerns; the other, a withdrawn life of thought and musing. This withdrawn life of thought probably took the place of ordinary education with me. I had six keys to it; one, a great capacity for feeling; another, the key of imagination; third, the key of physical pain; fourth the key of sympathy; fifth, the sense of being differentiated from the ordinary by the fact that I was an Erusian; sixth, the impulse to create.

Little Lace Girl.

The impulse to create was so strong within me that failing all other open avenues of development (I wrote a good deal of secret doggerel verse around this period) I began making Irish crochet lace patterns, which I sold to a clique of ladies to whom I was known as "The Little Lace Girl." I remember that when a Dominion exhibition was held in Montreal a lace pattern which I sent to the art department won first prize—a great surprise to all my people as I was the only little girl competing. My mother was very proud of my work. I remember that when the church asked her to donate something she got me to crochet her a set of my mats as a gift.

At the age of 14 I succumbed to a sickness which affected both head and heart and retarded development both mentally and physically. Which is the chief reason, no doubt, why an ambition conceived in childhood is achieved only as I near the close of half a century. But for all this retardation and the fact that I suffered from recurrent attacks of the terrible fever, I never lost spirit and always maintained my position as the advisory head of the household. We had a large family of children and my father was an artist.

SUI SIN FAR.

The wiseacres tell us that if we are good we will be big, healthy and contented. I must have been dreadfully wicked. The only thing big about me were my feelings; the only thing healthy, my color; the only content I experienced was when I peeped into the future and saw all the family grown and settled down and myself, far away from all noise and confusion, with nothing to do but write a book.

To earn my living I now began to sell my father's pictures. I enjoyed this, and no doubt, it was beneficial, as it took me out into the open air and brought me into contact with a number of interesting persons. So be sure, there was a certain sense of degradation and humiliation in approaching a haughty and contemptuous customer, and also periods of melancholy when disappointed in a sale I had hoped to effect or payment for a picture was not made when promised. But the hours of hope and elation were worth all the dark ones. I remember starting out one morning with two pictures in my hand and coming home in the evening with $20. How happy was everybody!

This avocation I followed for some years. Besides affording me opportunities to study human nature, it also enabled me to gratify my love for landscape beauty—a love which was and is almost a passion.

My 18th birthday saw me in the composing room of the Montreal Star, where for some months I picked and set type. While there I taught myself shorthand.

Became Stenographer.

As last I took a position as stenographer in a lawyer's office. I do not think a person of artistic temperament is fitted for mechanical work and it is impossible for such to make a success of it. Stenography, in particular, is torturing to one whose mind must create its own images. Unconsciously I was stultified by the work I had undertaken. But it had its advantages in this respect, that it brought me into contact and communion with men of judgment and mental ability. I know that I always took an interest in my employers and their interests, and, therefore, if I did not merit, at least received their commendation.

I recall that the senior member of the firm, now Judge Archibald of Montreal, occasionally chatted with me about books and writers, read my little stories and verse as they appeared, and usually commented upon them with amused interest. I used to tell him that I was ambitious to write a book. I remember him saying that it would be necessary for me to acquire some experience of life and some knowledge of character before I began the work and I assuring him seriously that I intended to form all my characters upon the model of myself. "They will be very funny people then," he answered with a wise smile.

While in this office I wrote some humorous articles which were accepted by Peck's Sun, Texas Siftings and Detroit Free Press. I am not consciously a humorous person; but now and then unconsciously I write things which seem to strike editors as funny.

One day a clergyman suggested to my mother that she should call upon a young Chinese woman who had recently arrived from China as the bride of one of the local Chinese merchants. With the exception of my mother there was but one other Chinese woman in the city besides the bride. My mother complied with the clergyman's wishes and I accompanied her.

From that time I began to go among my mother's people, and it did me a world of good to discover how akin I was to them.

Passing by a few years I found myself in Jamaica, W I, working as a reporter on a local paper. It was interesting work until the novelty wore off, when it became absolute drudgery. However, it was a step forward in development. I had reached my 27th year.

Sir Henry Blake was the Governor of the island while I was there, and I found the Legislative Council reporting both instructive and amusing. How noble and high principled seemed each honorable member while on the floor! How small and mean while compelled to writhe under the scorn and denunciation of some opposing brother! I used to look down from the press gallery upon the heads of the honorable members and think a great many things which I refrained from putting into my report.

I got very weary and homesick tramping the hot dusty streets of Kingston; and contracted malarial fever, the only cure for which, in my case, was a trip up North.

I remained in Montreal about a year, during which period I worked, first, as a stenographer for Mr Hugh Graham (now Sir Hugh) of the Star, and then in the same capacity for Mr G. T. Bell of the Grand Trunk Railway. Both of these positions I was compelled to resign because of attacks of inflammatory rheumatism.

At last my physicians declared that I would never gain strength in Montreal, and one afternoon in June what was left of me—85 pounds—set its face westward. I went to San Francisco, where I had a sister, a bright girl, who was working as a spotter in one of the photograph galleries. I fell in love with the City of the Golden Gate, and wish I had space in which to write more of the place in which all the old ache in my bones fell away from them, never to return again.

As soon as I could I found some work. That is, I located myself in a railway agency, the agent of which promised me $5 a month and as well an opportunity to secure outside work. But despite this agency's fascinating situation at the corner of a shopping highway I made slight progress financially, and had it not been for my nature and my office window might have experienced a season of melancholy. As it was, I looked out of my window, watched a continuously flowing stream of humanity, listened to the passing bands, inhaled the perfume of the curbstone flower sellers' wares, and was very much interested.

To eke out a living I started to canvass Chinatown for subscribers for the San Francisco Bulletin. During my pilgrimages thereto I met a Chinese whom I had known in Montreal. He inquired if I were still writing Chinese stories. Mr Charles Lummis made the same inquiry. Latent ambition aroused itself. I recommenced writing Chinese stories. Youth's Companion accepted one.

But I suffered many disappointments and rejections, and the urgent need for money pressing upon me, I bethought me of Seattle. Perhaps there Fortune would smile a little kinder. This suggestion had come some months before from Lyman E. Knapp, ex-Governor of Alaska, who had dropped into my office one day to get some deeds typewritten. Observing that I understood legal work, he advised me to try "the old Siwash town," where, he added, he was sure I would do better than in San Francisco.

To Seattle I sailed, and the blithe greenness of the shores of Puget Sound seemed to give me the blithest of welcomes. I was in my 29th year, and my sole fortune was $8. Before 5 o'clock of the first day here I had arranged for desk room in a lawyer's office and secured promise of patronage from several attorneys, a loan and mortgage company and a lumber and shingle merchant. I remember that evening I wrote my mother a letter, telling her that I had struck gold, silver, oil, copper and everything else that luck could strike, in proof of which I grandiloquently shoved into her envelope a part of my remaining wealth.

As always, on account of my inaccuracy as a stenographer and my inability to typewrite continuously, my earning capacity was small; but I managed to hold up my head, and worked intermittently and happily at my Chinese stories.

Chinese Mission Teacher.

Occasionally I taught in a Chinese mission school, as I do here in Boston, but learned far more from my scholars than ever I could impart to them.

I also formed friendships with women, who braced and enlightened me, women to whom the things of the mind and the heart appealed; women who were individuals, not merely the daughters of their parents, the wives of their husbands; women who taught me that nationality was no bar to friendship with those whose friendship was worth while.

Ever and again, during the 14 years in which I lived in Seattle, whenever I had a little money put by, some inward impulse would compel me to use it for a passage home. The same impulse would drive me to work my way across the Continent, writing advertisements for the different lines. Once when I saved up $85 toward a rest in which to write the book of my dreams news from home caused me to banish ambition for a while longer; and I sent my little savings to pay a passage out West for one of my younger sisters. This sister remained with me for seven months, during which time I got her to learn shorthand and typewriting, so that upon her return to Montreal she would be enabled to earn her living. Thus did the ties of relationship belate me; but at the same time strengthen.

A year later, a shock of sudden grief so unfitted me for mechanical work that I determined to emancipate myself from the torture of writing other people's thoughts and words with a heart full of my own, and throwing up my position, worked my way down South as far as the city of Los Angeles. Arrived there, I gave way to my ruling passion—the passion to write all the emotions of my heart away. But it was hard work—artistic expression, if I may so call it. I had been so long accustomed to dictation that when I sat down to compose, although my mind teemed with ideas tumultuously clamoring for release, I hesitated as if I were waiting for a voice behind me to express them. I had to free myself from that spell. My writings might be imperfect, but they had got to bear the impress of thoughts begotten in my own mind and clothed in my own words.

I struggled for many months. The Century Magazine took a story from me; but I remained discontented with my work. I was not discontented with life, however. If there was nothing but bread to eat and water to drink, absorbed in my work I was immune to material things—for a while. You have to come back to them in the end.

Located in Boston.

As I have already said, two years ago I came East with the intention of publishing a book of Chinese-American stories. While I was in Montreal my father obtained for me a letter of introduction from a Chinese merchant of that city to his brother in Boston, Mr Lew Han Son. Through Mr Lew Han Son I became acquainted with some Americans of the name of Austin who live in Dorchester and who have been my good friends ever since. I am also acquainted with a lady in Charlestown, Mrs Henderson, who is a sister of one of my Western friends. Save, however, some visiting among Chinese friends, I do not mingle much in any kind of society. I am not rich and I have my work to do.

I have contributed to many of the leading magazines.

During the past year I have been engaged in writing my first book, and completed it a couple of months ago. In this undertaking I was encouraged by the managing editor of the Independent. Truth to tell, if I had not received some such encouragement I could not have carried the work to a successful completion, as I am one of those persons who have very little staying power.

To accomplish this work, or to enable me to have the leisure in which to accomplish it, I was obliged to obtain some financial assistance, for one cannot live upon air and water alone, even if one is half-Chinese. Two of my lawyer friends in Montreal kindly contributed toward this end. I hope soon to be in a position to repay them.

My people in Montreal, my mother in particular, my Chinese friends in Boston and also American friends are looking forward to the advent of "Mrs Spring Fragrance" with, I believe, some enthusiasm. I am myself quite excited over the prospect. Would not any one be who had worked as hard as I have—and waited as long as I have—for a book?